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JULY, 1905

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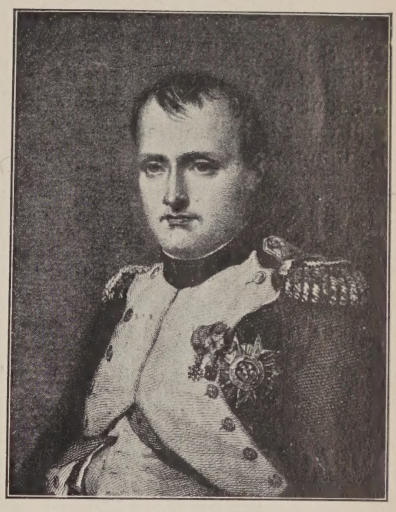

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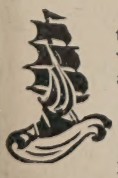

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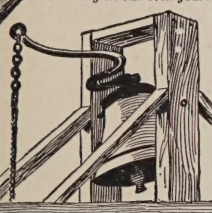

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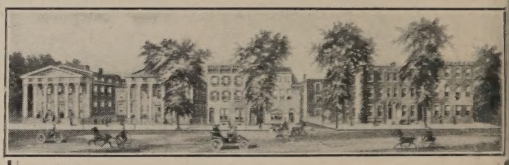

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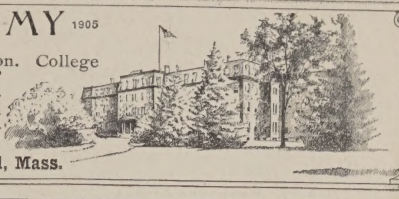

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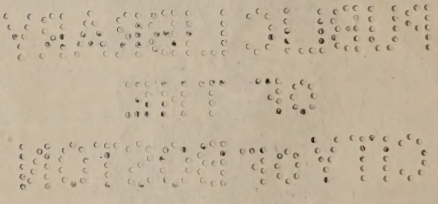

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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PUBLICITY FOR EXPRESS COMPANIES

BY FRANK HAIGH DIXON

SIXTY-SIX years ago, and but a few years after railways had demonstrated their practicability, William Harnden met what seemed to him to be a real economic need by offering to carry valuable packages from New York to Boston, and for a consideration to assume responsibility for loss. Harnden's valise, carried by steamboat from New York to Providence and thence by rail to Boston, was the beginning of a service which has advanced hand in hand with the railway industry, with which it is necessarily closely associated. Recognition of the economic value of the service was immediate. Companies were organized which selected particular sections of the country as their special fields of activity, until now an express service is found wherever transportation facilities exist, whether it be railway, steamboat, or stagecoach; a service which handles almost every form of traffic that can bear the charges imposed.

Of this large transporting agency, whose receipts reach the enormous sum of seventy-five million dollars yearly, and which, for certain kinds of service, has become apparently an indispensable part of our industrial mechanism, the general public knows almost nothing. The companies neither make reports themselves, nor are reports required of them by any governmental department.

It is the purpose of this article to bring together such information as can be gathered from existing sources, and thus make clear the necessity for the provision of means by which these facts may be supplemented and the information required by the public supplied.

The express business of the country was conducted for many years by a large number of companies operating within limited fields; but it was natural, if not inevitable, that consolidation should eventually take place. It is sufficient for our purposes to state that at present there are in the country six large express companies and a few smaller ones. The four largest are the Adams, American, United States, and Wells-Fargo companies. The first three are joint stock companies organized under a New York law that grants them the right to issue transferable shares representing a beneficial interest in the company, and subjects the members to full personal liability as partners; while the fourth is a Colorado corporation. The Adams Express Company, operating on about 35,000 miles of railway, has 120,000 shares, valued on the market at $14,000,000, upon which it pays, at present, a regular dividend of 4 per cent and an extra dividend of the same amount. In 1898 it distributed to its members a 100 per cent extra dividend consisting of $12,000,000 in 4 per cent debentures, to dispose of a surplus which had been accumulating for nearly fifty years to protect stockholders against the personal liability due to the form of their organization. The capital of the American Express Company is given a face value of $18,000,000, upon which regular dividends of 6 per cent are paid, with, usually, an extra dividend of 2 per cent. It has no bonded debt. Its business extends over about 45,000 miles of railway. The United States Express Company has a capital valued at $10,000,000, upon which a 4 per cent dividend

is paid, and has no bonded debt. It has contracts covering 30,000 miles of railway. Wells-Fargo and Company, a corporation with power to do an express and banking business, has a capital stock of $8,000,000, paying a 6 per cent regular dividend and a 2 per cent extra dividend, and has no bonded debt. It operates on more than 48,000 miles of railway, steamship, and stage lines. Besides these four companies, there are the Southern Express Company and the Pacific Express Company, both corporations, the one operating in southern territory, the other largely west of the Mississippi; the National, a joint stock company, on the Vanderbilt roads; two Canadian express companies whose business extends into the United States; and several companies organized by the railways themselves, operating on single systems or jointly over connecting lines. These last named, such as the Denver and Rio Grande, Great Northern, and Northern Pacific, are similar to the fast freight lines in their relation to the railways served, in that the corporation performing the express service is merely nominal, and the business is in every sense railway business. To this list should be added a large number of local companies which confine their business to the cities, or to the territory immediately adjoining them.

It is frequently asserted that the express companies have divided the country among them, delimiting their spheres of influence and maintaining a monopoly within their chosen territory, and this assumed division of the field is often referred to as an illustration of what will be the ultimate outcome of the present tendency in railway diplomacy. However, careful examination of the conditions reveals the fact that, except in one or two cases, it is difficult to determine whether or not a single express company exercises a predominant influence in any particular section. For example, New England is commonly said to be the home of the Adams Express Company, and New England and New York business its chief reliance. As a matter of fact, while it controls the business of southern New England, it operates over extensive systems in the South, such as the Louisville and Nashville and the Queen and Crescent, is found on the New York Central and the New York, Ontario and Western, moves west over the Pennsylvania to Chicago, and continues its influence still farther by way of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and the St. Louis and San Francisco. In New England, it operates over only half as much mileage as the American Express Company. The latter has virtual control of northern New England, spreads out over the West and Northwest on the lines of the Vanderbilt system and the Chicago and Northwestern, and south on the Illinois Central. The United States Express Company has contracts in the East with a number of the coal roads, including the Reading, Lehigh Valley, and Lackawanna, reaches Chicago over the Baltimore and Ohio and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, serves many small systems in the middle West, and reaches trans-Mississippi territory by way of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific. The Southern Express Company is predominant in the section of the South east of the Mississippi. It shares a few of the railways with the Adams; but operates all the rest exclusively. The Pacific Express Company, while choosing the Southwest as its special field at the beginning, and operating at present in this section over the lines of the Missouri Pacific and other smaller railways, reaches Pittsburg over the Wabash, and the West and extreme Northwest over the Union Pacific, Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and Oregon Short Line. Wells-Fargo and Company controls most of the Pacific coast traffic, but it does not by any means confine its activities to this section. It comes east over the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific, has contracts with the St. Louis and San Francisco and the Chicago Great Western, and reaches the coast over the Erie. The National Express Com-

pany has contracts with some of the Vanderbilt lines, with the Grand Trunk and the Wisconsin Central. Thus, instead of operating in sections exclusively their own, different express companies often serve the same territory and transport their traffic on parallel railways reaching the same termini, and in some few cases even work side by side on the same railway system. Instead of a necessary monopoly, therefore, there is in many sections opportunity for competition. Does competition appear with the opportunity for it? The relation of the companies to one another, and the composition of their directorates, may assist us to answer the question.

It is generally known that the Adams Express Company controls the Southern Express Company; they operate side by side on several Southern railway systems. The National Express Company is regarded as but an offshoot of the American, and an examination of the directorates of the two companies confirms the general impression. President James C. Fargo of the American is a director of the National, while President Livingston and Vice-president Ledyard of the National are both directors of the American. Again, it is to be noticed that President Fargo of the American and President Weir of the Adams are both directors of the United States Express Company. The appointment of these gentlemen started rumors of the prospective consolidation of the three companies, and Mr. Weir is quoted as saying in reply: "A consolidation of the three companies is no more possible than a consolidation of all the newspapers in New York. These companies have different territories, and serve different railroads. We can't consolidate. The Adams and the American companies used to have directors in common. This new move is simply an investment on our part by which we hope to make a little more money." It is evident that an invitation to these gentlemen to places on the board of directors of the United States Express Company meant either that they represented a considerable investment in the stock, or else that a community of interest plan was to be worked out among the three companies, or possibly both. We have no means of settling the question definitely, but we do know that when the Adams issued its debentures, among the securities which it pledged with the Mercantile Trust Company was $100,000 of American Express Company stock. A merger of the Pacific and Wells-Fargo companies has been predicted because of the fact that the Harriman interests possess large holdings in both companies.

All this would argue against the probability of vigorous competition between the various companies, but it is not necessary to rest the question on a basis of probability. It is a matter of common knowledge that the companies agree among themselves upon the rates to be charged, and that their agreements are, as a rule, carefully observed. Rate wars are practically unknown. Notices of changes in rates agreed to in conference between express companies appear as news items in the financial journals. President Ingalls of the Big Four testified before the Industrial Commission: "They [the express companies] manage their own business by making agreements. I should be sorry to have them put on the same basis as railroads, so they could not agree."

It has been a common belief that the exclusive use of a railway system, secured by means of a written contract, is granted to the highest bidder among the express companies; but in view of the facts already presented, such competition must be regarded as purely perfunctory, and the refusal of the express companies to make their contracts public, on the ground that such action would benefit their competitors and correspondingly injure them, is obviously a mere subterfuge. These contracts vary to some extent in their details, but in general are similar. They are not as a rule made public, and only in a few instances, where demanded by state railway commissions, are they publicly on

file. The general terms are obtainable, however, from the testimony of officials before various investigating commissions. The railway companies provide baggage-cars, heat and light them, attach them to passenger trains, and haul them over their lines, together with the messengers needed to care for the traffic *en route*. They carry at their risk all equipment of the express companies needed at the various points on the road. They grant free approach to all stations, and reasonable time in which to load and unload express matter. At the way-stations they permit gratuitous use of a part of the station houses for the temporary storage of goods. They agree not to transport on their passenger trains in competition with the express companies any matter except passengers' baggage, milk, and railway matter carried free, and to grant to the express companies the exclusive use of their lines, including any additions to their operated mileage, during the life of the agreement. The express companies on their part assume all risk for damage to express matter and all liability for injury to their own employees while engaged in their employment. They load, unload, and handle all express matter, and when the services of railway employees, such as train baggagemen and station agents, are utilized, they pay a portion of their salaries. They transport all valuable packages of the railway companies, such as money and tickets, free of charge; in fact, they accept any property of the railway companies, below a specified weight, for free transportation, and property exceeding this weight at a reduced rate. At the terminals they provide their own storerooms. They permit the railway companies to determine the trains upon which express matter shall be carried. In times of heavy traffic this matter is often delayed for many hours and then goes by the slower trains; frequently it is carried on night trains, and in bulk, and seldom, if ever, is it distributed over a large number of trains per day. Only in a few instances are express cars operated in solid trains. They agree to fix the minimum rate at one and one half times the freight rate of the railways, except where competition compels reduction, and then the permission of the railway companies must be secured. Finally, they pay the railway companies from 40 per cent to 60 per cent of their gross earnings, with a guaranteed minimum annual rental, and give the railways access to their books and records. In some instances the contracts call for the payment of a definite sum based upon tonnage or space occupied; but the gross earnings plan is much the more common.

Such contracts would appear to grant very favorable terms to the railways, and might suggest that they had taken advantage of their position to drive a hard bargain, were it not for the very important fact that they place no limit on the charge which the express companies may exact from the public. Available facts would tend to show that the railways, instead of regarding the express companies as legitimate objects of exploitation, are becoming, through stock ownership and representation on the directorates, personally interested in the management of the express business. A few illustrations from the present situation will make this point clear. The Morgan influence, predominant in so many railway systems, is represented on the board of the Adams Express Company by Charles Steele, on that of the United States Express Company by Francis Lynde Stetson. Vice-president Ledyard of the National Express Company is a director of the Boston and Maine and of the Maine Central; Charles M. Pratt is a director of the American Express Company and of the Boston and Maine; M. F. Plant, chairman of the board of directors of the Southern Express Company, is a director of the Atlantic Coast Line; President Fargo of the American is a director of the Chicago and Northwestern; President Weir of the Adams is on the board of the Iowa Central, and of the Minneapolis and St. Louis; the chairman of the board of Wells-Fargo and Company is E. H. Harriman of the

Southern Pacific and Union Pacific, and President Underwood of the Erie is a member. As examples of stock ownership it may be noted that in 1902 the New York Central purchased $3,000,000 of the capital stock of the American Express Company, while the Union Pacific owns $2,400,000 of the $6,000,000 capital stock of the Pacific Express Company, and the Southern Pacific possesses $1,530,000 of Wells-Fargo stock. On May 1, 1900, the American Express Company held 29,000 shares of Boston and Maine stock, a tenth of the total capital, and among the stocks pledged as collateral for its debenture issue by the Adams are a large number of railway shares, including Pennsylvania, New York, New Haven and Hartford, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Boston and Albany, Boston and New York Air Line, and Chicago and Northwestern. Other illustrations, such as the joint ownership of express companies and fast freight lines, might be given on the authority of financial circles, but they are omitted because definite proof of such alliances is impossible. One may infer much or little from such facts; but certainly they would hardly support any claim of serious rivalry or hostility between the two agencies.

It seems reasonable to assume that conditions are fairly satisfactory to the railway companies. They prefer to divide traffic with the express companies and obtain half the earnings from express traffic, rather than attempt to handle it all themselves. The need of an agency that would transport packages of great value was the occasion for the appearance of the express business, but the whole character of the business is now changed. While almost anything is accepted for transportation upon which the shipper will pay the charges, yet the greatest development has been in traffic which demands speedy delivery, such, for instance, as live-stock, fresh fruit, vegetables, fish, and oysters. The individual now has the option between slow shipment by freight at reasonable cost, with an added charge for cartage at destination, and transportation on passenger trains with store-door delivery. For the superior service he pays, on the average, four times as much. There is no indication that the railways, except in the products of the packing and fruit industries, in which they have been prodded by the private car owners, have any intention of developing this traffic and displacing the express service. Yet it is difficult to determine whether the railways are doing their full duty, without having some definite information regarding express traffic.

It is pertinent, therefore, to inquire what attempts have been made to secure information upon which the public might base judgment as to the necessity of the service performed by this agency over which no control has ever been exercised. Immediately after its organization, the Interstate Commerce Commission, in pursuance of the requirement that all common carriers subject to the act should file their tariffs with the Commission, was compelled to decide whether its jurisdiction extended to the control of express companies. The Commission deemed it wise to include express companies under the provisions of the act, and accordingly ordered that their tariffs should be filed. A few of the smaller companies complied, but most of the companies refused, and an opportunity was given them to present their objections. It was argued by them in defense of their attitude that the history of the agitation for railway legislation showed that other traffic than that of the express companies had been in the mind of the public; that they were innocent of the evil practices which the act was intended to punish and eradicate, and that an unjustifiably broad construction of the statute would be necessary to include them within its provisions; that they had not practiced secret rebates, nor had they frequently made greater charge for the short than for the long haul, nor had they practiced unjust discriminations between persons and places. Finally, they argued their practical inability to meet the wishes

of the Commission, for so numerous were the points to which their business extended that a collection of tariffs such as the law required would be beyond the capacity of any Washington building.

In answer to the last objection, it was properly pointed out by the Commission that the companies seemed to have no difficulty in putting such printed tariffs into the hands of their agents as were necessary for the conduct of the business, and that it was a fair assumption that what the agents could understand the public could comprehend sufficiently well for their purposes. As for the claim to exemption on the plea that they were not guilty of the evil practices legislated against, it is a sufficient answer to say that the public was without facts on which to base judgment, and that these assertions of innocence rested solely on the testimony of the companies themselves. To be sure, there have been few complaints against express companies on the ground of unjust discrimination; but the act was intended to take cognizance of excessive rates as well, and complaints of this character have been numerous. The contention that the history of railway legislation argued against the inclusion of the express companies within the statute had more force, and was evidently the determining factor with the Commission. It was held that the express business, when conducted by a railway company itself as a branch of its business, was subject to the act, but when conducted by an independent organization which acquired its rights by contract it was exempt, because the terms of the act were not sufficiently precise to warrant the Commission in taking jurisdiction. Justice to the express business demanding that any action by the Commission should have general application, the Commission declined to discriminate against express companies operated by railway companies. In every report, from that time up to 1900, the Commission, through its statistician, has urged that legislation be enacted which would make it possible to secure from express companies reports similar to those now returned by the railways, but Congress has turned a deaf ear to these repeated requests. The result is that nothing more is known of these great transportation agencies by either national or state government than is known of the operations of a corner grocery in rural New England.

Moreover, it is evident from the testimony of express company officers and managers in various legislative investigations that, without a complete reform in their statistical methods, the companies would be unable to give any satisfactory account of the extent or character of their traffic or of the reasonableness of their charges. Testimony given before the Railway Mail Pay Commission in 1898 and 1899 brought out the fact that, with the exception of the American Express Company, no company attempted to keep any traffic statistics, and it is understood that the agents of this company, on January first of this year, were ordered to discontinue the practice. As might be expected, therefore, the testimony of officers before investigating commissions has been invariably vague and unsatisfactory. Testimony as to the average weight of packages carried, the typical kind of merchandise, the proportion of express traffic which is mailable, and the average charge per package, appear to be merely individual opinions based on observation, and are frequently contradictory. Statistics of express business published in the Census of 1890, and including, besides figures relating to mileage, equipment, employees, and expenditures, the number of packages carried and their weight, have often been used to determine the character of express traffic and the reasonableness of the charges; yet General Manager Julier of the American Express Company testified before the Railway Mail Pay Commission that the statistics furnished by him after repeated requests of the census agents were merely estimates hastily prepared. In view of the fact that none of the other companies keeps any traffic

statistics whatever, the census figures may be cast aside as worthless.

Public knowledge of express charges is of the most superficial character. It is known that express tariffs are not so complicated as railway tariffs because there is but a rough classification of traffic; that the tariffs are based largely on the rate per hundred pounds, with greater proportional charges for less weights; that the element of distance affects the rate, but not proportionately, as the principle of group rates prevails; that the element of risk is recognized in the practice of charging a higher rate for traffic of more than ordinary value; that peculiar forms of traffic are given arbitrary rates; that, when competition prevails between mail and express service, rates are given that will ensure the business, especially if the shipper is a large one; that this competition is more apt to prevail in the East, where the traffic is denser and the shipments are made on the average for shorter distances. These few facts give us no basis for judging of the method of computation of rates or of reasonableness of express charges, either in themselves or in comparison with other forms of service.

Nothing is known of the amount of money invested in the business, or of the expense of conducting it. Only in a few individual instances, under pressure from investigating bodies, have the contracts with the railways been made public. We know that under their contracts the express companies paid the railway companies for the year ending June 30, 1903, over $38,000,000, which represented from 40 per cent to 60 per cent of their gross earnings, but this is the sum total of our information.

From the standpoint of the express companies, this failure to keep adequate statistics is entirely justifiable. Most of their contracts with the railways are on the basis of gross earnings, a few on the basis of the space occupied, and almost none on that of the traffic handled. Railway compensation is figured by the express company's auditor from the original way-bills, and no necessity for tonnage statistics exists.

But from the public standpoint, the case is far otherwise. That the express companies are common carriers is no longer an open question. Their relation to the public has been many times judicially established. Congress has recognized their character by including them in legislation affecting common carriers, engaged in interstate commerce, in such acts, for example, as that prohibiting the transportation of obscene literature, and that for expediting the delivery of imported parcels. Upon this common carrier the public relies for the performance of a particular service. The shippers have no dealings with railway companies; in case of loss or damage to property in transit, they look for relief to the express company; and this agency enjoys an immunity from interference all the more extraordinary when contrasted with the policy of government toward the railways upon which express companies operate. In return for their franchises, the railways are subjected to control both as to the reasonableness and the equality of their rates; they are required to make reports which throw the business open in large part to the inspection of the public. The express companies, likewise common carriers engaged in interstate commerce, secure by contract with railway companies all the privileges which railways enjoy, but because of a slight variation in the character of their business are exempt from that control to which railways submit in return for advantages secured.

From the competition between express companies to secure these railway privileges, even if it is genuine, the public derives no benefit. It simply results in an increased revenue to the railway. Competition between express companies on the same railway system does not exist, and is probably impossible if the railway elects to prevent it. While the laws of a few states, upheld by their courts, have required that railways shall extend equal facilities and accommodations to all persons

and companies doing an express business, the United States Supreme Court in 1885, in the Express Cases, held that railways are not common carriers of common carriers, and are not obliged either by common law or usage to do more than to provide the public with reasonable express accommodations. This decision has been recognized as establishing the principle of exclusive privilege.

Competition between express companies operating on different railways serving the same termini is never heard of. There has been occasional friction in the interchange of through traffic, but it has been only temporary, the public usually paying the charges of two express companies instead of one. As already noted, rates are scrupulously observed, and the semblance of competition leads to the maintenance by each company, at many points, of facilities far beyond the need of the community served, entailing an unnecessary burden upon the public.

Three considerations, then, would seem to argue in favor of greater publicity for the express business. In the first place, this great transporting agency is being permitted to derive all the advantages of a common carrier, and to assume none of its obligations. Justice to other agencies of transportation which have been brought under control, and the absolute necessity of publicity in the affairs of public service companies, demand that action should be taken.

In the second place, as has been urged by the statistician to the Interstate Commerce Commission, it is impossible to make thoroughly effective the working of the Interstate Commerce Law, if this important agency is exempt from investigation. It has frequently been charged that railways have found it to their advantage to withdraw facilities for fast freight in order to divert business to the express companies, from whom they receive nearly half of the gross return. What unreasonable or discriminating practices may exist as the result of this contractual relation cannot be known, without fuller knowledge of express company matters.

Finally, there is an increasing agitation in this country for the introduction of a parcels post. It is probable that the United States government could not constitutionally make this extension of its mail service a monopoly, but that it could create an effective and salutary competition with the express companies is undoubted. It is a very great question whether the express business has not become in these last years an unnecessary agency, and a public burden, — whether a reasonable extension of the fast freight service of the railways, on the one hand, already to some extent developed, in the milk, fruit, and meat traffic, and the inclusion in the mail service of a parcels post, would not make it possible, with a slight increase of their present facilities, to do away with the express service altogether. The only function of real social utility performed by this agency, not already covered by the other two, is its delivery service by wagons, and English experience has shown that this may be made an efficient part of the railway service. But such a large problem as this is not to be settled out of hand. More must be known of the detailed working of the express business before judgment on this question would be warranted.

From whatever standpoint, therefore, the question be approached, the first step seems to be clear. To require of express companies reports similar to those required of railways would seem to be the immediate duty of Congress. The express business is, from every point of view, an industry which should be subjected to the principle of publicity.

THE MOB SPIRIT IN LITERATURE

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

A MOB — I use the word without disparagement — is one of the simplest forms of social organism. It is not a mere aggregate of individuals, but a new and distinct body, which is subject to emotions, and demeans itself as a collective body, with traits and attributes of its own. A mob may be the beginning of a higher social form, as where a political mob becomes a convention, or it may be the disintegration of a higher form, as a crew in mutiny; but, ordinarily, it is brought into existence by the coalescence of a crowd of individuals, lives fast and furiously, and then resolves itself into its constituent elements. Mobs are of several kinds, as the street mob, the political mob, the lynching mob, the religious mob, the panic-struck mob, the reading mob, etc. These species differ among themselves primarily by the character of the object which arouses the mob spirit. Minor differences split species into varieties, as a street mob may be subdivided into an anti-conscription mob, an abolitionist mob, a no-popery mob, or a reading mob into an upper middle-class and a lower middle-class mob. The street mob is the normal type; it displays in simplest form the eager emotion, the imperfect comprehension, the irrational action, that mark the mob. The principal mobbish traits may be enumerated thus:—

(1) *Numbers are essential.*

No two or three people, whatever their passions, desires, or acts, can constitute a mob. There must be a great congregation, so that many individuals may act and react upon one another. The greater the sum of these interactions, the more coherent, the more sensitive, the more compact, the more mobile, the body becomes. Where the number of persons is very great the new organism wholly dominates the individual members; where the number is small, the mob is of low vitality, torpid, flaccid, and exercises only a shadowy control over its members, who retain practically all their independence as individuals. The importance of numbers is best seen in a street mob, which becomes more tumultuous, more passionate, more a creature of instinct and less a creature of reason, the larger it is. So, too, the reading mob, the bigger it grows, becomes more emotional, more excited, it reads and talks with greater avidity, is increasingly vehement in its likes, dislikes, and opinions, forces the book on its neighbors with greater rigor, buys, borrows, gives, and lends more and more with the swift and sure emotions of instinct. The reading mob is, perhaps, the largest species. The numbers who read the lower bourgeois novel are fabulous. Those who read the higher bourgeois novel are very numerous. In the meridian of its glory the mob novel soars up to several hundred thousands. *The Crisis*, before it had run its course, had sold 405,000 copies, the *Eternal City* 325,000, *The Leopard's Spots*, with its career before it, 94,000, *When Knighthood was in Flower* over quarter of a million; others have sold similar numbers.

(2) *The composition of a mob is largely immaterial.*

Men and women, individually governed by their own psychical laws, meet, coalesce, and form a new social body. The component individuals may be of all classes and conditions, of all occupations and businesses, of diverse education and training, of opposite sex; they may be mild-mannered or harsh, equable or capricious, sour or jovial; once united as a

mob, they strip themselves of those traits, and acquire instincts and inhibitions, sensibility to stimuli and tendencies to reactions, to which as individuals they were total strangers. For example: a mob composed of the Rev. Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and other abolitionists, meets to liberate a negro slave. It hearkens to a fiery harangue, surges down the street, pounds on a prison door, defies the policeman, and displays the ordinary symptoms of the mob spirit. Colonel Higginson all alone would not have behaved so. This difference between the mob and an individual member accounts for the rejection of a genuine mob novel by a publisher's reader, as so often happens.

The reading mob is of indiscriminate composition, except that it acquires a certain appearance of homogeneity from its division into three varieties: the proletariat reading mob which reads dime novels, the lower bourgeois reading mob which reads the novels of Albert Ross, E. P. Roe, and the like, and the upper bourgeois reading mob which reads Winston Churchill, Charles Major, Thomas Dixon, Jr., Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Hallie Erminie Rives, and others. These three varieties differ in sundry ways. Our immediate concern is with the upper bourgeois novel-reading mob, which buys its books over the book-counter of department stores, on the train, at the newsstand, from the book agent at the front door, or borrows them from circulating libraries.

(3) *The locus congregandi.*

Numbers by themselves are nothing. Persons might stand side by side for a hundred years, like ghosts in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and no change take place; the individuals must affect one another, they must enter into mutual relations; they must meet and coalesce. A street mob may meet in the Place de la Concorde, on the Boston Common, or in Trafalgar Square; but the necessary condition of meeting is not physical, but psychical. In the case of a street mob, physical juxtaposition aids psychical unity, but it is only valuable as an aid. Instead of the immediate give and take of physical effluences and emanations, of pushes, shoves, shrieks, words, and animal magnetism, there may be communication at a distance, by any means capable of conveying emotions while they are still warm. Books are as serviceable as any other vehicles of emotion.

(4) *The begetting cause of the mob spirit.*

The fourth point to be considered is the nature of the relations between the members who compose the mob, the character of their mutual influences, of the contagion that leaps from one to the other. It is this contagion which gives birth to the mob spirit, and converts an unconnected, unrelated congregation of persons into a mob. "Hast thou considered," says Carlyle, "how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men?" In the case of a street mob, elbows in ribs, heels on toes, high shoulders bumping low chins, crackling with inflammatory ideas, harangued by an orator, it is easy to understand, practically, if not scientifically, the nature of this mutual influence. This chemical union, this crystallization, of the mob, depends on two things, a proper condition of receptivity and a power of suggestion, mutually acting on each other. In ordinary hypnosis it is generally agreed that there is some peculiar trance-state in the patient and some special power of suggestion in the physician. As this trance-state is often indistinguishable from ordinary waking, and suggestion from a wish or a command, and as we all, probably, are somewhat susceptible, and all have the power of suggestion, it is likely that the influences passing to and fro among mob members are of an analogous psychical order. The miraculous cures at Lourdes, Loreto, Ste. Anne de Beaupré, are also analogous; the patient is thoroughly receptive; he is especially conscious of the sense of numbers, that he is not an isolated cripple

come to be cured, but a constituent part of a miraculous circuit of true believers sensitive to the thrills of life from some great and mysterious source. He is physically alone, but psychically one of many, and reacts to the sense of numbers.

In other mobs contagion is effected by analogous means, but in a somewhat different manner. Take the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease;" for instance, a mob of sonneteers of Elizabethan England. Multitudes of sonnets are written; they pass from hand to hand, from hall to hall, from salon to salon; they are read, recited, repeated again and again; everybody talks of everybody else's sonnet. Idlers abandon their idleness, busy men forsake their business; all pick up current ideas, conceits, and rhymes, roll them up into a fourteen-line posy, and send them to spread their pollen broadcast. Such a process formed Italian sonneteers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries into the berhyming mob known as the "Arcadia." Gentlemen and ladies met, pelted one another with distichs, canzoni, quatrains, odes, and ballate, shouting "bravo," "brava," "magnifico," "bellissimo." Apropos of this I quote from Goldoni's memoirs the account of his experience at Pisa. "I was walking one day near the castle, when I saw a doorway with carriages stopped before it; I looked in and saw a great court with a garden at the end and a quantity of people crowding together under a sort of pergola. I went a little closer and asked a servant in livery what reason had brought so many persons together. He, most polite and well informed, did not fail to satisfy my curiosity. 'That assembly that you see,' he said, 'is a Colony of the Arcadians of Rome, it is called the Alphean Colony, that is, the Colony of Alpheus, a very noted river of Greece, which flowed by the ancient Pisa in Aulis.'" Goldoni was passed on to a servant of the Academy, and given a seat, "where I listened to good and bad, *and applauded the one and the other equally*. Everybody looked at me, and seemed curious to know who I was, and I had a wish to satisfy them. The man who had brought me in was not far from my chair, I called him and begged him to go and ask the President of the assembly, whether a stranger might express in verse the satisfaction that he felt. The President put my question to the assembly, and it acceded. I had in my head a sonnet which I had composed when a lad for a similar occasion, so I changed a few words that they might better apply to this situation, and recited my fourteen lines with tone and inflections to set off the rhymes and the sentiments. The sonnet appeared to have been composed on the spot, and was warmly applauded. Everybody got up and thronged about me." Of course, numbers and mob contagion were necessary to produce this social phenomenon. Nobody, alone, would assume a pastoral name and declaim his own sonnet. This Arcadia is an interesting variety of mob, a kind of hybrid, combining the literary *locus congregandi* of the reading mob, and the physical *locus congregandi* of the street mob.

The reading mob exhibits the phenomena of contagion, this union of receptivity and suggestion, in its own special form. It displays expectation, fixed attention, and eagerness, — "I must get the book right away," "You must read it at once," — haste to get at the plot, to assimilate experience, to devour the story, the irritation of suspense. It displays a craving for emotional stimulus, and also that peculiar mobbish behavior which we detect in the difference between the perusal of a classic, Balzac or Thackeray, and that of a current novel. It shows the excitement caused by the sense of numbers, the feeling that the individual is of no consequence except as one of a crowd, represented by such phrases as "*everybody* is talking of it," "*everybody* is reading it." The element which, acting upon analogy, I call suggestion, comes in various ways. The most conspicuous factors are advertisements, publishers, wholesale booksellers, retail dealers, book agents, news-stands, parlor-car peddlers, and circulating libraries;

but far more effective than these are the murmurous buzz and hum of question and answer, "Have you read it? . . . No? you must," repeated in boudoir, drawing room, club, in the train, at the lunch-table, over teacups, over the cigarette, under the umbrella. Expectation quickens, attention becomes rigid, and the mob novel, like a magnet, draws all to it.

The spread of contagion is extraordinary. I note some statistics. In September, 1901, *The Crisis* was the most read novel (of the upper bourgeois type) in Portland, Boston, New Haven, Providence, New York, Baltimore, Washington, Memphis, Atlanta, New Orleans, St. Louis, Dallas, Albany, Rochester, Toledo, Toronto, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Paul, Kansas City, Salt Lake City, Denver, Los Angeles, and Portland (Oregon). From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico, the whole reading mob was deep in *The Crisis*. The next month defervescence began, and the mob's attention shifted to *The Right of Way*, which took first place in popularity, and kept the lead in November and December, January and February. During the period while *The Crisis* was the popular leader, *The Helmet of Navarre* trod on its heels in mobbish favor. In New York, Boston, and Cleveland, *The Helmet of Navarre* was second in the race, in New Haven, Portland (Maine), and Dallas, it was third, in Portland (Oregon) and Denver it was fourth, and in Louisville it ran ahead.

These waves of contagion sweep over the reading mob, just as contagious emotions ruffle up a street mob. But the initial cause is obscure. What does first stir the reading mob toward a particular novel? Advertising is a factor, but the outward cause, the suggestion, is far less important than the condition of receptivity. The same is true of the street mob. The exciting cause seems inadequate to the convulsive burst into action, which is rather due to the highly explosive condition of the mob. I take as an illustration the French mob of July 14, 1789. Michelet says (*Révolution Française*, vol. i, p. 106), "The attack on the Bastille was not a matter of reason. It was an act of faith. Nobody made a suggestion. But all had a belief and all acted. Along the streets, quays, bridges, boulevards, crowds shouted to crowds, 'To the Bastille, to the Bastille.' Nobody, I repeat, gave the initial push." In the analogous situation of the reading mob, when "Read *The Crisis*" is shouted from Portland east to Portland west, the wave of emotional excitement rises internally, sweeps over the continent and gradually subsides. The novel itself hardly seems to shed any light on the question. In relation to the Bastille mob Michelet says (vol. i, p. 109), "Et qu'est-ce que la Bastille faisait à ce peuple?" "What had those people got to do with the Bastille?" For in the Bastille aristocrats, not the people, were locked up. Yet the Bastille was chosen as appropriate to satisfy the mob appetite; the Palais Royal, the Louvre, the Palais des Tuileries, were left. It must be taken on faith that there is some element in a mob novel that arouses the mob appetite for perusal.

(5) *Rudimentary intellectual life.*

In a mob there is no proper division of function, no coördination of parts, no members doing diverse tasks for the common weal, no reasoning or critical faculty. A street mob, so far as reason is concerned, has the mental apparatus of a jellyfish, but it has a high emotional development, great capacity for hasty action, and is extremely sensitive to certain simple ideas. In the case of the Lord George Gordon riots, for example, the mob conception of law is shown by the fact that it rummaged for parchment so that the "skin of an innocent lamb might no longer be converted into an indictment." The idea is simple, the emotion strong, the action vigorous. A panic-stricken mob has but the two ideas, fire and escape, but it behaves very violently. If one looks at the Arcadian mob, one will find the mob sonnet compact of exceedingly simple conceits, the red cheeks, the Aphrodite smile, the alabaster bosom, and so forth.

The intellectual development of the reading mob is well illustrated by the heroes and heroines that interest it. Of these I shall quote several examples. All are taken from mob novels of the upper bourgeois type.

Heroine: "Her skin was like velvet; a rich, clear, rosy snow, with the hot young blood glowing through it like the faint red tinge we sometimes see on the inner side of a white rose leaf. Her hair was a very light brown, almost golden, and fluffy, soft, and fine as a skein of Arras silk. She was of medium height, with a figure Venus might have envied. Her feet and hands were small, and apparently made for the sole purpose of driving mankind distracted. . . . Her greatest beauty was her glowing dark brown eyes, which shone with an ever changing lustre from beneath the shade of the longest, blackest upcurving lashes ever seen." (*When Knighthood was in Flower.*)

Hero: "His were the generous features of a marked man — if he chose to become marked." He had "a natural and merciless logic — a faculty for getting at the bottom of things. His brain did not seem to be thrown out of gear by local magnetic influences, — by beauty, for instance. Here was a grand subject to try the mettle of any woman." His "features were sharply marked. The will to conquer was there. Yet justice was in the mouth, and greatness of heart. Conscience was graven on the broad forehead. The eyes were the blue gray of the flint, kindly yet imperishable." He was "trusted of men, honored of women, feared by the false." Sometimes, once at least, "an ocean-wide tempest arose in his breast." (*The Crisis.*)

A Rival has "delicately chiseled features, with their pallor, and satiety engraved there at one and twenty, . . . lazy scorn in the eyes, and the look which sleeplessness gives to the lids, . . . the willful indulgence — not of one life, but of generations — about the mouth . . . a face to dare anything and to do anything." "He had the carriage of a soldier, the animation and endurance of the thoroughbred when roused." (*The Crisis.*)

Another heroine: "The second was a tall, beautiful girl, with an exquisite ivory-like complexion, and a wonderful crown of fluffy red hair which encircled her head like a halo of sunlit glory. I could compare its wondrous lustre to no color save that of molten gold deeply alloyed with copper. It was red, but it also was golden, as if the enamoured sun had gilded every hair with its radiance . . . [it] fringed her low, broad forehead, and upon the heavy black eyebrows, the penciled points of whose curves almost touched across the nose . . . the rosy-tinted ivory of her skin . . . the long eyes which changed chameleon-like with the shifting light, and varied with her moods from fathomless green to violet, and from violet to soft voluptuous brown," etc. (*Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.*)

Here is another: "Upon her alabaster skin, the black eyebrows, the long lashes, the faint blue veins and the curving red lips stood in exquisite relief, . . . her round snowy forearm and wrist . . . the perfect curves of her form." (*Ibid.*)

Another: "A slender girl . . . of that age when nature paints with her richest brush. Her hair was a wave of russet lights, with shadows of warmer brown. Her face, rose-stained, was the texture of a rose. Her mouth, below serious eyes of blended blue, gave a touch of willfulness. If there was intentness on the brow, so was there languor in the lips, red, half-ripe, the upper short and curved to smile. She was all raptures — all sapphire and rose-gold, against the dark cushion." (*Hearts Courageous.*)

(6) *Absence of reasoning and critical faculties.*

Another marked mobbish trait or perhaps another aspect of the last trait, — low intellectual life, — is the absence of duly constituted authority. Leaders must be improvised on the spur of the moment. At the head of the two columns that attacked the Bastille were Hullin, a

watchmaker from Geneva, and Elie, a soldier of fortune; they had no previous authority; their credentials were the spasmodic needs of the moment. So, too, our reading mob has no leaders, no guides. In the mob itself there is no critical faculty. Reflex action answers to peripheral stimulus; there is no pondering, no consideration, no choice of acts. If there were critics, men of natural gifts and educated taste, experienced in the humanities, there would be no mob; for the condition of headlessness, of unguidedness, is essential to a mob. But there are no American critics, except Mr. Henry James, who confines himself to a consideration of foreigners. If he would turn his mind to American criticism —

> Ac, veluti magno in populo quum saepe coorta est
> Seditio, saevitque animis ignobile vulgus —

authoritative with literary piety and desert, he might become a disciplinary and coordinating force. Other writers wander about the ante-chamber of criticism, — *la salle des pas perdus*, — and speak sympathetically to the mob. They obey the gregarious impulse. It is so with all mob leaders. To the Bastille mob, Hullin and Elie cry, " En avant, nobles esprits!" to the religious mob the Herr Pfarrer shouts, "Gott mit uns;" to the Roman citizens Mark Antony says, "Good friends, sweet friends." The mob leader is infected with the mob spirit, and seeks to take advantage of it, not to correct and overcome it. Our mob critics, naturally somewhat afraid of the mob, use a series of adjectives (as a drover's boy shouts "gee" and "haw" *post eventum*, to conceal the fact that he follows, and does not guide, his steers), — "suggestive," "unique," "exclusive," "convincing," "vital," "well - visualized;" or brief phrases, — "a book of distinction," "chastity of diction," "the touch of sureness," etc., and then encourage the mob by one of three methods of appeal. The first is to say that the author is a good story-teller, which to the mob means, "Mob, you have excellent judgment in plots;" the second, that the tale is highly moral, "Oh, virtuous mob!" the third, that the story is American. For instance, one critic says: "One of the most cheerful features of the whole matter is the fact that that growth of Americanism to which we had occasion to refer last winter is becoming steadily more apparent. Of the seventy-five places held among the first selling books by the novels that we have mentioned [of the upper bourgeois sort] all but fifteen are to the credit of American authors." This is the regular patriotic device of the mob orator. All the Roman mob orators lay stress upon the fact that their hearers are Romans. Antony says, "You gentle *Romans*," and "Friends, *Romans*, countrymen." Brutus says, "*Romans*, countrymen, and lovers." As for morality, it is a well marked trait in a mob to esteem itself highly moral, and, in its way, to be highly moral. The Lord George Gordon mob destroyed much gold and silver plate, but stole none. The Abolitionist mob was notoriously self-righteous. Nevertheless, morality is not always characteristic of mobs, even of reading mobs, though self-imputed morality probably always is. To praise the mob, however, is certainly the safest, perhaps the only, course open to the mob orator.

Thus we see that mobbish traits consist in numbers, union, coalescence, low organic structure, imperfect functions, violent emotions, infectious actions, and the absence of any controlling or critical faculty; and, finally, that numbers and the absence of authority are the two chief characteristics. This analysis is partially but strongly confirmed by an investigation from an entirely different point of view, — from the standpoint of art.

Art is a matter based upon the experiences, not of all men, as is science, but of the few. An individual, one man out of millions in ordinary places, one out of hundreds in highly gifted communities, perceives something which disturbs his viscera, makes his heart beat faster, brings color to his cheek, brightness to his eye, buoyancy to his spirit, which kindles joy,

tenderness, sentiment, triumph, exultation. Excited by his experience, he broods over it, and tries to counterfeit what he conceives to be the stimulating cause, primarily because of the felicity which comes as he busies himself with this enriching experience, partly that he may see his own sensations reflected in other faces, and incidentally that he may win honor, money, or whatever unconsidered, secondary consequences may chance to follow. This happy but solitary man, who quivers like a racehorse at what other men pass like oxen, is the artist. His experiences are the facts of art; his counterfeits of the stimulating causes are what we call works of art. The experiences of beauty, of harmony, of color, or whatever it may be, which other men have, are of a different order, and have no artistic significance. However, there are men who have direct business with the artists' experiences; they are the critics. They may be wholly unable to counterfeit the stimulating causes, and yet they comprehend the artists' experiences, and interpret these experiences to the many. The critic's business is to study these experiences, compare and classify them, and render them, as far as may be, intelligible to the crowd. His mission is revelation, and his attitude must be one of authority.

Here, then, we have art, the experience of the few, and authority, the judgment of the few, both antithetical to the mob spirit, which knows neither law nor authority, and follows the gusty impulses of instinct. Art and the mob are mutually exclusive, like heat and cold. A mob cannot have its attention fixed by a work of art. When the crowd reads *Hamlet* or stares at the *Monna Lisa*, it acts in obedience to authority — to the authority of the critics; it has ceased to be a mob, it recognizes the word of command, given by Lessing, Sainte-Beuve, Matthew Arnold, or Ruskin, and marches, as to military music, rank upon rank, in orderly sequence, and salutes the world's masterpieces. Discipline, whether it proceeds from the presence of a general, an archbishop, or a critic, is a certain sign that the crowd has passed beyond that stage of homogeneous incoherence, as Herbert Spencer would say, which is essential to a mob. This transformation is normal; a mob must either turn into a disciplined body or resolve itself into its constituent elements. As regards the reading mob, the transformation into an educated body of readers is, of course, infinitely slower than the change from a street mob into an orderly group of burghers; it will depend on the number of artists and of critics. The public schools, and our general system of education, to which we ordinarily turn in such difficulties, unfortunately supply the conditions that make a reading mob possible, and do not offer any hope of cure. Art and authority are the only remedies. In a country so large, so thickly populated, where there is so much vigor, energy, and will, it is not unreasonable to hope that artists will come; but they will require sympathy, comprehension, support, and these can be made ready only by the critic. His first task must be to tame the turbulent mob spirit, in which we Americans take so much pride and pleasure.

ANY MAN AND ANY WOMAN

BY WINFIELD SCOTT MOODY

THE new heaven and the new earth had just opened before the two young people. The girl's shy eyes were raised and looked evenly into her lover's eager face, and both her hands lay contented in his clasp.

"Yes, and yes! you dear boy," she said.

"Mildred!" he cried, and then, for a while, there were no more words.

The sober, quietly ticking old clock on the mantel had never been so utterly disregarded before in all its long life. Its slender steel hands moved around with an astonished dignity in being so entirely forgotten, as some placid chaperon might have slowly realized that her very existence no longer counted for anything. It was the fire, whispering to itself with soft, crackling laughter, that broke the spell at last. A big stick, burned at the middle, fell apart, and one end scattered sparks upon the rug. The young man was betrayed into a sudden leap to brush back the little red coals, and then, again, there were two persons, very close to each other and very blushingly happy, but still two responsible human beings, capable of articulate speech, and conscious once more of the world in which they lived.

"Let's always have an open fire in — in our house, Arthur," suggested Mildred, with a rose color in her cheeks for which the blazing hickory on the hearth was not responsible.

"Always — all summer, too," echoed Arthur, in munificent assent. "And it will always mean just this thing to us, dear, — that it heard your promise, and it is a witness between us that nothing in the world can ever make me lose you, now;" and Arthur's eyes glowed into Mildred's until the long lashes once more hid their retreat.

"Nothing can ever come between us, now, can it, dear?" she whispered as she leaned against his shoulder, and her hand clung in his strong clasp.

"Never, my Mildred," murmured the discoverer of a new world to his fellow adventurer. "And it seems so wonderful to think that all this happiness should have come to me, who don't deserve half of it," he added, virtuously, if humbly enough.

"Why, yes, you do deserve all I can ever hope to give you, Arthur — I know you do, and you must not talk in that way — it hurts me."

"But no man could ever be quite good enough for you, dearest," he said softly. "And of course I don't mean that I am wicked in any way, but only that you are such an angel, and I am just a man, who has had to live a man's life, so different from the sweet, sheltered life of a woman, you know."

He stopped for a moment, in a sudden pause, and then went on, with a touch of awkwardness, "I think — that is — I think I ought to tell you something, Mildred."

Quite unconsciously to herself, she was not leaning against him so unreservedly, now.

"Why, yes, Arthur," she said. "You know I always love to hear every word you tell me — something about yourself, you mean?"

"Yes." The word came out with a reserve which was instantly felt.

"But not unless you really want to, Arthur, of course. Why, I don't know" —

She was sitting quietly, now, but upright beside him and looking squarely at him. There was no lack of tenderness in her eyes, but there was something like surprise, too.

"I don't want to hear it if it will hurt

you to tell me, dear," she said, very softly. "I don't *need* to know. We trust each other, and I shall *never* ask you."

"But I think I ought to tell you, dear," he persisted. "I think you have a right to know."

"Why, it's nothing — it could n't be anything — dishonorable, Arthur" —

"Oh, no!" he said, quickly. "I think you are sure of that, are n't you?"

"Of course I am, Arthur," said the girl in a tone so tender that he half closed his eyes, as if suddenly conscious of an overpowering perfume.

He shifted his position, in a physical restlessness which was the reflection of the stirring of conscience that had made him unwilling to remain silent, at this moment, in the presence of the girl's utter love and trust.

"I think I ought to tell you," he repeated, haltingly. "You see — that is, it's about myself — and another girl."

She drew back with a little cry. "Another girl! Oh, Arthur, it did n't seem as if there had ever been anybody but just ourselves in all our lives — it seemed as if we had existed just for each other since the beginning of all time." And after a moment, "Did — did you really *love* her, Arthur?" while the color flashed up and then faded as quickly as it had come.

"Oh, I don't know," he said uneasily. "I did, or I thought I did. We were engaged to be married."

"Oh" — and Mildred's hands clasped themselves tightly in her lap, and she sat shrinking into herself, her face as white as her frock.

"You see," the man began slowly, "it was four or five years ago — long before I had known *you*, dear," and his eyes sought her face. But Mildred's eyes were hidden, and he blundered along.

"We were both very young, and we — I — I thought I was really in love with her, at first, and she with me, and it was six months before I realized that — that something was the matter — that things were not the same — that — oh, that I did n't love her any more, or at least, I did n't love her as — as I used to, and" —

He floundered pitifully. Mildred did not speak, but her face was lifted, and her hand crept toward him and touched his arm.

"And so, you see, it was pretty hard, but it had to be broken off, and — it was broken off. And I tried to do the square thing, you know, for it would n't have been right for me to go on, of course, and so it was all ended. But I thought I ought to tell you — I thought you ought to know."

His eyes, which had strayed everywhere during his disjointed speech, now sought Mildred's eagerly. She did not reply, for a few moments, and her own eyes were again turned away. Then, meeting his earnest gaze with a little hesitation, she said, —

"Yes, Arthur, I'm glad you told me, if it's easier for you to share the knowledge of it with me. But hearing it all so suddenly startled and — and confused me, a little, for the moment. It was like reading somebody else's letter by mistake. But I know you were as good and kind to her as — oh, as you always are, and — it must have been awfully hard for you to tell her."

Arthur flushed a dark crimson.

"Why, Mildred!" he said, reproachfully, "you know I could n't do that."

The girl looked at him in blank surprise.

"Why, you just told me you broke it off because you did n't care for her any more!"

"Oh, Mildred! I did n't say anything of the kind! How could I do such a — a contemptible thing? Of course *I* did n't break it off. I gave *her* the chance — it belonged to her. Everybody knows that!"

The girl's eyes were very wide, and when she spoke her voice was lower, and not quite steady.

"Do you mean to tell me," she began; and then, "oh, was it she who had changed her mind? Did n't she care for you?" she ended breathlessly.

"Why, yes, I think she cared, of course," the young man replied, a little impatience mingled with the regret in his tone, "but I did n't love her as I had thought I did. Don't you see? I had to make it as easy for her as I could. Any decent man would do that. It was the only honorable way out of it. I gave her the chance to break it off."

Mildred hesitated between doubt and fear. She could see neither reason nor proper sequence in his words. They must be at cross-purposes, somehow.

"You say you tried to make it as easy for her as you could — what a strange thing! Why, it was nothing *she* knew about. How could she know unless you told her?" she said uncertainly.

Arthur had stretched his legs out toward the fire in a grotesque unconsciousness of what he was doing, and his hands were stuffed deep into his pockets, while he stared into the glow of the burning logs and watched the white feathers of ash fall in little heaps between the brass fire-dogs. His heels were dug into the thick hearth-rug, and his whole attitude was that of a man who has completely forgotten himself in the sudden encounter with an abstract problem. Puzzled, a little startled, and with an indefinite sense of unseen danger, he searched his mind in perplexity quite as honest as it was profound, to his unanalytical habit of thought.

"Why," he answered at last, with such a feeling of bewilderment as he might have had, when a schoolboy, if the axioms in his Euclid had suddenly become reversed before his eyes, "of course she could see, after a while, that it was — different, somehow. I — I had to let her see. I was n't at her house so regularly — so often — and I stopped doing some little things — oh, I think I forgot to do them, perhaps. At any rate, it seemed forever, to me, before she saw" —

He stammered, and stopped. But he did not look toward Mildred, and did not see how still she sat, and how tightly her hands were clenched in her lap. He examined every separate coal in the fire, carefully, before he went on, with a simplicity of retrospective regret that no liar's ingenuity could imitate, and a gathering fluency, as he stated his case: —

"It was pretty hard for me, Mildred. I wished to spare her all I could, but it certainly would not have been honorable for me to let things drift, since I felt sure that we should never be happy together. So I made up my mind to let the whole thing fall on me, and not to put her in a hard place on account of my own change of mind, or heart, or whatever it was. But it was nearly two months before she broke it, and I hope," said the young man, with a deep sigh, "that a kind Heaven will never send me, in the future, even two hours of such pain as I endured during all that time."

A long pause followed his last words. Suddenly Arthur felt himself grow cold from head to foot, and he became conscious that Mildred was looking at him as though from a great distance, and he heard her say, —

"I believe I understand what you have been telling me. You deliberately set yourself to create a different relation between you and her. You did n't go to see her so often, you did n't bring her flowers — you broke your appointments with her, too, did n't you?"

She waited for an answer. "Did n't you?" she repeated.

"Why, yes — I think so," said Arthur, wondering why the admission had suddenly become difficult when it had been one of the matters of course in the actual happening.

"And she wondered why you were so different," Mildred went on calmly. "She asked you why, did n't she?"

She paused again.

"Yes," said Arthur desperately, and wondered why he felt desperate.

"What did you tell her?"

A long pause. Then, "I don't know," said he.

"Why did n't you tell her the truth?" asked Mildred.

"It would have been brutal!" said Arthur, with a flash of pride.

"Don't you think it was brutal to torture the poor girl and keep her in the dark as to the reason?" flashed back Mildred, swiftly as a mirror throws a reflection. "Don't you think it was brutal to save yourself at her cost?"

"Oh, how can you be so unfair!" cried out the man, leaping to his feet and staring at the girl as though she had been transformed into somebody he had never seen before. "I did n't try to save myself at her cost — it is not true. I tried to save *her!* I could n't jilt the girl!"

"But you did," returned Mildred. "You made it impossible for your affectionate relations to continue, and threw all the burden of changing them on her. Do you call *that* honorable?"

"Oh, Mildred!" The lover besought her in a sudden personal appeal. "What awful misunderstanding is this which has come up between us out of nothing at all? Don't misconstrue the attempt of a man to act honorably toward a girl he no longer wanted to marry, but for whom he had so much consideration that he wanted to take all the world's blame to himself for the broken engagement. Why, how has all this cloud come upon us, dear" —

She broke in at the word of affection.

"No, Arthur, there is no misunderstanding. I understand it all perfectly, I think. That is, I understand what you did, but no woman in the world, I am sure, could understand why you did it, unless you were a poor coward, unwilling to face the circumstances."

Mildred sat erect and motionless, except for the quick breathing which shook her slender figure. Arthur stood and regarded her with wonder. Surely this was not the girl who had just promised to marry him! Was it an awful dream? But through the whirling bewilderment of his thoughts, one word burnt into his memory, and the smart was so stinging that he found his tongue: —

"We seem to have very different ideas!" he said, with an entirely new sense of resentfulness. "You say you understand perfectly what I did. I confess I thought so myself, till now, but you — well, since you *do* understand it so thoroughly, will you kindly tell me what I did that makes it possible for you to think of me with horror, and to call me" — he paused, for an instant — "something very like a blackguard and a scoundrel?"

"Oh, Arthur!" — and those two words swam in the tenderness of her tone — "*I* call you *that!*" But then her brow gathered into tiny lines, and her voice began, hesitatingly, to deepen into accusation as she spoke: —

"It seems to me that if a time comes to a man and a woman who have thought that they loved each other, when one of them finds it has been a mistake, that the person who has made the mistake owes instant explanation to the other one — who is innocent and ignorant of an altered state of things. Can anything be clearer?"

She went on without waiting for an answer.

"You found you did n't love her, and knew that the engagement must be broken; why did n't you go to her and say that you had made a dreadful mistake, and ask if she could forgive you for the pain you were causing her, and set you free?"

Arthur blazed out at her so vehemently that she, for the first time, was conscious of an unfamiliar personality in the man who stood before her.

"Can you conceive of a man being such a cowardly blackguard?" he demanded, almost roughly. "To go to a girl and say that he found he was tired of her and was not willing to fulfill his engagement — to toss her away as if she were an old glove, or — or — yesterday's newspaper!" he stammered, almost choking in the intensity of his dissent. "To make her face all the gossip and ill-natured talk — to put her in the position of a discarded woman — good heavens! what an idea, Mildred! Why, such a man would deserve to be turned out of his club and cut on the street I am thankful to

say that *I* have never known a man capable of such a thing!"

Mildred rose without answering, and walked to the window. Through the dull twilight she looked out into the gray tracery of treetops, and saw the dry leaves blowing about in dismal showers. She wondered if what he had said were really true. She wished she could accept it, even though it cast a shadow over her woman's quick intuition which she was so wont to consider a clear light from within. She would willingly have stood as a child, shamed and set at naught in her own eyes, if so she could only come back into the circle of his arm, trusting him utterly, as she had trusted him an hour before. Trusting — yes, that was the heart of the matter. She suddenly felt that she did not trust him. Over and over the question beat through her brain, how could she trust a man who had once treated a woman like that?

She stood for several minutes with wistful eyes, and then, with a little shiver, came back to the fire. She realized that she had suddenly become mature, and sad, and wise.

"I cannot understand," she said, "how it was possible for you to do it. It seems to me as dastardly a thing as to ask a person condemned to death to give the signal for his own execution."

The man stared at her, and struggled to master himself. After a moment he said, —

"Do you know what you are saying? Think carefully, and tell me if you really mean what you have just said to me. Remember that you are only a young girl, with a limited experience of life. You are talking about a point of honor among men that has been definitely settled by general consent, and you are trying to judge, from your childish standpoint, a question which you might well leave to men who know the world's ways better than you do. You told me a moment ago that I was a dastardly coward, and now I tell you that you think and talk like a child. You are ignorant of a subject in which you think you are wise, and you are unjust, deeply unjust to a man who loves you," — he threw himself beside her, — "for oh, Mildred, I do love you with every drop of my blood!"

Mildred drew her hands away from his grasp, but his tenderness swept away the impulse to meet reproach with reproach, and he burst out:

"Can't we stop all this futile discussion, Mildred, and only remember that we love each other? Oh, tell me! Don't you love me? You told me you did, an hour ago — surely an hour can't make such a change in any one!"

"I don't think it is a question of loving, between us, at all," she said, at last, "but of trusting. I think that you love me, and I know that I love you, and shall go on loving you" — here she passed the back of her hand over her eyes — "for oh, so long! But — I do not trust you. That is all. The man whom I promised to marry, an hour ago, is dead. He never really lived, except in my imagination. I thought of you as the soul of honor, and of chivalry, and tenderness, and now I find — as other women do, sometimes, too late — that I only saw a vision."

As he would have spoken, the girl raised both hands, pitifully, in a little gesture of deprecation.

— "But — I do not know. Perhaps every man would feel that you did right. I believe every woman would feel that you did wrong. Let me tell you something. What you have been saying may be true from the point of view of most men — ordinary men, who wish to be honorable and comfortable at the same time. But let me tell you the woman's side of it. Two years ago I had a girl friend to whom there came just this experience. The man to whom she was engaged grew tired of her and wished the engagement broken. He set about it just as you did. Probably to him, as to you, no other course seemed honorable. But during all those dreadful months when the poor girl was making up her mind what the situation really was, I know (because I was with her and saw

it, hourly) the horrible misery she suffered in mind, and heart, and pride. There was not any part of her, mind or spirit, that was not exquisitely tortured. She loved him loyally, and she was too brave and sweet to admit for a moment to herself that he was no longer worthy of that love. At first, she was bewildered, and it was very long before the meaning of all his neglect, his evasiveness, his deliberate playing at cross-purposes, came upon her. And then she told me. I have never seen such suffering."

The girl trembled, and closed her eyes. "It was harder than death for her to bear," she went on. "If it had been a noble sorrow, she could have endured it more easily. But it was the utter ignominy of the man's behavior, the cruelty, the supreme selfishness of it all, that came near killing her. I thought then, as I do now, that none but a base man could do so base a deed. I never believed such a time would come to me. But now it has come, and I must meet it as bravely and with as much dignity as I can. But oh, Arthur!" — here her voice broke into a cry — "how *can* I bear it! How *can* I bear it!"

She turned and buried her face in the back of her chair. The man fell at her knees and covered her hands with kisses. She struggled from him, as he besought her.

"Mildred!" he protested, "don't torture yourself so cruelly — it is not the same — nothing like that has come to you. As to what the other man did, I do not know, but I am sure that I could not honorably have done any more or any less than I did. Don't punish me for the suffering of the other woman. Don't, dear, — don't turn away from me like this!"

The girl looked at him through aching eyes. "Perhaps I do not see it clearly," she said. "I must have more time to think about it. And, oh, you must not stay here, now. I want to be all alone."

The young man stood before her, his face very pale.

"I will go, now, but I shall come back to-morrow. I will not give you up like this, for a child's whim," he said.

She answered him dully, resignedly. "Yes, you may come to-morrow. I may be wronging you, and I must not do that. But to-morrow will do — I shall know, then, if I am ever to know."

"Ask your father — ask your brother," he cried, holding out both arms to call the whole world to witness his plea. "Ask any man — there can be but one answer."

She stood silently, pleading for respite. He kissed her hand and left her.

She did not come to dinner, and if her headache were but an excuse, she did not know it. Up and down in her mind wavered the two scales of the balance, and every time they fell on the side of the woman.

She heard all the clocks strike every hour of that night. The still, silvery chime of the old clock on the drawing-room mantel, the muffled gong in the dining-room, the church clock at the corner, the distant bell beyond the square. And each time, at the end, the last stroke told her the woman had been wronged.

Was she petty and narrow? she asked herself. Did the memory of the other girl's suffering distort her own sense of justice? She wished as fervently to be just to her lover as to reclaim for herself the happiness she had felt that she must put away. Had she a blind spot in her mind's eye at that particular place? Could it be that a woman's love and trust ought to be disregarded in a man's conventional solution of his dilemma — she would call it conventional, and not merely selfish. Was a man's duty to a woman so different from a woman's duty to a man?

As she turned on her pillow, she yearned for the mother whom she could not remember. *She* would know; *she* could tell her. But her weeping brought no comforting spirit; her tormenting problem remained her own to solve.

At dawn she was no nearer a conclusion. Always the balance fell upon the woman's side, and always she struck it up with her poignant desire to be just to

the man. At last, she perceived that she was only beating the air. It was useless to benumb her mind with repetitions. She would cast the whole matter out of her thoughts, and wait until he should come to her. Then, at the first sight of him, she would know; then, her heart would tell her.

She went for a long walk in the cold air that stung her face and impelled to the physical exertion which finally made her body glow, and relieved the beating in her head. But at every street corner, through every vista of houses, in the contents of every shop window seen and unperceived, the wavering balance hung before her mind, and always the scale fell on the same side.

The hours, that had dragged so slowly through the night, now flew fast as birds. Panic seized her; she dared not think of standing before him, seeing his eyes, hearing his voice. And then — he was waiting for her, and as she came down the stairs her heart and head throbbed in a tumult of love and fear and uncertainty.

He stood before the fire, his face eager. His night had been less troubled than hers; the whole disagreement had seemed unreal and impossible to him, as he had thought over their talk, word by word. It was shifting and formless as smoke, this strange fancy that had possessed her; after a night's sleep she would be herself again, and promised to him — to him. Yesterday, with its disarrangement of all things normal, was almost a forgotten illusion.

Always, in the past months, when she had run down the stairs to meet him, her heart had leaped at the sight of his face. Now, as she came into his presence, she felt her heart fall down, as with an actual sense of physical pain, at the instant her eyes met his. She hesitated, and stood trembling for a moment, as he sprang toward her, and then, as if they had not parted since the question had risen between them, the day before, she began to speak as if thinking aloud, slowly: —

"There seem to be so many times in life when the facts of a matter all lie one way, and the truth lies all the other way. The fact is, that you seem to yourself — and possibly to the world in general, I do not know — to have acted the part of an honorable and considerate man. But the truth I *do* know, because I feel it *here*, oh, so deeply," — and her two cold hands clutched together over her heart, — "I know that no man whose feeling for honor is as fine and sensitive as it should be could have treated a woman who loved him as you treated her."

The words came out almost automatically. There was no conscious effort of her mind; it was the distillation of her overflowing heart. To the man, at first, it seemed that the dreadful illusion was persisting, and that presently it would pass. But instead, he presently perceived that all this was very reality.

He strove for words, and uttered a commonplace.

"Is this all that your night's sleep has brought you?" he asked.

"I have not slept at all," she said quietly. "I have thought of nothing else, and I always come back to this." Her voice drooped, with the dejection of her weary head, and her pallor wrung his heart. He moved to take her hand, and she drew back.

"Please" — she said. "You told me, yesterday, that I was a child. I am old and grave, since last night. I have thought, and thought, and thought, and I see but one thing, all the time — that you are not the man you seemed to me yesterday. And since it is *I* who have made a mistake" —

Arthur's voice broke in, hoarse and shaky.

"Mildred!" he said, "do you mean that you are sending me away?"

"There is nothing else to do," she said simply. "We were never really together, and we have just found it out, that is all."

"Does our love for each other count for nothing?" he cried.

"It does not count for enough to live on, without the other," she replied drearily. "With me, love would not last without a

foundation of utter trust. The difference in our ideas, in our points of view, is so fundamental that we should only make misery for both of us, if we tried to live together. And besides, I do not want to marry you, now, for my ideal has turned out to be a ghost, and I can't marry a ghost."

He caught at the word.

"Your own fancy creates the ghost, Mildred," he said. "I am just the same man I was yesterday — you are just the same woman. We loved each other then — we love each other now. Oh, don't let a girlish whim break up our lives — don't see a ghost in place of the real man who loves you and wants you for his wife!"

Mildred covered her face with her hands. The strength and passion of the man shook the woman, and she felt herself swayed like a slender tree in a storm. But never once did her purpose quiver at its root, even in the greatest stress, in which, for the first time, she felt the call of his sex for hers. And then, growing and enveloping her like deep silence after a tumult of sound, came to her the sense that now, at last, she was submitting to some mysterious power, and that all the growth of her love for him had been but the preparation for this moment of bitter sacrifice. And while she made the sharp decision, as though plunging the knife into her breast, she entered into the great peace of obedience to an uncomprehended yet eternal law. As the instant passed, she perceived that she was calm, calmer than ever in her life before, since the childhood day of her first communion.

She raised her head and looked deep into his eyes.

"I am not mistaken, now, Arthur," she said in a low voice. "It is ended, now. I dare not marry you. We have no common ground in life to stand on."

Arthur stood staring at her helplessly for a moment.

"Mildred," he said, "I cannot understand it all. I think you must have taken leave of your senses."

"I wish I had," answered the girl quietly, "but I have not. It is all clear and simple enough to me, and since you say you do not understand it, I will try once more to make it plain to you. I suppose I am only a young girl, as you say, and I do not know much of the world, and above all, I am not versed in that code which men have built up for themselves under the name of honor!" — here her voice wavered — "but there are some things that stand out clear as noonday, to me. You have told me of your behavior toward another woman whom you once thought you loved — told me quite frankly, with no conception of the dishonor involved, of a course of treatment which I cannot believe it possible that any man should look upon except with contempt, or any woman condone. I can see that, occasionally, a man may find himself mistaken in his professed love for a woman. Women make such mistakes, too, sometimes. But that he should deliberately shift the responsibility of breaking the promise to the slighter shoulders of the woman, — that he should set himself to torture and ill-use the love she gives him" —

"'Torture and ill-use!'" he broke in. "I was trying to save her dignity — her self-respect!"

The girl thrust aside his words with a look and a gesture, and went on.

"That he can do *anything*, under the circumstances, but go and tell her the truth in tenderness, since it cannot be in love, — oh, it is incredible and monstrous to me, and such a man I can neither respect nor trust. And I believe that every woman in the world would agree with me!"

Mildred stood upright, now, with stern eyes turned upon the man she loved and judged.

"But think of the girl's pride, Mildred," he pleaded, in bewilderment and despair. "How could a man choose to humiliate her so before the world, as he would in refusing to marry her?"

"Humiliate her!" Mildred returned bitterly. "There is no humiliation! She,

at least, had kept her love burning clear, — she had been true to her promise! For myself, so far from being humiliated, I should glory — yes, glory — in the thought that it was not I who had failed in loyalty — in love! Where the deep spiritual things of life are concerned, what does a woman care for what the world thinks or says? Not one straw!"

The man hardly waited for her to finish. His self-control left him entirely, and he flamed up in accusation.

"You are morbid!" he declared, "and you sit here in your little world judging matters you are not able to judge. You have no right to pass such judgment on me. I offer you all a good man can offer a woman, and you say you love me, yet for a cobweb of sentiment between us you break your promise to me. I suppose you feel that you have done your duty. I can tell you that you have lost the substance for the shadow. I find that I know little enough of women, but you have taught me, to-day, how recklessly cruel a woman can be."

The girl's face was white, and turned proudly away from him.

"Now I am going," he went on. "You forbid me to come back — you say you dare not marry such a man as I. Oh, Mildred, the woman I loved was not like the woman you are now. Indeed, I think any man might well hesitate in the attempt to meet your ideals. But we have got beyond discussion now."

"Yes," she answered, "we have got beyond discussion now."

She heard the house door close behind him, and then, as she found a chair, she felt everything slipping away from her. When she came back to herself, half an hour later, she stumbled a little as she rose and left the quiet old clock and the failing fire, and went to her room to begin the world all over again.

SOME RESULTS OF THE EASTERN WAR

BY CHESTER HOLCOMBE

A PROMINENT diplomatist in St. Petersburg recently remarked that "every one has agreed upon peace except the belligerents." Add to this fact the other, that internal conditions in Russia, which need not be detailed here, are such as to make the cessation of hostilities a necessity, and the world is justified in the hope that peace will come in the near future. In fact, speculation is already rife regarding the results of the war, and some of our diplomatic friends across the Atlantic not Russian in nationality, are foreboding loss of prestige and the destruction of European commerce in the Far East as one result of a Japanese success.

That earlier bugbear, the "Yellow Peril," is being revived and is again the subject of discussion. A gentleman, high in official life and in close touch with the French Foreign Office, has discovered another disastrous result of Russian defeat. He predicts the capture of Vladivostok by Japan, which will thus acquire "the only port and naval base on the shores of the Pacific Ocean which hitherto have been in possession of a European power." To quote him further, "this would mean that all the commerce of the Pacific Ocean would become the monopoly of only two powers with strong naval bases on the Pacific, namely, Japan and the United States. These two non-European powers could divide up Chinese trade at their pleasure." . . . This gentleman sees Russia and all other European powers "equally left out in the cold." And from his own gloomy forecast, he

predicts that "whatever else Japan may demand, she will not be allowed to exclude Russia and the rest of Europe from all naval and commercial influence in the Pacific."

It is rather surprising that this presumably well informed prophet of evil to Europe overlooks or is ignorant of several most important facts. He is doubtless right in assuming that, unless peace is made almost at once, Japan will capture Vladivostok. But that is by no means the "only port and naval base" upon the Pacific hitherto held by a European power. For some sixty years Great Britain has held Hongkong, an invaluable naval base and port of distribution of commerce from all parts of the world, and doubtless she will continue to occupy it in the future. It is of tenfold the value of the Siberian port mentioned. In North China upon the Shantung coast, Germany occupies Chiao Cho with a liberal area of hinterland, and farther north, within quick reaching distance of Tientsin and Peking, Great Britain is in possession of Wei Hai Wei, a fine harbor, and easily defended. True, France is not represented in this list, but she holds seaports, and has a large colonial area upon the Pacific Ocean, beginning a little to the south of Hongkong and extending down to the terminal point of the Asiatic continent. If European powers may take and hold these several ports named, thousands of miles distant from their own proper domain, why may not Japan capture and occupy permanently Vladivostok, comparatively within a stone's throw of her own empire, and a constant menace if occupied by an unfriendly European power? It is not to be taken for granted that the Mikado has such an object in mind, but if he had, what objection could, with any decent show of consistency, be raised by the governments named? With the naval bases and centres of trade mentioned held by Great Britain, Germany, and France, any monopoly of commerce, such as is seen in the forecast of the French diplomatist, is a manifest impossibility.

Another and conclusive hindrance is found in existing treaties. Substantially every commercial treaty between the several western powers and Japan, China and Corea, forbids monopoly and provides specifically for equal opportunities, privileges, and concessions in trade. Any favor or exemption granted to one is, by that very fact, granted to all. Thus, when the United States, in its recent commercial treaty with China, secured the opening of two additional ports in Manchuria (secured, by the way, in the face of the impertinent interference and secret threats of Russia) to the commerce of this nation, those ports were, of necessity, opened to every nation — Russia included — which has treaty relations with China. Even "special spheres of influence," so much discussed a few years ago in connection with Chinese affairs, are impossible under any fair interpretation of existing treaties, but the "Open Door," or equal opportunities everywhere and for all, is specifically recognized and pledged. Only by violation or rearrangement of all existing treaty engagements with the nations of the Far East could any exclusive monopoly of the commerce of the Pacific, or any modification even remotely approaching it, become possible.

While, therefore, it is manifest that no such results, injurious to Europe, can follow the success of Japan in the existing struggle, it still remains true that, in consequence of that success, the future of the Far East will be, must be, widely different from the past. It is both wise and prudent to foresee, to understand, so far as may be possible, the changed lines within which shall lie the coming development, the history, of the nations upon the Asiatic shores of the Pacific.

During the war of a few years ago, into which the peace-loving Chinese were invited and almost driven by the Japanese, it was repeatedly asserted, with truth, by the leaders of political thought and policy among the latter, that the struggle was entered into, not so much, or mainly, to settle any question of predominance in

Corea, or any other personal questions between the belligerents, but to demonstrate to the nations of Europe that the time had come when Japan must be classed, and reckoned with, as among the first-class powers of the modern world. In a similar way, there is, upon the part of Japan at least, a far broader motive and purpose in the existing war than the mere determination of the questions, important as they are, whether Manchuria shall or shall not remain the property of its rightful owner, China, and whether the Czar or the Mikado shall have predominant political influence in Seoul. While those combined to form the nominal, and immediate, cause of the war, they were after all only incidents of it, or incarnations, so to speak, of far greater, broader, more vital questions,—questions involving other European powers than Russia, other Asiatic nations than Japan, —which must be fought to a full and final issue. The time had come in the marvelous development of modern life in Japan when those larger questions, whether affecting her or her neighbors, must be met and answered once for all. The future of the Far East depended upon them. Hence the war long expected in Japanese circles. And hence, as an issue of Japanese success, a widely changed future for the Far East.

The earliest knowledge which the empires of Eastern Asia had of the peoples of Western Europe was brought them by sample. It came in the guise of heavily armed ships overcrowded with buccaneers, freebooters, sea robbers, men astonishingly like Drake and Hawkins, with whom the average reader is familiar. It need hardly be said that the introduction thus effected was not satisfactory. Indeed, it was misleading to the Asiatics, extremely painful, and horribly expensive. Much later came a different type of European into the Far East, in the shape of missionaries of the Catholic church. These were eventually expelled from the several empires of China, Japan, and Corea, not because of the strange religion which they taught, nor for their good works, many of which still remain, but because of repeated and persistent efforts to interfere with the politics or civil government of the state. The inception of modern acquaintance and relations between Western Europe and the Far East was even more unfortunate. So far as China is concerned, it was accomplished in connection with an attempt, persisted in for a score of years, and ultimately successful, to fasten upon an immense race the most horrible and deadly curse known among men. The common laws of humanity, the wise statutes and moral sense of a heathen nation, were ruthlessly thrust aside and sacrificed, in order to satisfy the money lust of a so-called Christian power. It is true that no such conscienceless outrage was perpetrated upon Japan. And it is equally true that the subsequent history of Japan has been far different, far brighter than that of opium-cursed China.

These important facts of the earlier relations between the Far East and the Western world are stated with the utmost possible brevity. It is necessary that they be kept in mind by any person who seeks either to understand the more recent past of the two great empires still remaining there, or to forecast their future.

To these most uninviting features of the beginnings of acquaintance and intercourse between Europe and the nations of remote Asia must be added two factors, continuous in their operation, and most strongly hostile to any good relationship and understanding. They were inevitable, yet most unfortunate; necessary, and yet they have been the most positive of all hindrances to the proper growth and development of the Far East. To substantiate these assertions it is only necessary to point to the more recent history of Japan. She rid herself of these most offensive conditions of international intercourse some years ago, and the change for the better in every direction was immediate and amazing. They consist in a limitation, at two points, of the

inherent sovereign rights of the rulers of those nations. In every treaty made the principle of exterritoriality was asserted, which is to say that all foreigners resident within the empires of China, Japan, or Corea, were not subject to the laws of those empires, but remained under the jurisdiction of their native lands. Actions, whether civil or criminal, against them could only be tried and determined before and by an official of their own nationality. One need only imagine such an exemption from the laws of the land in favor of foreigners, insisted upon and enforced in this country, to realize how bitterly it would be resented. Yet it was necessary. No self-respecting government, no civilized authority, could consent to the submission of its people to the barbarous laws, the unjust and cruel judicial procedure, recognized and practiced in those lands when treaty relations were established.

The second point of limitation affected the finances of each of the three governments named, and took the shape of dictation, in detail, of the rate of duty leviable upon all imports of foreign merchandise and all exports of native products. A schedule of tariff rates was attached to and made a part of each commercial treaty. It was uniform for all nations, and, under the agreements and stipulations affixed, no modifications of rates or terms could be made until the assent of all powers interested had been secured. This unusual procedure and interference with sovereign rights was based upon the argument that neither friendly intercourse nor trade with Western nations was desired by the governments of the Far East, that the treaties themselves were compacts made under duress, or at the point of the bayonet, as was the fact, and that nominal privileges of trade having thus been forced upon them, they would, unless prevented by this limitation, tax out of existence a commerce which was unsought and unwelcome. Doubtless this argument was wholly sound, but that in no way served to lessen the resentment caused by the infringement upon the rightful authority of the sovereign. An undesired guest would hardly expect to transform dislike into cordiality by the unique process of shackling the hands and feet of his host. And while upon this topic, it may be as well frankly to admit that it was not always either easy or pleasant to reason with the high officials of China or Japan against the imposition of a higher than five per cent rate of import duty upon American fabrics while it was within the knowledge of both parties to the discussion that the United States was collecting a duty of fifty per cent upon all imports of Chinese or Japanese manufactures of silk, and sixty per cent upon their porcelain wares.

In these two interferences with the inherent right of sovereigns to manage their own business affairs, and to govern all persons, independent of nationality, who may choose to reside or sojourn within their territories, is to be found the actual cause of the indifference and open hostility, so long manifested, to railway and telegraph construction, mining developments, and the hundred and one forms of modern progress. The Chinese government, especially, would not consent to the introduction of thousands of skilled laborers, all foreigners, which such enterprises must render necessary, who would be independent of the jurisdiction of the emperor whose protection they enjoyed, and who could only be punished for wrong-doing by an outside authority. Superstitious objections, such as disturbance of the graves of ancestors, the opposition of the dragon-guardian of the empire, and others of the same sort, were almost wholly fictional, empty substitutes for the real reason, which the high ideal of courtesy possessed by the Chinese would not permit them to state frankly.

Still another must be added to these points of friction, centres of disturbance, as they may be called, in the past relations between Europe and the Far East. It includes the entire policy and lines of action

of the former toward the latter, and has found expression in an open attitude of proprietorship, disregard of the manifest rights of the Oriental, and almost innumerable deeds of aggression and spoliation. It is not extreme to say that, in all the years since the establishment of treaty relations with China, the European will, rather than the changeless laws of just and fair dealing between man and man, or, what is the same thing, between nation and nation, has formed the ultimate basis of decision in nearly every matter at issue between the Western nations and that great empire. Patience, forbearance, and that timidity which is the natural attendant of newly established relations, have been mistranslated into indifference, stolidity, and cowardice. Submission to open outrage has not in the least served to shame the perpetrators, but has rather encouraged them to even more conscienceless exhibitions of greed and lust. The fierce and suspicious rivalry between the great powers of Europe for political and commercial control in the Far East has alone saved China from utter spoliation.

Yet such national policy and action are never either right, wise, or safe. Any government is treading upon dangerous ground when its treatment of another is such as to give the high officials of that other cause to say what the Chinese Cabinet has often said: "It makes no difference where the right lies in any question, China is always forced to yield." And those who have had occasion to study the peoples of Eastern Asia have long been convinced that even Oriental patience has its limits, that with them aversion to war does not spell cowardice, and that the time would come when the European policy of injustice and greed herein outlined must either cease or find a defender upon the field of battle. True, such a policy of aggression, robbery, and national murder has long been pursued in Southern Asia with nominal success, as the maps will show. But it is far from certain that that success is more than superficial and temporary. Be that as it may, it is a well recognized fact that the colder zones of the earth produce a different type of manhood from that found in the tropics, and Asia is no exception to this rule, as the events of the past year have abundantly demonstrated to any who may have entertained a different belief. It has proved to be somewhat dangerous to measure the spirit and temper of the Japanese and Chinese by that found among the more effeminate races of India, Burmah, and Siam.

That struggle between the remaining nations of the Far East and Europe, long delayed yet always certain, has come at last. In it Russia stands for the typical aggressor and marauder of Europe, while Japan is the self-constituted champion and defender of the inalienable and self-evident rights of the governments upon the Asiatic coasts of the Pacific. To state the case in other words, Japan is defending the independence and territorial integrity of her neighbor as necessary to the ultimate protection of her own. The real question at issue is as broad as can be stated. It involves the life of those nations of the Far East, and all of the minor issues, some of which are suggested herein, which combine to form genuine, untrammeled national existence. And they are being fought to a finish, to a changeless decision. Should Russia win, Eastern Asia will, in no long stretch of time, lose all form and semblance of independent, self-governing life, will be dealt with as Africa and Southern Asia have been. The cormorant powers of Europe will scream and wrangle, perhaps fight, over the plunder, and China, Japan, and Corea, dismembered, will sink into nameless colonies.

But Russia cannot win so long as Japan continues to exist. In that cluster of islands is to be seen, what has never before been recorded in history, nearly fifty millions of people, so perfectly united as to be fused by the fires of patriotism into a single individual, determined to die or to live as a free nation, and fighting as only such a mass of humanity, so inspired, can

fight for such an end. They cannot be beaten, and no lover of humanity and freedom ought to desire it. Fortunately the end seems near, and all indications point to Japanese success. Even those who were confident, either desirous or otherwise, of the humiliation and probable extermination of Japan, concede the question, and busy themselves with conjectures of the probable terms of peace which Russia may be able to secure.

To forecast the future of the Far East, thus freed from European interference and domination, would require another chapter. Some of the more immediate issues of the struggle ought to be summarized here.

The entire policy and lines of action of the powers of Europe toward these Asiatic nations must be, will be, immediately and radically changed. Dictation can no longer play a leading rôle in diplomacy there. It will not soon be forgotten that the final answer of Japan to the insulting ultimatum of Russia that "Japan will not be permitted to hold permanently any portion of territory upon the continent of Asia," given at the close of the war between the latter power and China, — that the final answer to this message was only made when the battleships of Russia were driven from the sea, when Dalny and Niu Chuang were occupied by Japanese troops, when Port Arthur surrendered, and Mukden was abandoned. That arrogant assumption of superiority and domination which has so conspicuously characterized all European intercourse with the Far East in the past, if a shred of it remains, must be most carefully suppressed and hidden away. Further exhibitions of it may be dangerous. Even that constant stream of advice, unsought, unwelcome, and hence unwise, which has babbled through all the diplomacy of past years, must be dammed at the fountain head. Possibly the political wiseacres of Europe will eventually discover that the quiet Orientals have for centuries looked upon unasked counsel as invariably selfish, and hence have accepted it as a warning rather than a guide. If, so much as ten years ago in the swift history of modern times, the main purpose of Japan in seeking battle with China was to demonstrate to Europe that she must be classed and reckoned with as among the first-class modern powers, has she not fairly won complete and hearty recognition of that fact? At any rate, it may be unsafe longer to ignore it. And what Japan will demand for herself, in all essential particulars, she will demand for her neighbors.

The era of aggression, unjust exactions of so-called indemnities, and arbitrary seizures of territory, will be ended forever. This hardly need be said, but it is of such immense importance that it must be given place here. Russia must get out of Manchuria, and stay out. Further than this, the Czar must awake from, and abandon, his dream of empire upon the Pacific coast of Asia, at least so far as absorption of territory to the south of his present possessions there is a part of it. In like manner, France must cast aside that secret scheme of hers, — secret in her imagination, but patent to all the rest of the world, — the scheme of acquirement of the entire southern tier of Chinese provinces, by which she has hoped to rival Great Britain in her Indian empire, to put a French block between India and China, and thus end the British plans of open trade routes for opium and other English commodities, routes available to English commerce only. Germany will recognize the limit to any further expansion of her colony at Chiao Cho in north China. Great Britain will doubtless return Wei Hai Wei, seized by her when Russia took possession of Port Arthur, to its rightfnl owner. And it is not beyond the bounds of belief that Hongkong, for years the greatest smuggling depot in the world, may eventually be given back to China, from whom it was wrested at the conclusion of the first Opium War.

It must constantly be kept in mind that this is not merely a war between Japan and Russia. It is rather a conclusive

struggle between the powers of the Far East and the ambition, lust, and greed of the great powers of Europe, to determine, once for all, the right to existence and the status of the first-named. If Japan wins, she will, it is more than likely, borrow a leaf from the history of the United States, and, as has been more than once suggested already, declare an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine. She has made it clear beyond all possible misunderstanding that, in her judgment, the three remaining powers of the Far East must stand or fall together, that they are jointly and equally interested to prevent the increase or further establishment of European authority in that part of Asia, and that any attacks upon the territorial integrity of either of her neighbors are to be regarded as attacks upon her. What is this line of public policy but an unwritten, yet genuine, Monroe Doctrine? There will be no occasion to fear or mention a "Yellow Peril," if the governments of Europe recognize these issues determined by the war, accept them in good faith, and govern themselves accordingly. If they fail or refuse to do so, we may hear that phrase again. The "decadent," the "effete" East is, strangely enough, growing younger, more virile, better able to demand and secure fair treatment from even the greatest powers of the world, every year.

So with regard to the two points of interference with sovereign rights mentioned in this article as necessary, and still existent in China and Corea, they cannot, perhaps, wisely be abandoned at present. It is, however, a debatable question whether a new, and wholly different, commercial treaty might not be concluded, which would sufficiently guard our commerce in those countries, and yet not involve an offensive interference with the inherent right of their rulers to manage their own financial affairs. It need hardly be said that success in that direction would free our trade there from a heavy burden, and open the way to its increase as nothing else can.

Condensed into a single phrase, "Japan for the Japanese," "China for the Chinese," "Corea for the Coreans," embodies the issues which are being settled in the present war. Why should not each of the great powers of Europe accept this principle for the nations of the Far East which each demands, and exacts, so scrupulously for itself. Once heartily recognized and carried into consistent operation by a diplomacy of good sense and common morality, misunderstanding, contempt, and hatred, now almost universal in the continental portions of that vast area, will gradually disappear, China will repeat the marvelous development of Japan, and the world will be better, richer, and far safer, for the change.

THE TENTH DECADE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

III

WESTWARD, BY SEA AND LAND

THE westernmost point of Alaska is but forty-five miles from the opposite shore of Bering's Sea. The purchase of the great peninsula had brought us in sight of Asia. It had also given us a new coast-line longer than our entire Atlantic seaboard. The Black Current of the Pacific, first revealed to science by an American ship-captain, starting in the Malay Archipelago, sweeping by the Philippines, Formosa, and Japan, now poured its warmth upon a shore of ours; and thither it brought signs and fragments of Asiatic life. Turning southward, and passing along the coast of California and northern Mexico, it circles back to Asia, bearing westward signs and fragments of American life. To that intercourse, older far than our civilization, older no doubt than the oldest civilization of either continent, our Asiatic trade offered but a faint comparison. When one considers that over half the human race fronts eastward across the Pacific, the wonder is, not that Seward and a few other Americans had come at last to take account of our westward outlook, but that the mass of Americans were still so densely unmindful of it. Our entire exchanges with the east coast of the Pacific, exports and imports, seldom ran above twenty million dollars a year. And this commerce, such as it was, did not yet pass through San Francisco, but went around Cape Horn; it was maintained, for the most part, by our easternmost communities — New York, and New England. There was, however, one sort of intercourse between America and the Orient more important than this small beginning of a trans-Pacific trade. It is not too much to say that the American navy, American diplomatists, American missionaries, and American teachers had done more than the representatives of all other western nations to bring about the *rapprochement* of Eastern and Western civilizations. But these things were for years as little regarded or regulated by government as the drift of the Black Current.

When the government of the United States did first begin to regulate the intercourse of Americans with the Orient, it began with the remoter peoples of Southern Asia. In 1833, Edmund Roberts of New Hampshire, a special commissioner, negotiated with the king of Siam the first treaty of amity and commerce that ever bound together the opposite shores of the Pacific. He made also a like agreement with the Sultan of Muscat, with whose dominions we had a not inconsiderable trade. But the negotiations with Annam, or Cochin China, failed, and at Canton, where Roberts touched both on his outward and his homeward journey, he was not allowed to anchor. His pioneer diplomacy ended at Macao, where he died of the plague; but his work endured. In 1862, a still more satisfactory treaty was made with Siam.

In Chinese waters our merchant flag had been known ever since 1784, when a New York merchantman, the Empress of China, brought to Canton the first cargo of American ginseng. The missionaries followed the merchants, and the school teachers were not far behind. But it was not until 1844, when Webster was Secretary of State, that Caleb Cushing negotiated the first treaty of amity and

commerce with China, and established regular diplomatic relations between the two countries. In 1858, after the invasion of China by a joint expedition of the English and the French, the agreement of 1844 was renewed, strengthened, and broadened. For injuries to American citizens during the war China paid us a considerable indemnity; but it was found that our claims had been exaggerated, and after many years our government, of its own motion, paid back more than half of the amount. The war had also given us a chance to make plain our own policy with eastern Asia, which was, in essence, the same policy, the policy of non-interference and the "open door," to which we have ever since adhered.

Lincoln, coming soon after into the presidency, had sent to China a man not less exceptionally fit for that mission than Adams was for his. Anson Burlingame, minister to Pekin since 1861, had seemed, when he withdrew from domestic politics, to be giving up a notable career; for he was an eloquent orator, and had played a brilliant part in the anti-slavery fight. First commissioned to Austria, he was recalled in obedience to a protest from the Austrian government, for he had been an ardent admirer of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot. The mission to China was offered him by way of compensation. Discharging the ordinary duties of his post with tact and energy, he also went beyond them, and by an uncommon force and charm of personality won for himself a place and an influence such as none of his predecessors, — neither the adroit Cushing, nor Humphrey Marshall, the talented Kentuckian, nor William B. Reed, the jurist, — such, in all probability, as no other foreigner whatsoever, had ever exercised in China. In March, 1868, a mandarin of the first class, he crossed the Pacific at the head of an Imperial embassy to all the great powers of Christendom.

To Seward, nothing could have been more welcome than this initiative of China; and indeed the American people seem to have perceived, with an unexpected acuteness, the true proportions of their countryman's enterprise. A new treaty was forthwith concluded and quickly ratified. It was meant to stimulate, and did at once stimulate, commerce between the two countries. It also secured to Americans in China complete religious freedom, and to the citizens of each country the right of voluntary emigration into the other. As yet, there were scarcely fifty thousand Chinese, all told, in the United States, and it was not until, in the years immediately following the treaty, the rate of immigration quickly doubled and tripled, that the people of our Pacific coast began to take alarm. Meanwhile, the embassy had passed on to Europe; and to Clarendon, to Louis Napoleon, to Bismarck, and to the Czar, Burlingame presented, with a convincing eloquence, the case of China and of Western Asia. He was still, however, only at the outset of his labors when he died at St. Petersburg, early in 1870. His body was brought to Boston for a stately public funeral. At a memorial meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the city of New York he was justly eulogized as the eloquent advocate of modern civilization, as a servant of mankind. True, the treaty with the United States was the only immediate and substantial result of the mission, which failed from the time of his death; and in a few years a reaction against foreign influences in China, and in America a growing hostility toward Chinese immigrants, threatened the permanency even of that agreement. Nevertheless, if Burlingame's name be not forever associated with an epochal readjustment of the world's civilizations, then few names have ever missed immortality more narrowly.

But the part which Americans were playing in this outreaching of European toward Asiatic life was even more remarkable in Japan than it was in China. In the whole history of American diplomacy there is no pleasanter chapter than the story of our mentorlike friendship with

Japan. It was the American navy which, beginning with certain thankless expeditions to return to their own country Japanese sailors shipwrecked in other quarters of the Pacific, and to deliver from a hard exile American sailors driven on those inhospitable shores, ended by opening to the navies of the world two of the ports which for more than two centuries had been sealed to foreign merchantmen. Until Commodore Perry "gently coerced Japan into friendship with us," and secured for us, by the treaty of 1854, the right to enter, for certain purposes, the harbors of Simoda and Hakodade, and to set up a consulate, two Dutch vessels, visiting once a year the little island of Deshima, where eleven Dutchmen, carefully walled in, were permitted to reside, had carried the entire foreign commerce of Japan. In the seven years following the treaty, Townsend Harris, first as consul-general, and then as minister resident, negotiated two other treaties of amity and commerce, each more liberal than its predecessor; he also contrived, without the support of any military or naval force whatever, to win respect for his own country and to foster a better feeling toward foreigners in general. A party readily amenable to foreign influences and receptive of foreign ideas was fast growing up, and in 1860, eight years before the Burlingame embassy from China, a Japanese embassy, the first ever sent to any foreign country, had visited the United States to exchange ratifications of the second Harris treaty. But the opposition in Japan to this new policy was also very strong. The persons and property of foreigners were at times unsafe. In 1861, the secretary of the United States legation was murdered; in 1863, the legation at Yedo was burned. A domestic revolution, long threatened, began in 1863, and foreign residents were in worse case than ever. The curious dual government of Japan, which had lasted seven centuries, was nearing its end. Adherents of the Mikado, the true emperor, rose against the authority of the Shogun, who, though in fact a vassal, had exercised the chief powers of government. It was the Shogun, not the Mikado, who had signed the treaties, and the question of foreign relations was thus associated with the domestic controversy. The Shogun, apparently desiring to conciliate the Mikado, ordered the departure of the foreigners. A prince of the Mikado's party, seizing the forts at Shimonoseki, closed to commerce the narrow strait which connects the Japanese inland sea with the Pacific. Several of the powers joining in an expedition to destroy the forts and open the passage, the United States contributed the little chartered steamer Jamestown. An indemnity being collected, a share equal to the shares of the other powers was allotted to us. But again, as in the case of China after the Anglo-French invasion, we found that we were not entitled to the payment, and twenty years later the whole amount was voluntarily returned. Even while the disorder lasted, Seward constantly maintained an attitude of friendliness and patience. Before it ended, the Mikado had been brought to approve the treaties; and when, in 1868, the Shogun was finally overthrown and the Shogunate abolished, the imperial court, become once more the centre of all power in Japan, showed no disposition to undo what had been accomplished since Commodore Perry sailed into the Bay of Yedo.

What had been accomplished was in truth little less than a complete facing outward of the Japanese people; and this was but the beginning of a marvelous change in Japanese life. The trade with the United States, which in 1860 amounted, imports and exports, to less than two hundred thousand dollars, was at the end of the decade thirty times as great; and it has continued steadily to grow. But it was the quickening intercourse through other channels than trade that soon gave to the friendship between America and Japan its peculiar, unexampled character. At the close of our Civil War, Japanese students began to resort to American colleges; and during the same years Ameri-

can teachers entered upon the task of transforming the educational system of Japan. Unlike the Byzantine scholars who heralded the renaissance in Italy, they found the decorative arts developed in the Island Kingdom to a stage which they had not yet reached in our own civilization; but the stimulus which they and other Americans have given to the mechanic arts, to the intellectual life, and to the national spirit of the Japanese is incalculable. Americans have trained the rulers of modern Japan. Missionaries, diplomatists, experts in military and naval affairs, members of the surgical and other professions, and men of business, all have had their part in the work of transformation; but it is probably the school teachers who have done the most to accomplish what neither the French nor the English in India, nor indeed any European people anywhere in Asia, ever accomplished before. Apparently, they have accomplished the actual diversion of an Asiatic civilization into that course of development which western civilizations follow. Nowhere else have European ideas ever penetrated beneath the surface of Asiatic life; and nowhere else, on any continent, has the mere example of America proved so potent as in Japan. But it may be juster to say that the apt Japanese have learned of us than to say that we have taught them. For neither, it must be added, has Western civilization, in any recent century, received from Asia an influence comparable to that which Japan has exercised in art, in literature, and even, in later years, in arms and in diplomacy. For America's teaching of science and of liberty the little people have made no mean return. Not unworthy of comparison with the Ancient Greeks for their sense of beauty and the delicacy of the art with which they have expressed it, they have enlarged for Americans and Europeans the possibilities of æsthetic enjoyment.

It was the Japanese, also, who opened to diplomacy and trade a kingdom still more relentlessly hermit-like than their own. Korea had been obdurate to all advances; so late as 1866, an American vessel, chartered by an English firm, attempting to ascend the Ta Tong River, was taken, burned, and her crew put to death. But in 1876 Japan, by a threat of war, secured from the Korean king a treaty of amity and commerce. Through the diplomatic intercourse thus established, the Koreans were brought, after untold centuries of reclusion, to a better knowledge and a better opinion of the foreign influences at work about them. In May, 1882, Commodore R. W. Shufeldt played at Chemulpo the part of Commodore Perry at Yedo. A treaty was signed. Three ports were opened to American commerce, an American mission was set up at Seoul, and a Korean embassy visited the United States. Five years later, Korea, having concluded in the mean time similar treaties with other of the powers, sent a permanent minister to Washington. China, claiming suzerainty over Korea, attempted first to prevent and then to control the mission; but the American State Department declined to acknowledge her right to interfere.

In our progress toward closer relations with Eastern Asia the islands of the Pacific would, no doubt, at an earlier period in the development of sailing vessels, have served us somewhat as the fewer islands of the Atlantic served Europeans in their movement upon America. In the palmy days of the navy under sail, however, there was no great need of half-way stations. But with the gradual substitution of steam engines for sails as a motive power on the seas, the need of coaling stations has given to many of these islands a fresh importance. Even before the day of steamships, the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, partly on account of their resources, partly because they were in the path of the Black Current, close to the direct line from San Francisco to Australasia and from Panama to China and Japan, and also a convenient half-way station for our Pacific whalers, attracted from our Department of State an exceptional attention. So early

as 1842, Webster, being already much drawn to the whole subject of our future in the Pacific, had taken the occasion of the visit of an Hawaiian embassy practically to extend over the islands the principle of the Monroe Doctrine. Both he and President Tyler announced that we could not permit them to be colonized or annexed by any power other than ourselves. We held our ground in 1851, when France was suspected of designs upon them; it is thought, indeed, that but for the death of King Kamehameha III, we should ourselves have annexed them three years later. From the end of the war until 1875, when a treaty was finally negotiated, reciprocity with Hawaii was constantly advocated. The agitation was promoted by resident Americans who had made sugar-raising the principal industry of the islands. Seward, as usual, was for annexation. A curiously polyglot community, the Hawaiians were so early subjected to so many foreign influences that they did not offer to Americans the opportunity to be, as in Japan, the pioneers of all Western civilization. But in the religious, the educational, and particularly in the industrial development of the little archipelago Americans played, nevertheless, the leading rôle. Richard Henry Dana, who in 1859, in the course of a world-tour, visited Hawaii, attributed the redemption of the natives from savagery mainly to the American Board of Foreign Missions. It was, he declared, the missionaries of that board who had taught the whole Hawaiian people, whom they found half-naked savages, "to read and to write, to cipher and to sew." In the Samoan Islands also, when interest and philanthropy demanded it, we found a foothold. In 1872 we secured the port of Pago-Pago for a coaling station.

In all these early steps, our seamen, our statesmen, and our diplomatists had indeed done well. They had made a remarkable demonstration of the wisdom and efficiency of peaceful methods in dealing with strange peoples and strange civilizations. They had served our true interests, widened our influence, and promoted the world's welfare, without injustice or rapacity, and without war. But we did not yet, in any but a strained sense, look out upon the Pacific and face across to Asia. Between the great mass of the American people and the Pacific coast there were two thousand miles of still unoccupied plains and mountains. Western civilization could never pervade Cathay via the pony express; and if its pioneers followed the route around the Horn, then America had little or no advantage over Europe in the race. What had chiefly inspired the first advocates of a railway across the continent was, in fact, the dream of a vast Asiatic commerce, not unlike the earlier dream of Columbus; and while Seward was now and then stealing time from his important business with Europe to smooth with his diplomacy our path across the ocean and open for us the gates of the East, two bands of men, living in two cities of canvas, marching every day to their work to the tap of the drum, and moving slowly, day by day, the one westward from the Missouri, the other eastward from the coast, were doing that which no diplomacy could do, that without which Seward's dream could come no truer than the dream of Columbus. They were making a way, a practical and material highway, for an advance of our civilization westward to the Pacific.

At the end of the year 1865 the Union Pacific had progressed but forty miles into the interior of Nebraska. The Central Pacific, though much of the material used by its builders had to be brought around the Horn, was a few miles longer, and had begun to climb the gradual slope of the coast range. To both roads the government, besides its grant of twenty square miles of land for every mile of track, had promised aid in the form of loans which were to vary with the estimated cost of different stretches. Both were to have, up to the time when they should reach the mountains, an advance of sixteen thousand dollars for every mile

constructed; for every one of the three hundred miles considered to be most mountainous and difficult, they were to have three times as much; and for every mile from slope to slope of the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada ranges, twice as much. To secure its loans, the government held a second mortgage on the property of the roads. They were bound to apply every year five per cent. of their net earnings to the payment of the bonds; and one half of all sums due to them for services rendered to the government, which should have the preference over other patrons, must also go to discharge their debt. In order that the interests of the government might be constantly guarded, five of the directors of the Union Pacific were appointed by the President.

With the gifts and loans of the government, and with a considerable power of contracting loans on their own account, the two companies were, it would seem, sufficiently aided and encouraged; but it was not until the second and third year that they threw themselves into their task with a full assurance of extraordinary profits. By that time it was clear that the cost of construction had been overestimated. The work itself proved to be not nearly so difficult as the prospectors had thought that it would be. Coal was discovered near the line of the Union Pacific. It began to appear also that the operation as well as the construction of the roads might prove profitable. In April, 1866, the Union Pacific, five hundred and forty-eight miles from the Missouri, entered a pass through the Black Hills which General Dodge, the chief of construction, had first found in an exploring tour when he was pursued by Indians and his life depended on his finding it. In July, 1867, the Central touched the crest of the Sierra Nevadas. Once over the mountain walls, both roads quickened the rate of their progress to the point of junction.

What that point should be was for a time in doubt. The Mormons of Utah, who desired that it should be their own principal settlement, went so far as to boycott the Union Pacific, refusing either to serve or to patronize it, when they learned that its engineers had decided in favor of a route to the northward of the Great Salt Lake. But the Central's engineers also acknowledged the superiority of that route; and both roads, though at first either would have welcomed any lengthening of the other at its own expense, were soon fairly racing for the middle ground. Notwithstanding the many hardships and dangers of the work, — the long distances that men, material, and supplies must be transported, the aridity of the desert, the bands of Sioux hovering about the camps, — the builders were moving now with a surprising swiftness. In less than a year from June 1, 1868, the Union Pacific had lengthened five hundred and fifty-five miles, the Central about five hundred miles. The whole country was by this time aroused to the picturesqueness and to the great importance of the enterprise. Correspondents of the newspaper press accompanied the two construction gangs, and at the close of every day's work telegraphed back, from the end of the wires, how many miles of track had been laid. In April, 1869, the grading gangs met, and actually passed each other by, so that the two roadbeds ran side by side. But on May 10, at Promontory Point in Utah, the tracks were joined. Chinese coolies, clustered about the engine from the West, brought into the occasion a significant suggestion of the Orient. When the last spike was driven, there were still five years left of the time allowed by Congress. The task, prosaic as it seems from its sameness in immediate aspect with other similar undertakings, now familiar to us all, is in its complete significance comparable only with the digging of the Suez Canal or the long-planned severance of the two Americas. The discovery that immense profits were to be got from it had led to practices which, when they were fully revealed, marred the country's pride in the achievement; but if we consider merely

the men who did the work, and the doubts that clouded its beginning, it remains scarcely less memorable as an exhibition of resourceful energy than it is for its results.

But the chief immediate consequence was imitation. In the discussions of the proposed transcontinental railway which were so common in the fifties, five different routes had been seriously considered. Within a very few years from the completion of the compromise central line, all the others were in a fair way to be built. The northernmost, or forty-eighth parallel route, with an eastern terminus on the Great Lakes, which had been the especial favorite of Asa Whitney, most devoted and persistent of all the early enthusiasts, had been surveyed in 1853; one of the engineers had been a retired but still youthful army officer named McClellan. A charter was granted in 1864, but work was not begun until the summer of 1870, and it was not until 1883, after many complications and many disappointments, that the Northern Pacific was completed. The second, or forty-second parallel route, was the route of the Union Pacific. The third, or thirty-eighth parallel route, was occupied partly by the Kansas Pacific, chartered along with the Union Pacific, and authorized to connect with it by way of Denver. This road was begun at Wyandotte in 1863, and completed to Denver in 1870. The fourth, or thirty-fifth parallel route, was occupied by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé. Begun at Topeka in 1868, it followed, for the most part, the old Santa Fé caravan route through the Colorado Mountains and over the alkali plains of New Mexico. It was years before the builders came in sight of the Rockies, and years more before the road contrived, through its control of other lines, to make a junction with the California Southern and reach the coast. Finally, the southernmost of all the routes, close to the thirty-second parallel, was occupied in part by the Texas Pacific, in part by the Southern Pacific. Both were begun in 1871. After some years of working at cross-purposes, they connected in 1881 and made a single line; but the Southern Pacific, the western half, was also extended on a still more southerly route across Texas to New Orleans.

As each of these trunk lines progressed, a network of branches, some of them scarcely less important than the trunk, was flung out on either side. In ten years from the meeting of the rails at Promontory Point, the West was for the most part accessible to immigration and to industry. Again, as when Columbus found a pathway over the Atlantic, it was not so much Asia as the intervening lands that stood revealed.

The occupation of these lands was the principal material change, the most widely significant fact, in the life of the American people from the end of the war to the end of the century. That the railroads alone made it possible to occupy them so quickly is apparent when we contrast these years, in reference to the movement of population, with any fifty years before the railroads came. It was also proved that railroads need not wait for population, cities, industries; all these will follow, if the country will sustain them. Very soon, in fact, these western lines began themselves to colonize the wastes, bringing in settlers not merely from the older states, but from Europe, and employing methods and machinery not unlike those of the various companies and associations which first colonized our eastern shores. The land department of the Santa Fé, for example, brought over from Russia and established in Kansas eight thousand German Mennonites. The government, beginning with its bounties to the Union and the Central Pacific, and giving away to railroads, in the years 1864–1880, one hundred and twenty-eight millions of acres of public lands beyond the Missouri and the Mississippi rivers, — a region three times as great as the area of New England, — took, perhaps, the quickest method to people the West and to develop its resources.

A marvelous transformation followed.

The year of the meeting of the rails at Promontory Point was very near the culmination in America of that ancient industry which always foreruns agriculture. The long trail of the cowboys, beginning in southern Texas, had stretched gradually northward, until, when the Civil War began, the rancheros of the southwest were marketing their herds in northern cities. With the close of the war, the northward movement set in again. In 1866, a quarter of a million cattle crossed the Red River; in 1871, six hundred thousand. Year by year the cowboys passed on to pastures and to markets farther north until they had crossed every one of the five transcontinental routes and even entered the British provinces. But as one by one the railroads were thrust out westward into the plains, and their branch lines forked out northward and southward, they gradually robbed the cowboy of his occupation. The most picturesque of distinctively American types grew rarer and rarer. The mustang gave place to the locomotive; the herdsman of the fenceless plains to the stockbreeder and the farmer. Still more prosaic figures followed, until all the principal industries, save only such as depend on a seacoast, had their representatives where, within the decade, only the cowboy and his cattle had shared the plains with the Indian and the buffalo. Between 1860 and 1870, the centre of population for the whole country moved forty-two miles westward. The population of the entire region between the Mississippi and the Rockies rose from 4,161,000 to 6,322,000; the territory of Nebraska had become a state in 1867. Meanwhile, in the Pacific States, the total rose to 717,000. In both regions, the years immediately following brought a still more rapid increase. And again, as before the war, the movement had its parallel to the southward. Texas was gaining population rapidly; but the emigration into Texas from the older southern states was probably due quite as much to political as to purely economic causes.

The movement of industries was even more striking. Of the total wheat crop of 1859, the states and territories west of the Mississippi contributed less than one sixth; ten years later they contributed nearly a third. Their total production of cereals rose from 226,000,000 to 370,000,000 bushels; their acreage, from 22,150,000 to 38,483,000. This, however, was merely a beginning; and the increase of production was but one of two extremely important changes in the conditions of American agriculture. The other was the rapid cheapening of transportation, which opened for the western farmer the markets not merely of our eastern states but of Europe as well. Reducing the cost of hauling a bushel of wheat from Chicago to the Atlantic seaboard from thirty-eight cents in 1858 to twenty-seven cents in 1868, and then to seventeen and one half cents in 1878, was scarcely less important a change than making two blades of wheat to grow where one had grown before. The two changes, coming together, and coming at a time when the prices of food stuffs were extraordinarily high, profoundly affected national and international finance. The United States, by doubling their entire railroad mileage within eight years from Lee's surrender, and by adding one third to the acreage of cereals, fairly leaped to a foremost place among the exporting countries of the world.

The opening of the West quickly engaged a great part of the energy released from warfare. It attracted from Europe an ever-growing stream of emigrants and millions of capital. Both through the actual increase of our wealth and through the favorable effect on international exchanges, it lightened beyond measure the burden of the great war debt and made far easier the task of currency reform. It was comparable even to the triumph of the Union cause as a source of the strength, the confidence, the assurance, with which we could now face backward across the Atlantic and forward across the Pacific, which had at last become our real boundary.

But the politicians, unlike the diplomatists and the men of business, were still, during these early years of peace, facing southward. While the American people quietly completed their occupation of the Continent, Congress, the courts, the president, were still at work in that war-wasted field.

TO ONE WHO WOULD NOT SPARE HIMSELF

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

A CENSER playing, from a heart all fire,
A flushing, racing, singing mountain stream
Thou art: and dear to us of dull desire
In thy far-going dream.

Full to the grave be thy too fleeting way,
And full thereafter: few that know thee best
Will grudge it so, for neither thou nor they
Can mate thy soul with rest.

No laws of Time for thee! for thee, His gift
Who moveth never loitering, nor in haste,
Who less may love the flower of ghostly thrift
Than some diviner waste.

O to ride now, in joy, ere thou art gone,
The flame, the torrent, which is one with thee!
Saint, from this pool of dying sweep us on
Where Life must long to be.

LARGE FORTUNES

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

I

THE hostility to large fortunes does not diminish with time and events. The violent denunciations of the discontented classes, or of the more extreme socialists, find an echo in the ranks of the more conservative groups. Into these expressions, evidently based on strong convictions, has entered the sting arising from a passionate sense of wrong: that these enormous accumulations are possible only at the expense of the poor; and that women and children go cold and hungry in order that others may go warmly clad and live luxuriously. In this point of view there is a hopelessness which serves as the incentive to brute force, to wild assaults upon the bulwarks of property and institutions. What are we coming to? Are the times out of joint? Certainly, we are forced to face the facts as found in the thinking of great numbers of people.

To say that a man is a multi-millionaire is to many equivalent to saying that he is an enemy of society, reaping where he has not sown, and protecting himself in his vast possessions only by the corrupt control of municipal councils, legislatures, and even the highest courts. It is this state of mind which leads some intelligent writers to hint of another French Revolution, and of prison bars for the financial kings. Yet, as we look back a century, there was not, at least in the United States, any such antagonism between rich and poor. Perhaps the contrasts between the richest and the poorest were far less marked then than now, and the causes of dissatisfaction due to impotent rivalry were more generally absent. In those earlier days, obviously, the total wealth of the community in all forms was very small in comparison with its diffusion to-day.

In Parkman's account of La Salle's marvelous winter journey from Fort Crèvecœur on the Illinois to Fort Frontenac at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, we get a vivid picture of a region now covered by a busy, struggling, commercial community. Then, "The nights were cold, but the sun was warm at noon, and the half-thawed prairie was one vast tract of mud, water, and discolored, half-liquid snow." Often without food, watching by night against Indians, and marching by day, loaded with baggage; "sometimes pushing through thickets, sometimes climbing rocks covered with ice and snow, sometimes wading whole days through marshes where the water was waist-deep," La Salle spent sixty-five weary days in this thousand-mile journey to Fort Frontenac. How far in the past all that is now! Over against the picture of La Salle set one of a modern journey in a warm luxurious Pullman car, which travels over the same distance within a single day. The contrast is great; but what has happened on this "half-thawed prairie" since La Salle passed by? What are the forces that have changed the world of La Salle into the rich, bustling world of to-day? In his time there were in this region numbers of human beings, the same soil, the same climate, the same rivers and lakes, as now. Why should there not have been then the same vast wealth which we see about us now, — great cañons of sky-scrapers, miles of factories, scores of converging railways, and millions of shipping tonnage?

Of the two chief forces at work to produce this miraculous transformation, evidently one is the power to grasp an ideal, or future gain, so distinctly that present action, or indulgence, is directly controlled thereby. This quality of hu-

man beings is the first and most fundamental characteristic of civilization. It is the absence of it which forms the Mexican, the negro, or the inefficient savage. So improvident were the Paraguay Indians, so Mr. Rae tells us, that they cut up their ploughing oxen for supper. It is the presence of it which makes possible the docks, bridges, steamships, and irrigation schemes, all of the returns from which will be received only many decades hence. Moreover, it is the quality which causes saving, — the very reason for the existence of capital. The willingness to forego consumption for a present indulgence in order to gain some future object is only a description of the process by which capital comes into being.

This physical world, on which the human mind can have its play, is as interesting in its capabilities as a conjuror's hat; almost anything can be got out of it, almost everything depends upon what we ourselves are, upon our skill in handling nature. In the infancy of civilization, mankind, with only crude, unaided effort, could produce only a little more than subsistence. This little excess, however, could be saved, put into simple implements of industry which made labor more efficient, again made possible new savings, more implements, and, in the endless round of centuries, the final accumulation of traveling cranes, harvesters, motors, telephones, and rapid communication by steam and electricity, — in brief, all the marvelous efficiency of present industry. All this would have been impossible on the prairie of La Salle without a people capable of duly estimating the future over the present.

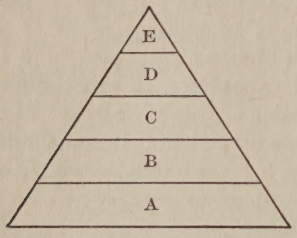
This array of the productive forces of society shows the necessity of capital to the present output of wealth, and to the present welfare of all classes. If men had not been, decade after decade, saving and storing up capital, it would be as impossible to employ the great mass of laborers now existent, as it would be to feed an army in the field on promises instead of on solid rations. Some over-wise persons among us growl ominously about the right of capital to exist, or to share in the results of production: this is as if, forgetting the necessity of air for human existence, we should object to air in general because it is sometimes dirty or malodorous. Capital, it is true, may be unfairly used by industrial managers; and yet it is quite as necessary to the life of industry as air is to the human body.

Capital, however, is only one of the means by which the human brain has shown its capacity to enlarge the satisfactions of society. Besides the implement, there must be the power to direct the implement. The second force necessary to recreate the "half-thawed prairie" of La Salle is the devising and organizing mind of the "Captain of Industry," the mind competent to manage labor as well as capital, and to direct them both in successful enterprises. The possibilities of production are never realized without this direction by preëminent managerial ability. Yet to some minds, possibly, this proposition does not appear as axiomatic.

Seemingly, everything will go on satisfactorily when we have present all the essential factors of production: (1) boundless natural resources, in fields, mines, and waters; (2) accumulations of capital, as just described, which allow us to discount the future in long-lived enterprises; and (3) abundant human labor. Something, however, is still lacking. Leadership is as essential in industry as in politics or anything else. Human labor may mean nothing, or everything. Therein lies the understanding of much that is puzzling in our economic problem. Is labor all of a kind? obviously not. Taking the world as we find it, — and not as we may see it in dreams, — as there are all kinds of work to be done in the industrial field, so there are all kinds of men in respect of intelligence, efficiency, and productive capacity to perform these tasks. In the republic of work there is no Declaration of Independence which pronounces "all men equal." Before the law, as respects rights and liberty, all are, of course, equal; but in the practical operations of

industry some are privates, some are captains, and some are great generals and geniuses. As an army needs officers, so the industrial organization needs managers. In fact, whether the industrial campaign ends in success or not, for high or low, depends preëminently upon the quality, insight, and guidance of the leader in charge. Good management means large product; poor management means ruin.

The human element in production, whether in the work of guidance or in obedience, varies as widely as human nature and capacity. *Tot homines, tot capacitates.* For services to production, laborers may be roughly classified by strata, as in the accompanying diagram:



The unskilled men in A, the slightly skilled in B, the highly skilled artisans in C (such as the locomotive engineers), the highly educated professional men in D (such as civil engineers, electrical experts, and the like), and finally the exceptionally capable managers in E. In any one industry some of each kind are required, but not with the same intensity of demand; nor are they wanted in the same relative numbers in different industries.

The unskilled man in A has no choice of occupations that he can enter; he can do only the work demanded of his class. And yet, as compared with the demand for them, the number of laborers in this strata is enormously large. Moreover, in the A class there is the least capacity to set the future gain above the present indulgence. Thus we find increasing numbers in the very group whose activity is restricted to a given kind of work. Among those least competent to add to production, there is the greatest supply relatively to the demand for them. Their share is small, not only because their industrial efficiency is small, but because the supply of them is excessive.

As we go up in the scale of industrial efficiency, we find the numbers in the strata of the more highly skilled diminishing, while the intensity of the demand for them increases. Hence wages increase the higher we go. In the top strata, containing the most efficient managers, we find the highest wages paid throughout the whole industrial field. When a blundering or incompetent manager costs a company millions in losses, a fifty-thousand-dollar man, who adds millions in gains, is a cheap laborer. In this struggle up the scale from A to E we find the real social conflict. It is a contest between different kinds of laborers, — a contest of varying grades of industrial capacity with each other. It is a free-to-all race, in which the most competent win. The great industrial manager, being the most highly skilled laborer, obtains enormous wages for exceptional services to production. This exposition gives us, in brief, the economic reason why, in a country of phenomenal resources like the United States, men of exceptional industrial ability can acquire exceptionally large fortunes legitimately.

Such an outcome is not confined to one field of activity. Great capacity which has shown its effects in literature, art, music, oratory, or statescraft, will none the less come to the fore in industry. In this country, where our resources are almost untouched, and where chances are open to all, great managerial power can no more be prevented from accumulating large fortunes than great oratory or great learning can be prevented from winning success and fame. It is as silly to carp at great industrial capacity as it would be to carp at great literary ability. Great wealth, like high office, is power; we cannot object to the one any more than to the other. As a race, we have been working, in the domains of law and government, for centuries, not to abolish high office, but to regulate it by proper checks and balances

so that it may work for the good of the many; and, in the domain of economics, it is equally our task, not to attack large fortunes in themselves, but intelligently and without hysterics to set about the creation of checks and balances by which great power in the form of wealth may be so controlled that it will do no injury to the many.

In adjusting our actions to the facts in connection with the accumulation of vast wealth, we must keep one other point clearly in mind. In the general and indiscriminate condemnation of great gains this following consideration is frequently overlooked. Industrial managers could not themselves legitimately accumulate large fortunes, unless by their operations they had in some way abridged the sacrifices of production, or given the public a better article or a better service, or one at a lower cost, or had in one way or another created a vast new wealth, out of which they have been able to take only a part. A few illustrations of this principle may not be amiss.

In southeastern Europe, Baron Hirsch amassed a princely fortune by insight into the means of new and improved transportation for the region of the lower Danube. The resources of inaccessible districts in the Balkan States were as if they did not exist: cut off from markets, there was no employment of capital, and laborers lived a pitifully mean existence. With the vision of a prophet this man of exceptional managerial power wove webs of railways throughout those districts capable of improvement, and brought a market and employment to these men in skirts and turbans, such as had never before stimulated their industry or rewarded their labor. A new surplus wealth came into existence; out of the carriage of the new goods Baron Hirsch obtained a profit on his railways. The toll he took from the new millions made up a large reward to him, but it was only the fraction of a vastly larger gain which he gave to those communities by his judgment and capacity. And it may be added here, by way of parenthesis, that he would have increased the wealth of this region far more than he did, if he had not been hampered at every turn by the ignorant interference of governmental control of rates, especially in connection with through transit.

Coming nearer home, another instance can be found when the first Vanderbilt, at a time when his outlook was far beyond that of his contemporaries, foresaw the possibilities of opening up the empire between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic seaboard. On the thin, stony soil of New England farmers were growing wheat and corn, but at a high cost in effort and outlay; while the rich loam of the prairies from Indiana to Dakota was as little known as the Soudan of to-day. The valley of the Genessee, in western New York — later known as a fertile wheat region, and now celebrated for its dairy products — was then scarcely touched by the plough. For opening up the uncounted resources of this splendid region, Mr. Vanderbilt risked all the capital he had, or all he could control, in a scheme to connect New York with Buffalo. He bought short railways already built, constructed connecting links, until the line crept up the Hudson to Albany, thence westward along the easy grades of the Mohawk, past the Genessee, to the Great Lakes. What was the result? He made possible the settlement and cultivation of whole states, he gave an outlet to markets for the products of field and mine, not only along the course of his railway, but in all the territory reached by the Great Lakes. Immigrants and capital poured in, while goods moved both in and out, permitting the profitable investment of untold millions in all the industries of this vast interior. And the day laborer in New England could transport his sustenance of a year from the rich prairies to his place of work for the price of one day's toil. If Mr. Vanderbilt accumulated fifty or sixty millions of dollars by this great labor-saving machine, it was possible only because he had enriched the country a thousand - fold more. The penetration

which saw a great opportunity gave him a profit in proportion to the extent of the enterprise. It was not a case of monopoly; any one else, equally capable, would have been free to do the same thing. The truth is, his kind of insight and ability was rare, — and it remains rare to-day.

Without multiplying instances, it is perfectly possible to see that these captains of industry may accumulate millions, not only without robbing others, but in the process of benefiting others, especially those who are in search of employment. Men of this character serve precisely the same function as the inventors of labor-saving devices. When a Howe invented the sewing machine, he abridged human effort in obtaining clothing. He secured a fortune out of the new surplus of wealth made possible by his addition to the efficiency of the human race in its productive efforts. The same is true of the invention and manufacture of harvesters and agricultural implements. The farmer voluntarily chooses the machine, because it lowers the cost of getting the wheat into his bags. If it had not been a gain to the farmer, the machine would not have been introduced. The profits made by makers of such devices, therefore, are not stolen from the farmer.

If it be said that these gains are not made at the expense of the consumer, but at the expense of the laborer, it must be recalled that in this free land it is open to any laborer to get the high returns of managerial capacity, if he can prove his competency; and he need not continue to receive low wages, if he can increase his industrial efficiency in the processes of production.

II

It is, of course, perfectly understood how unpopular such exposition as this which has been already given may be. Moreover, it is likely to be said — even though there is not a word of truth in it — that these utterances have been influenced by pressure upon academic liberty. In spite of the evident dangers of misrepresentation, however, it is always worth while to put forth the truth according to one's convictions and investigations. If criticism is carping, and scant of logic and impartiality, its day will not be long.

While one must, therefore, set forth only what appears to be scientifically sound, and that which appears to be true, as distinct from popular prejudice or misconception of the facts, still, no one can be oblivious to other sides of the case than that presented above. Why should there be so widespread a conviction, honestly held, that the rich are harpies preying upon the poor, and gaining large fortunes unrighteously? Obviously, in replying to such a question, not everything involved in it can be here treated; but some of the main considerations may be touched upon.

In the first place, it is no more likely to be true that all managers are good and just than that all workmen are honest and faithful. There are, and will be, good and bad managers, just as there are, and will be, good and bad workmen. The error of the popular prejudice against the possessors of large fortunes consists in making the line between the good and the bad coincident with the line between the successful and the unsuccessful in money-getting. In truth, the line between the good and the bad cuts through both classes. It is as foolish to suppose that all money-makers are wicked as to suppose that all men with brown eyes are wicked. An evil man will show his bad qualities, whether rich or poor. If a manager of great capacity is of this sort, then when he comes into control of capital he may unscrupulously grind his workmen, cheat his creditors, buy franchises by bribing city councils, corrupt legislatures, — and cynically defy the outraged public opinion of the community. Such a man is not unknown to us. He is to honest industry what the grippe is to sound health, — he weakens the whole system. By unfair methods, by dishonesty, by bribery and corruption, large fortunes, just as high office, may be illegitimately accumulated. A man may

thus add no new wealth to the community, but merely transfer wrongly to himself wealth which others have produced. Because of such gains, however, it is not a mark of maturity to condemn sweepingly all gains. We must discriminate; and we must know the facts before we pass judgment.

Discrimination, also, should be properly exercised in making a clear distinction between the way in which a fortune is accumulated, and the way in which it is used after it is won. The one may be right, the other may be wrong. Great wealth may be honestly gained by adding to the efficiency of production; and then an unprincipled owner of this new wealth may put the power resident therein to mean or vicious uses. Many of us can recall a railway magnate of unsavory reputation who, in all probability, gained a considerable part of an immense fortune quite legitimately by reason of his remarkable insight into industrial problems; and yet, if we are to believe the evidence of the press, he used his gains in wrecking railways, — selling the stock short, impoverishing the weaker shareholders, buying the stock for a song, and then putting up the price of the securities again by restorative management. Is it any wonder, therefore, that undiscriminating people sweepingly condemn all large fortunes as dangerous to the common weal? Dishonorable use of wealth is probably no more common than dishonorable conduct in public office. But, while it is possible for large fortunes to be rightly earned, no one wishes to defend or apologize for the improper use of that which has been well come by.

Best of all, for the man who has not only honorably won his wealth, but who has spent it honorably, we have good ground for admiration and high acclaim. When a certain New England youth left the elm-shaded streets of Danvers, he was poor in purse, but rich in high purposes, kindly sympathies, and an untried capacity for accumulating wealth. He has been dead these many years; but the great wealth of George Peabody nourishes the literary life of his native town with books and libraries; vast accumulations of scientific material relating to the early history of this continent, placed in Cambridge by George Peabody's munificence, will serve thousands of students in all the years to come; and year after year, to the present day, a commission of the best and wisest of our public men have gathered to distribute a splendid fund devoted by this rich philanthropist to the elevation of the negro, to the growth of education in the South, and to the security of our institutions.

While such lives as George Peabody's give the lie to undiscriminating condemnation of all large fortunes, yet there exists a condition in our political development which may justly give us great concern. Things are going on in our local and national councils which give plausible grounds to the agitators who speak against existing institutions in curses as bitter as quinine. To buy the easy passage of legislation of a "boss" is the common method of business men who look for short cuts to their objective. In some persons, who control legislative votes, resides the power to blackmail rich corporations by rumors of examination, to furnish favors, and to exact campaign contributions, which would do credit to a Spanish governor in a distant colony. Even if the thing desired is something quite proper and necessary in itself, it becomes the usual thing, to save time and annoyance, to hand a purse to an attorney of dubious standing and instruct him to secure the passage of the ordinance or bill. More than that, the belief has become widespread that the national councils contain men who are the representatives of private financial interests, and that remedial legislation for the benefit of the general consumer is blocked by the long purses of the rich for the protection of their private interests. The bribing morals of such members of the rich element among us are largely responsible for the corrupt municipal council and the venal legislature.

Correct the bribing morals of those who possess the means to bribe, and there would be "nothing in it" for the debased councilman or legislator.

If we have no moral responsibility in the use of wealth, then we shall have abuses arising from the disposal of wealth, just as from the disposal of power in any other form. Millionaire wealth, I repeat, is millionaire power. The right or wrong of it is not in the wealth, or power, itself, but in the controlling spirit behind this wealth. It is not the knife of the assassin we detest, but the assassin himself who wields the knife. If we insist on venting our displeasure on the existing system of distribution, by all means let us direct our vituperation, not against wealth, but against the turpitude which makes a wrong use of a power that has endless possibilities for good. A gun fired against a brutal foe in defense of family and country may be glorious; but the same gun fired for vanity and for selfish conquest over a weak people is damnable.

As in most questions which are complex, we need discrimination and knowledge of the facts before judgment is passed. One must have little patience with the narrow-mindedness which energetically works in season and out of season to get sweeping legislation to level the inequalities of wealth, or to prevent the existence of large fortunes. It is like establishing ordinances against knives, or razors, because some one may make a bad use of them. There will be inequalities of wealth just as long as there are differing industrial capacities in men. It would be as futile to attempt to regulate accumulations of wealth as to legislate on the weather. The extreme bitterness against wealth is in large part made up of envy. It is like the "yawp" of a dog running alongside an express train, indignant that it cannot run as fast, or make as big a noise, as the train.

Instead of destruction, the higher way always is by construction. The wrong is not in the gun, but in the man who wrongly directs the gun. The one thing that we can all do, and do strenuously, is to work all together for a higher standard of morals and character in the person who controls the power of wealth. We can refuse social recognition, or public office, and the esteem of his fellows, to the debased manager of power, be it power in the form of wealth, or brains, or inherited prestige. The indictment of all wealth without discrimination is folly, for large fortunes may be honorably won, and honorably spent; fortunes honorably won may be dishonorably spent; fortunes dishonorably won may be honorably spent; and fortunes may be dishonorably won, and dishonorably spent. Here is our whole subject in a nutshell.

THE COMING OF THE TIDE[1]

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

XV

Paul wondered at a certain negligence in Uncle Peter's dress in these days, for the old man was something of a dandy, and vain of his irreproachable clothes. Now day after day his collar was limp, his coat was dusty, and there were wrinkles in his trousers, while his gay and egoistic pessimism was tarnished by persistent sadness. He talked little, but, by garden path or piazza corner, brooded with a frown upon his brow, forgetful of the paper novel protruding from his pocket, forgetful, almost, of the cigar between his teeth. A fixed idea was in his mind, and to that fixed idea everything in nature and in memory contributed: *he had been cheated of his inheritance;* half-forgotten words out of the past and the half-remembered expressions of certain faces confirmed the conviction, as did the look he imagined in Paul's eyes. The injury had not pressed upon him so heavily in John Warren's day: he had stood in awe of John, and even to his butterfly brain it had seemed fitting that so strong a hand should hold the helm; but now it was different. Paul, who had been a baby before his eyes; Paul, who was in knickerbockers but yesterday, had stepped between him and his own. The feeling that the management of the Warren affairs had been given to one much younger and therefore more incompetent than himself was galling to the old man; and the sense of injury that he had felt on hearing his own father's will read, — had felt, but had forgotten in his busy thoughts and his busy reading of Ouida and the Duchess, — came back with more than its pristine force. Had not great-great-grandfather Warren played fast and loose with other people's money as well as with his own? Was it not probable, although no cases were recorded, — of course they would not be recorded, — that there had been in the family history instances of questionable honesty? Surely, if his pages of fiction spoke truth, there was nothing so prone to trip the foot of erring man as the golden calf. He had been wronged, and through Paul's accession the situation had become unendurable; should he not devote his best energies to investigation and to undoing the harm done?

As he wondered where to begin, remembering from his favorite stories moments where the veriest trifles had become, under the working of an acute mind, irresistible proofs of guilt, it occurred to him that old Andrew Lane might be of use. Andrew had served his father, and doubtless skillful questioning would elicit valuable information without betraying the purpose; people of that class were usually dull of intellect, and slow in drawing inferences. He would begin with Andrew.

There was a touch of hauteur in Uncle Peter's manner as he walked out into the new orchard, where the old gardener was pruning branches and twigs from young pear trees. Andrew Lane was rarely respectful, he confessed to himself, and he resolved that his own manner should strike just the balance between sternness and affability that would elicit the best results. Affability should come first.

"Good-morning, good-morning, Andrew," said Uncle Peter genially, as he drew near the spot where blue overalls and a torn felt hat betrayed the old man's presence. The workman nodded, mumbling an inarticulate reply, but he went on cutting.

"Andrew," said Uncle Peter, standing with his legs slightly apart in his concep-

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tion of a manly attitude, "do you remember my father well?"

The question brought the pruning-shears to an abrupt standstill, and two shrewd old blue eyes twinkled humorously from under grizzled eyebrows.

"Yes," he nodded.

"He was a fine man, Andrew," remarked the visitor with a sigh.

"To be sure," said the old gardener. "Glad you think so."

"Did n't you think so?" queried Uncle Peter.

Andrew pushed back his battered hat and went to work again, making little ineffectual periods to the conversation with every snip of his shears.

"He was honest," said Andrew. "Any man's a fine man that's honest, I s'pose."

"But was n't he especially kind to you?" demanded Uncle Peter, an edge of the sternness that he had planned as a last resort getting into his voice as he saw the old servant shaking with silent laughter.

"Whiles he wuz, and whiles he wuz n't," was the answer.

A reproof quivered on Uncle Peter's lips, but he repressed it. Diplomatists, he reflected, should use the most delicate tact.

"I wonder if you recall anything special about him the winter he died; I was in Florida, you know. Did anything strike you as unusual at that time?"

The old man's eyes pierced through the wrinkled face with penetration that Mr. Peter Warren failed to see.

"He wuz about as usual, I guess."

"Quite right in his mind, eh?"

"About as usual," answered the gardener, grinning.

The baffled questioner made a sudden move that he had not planned; at least he could make this exasperating old man take a serious view of the situation.

"I will confide in you, Andrew," he said kindly, "that doubts have been for many years stirring in my mind regarding my father's sanity when he made his will. It was very unusual, you know, very extraordinary. I thought that if you had anything of importance to tell me, I could make it worth your while."

"I guess that air will wuz all right," said Andrew Lane, going back to his work, and Uncle Peter strode away in helpless rage.

It was partly his rebuff at the hands of a menial, partly a memory of the fresh interest in Alec Bevanne's eyes when the money trouble had been suggested to him, that drove Uncle Peter to seek the companionship and the sympathy of his young neighbor frequently during the days that followed. Walking by shore or lane, they often met by accident, and there was a gate near the Bevanne homestead by which the old man sometimes went to stand at sunset. Seeing him there, the young professor would stroll out good-naturedly to meet him, and a long conversation would ensue. It was wonderful, Uncle Peter reflected, how many tastes they had in common, despite the disparity of their ages; he had not supposed that there were any longer in a degenerate world young men as nice as this. The same books, especially books of poetry, seemed to appeal to them both; they shared the same sentiments concerning nature, and were as one man when they talked of Frances Wilmot. Uncle Peter needed no one to tell him how thirstily Alec Bevanne drank in all he had to say of her, and he took delight in repeating what she had said on this day or that while visiting Mrs. Warren, in telling what she had worn. Many of his descriptions were of a high order of antiquated literary merit. When gloomier themes presented themselves, he found in this young man almost the same interested courtesy that he found when speaking of woman, wine, and verse; and the words of encouragement were balm to a wounded heart. This charming neighbor could hardly be more interested in the situation if it were one involving his own interests, Uncle Peter thought warmly. His appreciation was delicate; his sympathy as kindly as it was rare.

Half thoughtlessly the young man drew

the old one out. It was great fun to hear him talk: nothing so interesting, so many-sided, and, withal, so futile, in the way of personality had presented itself for a long time. Uncle Peter's very vocabulary had a charm about it, with its quaint poly-syllables; and his airy fancies and theories, his way of covering any plain situation or object with a dusky mist of his own morbid thought, presented constantly varying entertainment to the student of books and of human nature. The fixed idea, as it grounded itself more and more strongly in Uncle Peter's mind, began to suggest to Alec Bevanne something more than mere entertainment. Might there not be truth in the suspicion of wrong-doing somewhere? The situation was a strange one, and the old man had undoubtedly been deprived of that which, in the usual course of things, would have been his. An unformulated thought that anything meaning misfortune to Paul Warren, who could almost daily see this woman of all the world and hear her speak, would not come amiss, lurked low down in Alec Bevanne's mind. He encouraged Uncle Peter, clapped him in friendly wise upon the back, and told him to go on and claim his own. It was but justice that he wanted; no one could blame him for demanding that. At least he should consult a lawyer, the very best that could be found. As the old man drank hope and inspiration from the cheery words and smile, his manner grew more and more distant when he spoke to his nephew. If not actually a villain, Paul was apparently the son of a villain, and no one knew better than Uncle Peter the compelling nature of hereditary impulse.

As the days went on, the old man grew more and more restless, smoked less, and lingered longer at the sideboard; and the name of great-great-grandfather Warren was oftener than ever on his lips. Then came a morning when he did not appear at breakfast, and news was brought that he could not be found. His bed had not been used; various toilet articles and pieces of clothing had been taken from the room; and in the deep dust of the road prints of foolish, pointed-toed shoes led away in the direction of the railway station. Had anything of the kind ever occurred before, Paul asked his mother, as he ate a hasty breakfast, conscious that steps must be taken at once to bring the fugitive back, but sorely at a loss to know the wisest way of beginning. Once or twice, Mrs. Warren answered, he had disappeared without warning, but it had always made Paul's father uneasy. Now Uncle Peter was too old to be trusted alone; he had probably gone to Boston, and Paul must follow as soon as possible.

The day after the disappearance, while Paul Warren was searching hotel registers and watching on street corners, Alec Bevanne drove gayly up to the Warren homestead with Uncle Peter beside him in the light carriage. He came in to make a call on Mrs. Warren, while Uncle Peter removed the dust of travel upstairs.

"We happened to meet," he said confidentially to his hostess. "I was not sure that Mr. Warren could make his way among the crowds, so I kept an eye on him, and he fell in gladly with my suggestion that we should come home together."

"That young Mr. Bevanne is a person of most delicate courtesy, Paul," said Mrs. Warren, when her son, hot, tired, and vexed, returned in answer to her telegram. "He could not have been more considerate."

Paul added his thanks to his mother's when an opportunity came, wondering, meanwhile, how he could be base enough to suspect that the obliging young neighbor had had something to do with the departure as well as with the return, yet irresistibly drawn to that conclusion by the old man's dark hints. Uncle Peter had come back from his escapade with an exasperating air of having accomplished something, and he went about cheerfully humming bits of song; as he himself expressed it, the ancestor-poetess was uppermost in him now. He vouchsafed no real explanation of his absence, merely

remarking that he had had business in the city, and he dwelt much upon the attractions of his friend, Alec Bevanne, who had been of real service to him.

It was half in good nature, half in malice, that this young man spread abroad his knowledge of Uncle Peter and of the revelations that had come through him. Alec liked to share good things with appreciative listeners, and his mother and Alice were entertained, sometimes against their will, with portions of the Warren family history. Even the loungers about the post office at Wahonet heard bits of gossip that had a relish for their ears, for the Warrens were no great favorites with the idlers at open doors.

"Mas'r Paul," said Aunt Belinda one morning as she brought in a plate of hot waffles to set before her young master, "what 's all this I yer Mas'r Alec Bevanne tellin' 'bout you-all?"

Paul looked up in wonder.

"Dat low nigger dat works down to de Sunny Beach House tole me suffin' 'bout it," said Aunt Belinda with a sniff. "Says dey 's all so'ts of things happen in de fam'ly dat you-all is 'shamed of. Now I say, Mas'r Paul, dat dey all wrong. Like 'nough yo' paw and yo' grandpaw done lots ob things to be 'shamed ob, but dey wa'n't 'shamed of dem! Dat's what I tole dat low nigger."

XVI

It was a bit of lovely pasture land beside the sea. Low headlands jutted out into the water, with soft hollows lying between, and the bare look of lichen-covered gray stone and shorn green grass where the herd was grazing brought to Frances Wilmot a sudden sense of the unseen beauty of the shores of Greece. So must the dun-colored cows have stood out against a sky of cloudless blue in the old great days, and even as now must the salt, sweet breeze blowing across the hollow have brought courage to hearts long turned to dust. The still blue water wore the changeless look that it bears on quiet days to those who cannot see the ceaseless stir along the beach, and swift passing beauty seemed fixed in an immortal moment. There was no sound save that of the soft step of hoofs upon the turf, and of the cropping of grass. Noiselessly one little fishing craft, with sunlight on its white sail, its hull dark in shadow, crept down along the shore. The girl closed her eyes to feel the full enchantment of loneliness, of silence, and of the sea, opening them to find all still the same.

A sharp little bark broke the stillness: looking up, she saw Robin Hood, pausing near her with lifted head and the old puzzled look in his eyes. What was to be done with this intruder who was so near his cows? he seemed to ask. She did not call him to her where she sat on a great gray rock in a hollow, with clustered low green fern at her feet, but watched as, with a low growl, he subsided, seating himself not far away with his back toward her and gazing into distance or into the past. If some dim thought was in his mind that he must protect this friend of the house he served, he was apparently resolved to ignore the relationship, lest she presume. As they waited, the light across the sea and in the hollows grew more golden, and the shadow of hillock and fern-bordered rock crept farther across the grass. The sunset light falling on the one white sail, and turning water and shore to deeper and tenderer color, made her realize that she had spent the livelong afternoon sitting with the sunshine on her face, bookless, and with no occupation save the opening and the shutting of her eyes.

When Robin Hood's master strolled over the hill she felt no surprise; she knew that this was Warren pasture land, and that these great-eyed Jersey cattle belonged to the Warren herd. Moreover, at odd moments in the shifting of her dreams, she had been thinking of this man. That the result of her analysis of his character was not entirely satisfactory, was seen in the seriousness that sat upon

her brow. At first he did not see her; the quick swing of his step grew slower as he reached the top of the headland and looked across the sea. What fresh sense was in his mind of the encompassing beauty and worth of the world she did not dream, but he paused, glad of the sudden feeling that the old charmed moments which had come to him at rare intervals through the past years of his life were hurrying fast upon one another now. A sense as of joy coming in like the tide across thirsty sand was in his soul, and the ripple and swish of the soft waves on the beach below seemed to be something taking place inside him. He clenched his hands for gladness at the pain of being born into the world of beauty and the world of love. Ah, it was good, with its sting, its possibilities of hurt, its certainties of knowing! Then, across his sudden vision of life glad and free as on the golden hills, yet fine and conscience-guarded, floated a memory of his mother's face, and with it a train of faces shadowed and sad, making him aware of increased sensitiveness to pain. The walls of his being had grown thinner, and every touch from outside meant the vibrating of the soul within to the sorrow, the hurt, the joy of the world. Full of a new conviction that it was good, the groping, the stumbling, the finding of the way, he turned and saw before him in reality, as she had been in vision, the woman whose face was but his old dream come true.

They easily resumed discussion as he greeted her, for they had fallen into a way of taking up without preamble the topic they had been considering the last time when interruption had come, and the remarks of Monday were often only the completion of sentences left unfinished on Saturday.

"They were going to read aloud at the Inn," she explained presently, "and I could not stand it, so I ran away."

"You rebel daughter of a rebel South!" he answered. "Such opportunities for improvement may never come again!"

"I know it!" she admitted, and their laughter rang out through the sea hollows, startling the wee sandpipers at the edge of the waves.

"What makes you look so sad?" asked Frances Wilmot, for, even as their mirth echoed back to them from the rocks, the shadow of the old days had fallen across the man's face, and that new sense of assured good that had so lately filled him with peace vanished in her presence, before his knowledge of his own unworthiness, and the certainty that she could never care. She was quick to note the look in his deep eyes, and the sudden, sensitive quiver of the lip.

"Nothing but destiny," he answered lightly.

"Please don't knock the heads off those ferns," said the girl, reaching to take his cane from him. "And do not talk to me of destiny! There is n't any such thing; there is nothing but the human will!" She shook her wind-blown hair from her face, looking, in her joyous energy, like the incarnation of the will of which she spoke.

"You are in a heroic mood to-day."

She nodded. "The souls of the heroes of Greece have been flitting past me in this hollow, and they have left their courage in my soul."

"There were heroic Greek women, too," he said idly, thinking that, with this stern beauty of rock and shorn grass about her, and with the touch of severity upon her brow, she might, save for her modern dress, be a bit of the olden time. Surely none could have had greater courage at the hands of fate, and he watched her, marveling. It seemed to him that within the shelter of her soul she sat weaving pain and loss and joy into a web of marvelous beauty and strength.

"Why do you go?" asked the girl.

"I can hardly claim a place among your heroic dreams."

"Don't disappear, Ghost! Do you know, I have been thinking about you."

"Why do you call me that?" he asked, with a shade of annoyance in his voice.

For some reason the old jest was beginning to jar.

"Because you are," said Frances Wilmot firmly, audacious courage dancing in her eyes.

"May I ask once for all what you mean?"

He sat down on a granite rock near by and looked at her.

"I do not know that I can tell you now; you look like a piece of your New England granite."

"Go on!" he commanded; and she obeyed.

"Because you have dropped out of your place in the marching ranks; you don't belong! You stand aside and let it all go on without you; I mean the political life of the country, and all the actual fighting with common things. You are the ghost of old New England, and you go off into the corner and associate with yourself because you do not like the kind of people you are thrown with if you try to keep your hold on the actual. Ghosts never get their fingers soiled dealing with practical affairs: they have n't any fingers! They lead an untroubled life apart among the shades."

"Do not stop!" said Paul serenely. "Your eloquence makes me think that you have thought the matter out rather thoroughly."

Meanwhile, in the heart of the man, sang Love, in its undreamed strength: —

"*I can do all things: act, endure, achieve.*"

"Who has your father's seat in the legislature?" she demanded, her cheeks flaming with sudden red.

"An Irishman from County Down," answered the young man, "a very interesting personage, who, from the possession of a cow, and two shock-headed little barefooted girls, has risen in an incredibly short space of time to be owner of a feudal castle on the rocks, and two elegant daughters in a finishing school. You would not check the march of progress in our country, would you, or blame me if my intellectual powers are not so much to the taste of my countrymen as are those of the gentleman from County Down?"

"You are only making fun," said the girl, "and I am in deadly earnest."

"I had not credited you with such fiery patriotism," he remarked. "Your gift had seemed rather poetic than practical."

"But it seems to me that every human being, man or woman, should have a sense of duty about matters of every day."

"I recall some sentiments of the kind myself, I think, from the copybook."

"Perhaps it is only to the very great that the platitudes of life are not platitudes," she flashed back, and he forgot his rising indignation in pleasure at the quickness of her retort. Again their laughter echoed between the hills, and her exhortation took a merrier tone.

"Oh, I've watched you, and other civilized men who are like you. The tide of life has left you stranded high and dry on your ideals; it is an ideal that has n't any hold on the real. You stay ghosts because you are too scrupulous to live, and you associate in dim corners with the spirits of Winthrop and Endicott, Sumner and Phillips, ignoring the common people who need you. It is the very depth and strength of your nature which is keeping you from being of use."

"You must remember," he said lightly, "that the making of the Great Refusal has grown to be a family habit."

"*But that is past*," sang Love silently, "*past and forgotten forever.*"

"It does n't do any good to talk to you!" said the girl, smiling. "I pierce you through with winged words and you part like a fog, meeting on the other side. There is n't any weapon that can wound a — mist!"

"Would you mind suggesting some of the details of your plan for me?"

"I have n't made any plan," she confessed. "You certainly ought not to give up writing, but I think you need a grip on actual life and difficulties. I should like to see you wrest your father's place from the Irishman from County Down; I

should like to hear your name associated with some great thing to be done, and to see you fighting, fighting, fighting like Achilles."

"I am quite ready," he said smiling, "even to be dragged by the hair round the walls of Washington, but there are practical difficulties in the way, of which, apparently, you are not aware. I confess that I have scruples, for instance about buying votes, which are not shared by the gentleman from County Down."

Frances Wilmot looked at him with a swiftly changing face.

"I shall say nothing more," she declared. "I was trying to make you angry, and you sit there and look at me as a St. Bernard dog looks at a fox terrier puppy that is playing with his paws!"

As he looked at her his face was a mask hiding the tumult of his soul. With her shyness and her daring, her lofty sureness of the goal and her airy ignoring of the path by which to reach it, was she not a very woman? His leader one minute, she lingered the next for his guiding hand, and he watched her flushed face and dimmed dark eyes, pondering on the difference between his old dull pain of brooding thought and this new joyous pain of being alive.

"*Grant deeper hurt*," pleaded Love in his inmost heart, "*and keener sting, for in it comes the very life of life.*"

A long call sounded from the brow of the hill; it was the voice of Andrew Lane, who had come to bring home the cows. At his yodel they lifted their heads, one after another, gazed meekly at him, then went back to the soft, sweet grass, grazing as if they had heard nothing. The cry had roused Robin Hood, and he made one brave dash after the herd, with all his old spirit come back to him for a moment.

"After 'em, Robin! Bring 'em up! Fetch 'em in!" cried Andrew, who stood now at the top of the hill, silhouetted in blue overalls and yellow straw hat against the flushing sunset sky.

Robin started to round in the herd in his old, skillful, collie way, then stopped, wagging his tail uncertainly, as if in doubt of his exact duty. Andrew gave again a sharp word of command, and the old dog sprang forward with a joyous bark to the very centre of the herd, scattering the cattle this way and that, and then stood quivering, unsure of his own purpose. One dun-colored cow lowered her horns, and a yearling heifer kicked out gayly at him, but he did not flinch, only waited with wistful eyes and pleading tail for a word of command that he could believe.

The two who watched from the rocks in the hollow glanced at each other with one of those looks of complete understanding that lie somewhere below speech.

"My difficulty is plainly like Robin's," said Paul, with the old, ironic smile, "a paralyzing consciousness of undiscoverable duty. He is waiting for the right voice, my father's, and it never comes."

Here the dog made another sudden dash, barking at the heads of the bewildered animals, and, in confusion, they stampeded, running this way and that over gray rock and tangled blackberry vines, and ferns that gave out a pungent odor as they were broken and trodden under foot.

"No, it is I who am like Robin," said the girl, a sad mischievousness coming into her eyes. "That is just the way I dash at things, womanlike, without knowing anything about them. I regret, Mr. Warren, that I have been trying to teach you out of the depth of my ignorance, and I freely confess that I have been — pardon me — barking at your head!"

So she turned and left him, and he watched her as she climbed the rocky headland, stood outlined a minute against the gold flush of the sky and the answering flush of the sea, then wandered the way of the moorland road that curled, grass-grown and beautiful, along the heights. Robin Hood came back and stood near his master, trying with dumb, eloquent eyes to explain, and permitting a single caress.

"You and I are rather badly off, old

fellow," said Paul Warren. "You have lost your guiding voice forever, and I have found mine only to realize that I may not have it."

Musing, he paced the high, tangled cliff road that the girl had followed. She was a thing of fire and flame, with beauty of face and of soul flashing out opal-wise through constant change. He might see it, as he saw the glory of sunset, but he could not keep it; and would not the inevitable swift-coming gray be all the more dreary because of the vanished gold? But, as he swung on his homeward way in the cool air, the encompassing rhythm of the sea got into his long stride, and across the discords of his life he seemed to hear, as he would hear forever after she was gone, the melody of hers, where some sweet spirit played, touching all the strings to music.

XVII

It was the woman who began it. Down the garden paths and over the narrow space of rock and of sand that separated the flowers from the sea, she fled precipitately with wind-blown hair and skirts in which the breeze fluttered in joy of the chase. On the tiny beach within the cove she waited expectantly by the dory which was pulled up on the sand, and she looked out wistfully to the Sea Gull, which was rocking gently up and down upon the waves. The man who followed her tacitly did her bidding, though not a word was spoken as the dory was launched and rowed out over the water to the little sailing vessel. With white sail set they glided noiselessly out to the wide sea, the woman at the helm, the man whistling as he ran up the jibs.

"You are running away," said Frances Wilmot suddenly, as the spray from a wave met aslant glistened on forehead and cheek.

"I am glad," returned Paul Warren gently, "to place my one talent at your service."

"Your talent for sailing a boat? I have often admired it."

"The one talent which you attribute to me, that for running away."

"Do you think it really matters if we go?" asked the woman, changing the subject.

"This is the game of 'follow my leader;' I am doing your bidding," answered Paul, shaking out the reef as he spread the last inch of sail in the dash for the open sea.

"I did not know the visitors," mused Frances Wilmot.

"And yet you knew enough to escape!"

"I did not stop to think," she said penitently.

"That, I believe, is your ideal course of action, and the one that you constantly recommend to me!"

"Let's go back," pleaded the girl, half letting go the tiller so that the vessel luffed and was struck by an oncoming wave.

"Look out!" called the captain. "The man at the helm must be sure of his own mind, and must abide the consequences of his actions! No, mother will have made my excuses by this time, and it will only complicate matters if we go back. Besides, I promised to do an errand for her at Tern Island this afternoon, and we must head for that place now. Port your helm!"

They sailed on in silence, over the dancing water, with the sweet, fresh wind in their faces, and the girl crooned her song of the tide, while new measures got into it as the green, surging waves mounted to meet them, parting gently with loveliest color and sound when the Sea Gull cut them through. This beauty, escaping through myriad fullness, how could she grasp, how endure it? Unconsciously it had become to her the clearest symbol of that quick changefulness which lends life significance,—infinite permanence running through infinite change.

"'The heart of the great tides,'" Paul Warren repeated to himself, watching

the rhythmic color in her cheek and listening to her song; and, wind and wave lending their own courage to his soul, as he took charge of tiller and sheet, he laughed inwardly, as he had often done of late, at his passing mood of causeless melancholy, for the old ghosts waged a losing fight against the strength of the sea. Why should he stand apart or dream that his lot should be less than that of other men? Nay, when the right moment came, he would venture all and try his fate, abiding gain or loss; and the man's eyes smiled gravely as love touched the will and quickened it to faith and action.

Frances Wilmot, singing to herself and swaying slightly to and fro with the motion of the boat, failed to read the expression of the face whose reserve was a protecting mask. The motion of the man's arms, his skill, his masterful way of meeting difficulty, gave her to-day, as always, a thrill of delight. Look and action showed him to her triumphantly as a leader of men, if the opportunity for leadership could but come, if some great force would but push him into the heart of life.

Then the face of Alice Bevanne floated before her, and in fancy she saw it as she had often seen it with her eyes, — against the blue of sky and of sea, with its protecting cloud of palest gold hair, — full of delicate strength and austerity and power to endure. Frances Wilmot's breath came quickly, with a thought that had often struck her before: was not the hidden fire of this girl's nature all that was needed to bring the touch of flame to the man's, who was so near akin to her in soul? Her shyness and her unwillingness to speak of him had long ago betrayed to Frances something that she was ashamed to know: Alice loved Paul Warren, loved him to the depths of her heart, and had betrayed herself in this, that her look of renunciation was never quite so beautiful or so strong as when her eyes rested on the face of this man.

If this might be, so Frances prayed wind and wave, it would mean to Paul Warren the sting of love that is salvation; and to Alice, happiness. The throb of the girl's heart as she thought of this was half the hope of joy for her friend, half something else. As for herself, — there would be left wide skies and the world of beauty, the gold of sunrise over the free sea, and the sweep of the tides.

"I wish that we could have brought Miss Bevanne; she is a great sailor," said Paul suddenly, and the girl started as if he had divined her thought.

"I wish we had," she answered, cunningly adding: "I admire her more and more. It has been worth my pilgrimage to the North to find a woman like that."

"She is certainly a remarkable girl," assented Paul cordially.

Watching him through keen, half-closed eyes, Frances Wilmot sighed; the power of these New Englanders in concealing desirable information was indeed wonderful! In silence they sailed on for half an hour more, gradually nearing a little island whose gray rocks and stunted pines rose out of the sea with an expression of primeval silence and loneliness. Running into a little cove on a sheltered side of the island they landed at a tiny broken wharf, and Paul Warren turned toward a gray, weather-beaten cottage near at hand.

"Will you come with me?" he asked.

"No," said the girl, "I will climb the rocks."

Above, the ragged pine trees cut the blue; beside the path dull green juniper lay warm and fragrant in the sun, and all was silence save for the cry of the white-winged gulls circling overhead. Slowly she climbed over lichen-grown rock and pebble, stepping noiselessly, and at the summit started back, almost losing her balance, for there, lying flat on the short grass, was Alec Bevanne, his arms flung above his head, his eyes closed as if in sleep. She tiptoed softly away over moss and lichen, wondering, from the troubled look upon his face, if anything were wrong, but the breaking of a dried hemlock twig under her feet betrayed her presence, and

he opened his eyes, was dazed for a moment as if unable to distinguish between the sleeping and the waking dream, then sprang to his feet, hastily brushing bits of moss and twig from coat and hair.

"It is odd that we should meet here," he said, with a poor attempt at his usual gay smile.

"I am helping Mr. Warren do an errand for his mother," she said quietly, noticing in her companion an agitation that showed itself in nervous action of hand and of foot. At his invitation she seated herself on a great rock, and together they watched the green waves below rushing home to their island caves, rippling, receding, with white foam at the edge. Over the young man's face flushed sudden color that went as quickly, leaving pallor behind; the woman saw too late.

"I cannot help it," the words came bursting forth as if it were beyond his power to stay them; "I must speak, for I was thinking of you,—I think of nothing but you,—and then I opened my eyes, and you stood before me as if you had come in answer to my call."

She raised a warning hand, and, as she did so, noticed that his bloodshot eyes suggested sleepless nights.

"Don't!" she begged softly.

"I must," he cried. "I love you; I know that there can be but little hope for me, but I love you. You must have seen it, and have known, for I have betrayed it a thousand ways."

"I did not know," she said, her heart full of pity for one whose manhood seemed shaken by the force of a passion that raged within.

"I know that I may seem an insignificant person in your eyes," he went on hotly, "but I will work, I will distinguish myself, I can, if you will only help me, and then" —

She shook her head, and said only the same word: "Don't."

A little sandpiper ran near them on nimble feet, watching with bright, eager eyes, and the measure of their silence was the measure of her fearlessness as she crept toward them. Then the sandpiper ran fluttering away, and the sea gulls paused for an instant on outstretched wings as a storm of words came from the mouth of the man on the cliff. The two had risen to their feet and stood startled, defiant, as the woman's answer came:—

"Stop! What right have you to speak that way?"

Hoarse as the call of the gulls, and with their note of homelessness, the man's cry rang back:—

"I tell you, I cannot live without you, I cannot, I cannot. It is the first time I have ever cared, and if there is no hope, I will throw myself from the cliff into the water."

Was it the gulls or the waves or the woman's voice that murmured "Coward?"

Shame came into the young man's face, and quiet to his voice.

"No, do not go away," he begged. "I will do nothing, and I much regret that I have frightened you."

When Paul Warren, startled by the far echo of Alec Bevanne's voice, joined them, he found the two chattering about matters of no consequence, but the strained look in his young neighbor's face did not escape him, nor did the aimless movements of his nervous hands. Paul glanced anxiously toward Frances, divining the agitation of mood, but the girl had risen and was standing with her back to him, studying a sail on the horizon. With the elaborate politeness which characterized all his dealings with his neighbor, he entered into a discussion regarding the management of small craft; but his concealed indignation waxed hotter and more hot as he realized that some great shock had come to Frances Wilmot, who still stood shading her eyes with her hand and gazing out to sea.

Half an hour later, as the Sea Gull cut through the waves toward the sunset and toward home, Paul Warren kept a watch on the white sail ahead that dipped and rose lightly again where Alec Bevanne's knockabout, the Rocket, danced homeward.

"That is good speed," he remarked, "but Bevanne's a reckless sailor. He crowds her as if he did not care whether he goes under or not."

Frances looked at Paul with a sigh of deep relief. It was good to rest, after that outburst upon the island, in the strength and the impersonality of this man; and good to know, with the memory of that emotional fury in her mind, of the reserve power and self-control of which manhood was capable, — though of course Paul did not care like that, would never care at all. She shivered as the memory of Alec Bevanne's face came back to her, marveling at the difference between the children of one house, — the silent strength of love in the woman, the weakness of love in the man. And oh, the pity of it! How could music be made of this world, after all, if even the great tides sometimes went astray?

Sunset glowed behind the pine trees in the west as they neared home; it dyed the waves with a glory of color, crimson here and gold beyond; it fell on Frances Wilmot's hair and face, hiding the trouble in her eyes from him who gazed upon it. The moment which had marred for her the melody in things brought to him stronger and stronger sense of the encompassing rhythm of life; and more and more this woman seemed a part of it, and a part of the great sea, with its inexplicable longing, its life, its irresistible advance.

XVIII

"Try it again," suggested the friendly voice of Alec Bevanne.

"I did try," answered Uncle Peter dejectedly, "and the lawyer, as you know, would n't listen to me; said it was a bootless scheme."

"Go to somebody here; there's Marvin over in the village."

The shadow deepened on the old man's face. "He knows too much about it," was his answer. "Marvin was my father's lawyer and John's."

"Then he's just the man!" cried Alec, slapping Uncle Peter's shoulder. "Face him and get the truth out of him."

There was a somewhat pathetic hilarity in Alec Bevanne's manner, and the flickering glance of his restless eye showed eager search for amusement. The two were strolling up and down a grass-grown, neglected lane behind the Bevanne house, the elder man with difficulty keeping the pace of his companion's long, nervous strides. The half-suppressed excitement of the latter's manner showed most clearly in the savage attacks of his light cane on the milkweed pods, whose down he sent floating hither and yon in the still summer air.

"Go in for your rights," pursued Alec vehemently, after waiting in vain for an answer. "If John Warren took your inheritance" —

"Hush," whispered Uncle Peter with a sudden clutch upon his companion's arm: "there's Paul!"

Yes, there was Paul, striding through an adjacent field with Robin at his heels, a look of fine contempt upon his face. Uncle Peter wondered, with a thrill of something akin to fear, how much he had heard, but Alec Bevanne only smiled. This unexpected encounter made matters all the more interesting at a moment when he was sorely in need of amusement, and a little surface annoyance to the son of his father's old enemy would do no harm. From all that could be found out concerning the long family quarrel, the Bevannes were greatly in arrears in the matter of paying old grudges; and already Alec half divined that in his thwarted love another injury had been added to the list.

Paul said no word, but walked on as if he had neither seen nor heard the speakers. His smiling indifference toward Alec Bevanne was broken through at last, had been broken for some time, he realized, in the hot indignation that the careless words just overheard had roused. In muscle and clenched fist lingered a sense-memory of how it had felt to knock Alec

Bevanne down when they were boys, and at this moment it seemed to him as if no experience quite so satisfactory had come to him since. His teeth were set closely together in wrath, wrath at this young man for his lack of chivalry toward a helpless old one. Gray hairs and foolishness combined should command at least pity, and Alec Bevanne well knew that in Uncle Peter's mind, where nothing was really wrong, nothing had ever been quite right.

Half an hour later the mischievous advice of the young professor had taken effect, and by the shore path over headland and sandy beach, in the clear August weather, strode Uncle Peter, an Uncle Peter no longer smiling, chattering, debonair, but militant, a man of purpose and of action, the fixed idea in his mind not now a subject of brooding thought, but the nerve and soul of the most eventful resolve in the man's whole life. Outside help had failed. Old Andrew Lane was worse than useless in giving evidence that might lead to legitimate disputing of wills; Alec Bevanne, with all the moral encouragement he had given, was not in a position to afford practical assistance: to Uncle Peter it seemed that the moment had come for his inner self to rise to heroic action; man nor circumstance could help him, — he would help himself.

He was taking the long path by the shore to Wahonet in order to have time to calm himself; solitude and the fresh sea breeze, he instinctively felt, would help nerve him to action. He walked with a long, slow stride, his slender frame tense with the tremulous energy of the man of dreams when summoned to unaccustomed deed. He must be firm, the shaking hand kept reminding the bamboo cane which trembled in sympathy; he must be firm.

There was cold perspiration on his brow under the protecting brim of the Panama hat when at last he walked into Wahonet, pausing by an old-fashioned brick house whose white wooden doorway bore the sign: "Abel Marvin, Attorney at Law." Uncle Peter's final summoning of all his resolution lent new wavering motions to his legs as he mounted the stone steps and rang the doorbell. He was ushered into a room bright with red ingrain carpet, silk patchwork cushions, and chromos; and here he found a little, bent, old man, whose snow-white hair and colorless face lent added fire and expression to a pair of still brilliant dark eyes.

"Take a chair," said Abel Marvin, without rising. "Business, eh? Come to make your will?"

Uncle Peter shook his head, slowly, portentously.

"No," he answered, and, for almost the first time in his life, did not know what to say next.

"Take your time," said the old lawyer, after a pause.

"Mr. Marvin," said Uncle Peter, with a great leap of moral courage, "you did my father's business for him the better part of his life, did n't you?"

"I believe I helped transact the law business of James Francis Warren for over thirty years," was the answer.

"And you drew up his will?"

The sharp, deep-set eyes looked out quizzically from under the shaggy white brows.

"I believe I did."

"Did it strike you at the time that there was anything curious about it?"

"I don't recall that it did," answered the old man. "I presume I was more taken up in those days with getting things done than with thinking about their being strange."

Uncle Peter was seated now in an armchair upholstered in stamped red velvet, and he leaned his chin upon his cane, which he held between his knees. Thus supported he continued his attack, with a touch of pathos in his voice.

"My father left the bulk of his property to my brother John."

"James Francis Warren certainly bequeathed the major part of his effects to John Warren," said Abel Marvin.

"Yet I was the older, and it was certainly unfair."

"Some people," drawled the old law-

yer, "have an aggravating way of considering their own property their own. I s'pose that's the way it was in this case."

"It was unjust, and you know it," said Uncle Peter, with a sudden access of fiery courage; but Abel Marvin merely shrugged his shoulders.

"There has been something strange in the whole history; I realize it more and more clearly as I grow older," sternly pursued Uncle Peter, feeling that this officer of the law was quailing before him. "Unless I am mistaken, you are the man whom I remember as being with my father in his library on one of the occasions that now come back to me as proofs of my suspicion. I refer to the time when my brother John was born."

The old lawyer started, and the eyebrows hung lower over the gleaming dark eyes.

"Well?"

"If you recall the time," said Uncle Peter, the bamboo cane bending under the sudden demands upon it for moral support, "can you remember whether I was the person alluded to when a remark was made about the arrangement being bad for some one?"

"I recall the circumstance perfectly, and I believe you were," said the lawyer dryly.

"My father's will was made that day?"

"It was."

"And never changed?"

"And never changed."

The two men eyed each other across the marble-topped table for a few seconds' space.

"I feel it my duty to tell you," said Uncle Peter, clearing his throat, "that I am about to dispute that will."

The dark old eyes were all attention, but the lawyer was silent.

"I — I have resolved to make an attempt to recover my rightful property," asserted the visitor tremulously, his pale blue eyes attempting to give back bravely the stare of the black ones.

"You'll be a fool if you do," snapped the lawyer.

The dignity of Uncle Peter's grand manner was the only response. He waited long until his companion spoke again.

"Mr. Warren, is it your purpose to carry out this ridiculous project?"

"It is," answered Uncle Peter majestically.

"Then," said Abel Marvin, "if you will stop a minute, I will tell you something which I should have been glad to keep from you, but which it seems my duty to let you know."

"Tell on," glowered Uncle Peter.

"I regret that you have made it necessary," said the old lawyer, speaking painfully, "but I have always had a great regard for the Warren family, and am sorry to see annoyance coming upon it. Of course you could accomplish nothing, and, for your own sake — for your own sake, Mr. Warren, I make a last appeal: give up your foolish plan."

"I will not!" cried Uncle Peter triumphantly. "I always knew that something was wrong, that there was a secret somewhere. Now I shall find it out at last."

"There was a secret," admitted Abel Marvin, "concerning you. I am especially sorry to tell it to you, for you are the one person who will not be able to keep it. However, I shall tell it to no one else, and if it becomes known it will be through no fault of mine. Mr. Peter Warren, you are no more the son of James Francis Warren than I am."

"What!" stammered Uncle Peter.

"You are no Warren: you are an adopted child, taken into the family when you were four months old."

The bamboo cane had lost all strength of purpose and was quivering pitiably.

"It's a lie!" cried Uncle Peter, angrily shaking the cane that had deserted him in his hour of need.

The lawyer shook his head, and the very accent of truth was in the motion.

"What motive could there have been for such an absurd action?" the other asked with a scornful laugh.

"Fear of having no heir," said Abel

Marvin. "Mr. James Francis Warren was an ambitious man, and his one desire was to build up a great estate and leave it to his son. He had been married eight years, and had no child when he adopted you; you were brought here with your parents from Vermont one spring when the family came back from the city, where you were supposed to have been born. So far as I know, no human being has ever suspected the secret, and Mr. Warren was fairly content to hand down his name to you, when John Warren suddenly surprised everybody by making his appearance in the world."

"It is a story that you are making up to frighten me out of my just purpose," blustered Uncle Peter. "You have no proofs; whose son am I, according to your fairy tale?"

"You are the oldest son of Andrew Lane," said the old lawyer. "Proofs enough exist; your father has them in his possession. I naturally have none here, though I have a clear memory of all that happened on that day when Mr. Warren took me into his confidence, the day you have alluded to, when you were perhaps five years old and matters had to be readjusted because of John Warren's birth."

"Andrew Lane!" shouted Uncle Peter. "I don't believe a word of it."

Abel Marvin looked calmly out of the window.

"There's my son," he announced, "just home. If you like, he can drive us down to Andrew's, and you can see for yourself."

"Does he know?"

"Nobody knows," repeated Abel Marvin; "John Warren always supposed you to be his brother, for James Francis wanted to carry out his original intention as nearly as possible."

The cool drive down the long country road brought to Uncle Peter only a sickening of the heart. It was a drooping figure that bent over the bamboo cane on the back seat of the light carriage, very different from the heroic one that had walked bravely along the shore an hour ago.

Old Andrew Lane was alone, sunning himself on the little front porch of the house where he lived with his son and his son's wife. Hollyhock and sunflower grew by the prim path that led to the green door of the old stone house, and the stamp of homely comfort lay on threshold and window.

"What's up?" asked Andrew as the two old men came toward him.

"It's all up," said the lawyer. "To protect the Warren family from annoyance I've been obliged to tell Mr. Peter here a tale that he does n't believe. You have the documents, I believe. I should like to have him see them."

With his clay pipe still in his mouth, old Andrew hobbled into an inner room, reappearing presently with a padlocked tin box, and with a worn family Bible.

"There you be," he said, putting the open Bible before Uncle Peter, and proceeding to open the box.

Uncle Peter's eyes did him bad service, but he managed to read on the stained yellow page the record of the birth of a child named Peter, on his very birthday, to Andrew and Cynthia Lane, and without a word he turned to the paper which the gardener handed him. It was a certificate of adoption of a four months' old child, called Peter Lane, by James Francis Warren, who bound himself, not only to provide for said child for life, but to support the parents, — who had moved to Wahonet, — in return for any service which they might care to give, the support to cease at any moment if the secret were not scrupulously kept.

"Oh!" moaned Uncle Peter, convinced at last. "It is hard; it is too hard."

"So your ma thought," said old Andrew Lane, "'til Andy was born; that comforted her consid'able."

"Good-by, Mr. Warren," said the lawyer, holding out his hand. "Keep the secret if you can, and as for this afternoon's business, — well, perhaps you'd better quit reading so many paper-covered novels."

Old Andrew Lane went to put away the tin box, saying as he did so, with the slightest quiver in the gruff voice,—

"I cal'late you won't want to come to live with your folks, but if you should need to, some time, mebbe, I guess we can find room."

Uncle Peter, tottering out to the porch, utterly unable to rise to the occasion, sat down on an unpainted wooden bench, with sunflower and hollyhock swimming before his eyes, and wept piteously for great-grandmother Anne, and the ancestor-poetess, and even, in a cruel, belated sense of orphanhood, for great-great-grandfather Warren and all his sins.

XIX

The charm of the road was that it seemed to lead nowhere, only wandered incidentally whither it would, now panting up a little hill, now running down to rest in a hollow, now hiding in the woodland under nodding branch and wind-stirred leaf, now peering out to get a glimpse of the sea, a whimsical, irresponsible, mystical road, taking its own way to the unknown. The girl who wandered lazily along it, in the beaten track or on the small, worn footpath through the grass, was keeping time in her imagination with all the free feet that had ever wandered that way. Here and there she passed a small house. At one an old man was digging in the garden; at another a little girl was playing with her doll on the doorstep; in a bit of pasture near another a calf was frisking with joyous tail; at the next an old woman, calico-clad, was hanging clothes upon a line. Frances Wilmot wanted to stop with them all, to do what they were doing, and then go on and on. None save the calf seemed to share her mood, and she pitied them that they could not follow her upon the open road.

After a quick run around a sharp curve the irresponsible road suddenly came to a crossing, and was brought face to face with the problem of choosing its way. A signpost stood there, turned all askew, "9 m. to Brentford" staring out from a strip of board where a finger pointed heavenward; "4 m. to Valley Cove," on a strip pointing to earth; and "6 m. to Ransom's Point," on a strip that pointed straight to a mossy stone fence. The road seemed to evade any choice, and the three ways that led onward fled in different directions from the one by which she had come; and sunlight lay on them all, grass grew green at the edge, aster and golden-rod blossomed impartially by the crumbling stone fences. What need to choose? She started along the road at the left; each led somewhere, and the guiding sea was close at hand.

The road led merrily off past meadow-land and into a green forest, and suddenly joined company with a brook, hurrying as if glad of new music, and as if bent on seeing whether dust and clod could not keep pace with running water. Guarded by rock and stone, and overhung by sun-lit leaves, the stream glided on, falling here in little silvery cascades, and gathering there into a quiet pool. The air, soft with the coolness of living branches on which the sun is beating, was still with the murmuring quiet of the woods. As the girl followed, stepping with the brook, she thought only of the touch of autumn in the new, sweet freshness of the air on face and wrist and throat; then, emerging from the woodland, she realized that her landmarks were gone, the village spire that had often guided her steps was no longer in sight, and the bold outline of the Emerson Inn on its headland had disappeared. What matter, while along this unknown way vine and blossom lured her feet to wander farther, and her hands to gather spoils?

It was the time of the glory of golden-rod: tall, starry clusters nodded over the stone fences; sword-shaped stalks burned with their rich color along the highway; and short, sunburned heads turned the pasture lands to fields of gold, dim and beautiful as the dream fields of the Islands

of the Blest. The girl filled her arms with it; long clusters nodded over her shoulders, and a great mass glowed against the white of her gown, and against her sunburned cheek. So great a burden was she carrying that she grew weary, and, wondering where she could stop to rest, she found herself near a little old deserted house, whose worn doorstep invited her to pause. By the open door grew old rose bushes where in June ragged pink roses still blossomed upon ragged stems; through the casements, from which the windows had disappeared, curled and twined woodbine and clematis. Some woman who had lived here long ago had loved sweet things at her window, and had set flowers to bloom by the paths which her feet must pass. Grass covered the little garden plot, and old lilac bushes grew apace by the broken picket fence and the posts of the vanished gate. Empty and open to sun and rain were the bare rooms where woodwork and floors were mouldering. Swallows had builded upon the cornices of the doors, and on the mantel in the old parlor a wren had made her nest.

> Life and thought have gone away
> Side by side,
> Leaving doors and windows wide, —
> Careless tenants they.

Sitting on the step with her head leaning against the white doorpost, Frances Wilmot half slept, while the warm sunshine of late afternoon shone on her face; and she almost heard, through the murmur of live things from the long grass near by, the tread of the vanished feet of father, mother, and child that had worn the threshold thin. Close by, a cricket chirped; yellow butterflies, glad of the golden-rod in her lap, fluttered about her, lighting on hair and eyelids of the girl who sat so still; and home-coming swallows circled anxiously near and far again, troubled by this motionless disturber of their domain.

Here Paul Warren found her as he was sauntering home after a ten-mile walk, and he stopped, frowning; was she safe in this lonely spot? As he looked, however, he forgot to frown, — so fair a picture she made leaning there with her long lashes dark upon her cheek, in her bower of palest yellow and deep Etruscan gold: there was no doubt any longer of Paul Warren's sense of the beauty of color. So soft were his footsteps in the rank grass outside the ruined picket fence that she did not hear him, and he stood long watching her. Presently she opened her eyes and smiled.

"I was n't asleep," she said sleepily.

"May I come in?" he asked, from the lilac bush by the gatepost.

"I don't know what place could be fitter for a ghost than a ruined house," said the girl merrily. "Come in and flit with the other shades; I've heard them whispering about me."

"It seems to me," he remarked, as he came slowly up the grass-grown walk, "that you rather resemble some of the angels of the early Italian painters, with their shaded golden wings."

She looked reproachfully at him.

"The one thing that I have liked about you," she said severely, "has been that you were different from other men, and did not pay foolish compliments."

"I was not complimenting you; perhaps I was complimenting the angels, for there is something in your face that is not in theirs," he said, looking gravely down at her.

She rose, shaking her head. "You forget that they all had golden hair; only witches and lady demons had black locks like mine. Do you dare go in?"

He pushed the sagging green door farther open, and they entered the old hall, with footsteps muffled by the dust which lay thick upon the floor. In the kitchen a tin mug lay upon a broken stool; in the parlor a chromo of "Hope," white-robed and staring wildly, hung upon the wall, and a child's top lay upon the floor. Vines were already growing with fresh green tendrils over the crumbling boards, and in one place, where the floor was broken, a great thistle had

thrust its way up and burst into purple bloom.

"Now," said Paul Warren softly, "you look like the spirit of life itself, going with golden torches through the house of death."

Frances Wilmot turned and faced him with light words that belied the shadowy depths of her eyes.

"Mr. Warren, if you are n't careful, you will turn into a poet, and that would be a most undeserved fate for a philosopher!"

The man's face quivered in the moted sunbeams that stole in through the open windows toward the west.

"I have turned into a lover," he said slowly; "that is, perhaps, the same thing."

For an instant all that moved in the room was the dust which the sunlight turned to a golden cloud as it rose; it could not hide the doubt and question and wonder in the girl's eyes.

"Yes, of course I mean you," said Paul Warren. "Who else is there — in all the world?"

The tense, white lips and tightly clenched hands betrayed how great had been his pain in speaking as he had spoken.

"You knew that I loved you; you must have known," he said.

"I never dreamed it," said the girl, with a little gasp. "*You?*"

"Why not I?" he asked sternly. "You have thought of me as an abstraction; it is odd that I should be compelled to tell you that I am a man! I'm a thing of brawn and muscle and of a beating heart, which I think is capable of taking hold as far down as the heart can take on human joy and human pain. Your jest of the ghost has been a merry one, but it is over now."

The girl's head was bent in awe among her flowers.

"I'm sorry," she murmured. "I should not have been so saucy if I had known."

Her wit and her eloquence had deserted her; she was as the most speechless and embarrassed maiden who ever stood dumb in love's presence.

"Perhaps there are different kinds of gray webs to wear across the eyes," he said, smiling.

"You — you never betrayed it, by the quiver of a muscle," she stammered. "I should have known."

"You know the ordinary signs very well, I presume," he answered. "I never meant to show it, or to let you know."

"Why?" she asked. The dusky eyes she raised to him were hard for the man to read. Outside, the cricket chirped loudly across the silence; a swallow, entering through the open window, took fright at the two motionless figures standing there, and skimmed away.

"What would you think," he asked, breathing with difficulty, "of the task set for a man who was in a great mental tangle, from which he could not escape, and who heard a voice calling, a voice that knew the way of his soul, and still had to turn and go away from it?"

The girl looked on in wonder, watching through the dust-flecked sunshine, and he reached both hands out toward her, then drew them back.

"How can I let the shadows of my life fall on your face?" he asked, passionately.

"The shadows of your life!" she said with reproach. "There are n't any. You make them up to please your Puritan ancestors."

"Then — will you come?"

She stepped lightly across the dusty floor to the doorway, looking back from the threshold to the man who sadly followed.

"This means that you will not help me build again the ruined house of life?"

"I am afraid," said Frances Wilmot.

"You who believe so deeply in life, and whose courage has so often put me to shame?"

"Life, yes," she answered, "but love, — that is too great for me, too terrible, and — I am afraid."

"Ah," he cried, "it is the first thing in life that has made me unafraid."

"You are a man," said the girl simply.

"It shows the fundamental strength of you from Adam's time on; I am only a woman."

"Thank Heaven!" he said.

"I can prattle about life, but then I faint and fail when the supreme test comes. I cannot let it come!" and she put out her hands to ward off love. "I am content with the beauty of the world, and the happiness that lies behind, and the sorrow whose meaning I have n't half spelled out."

"Child," said Paul Warren, watching the hands from which the blossoms fell in a golden shower on the worn doorstep and the green grass, "don't you see that you are half confessing that you care?"

"I have n't confessed it to myself," she answered with brave lips.

"Sit down for a minute; you are tired," he commanded, and she did his bidding.

"You must come, Enchantress," he said, from the step at her feet. "There are so many doors for you to open, and none other has the key. You must come to unwind for me the gray webs of many lives."

"That was just nonsense," she murmured. "You remember it?"

"I remember every word that you have spoken, every look that I have seen upon your face. Take me through one of your open doors, and we will go by wood and stream and mountain till we find your tree of life, and will nibble its leaves together."

"I did n't mean anything," said the girl. "I was just teasing you because you studied so much."

Before them the sun was going down in deep August light behind a row of dull green cedars that let the glory through; from a distant wood, thrushes sang, and the dampness of oncoming night crept to them over the grass. The woman's voice was broken when she spoke.

"Are you sure that it is I?"

"I am sure," he made answer, "that you are the bit of my heart that was lost when it was broken, ages before I was born; now that I have found you again, it will be whole once more."

"I cannot," she said, whispering, "I cannot."

When he saw the suffering in her face, as the rich nature faced the challenge to keener joy and keener pain, he spared her. Stooping, he gathered from the grass the flowers that had fallen there, then side by side they walked home in the fragrant dusk, with the clustered flowers shining out as a light upon their way. Silence enfolded them, save for the sweet notes of nesting birds, the murmur of the wind-stirred leaves, and the ripple of a tiny brook over its rocky wayside bed. Before them in the west the slender crescent of the new moon hung in the quivering sunset light of the sky.

"Like a world of gold to walk into," said the man, for his soul was glad within him. It was true that this woman had said him nay, but in his heart of hearts he knew better.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OUTLOOK IN HISTORY

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

I

WHAT is History? The thing we know; the definition baffles us. But what is Truth — or Beauty — or Poetry? The wisest have not yet agreed on a formula for any one of them; nor is this strange: for Poetry and Beauty, History and Truth, spring from the unfathomed sources of life, from the mystery which, although it be for each of us the only vital reality, eludes all our research. But as we manage to live without solving the riddle, — indeed, the acceptance of its insolubility seems to be the only solution, — so we waive a final definition of History, and go on to consider some of its aspects.

The present time is particularly favorable for a survey, because we have apparently reached a point where historians pursuing different aims are producing side by side, in mutual tolerance, if not in mutual respect. This is a hopeful sign. Progress requires variation; orthodoxy leads to bigotry, persecution, paralysis.

The modern scientific method of studying history has now been practiced in France, England, and America for more than a generation, and in Germany for two or three decades longer. It has passed beyond the tentative stage, survived ridicule and opposition, and risen to acknowledged supremacy. In its complete triumph there was danger that it might become a fetish. But now we begin to see that every method is merely a tool, and that the product of the tool depends on the skill of its user. No refinement of mechanism can take the place of human insight and character. The results of a victory won by an army equipped with rapid-fire, long-range guns may sink into insignificance compared with what Norman William's crossbows achieved at Hastings, or Washington's flintlocks won at Yorktown. So neither Justin Winsor nor Mandell Creighton, enjoying to the full the advantages of the modern method, ranks with Thucydides or Tacitus, or with many lesser men, who flourished in the "unscientific" ages. Something more than a system goes to the making of great histories. This recognition of personality as the cornerstone on which everything human rests is the beginning of wisdom.

German historical students, under Ranke's lead, had firmly established themselves in the scientific method, when the general adoption of the doctrine of evolution forced historians everywhere to take a new point of view. To trace causes and effects had long been their purpose; now they saw that the principle of growth, or development, was itself the very rudder of causation. They proceeded to rearrange their material, and to rewrite the story of every nation, institution, art, and science according to this principle. No other formula has been so fruitful, or so universally applicable: nor do we now see how it can be superseded.

To historians especially, the doctrine of development came as a revelation, which made the work of their pre-Darwinian forerunners appear as obsolete as the ancient religions appeared to the first Christians. They felt the delight which thrills those who exercise a new faculty; say, rather, the exaltation of those who dedicate themselves to a new crusade for Truth. As always happens in such cases, they strove by every means to magnify the difference between the New and the Old; as if the New were wholly right, and the Old wholly wrong. This is a wise instinct; for only when a novel doctrine

or cult is pushed to its extreme can we measure its intrinsic value, and determine how much of its apparent strength is due to mere reaction or contrast.

We now look back on the products of forty years of the modern historical school. Comparing them with the great works of the past, two facts strike us at once: there has been a gain in method, and a loss in literary quality. The gain in method shows itself chiefly in accuracy and in a studied impartiality: the loss in literary quality can be verified by tasting any average historical monograph. The scientific historian had formerly the same feeling toward the literary historian that the early Christians had toward the culture of Greece and Rome: believing that they themselves possessed the true gospel, they wished to show their orthodoxy by being as different as possible from the pagans. History had come to be regarded as literature, they would leave no room for doubt that they regarded it as science. In the scientific world the view prevailed — and it has not wholly disappeared — that to write intelligibly is suspicious, while to write "popularly" is suicidal; and this, despite the fact that Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Mill — the most illustrious men of science of their generation — had set a noble example in clear expression.

Historical students shared this distrust of literary form, and as their investigations followed the scientific pattern, their reports naturally took the shape of the scientific treatise. Several causes have contributed to make the scientific treatise what it is. First of all, it is usually written by an investigator or observer who has no aptitude for expression, — for the highest powers of observation do not necessarily go with even ordinary capacity for expression. Next, the immense numbers of facts and processes discovered by Science during the past half-century have required the invention of thousands of new terms, until each science has a special dialect, which is often as hopeless for literary purposes as is algebraic notation. No wonder that men whose minds swarm with awkward vocabularies, — formed, by a cruel irony, from mongrel combinations of the most beautiful of languages (as if the Apollo Belvedere were ground into powder to make stucco), — no wonder that they distrust those who show ability to use the mother-tongue, which tends in a way to become foreign to them. Scientific men also scorned to suit their language to any persons except their fellow initiates, thereby illustrating that tendency to exclusiveness which appears in freemasonry, college secret societies, and sectarian mysteries.

Nor must we overlook another very powerful influence. Throughout most of the nineteenth century the Germans set the standard of scholarship. The world has never seen other diggers so tireless, so patient, so zealous. They have made their minds, as instruments of observation, almost as precise and impersonal as a microscope. They accumulate facts by the million; they would cross the ocean to certify a comma. Through their devotion to truth, through their rugged honesty, they have worthily represented the great German race, which lags, on the political side, so far behind its ideals. But to their scholarship, power of expression has been, it seems, denied. They have had to struggle against not only the difficulties inherent in the creation of new sciences and in the accumulation of knowledge, but also against the refractoriness of their speech. If a language be the expression of a nation's habitual mental processes, German prose bears witness to a race which has had the habit of thinking widely and deeply, but not clearly. A German's statement may be compared to a charge of birdshot, which scatters, and in scattering may hit the target, and much else besides; while a Frenchman's statement, like the ball of the sharpshooter, goes straight to the bull's-eye.

All these various influences — the scientific method, literary inexperience, contempt for unprofessional criticism, devotion to the new gospel, and zealous imitation of the German model — helped to

establish the idea that History must be unliterary if it would guard its reputation for authority. The German practice of publishing doctors' dissertations contributed further to encourage the belief that historical composition meant merely the pitchforking together of the results of special investigation. These results were often valuable, but who could expect that young men of twenty-four or twenty-five, who had given little or no heed to the manner of presentation, should write well? And having found that that sort of thing sufficed, they naturally were at no pains to improve on it in their later work. Nothing is more dangerous for a young man of ability than to suppose that the standard by which he wins his first academic success is final. For a good many years, much of the historical work produced in England and America smacked of the average doctor's dissertation. Since the study and writing of History seem to be coming more and more to be restricted to university teachers, it is most important that they should look jealously to the manner as well as to the matter of their candidates' work: for in fifteen or twenty years these candidates will themselves be the arbiters of historic production.

The opinion which many upheld that History is a science increased their desire to make it resemble the sciences in all respects. The question, — Is History a science? — round which much controversy has raged, is not yet settled; but it apparently has reduced itself to a dispute over terms. The confusion arises from assuming that a subject becomes a science when it is studied by the scientific method. But before History can be a science, men must possess the gift of prophecy. Your chemist or physicist deals with forces and elements which are absolutely determinable at all times and places, and under all conditions. Water will be composed of two molecules of hydrogen and one of oxygen until the earth drops into the sun. But the historian has to do with a chain of causation in which the chief elements — the human Will and Chance — are absolutely incomputable. Will remains a mystery. We cannot predict when it will manifest itself in individuals or in multitudes, nor can we set any limits to its activity. And so with Chance. After the event, it may be possible to trace the steps that led to it, but until it happens, no one suspects that it is near. Five minutes before Lincoln was shot, who dreamed of the calamity which was to shatter Reconstruction and alter the course of American history? Cavour dies, after a brief illness, and the unification of Italy is permanently turned awry. Thus Chance mocks us.

Our knowledge of all past history does not enable us to foresee what to-morrow will bring forth. We can generalize; and many a historian mistakes his generalizations for laws, but they may fit no special event. Now the special events, due to the human Will or to Chance, make up History. Although you may have studied every recorded revolution, yet you cannot foretell what peculiar turn the next outbreak in Paris may take from hour to hour: for you cannot know beforehand how the persons concerned in any affair may react on one another, or on the masses; much less can you predict what Chance may bring about. It would be idle to call arithmetic a science if twice two were three yesterday, four to-day, and possibly five or seven to-morrow. Yet similar variations are the staple of History. In human affairs, not less than in chemistry, given conditions would produce similar results, if you could get exactly the same personal ingredients. But this is impossible. Suppose Mirabeau had not died in 1791, — suppose Robespierre had been assassinated in 1792, — suppose a stray bullet had killed young Bonaparte at Toulon, — how would the course of events have been changed! Yet if the study of History were a science, it would convince us that Mirabeau's death was inevitable, and that Robespierre and Bonaparte in the very nature of things could not die in 1792. Manifestly, historians would be clairvoyants, as familiar with the future as with the past, the

chosen confidants of Fate or Providence, if they could make any such assertions. We can say that Bonaparte did not die in 1792, but to affirm that he could not possibly have died would be absurd. Yet until History can demonstrate the *possible* as clearly as the *actual*, it will never be a valid science.

This does not, however, diminish its supreme importance, nor dull its interest; on the contrary, the uncertainty enhances both. We are not to infer that life is lawless, because we lack the gift of prophecy. Will, too, has its laws, although we cannot codify them. The historian's business is to trace the sequence of cause and effect so that every event, every deed, shall appear inevitable. If he succeed in doing that, he should rest content, and let teleology alone.

Were it not for Will, with its incomputable variations, mankind would be a sentient machine, and History would simply register the motions of automata. The consciousness of moral freedom alone gives dignity, charm, and significance to life. Although the fatalist may argue that this consciousness is a delusion we are fated to be the dupes of, the practical man will accept at its full value the most genuine of his experiences. Accordingly, the historian must write as if he were an eye-witness of the events he describes, so as to reproduce the plasticity, the uncertainty, the impression of a state of flux, which belong to the passing moment. Like the dramatist, he knows from the first scene the catastrophe of the last, but, instead of telling the secret, he lets the plot unfold itself, as if it were being lived out by the persons in the play. This quality, one of the rarest, if it be not the very crown, of the historian's equipment, gives not merely the certitude of veracity, but of life-likeness, which is the final test in reconstructing the past.

So far as the historian treats his subject in this fashion, he allows full scope to the free play of will; yet, as he really is not a contemporary, but a retrospective observer, he can also trace each link in the chain of causation and show its fatal or inevitable nature. In other words, he treats the Past as if it were Present, in his efforts to bring it to life, and he treats it as Past, in his efforts to rationalize and interpret it. So he is at once a Dramatist and a Philosopher. Needless to say, few historians possess these gifts in equal proportion, while many rouse in us the suspicion that they have never conceived of the Past as having been once Present and alive. They regard human beings as abstractions, or as dummies on which to drape their theories. In striving to eliminate the personal equation, which has an inconvenient habit of upsetting theories, they become impersonal: but as Personality is the very stuff out of which human life and history are made, the more they get rid of it, the farther they remove from reality. In a perfect history we should have, as in *Hamlet* or *Othello*, the motives, the strokes of chance, and the resultant action, so revealed that one might read it for its plot, another for its information, a third for its philosophical bearing; for it would mirror the universality of human experience.

An immediate result of the acceptance of evolution was the spread of fatalism. Science could finally demonstrate that rigid laws govern the material universe, including the bodies of men. By implication, man's will and spirit were equally fate-bound. Historians, imbued with this conviction, naturally ignored the individual, and devoted themselves to tracing the operation of laws in the development of nations and institutions. Great men seemed to them "negligible" quantities. Slowly, however, a change has come about. Recognition of the omnipresence of law has not lessened, but there has grown up what I may call a common-sense view of human freedom. The will is recognized as a force so mysterious and unpredictable that, though it doubtless obeys laws which we have not yet defined, still, for practical purposes, we must regard it as free. Thus Personality is coming again into the foreground of

History. This involves a radical change in treatment, for persons must be described as alive and concrete, with individual flavor, and surprises, and not as abstract and mechanical.

By another natural process, History has come back to literature. The assumption that the historical monograph, being a "scientific" product, might be put together regardless of form, has been fully tested, and has broken down. The analogy between the historical and the scientific monograph proves to be illusory. The biologist, or other pure scientist, must use the dialect of his science in order to be understood by his special tribe; nay, he may dispense with language altogether, and employ diagrams, symbols, and formulas. But the historian's theme is intensely human, and demands to be expressed in human terms. He is concerned with narration, exposition, description, argument, all of which are governed by literary laws to which he must conform. He may protest that he is "scientific," and refuse to be bound by the canons of literature, but he might as well refuse to be bound by the law of gravity; willy-nilly, he must master the art of literary expression, if he would make his historical attainments effective.

In the first flush of the scientific dispensation, workers in every branch of history seemed equally inspired; and of a truth, their labors were equally useful. But gradually they have classified themselves according to the nature of their work and the talents required for it, in one class the Men of the Letter, in the other, the Men of the Spirit. The master is always a revealer of significances: facts are not ideas. During the mid-period, when they seemed to be on the same level, there were inevitable misunderstandings: the man who dumped an immense amount of original research into an unreadable monograph felt aggrieved that the books of Fiske and Green had a large sale; while some "literary" historians, on the other hand, did scant justice to the patience and devotion of the delvers. Now, happily, as all realize that they are not competitors and that the work of each is honorable and necessary, the sense of unjust distinctions is dying out. But the Men of the Letter always far outnumber the Men of the Spirit, and there is ever present the danger that they will force their methods and their standards on the Men of the Spirit. So, to-day, Philology smothers Literature.

It does not follow that all historical works should be composed after a single plan. There are episodes which call for special treatment, aspects which require that attention should be focused on them, to the exclusion of a complete or general survey. The immense expansion of knowledge in modern times has provided History with material as abundant as life itself. One science after another has encroached on its domain and tried to usurp its sovereign rights. Political Economy, Government, Sociology, Philosophy, Psychology, Comparative Religion, each has insisted that it alone can interpret the evolution of nations and of mankind, because, it pleads, the spring of human action lies in its field. The economist sees taxation and the supply and demand of commodities dominating men's collective action; the sociologist shows that the relations between classes and between capital and labor are of vital importance; and so with each specialist. But History has not been dethroned; far from it: the abler the attempt of the specialist to prove that his science includes History, the clearer the conclusion that History cannot be thus hemmed in. But all these efforts, and the flood of new knowledge which has been pouring in from every side during the past half century, have immensely enriched the province of History. The historian can never know too much of any of these or other sciences. He will often appeal to them to explain special events: but he must beware against surrendering his human point of view for that of any specialist. Whatever branch of his art he may practice, let him never forget to be human.

By these stages, historical study has risen above polemics and technicalities. We seem to be approaching the happy moment when historical writers are to enjoy the fullest freedom. They have at command inexhaustible stores of material. As the gathering and sorting of documents draws to completion, the demand increases for those who can write; and, since absolutely no period or episode has been exhausted, historians have a limitless field to work in. There is a recognized division of labor among them. They need no longer waste time trying to persuade a doubting generation that the scientific method is the best, or that, since the life of individuals, nations, society, and the human race is a development, so the historian must be an evolutionist: everybody now assents to both propositions. What the world awaits is results. For after all, the world, which bothers itself very little about abstruse theories, judges by the concrete product.

II

Recent publications give a fair idea of the change which has been taking place. The controversial temper has softened. Even the strictest of the scientific school can mention Macaulay without foaming; the more progressive, imbued with the new spirit, freely acknowledge his genius in narration and in the architectonics of historical construction. This does not mean that they are blind to his defects, — those defects which every candidate for college honors used to know by heart, although he had no inkling of the merits which more than offset them. So, too, Carlyle, having ceased to be regarded as a false prophet, whom the faithful must demolish, is coming to be judged on his merits. Men who differ from him totally now dare to recommend him, not as a guide to be followed everywhere, but as a marvelous revivifier of the Past. Of course, not every critic has reached this plane of open-mindedness. Not long ago a writer in *The Nation*, reviewing the *French Revolution*, said that Carlyle had "three traits which are almost incompatible with the successful discharge of the functions of an historian. He was a dramatist; he was a sentimentalist; he was a preacher."[1] Let us notice only the first of these heinous charges, — "*he was a dramatist.*" If our previous analysis was correct, the historian must above all things so project himself into the Past as to be a contemporary of the events he describes, that is, be a dramatist; therefore our anonymous critic in branding Carlyle as a "dramatist," has unwittingly given him the highest praise. History not dramatic? Then what is it? Commonplace men do not see the dramatic in life, literalists miss its humor or its pathos; but surely we do not frame our standard from the opinions of defectives. A critic who writes in that vein advertises himself as obsolescent by his narrowness; by his attitude toward the dramatic, he proves that whether under a Romantic or a Scientific dispensation he could never look far or deep.

Very different is the verdict of Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, after referring to some of Carlyle's limitations, says: "At the same time let me emphatically acknowledge Carlyle's greatness as a teacher of history. In picturesqueness he has hardly a peer. Still more strikingly unique and a greater mark of genius are the breadth and boldness with which he presents the whole of humanity with all its weaknesses and absurdities, with its comic as well as its tragic and pathetic side. This is an invaluable feature of his *History of the French Revolution*, a work which, though perhaps not strictly accurate in all its details, is in depth of insight, in breadth of treatment, as well as in picturesqueness and vividness, still without a rival. I would venture to commend it as a valuable training, in its way, for the historic sense."

This opinion is not only sound in so far as it concerns Carlyle, but it typifies the attitude of the best minds now engaged in historical work. The time has

[1] *Nation*, Feb. 12, 1903, p. 133.

passed for dogmatizing, for asserting that there is only one orthodox treatment. Study of history can never be fruitful until it teaches the truth, which we all learn so unwillingly, that five eye-witnesses may describe an event in five conflicting ways, each of which may be correct. Final verdicts, ultimate facts, cannot always be reached: the greater the mass of evidence, the smaller the probability of finding a single clue, is usually the rule.

But what is History? Freeman, in an epigram which has helped to dessicate many of his disciples, declared that it is only "past politics," and that present politics will be future history. His dogmatic tone jars on us. Unless "politics" be defined so broadly as to lose all meaning, it does not cover the field: for we see that political action is usually not a cause, but an effect, and we have grown hungry to know causes. Thus, fluctuations in rainfall may lead to poor crops; poor crops bring on hard times; hard times precipitate strikes; strikes induce wild economic agitation; and this, finally, results in political action. The publication of Tom Paine's *Common Sense*, or of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, would not fall within Freeman's definition of "political," and yet the historian who should ignore such symptoms as those books might himself be ignored. The true historian will ignore nothing, not even rainfall; but he will steadily bear in mind that he must treat all the evidence from the human standpoint. In other words, no matter how great the apparent influence of rainfall on national events, he will not allow History to be swallowed up in meteorology. In view of the repeated attempts of specialists to subdue History to their specialty, this warning is not superfluous.

Professor Lamprecht, for instance, confidently asserts that History is only psychology.[1] Such an assertion was bound to come, because scholars are busying themselves in restating old facts in terms of psychology, which has now the greatest vogue among the sciences, and seems to promise a rich reward to explorers. Professor Lamprecht believes that the process by which the psychology of the individual can be measured will serve also for nations and races, and even for mankind. He imagines a "folk-soul," or "psychic core," or "mass-psyche," as existent at all times, and containing whatever has been transmitted from the past and whatever auto-suggestion or external stimuli may contribute to it at any given moment. To solve an epoch, you need only discover its mass-psyche, which has, further, its own laws of growth and decay.

In so far as Professor Lamprecht insists on the necessity of knowing all the compounds — religious, economic, political, literary, artistic, commercial — in order to understand a period in its totality, he deserves to be carefully heeded; but when he proceeds to apply his theories, we must be on our guard. No age is so simple as he assumes. His mass-psyche, which we take to be the daughter of the *Zeitgeist*, if he be not our dear old friend himself under a new name, rarely has a single *dominant*. In fact, your definition of the dominant often depends on whether you look forward or back. To the Old Régime, the dominant of the Revolution seemed destruction; to the Girondist, it seemed progress. The same person or event may be both an end and a beginning. Was Dante the last of the mediævals, or the first of the moderns? It may be true that nations, like individuals, pass from infancy to youth, from youth to prime, and from prime to old age; but the classification of those stages is vague. To say that a man is old scarcely defines him: old men may be irascible or urbane, vigorous or feeble, wise or foolish, selfish or self-denying, just like young men. And so of nations. Three hundred years

[1] *What is History?* Five Lectures on the Modern Science of History. By KARL LAMPRECHT, Professor of History in the University of Leipzig. Translated from the German by E. A. ANDREWS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

ago Bacon thought that England had passed the zenith; to-day Professor Lamprecht appears to be uncertain whether Germany has not begun to decline. But what, we ask, is the value of a "law," if, after claiming to explain everything, it cannot tell whether a nation is waxing or waning? What should we think of a law in physics which could not determine whether an object were going uphill or down? Like all *Tendenz* philosophers, Herr Lamprecht too often creates the impression of making events fit his theory. Many strange pranks are played in the name of evolution, and nothing is more popular than a superficial tracing of political or literary development. Our spurious evolutionists remind one of the great machines on Western farms: at one end, a reaper cuts the grain, which is passed through various compartments, and comes out alternately a loaf of bread or a straw hat at the other. You get what you put in. So with much of Herr Lamprecht's method; it is too sure, too rigid. Only in the brain of a doctrinaire do the wheels of fate grind so regularly.

A single quotation will illustrate how far Professor Lamprecht's theories have removed him from the historian's point of view. After asserting that "the course of universal history has taken the direction in which the transmission of the higher elements of culture was easiest," he says: "Only a full and broad experience will enable us to see clearly the essentials of the problem, and then only a very simple and elementary survey of the process of transmission may, as I suppose, be gained. . . . The way of mediation may lead either through space or time, and in the first case we might speak of receptivity, in the second of renaissance. The means of mediation may be single or manifold, intermittent, continuous, one-sided, lying open only to the one community in question, or two-sided, — distinctions which occasionally may be traced to special climatic and geographic conditions as well as special culture-differences. And according to this we shall be able, when *using the picture of a well-known physic process, to speak with reference to these processes of osmotic phenomena of diosmosis, endosmosis, and exosmosis.*"

A man who thinks in these terms, who sees such pictures as that in the passage here italicized, has abandoned History for abstract science. No true historian ever conceived of the spread of French Republican ideas through Europe as a case of osmosis. The moment you begin to measure human actions and passions and ideals according to the formulas of physical chemistry, you quit the province of history. Herr Lamprecht would, we fear, be capable of reducing *Romeo and Juliet* to a physiological equation, or of working out the relations of Cæsar and Pompey by the binomial theorem. Let the historian get what help he can from psychology, but let him shun the Lamprecht dogmatizing.

The essential truth in Herr Lamprecht's doctrines was discovered long ago, — the truth, that is, that History must seek its material in every department of human activity. Yet even so, not every history need be a history of civilization, which is, after all, what our German professor aims at. To write a complete biography of General Grant, you ought to know many unrecorded physical and psychological facts: but, even without these, you can undertake to describe his military career. Each writer must map out his own field, and make excursions into the neighboring fields only when by so doing he can draw from them indispensable material.

With relief we turn from Professor Lamprecht's Teutonic abstractions to Mr. James Ford Rhodes's concrete performance.[1] Mr. Rhodes has no pet dogmatisms. He treats his reader as a human being of intelligence, who desires to learn what certain other human beings did in the United States during and after the

[1] *History of the United States from the Compromise of* 1850. By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. v, 1864–1866. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Civil War. He does not let you suspect that osmosis, necrosis, or dentition is really his theme. He carries the judge's function almost to the limit, preferring that you should decide for yourself from the evidence presented. In selecting and presenting evidence, he is conspicuously fair; and his plain style reassures those who fear that brilliance means untrustworthiness. He feels the intrinsic interest of American political development so strongly, that in passing from the Civil War to Reconstruction he leaves on the reader no impression of an anti-climax.

Very different in temper is Mr. Andrew Lang,[1] who makes no pretense to impartiality. Good is good and bad is bad with him; lest you should have any doubts, he usually informs you; and since the Scotch whom he describes were mostly either cruel fanatics or half-savage border ruffians, or knaves, he has comparatively little use for flattering epithets. For a Scotchman, he is remarkably candid in admitting the unloveliness and barbarism of his people in the seventeenth century. But when the chance comes to praise, he seizes it eagerly, as in the case of Montrose, whom he paints a hero of the noblest type. I like enthusiasms in historians. Impartiality may be attained at too great a sacrifice; and it requires little experience to discount personal bias where it exists. I suspect a little those who parade their impartiality, which is a quality that cannot be counterfeited. If they have it, we shall soon find out. Others before sitting down to write seem to put on an asbestos shirt, to prevent any glow from passing from themselves to their manuscript, unaware that they have no glow to communicate. The human pumice stone is not a genial companion, nor is his book. So, to hear Mr. Lang call a scoundrel a scoundrel does not lessen my faith in his qualification to write history; but he has two defects which detract from the wit and vigor of his work. He is controversial, now hammering at the assertions of previous writers, now parrying in advance the thrusts of critics, who, he suspects, are lying in wait for him. Again, he is allusive, taking for granted that the reader knows all the petty squabbles of every clan, and the personal fortunes of every Tam, Sandy, and Rab from Pentland Frith to Tweed. Outside of China, ancestor-worship flourishes nowhere so luxuriantly as in Scotland; but after all, the affairs of the Mackenzies and Macleods and Mackays, in 1610, or 1627, do not necessarily, any more than the forgotten feuds of Choctaws and Cherokees, form the intellectual baggage of an educated man to-day. So Mr. Lang's reader sometimes feels like a stranger at a family party, where all the conversation is about matters and persons he has never heard of. This is provincial.

Between Mr. Rhodes, who keeps himself in the background, and supplies you with the material for forming a judgment, and Mr. Lang, who makes history *his* story, which you are to believe on his word, and to enjoy or not according as you are attracted or repelled by his personality, recent historical writers vibrate. To the Rhodes class belongs Sir Spencer Walpole,[2] the first two volumes of whose history, covering the period from 1856 to 1870, contain by far the best summary accounts in English of the Unification of Italy, of the Mexican Empire, of the rise of Prussia, and the downfall of Napoleon III. Walpole has the gift, rare among Englishmen, of understanding foreigners. He writes forcibly, clearly, with a certain finality of tone and amplitude of view, which raise him above Mr. Herbert Paul, who has undertaken to cover nearly the same ground.[3] Mr. Paul is likely to be more popular, Sir Spencer to

[1] *A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation.* By Andrew Lang. Vol. iii. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 1904.

[2] *The History of Twenty-five Years.* By Sir Spencer Walpole. Vols. i and ii. 1856–1870. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

[3] *A History of Modern England.* By Herbert Paul. Vols. i, ii, and iii. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904–5.

be more lasting. For Mr. Paul writes as a journalist, — not, be it said, an average American journalist, but the English variety, — bred at the university, with a social and intellectual background, and that capacity for hurling toy thunderbolts in the London *Times* and the other dailies, and for writing omniscient reviews in the weeklies, which is as peculiarly English as is devotion to cricket or marmalade. One never meets these paragons in the flesh, one never reads books to match their omniscience.

The irruption of the journalist into literature was one of the most far-reaching events of the nineteenth century. His encroachment upon the domain of history has been not wholly unbeneficial: indeed, a journalist may be called a historian in the making. He must possess an aptitude for seeing salient points, and for swift and pithy statement. But he has no time to verify. He is a man without yesterdays, and without to-morrows. The historian seeks for causes; he weighs patiently; he knows that truth does not always live on the surface, and that it often has several facets. The journalist feels no responsibility to be right; instead of principles, which ought to be as much a part of us as the sap is of the tree, he has opinions, which are like the wisps of wool the bushes catch when the sheep rub by, — a whiff may blow them away. Shame does not keep him from changing sides, nor conscience from sowing inaccuracies. Sufficient unto the day is the sensation thereof: if he succeeds in that, he has no fear that some one will confront him with last week's inconsistencies, for he counts on the world's forgetting what he said last week. If life were only surface, — no depths, no memory, — journalism would suffice; certainly History, which tries to see events in their true proportions and significance, could not exist.

Mr. Herbert Paul's work is an excellent specimen of what a man whose bent is journalistic rather than historical can accomplish. He writes with a ready pen. His narrative flows along like a stream in March. He tackles all subjects with equal assurance: yet in the main he conveys a correct impression of the course of events. He has formed his style on Macaulay, the best of models for those whose permanent attitude toward History is that of the journalist, although Macaulay himself was truly a historian. Read Paul, and then turn to Walpole's treatment of the same episode, if you would test whether your own temper is journalistic or historical.

To define the character of individual historians is easy; not so the attempt to judge a collective work like the *Cambridge Modern History*,[1] which is neither homogeneous nor unified. It may serve many purposes; so that to confess that it is often hard reading might do scant justice to its worth as a book of reference. The value of its contributions varies unduly. Lord Acton, who planned it, was such an undismayed devourer of treatises — witness his list of the Hundred Best Books — that he probably overestimated the appetite of the average intelligent person. The editors who have succeeded him lack the power to weld and harmonize the material: perhaps, indeed, they wished to do neither, preferring to let monographs overlap in time and topics, and to give advocates of conflicting causes an opportunity to confound each other. The proposition that each topic shall be dealt with by the best authority sounds very attractive; in practice, however, the "best authority" may be a poor writer or a lumbering thinker, so that in any given volume you will encounter several desert stretches. The *Cambridge History* would have been better had the editors decided more clearly whether it was to serve mainly for reading or for reference.

To criticise it in detail would require the knowledge of more than a single specialist. When an English work, intended for English readers, tells us, almost on the first page of its first volume, that

[1] *The Cambridge Modern History.* Vols. i, ii, iii, and viii. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902–5.

America was discovered by "Cristoforo Colombo," we can have no further surprises at any fantasticality the British mind may evolve in its losing struggle with foreign proper names. If "Columbus" be not English by this time, then "William the Conqueror" is not. A more important defect is the failure to provide marginal titles or to subdivide the monographs: while as an example of waste of time and money nothing can surpass the hundred or more pages of bibliography appended to each volume. The entire work will contain perhaps fourteen hundred pages of book lists, not one of which is complete, and most of which will be soon outgrown. Just when scholars of other nations have seen the advisability of relegating bibliography to special works, English scholars have waked up to its importance. In all likelihood the next ten years will witness the publication of standard lists in all topics, and historians outside of England will no more attempt to make their own exhaustive bibliography than their own paper and ink.

But after every deduction has been made, the *Cambridge History* remains a work of great value. It may justly claim to have no rival in English. Some of its monographs are fine specimens of epitomized learning. Mr. Henry C. Lea's survey of "The Eve of the Reformation," Mr. L. A. Burd's remarkable analysis of Machiavelli, Mr. J. H. Rose's papers on Napoleon, Principal Fairbairn's chapters on theological development, Professor William Cunningham's description of economic change, stand out, each in its way, as excellent.

The collection has the further present merit of enabling us to appraise the contemporary English school of historical writers. One perceives at a glance how far they have emerged from the polemic stage, and how much German lore they have absorbed. They have begun to imitate the zeal of Freeman without his pugnacity, and the accuracy of Stubbs without his dryness. True to the sane Anglo-Saxon instinct, they never quite divorce History from actual life: but regard it rather as the school wherein the Present should get its wisest instruction. One still feels, perhaps, that university posts at Oxford and Cambridge are not the best training ground for that candor and perfect freedom without which no historian can be first class. There still cling, and long must cling, to those universities the prejudices and traditions of ecclesiastical and political Toryism. The naturalness with which English historians gravitate into bishops' sees is itself suspicious. There is something almost comic in the persistence with which Bishop Stubbs asserted year after year that your theologian is the best qualified historian, — ignoring, with characteristic English stolidity, the fact that, in pledging himself to the Establishment, he vitiated his judgment on the pivotal controversy in English history.

Stubbs used to tell with the greatest satisfaction the following story, not realizing how damning it is to his contention that men who have mortgaged themselves to an ecclesiastical system make the best historians. In a railway train, in 1863, he fell into conversation with a remarkable young man, — John Richard Green, — who was "holding in his hand a volume of Renan. I said to myself, 'if I can hinder, he shall not read that book.' . . . (Green) came to me at Navestock afterwards, and that volume of Renan found its way uncut into my waste-paper basket!"[1] So Stubbs, who prided himself on his historical veracity, confesses that he was afraid to have another historian read Renan's *Life of Jesus*. In other words, Stubbs, in the most important question in history, plotted to have Green come to a decision without examining all the evidence! After that, the less we hear about the peculiar fitness of ecclesiastics for writing history, the better. The English universities are doubtless becoming fumigated of such clerical cant; but their

[1] *Medieval and Modern History.* By William Stubbs, D. D. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1886. Pp. 377, 378.

traditional relations with the Establishment create an atmosphere in which the Stubbsian disingenuousness is too likely to be condoned.

The Cambridge Modern History may well be compared with *The American Nation*,[1] a similar coöperative work, edited by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart. He divides his subject into twenty-six sections, each of which is treated in a separate volume by a specialist: but the total bulk will fall considerably short of the dozen ponderous English volumes. In make-up, at least, he has clearly the advantage. But the point of real interest is, How does American historical scholarship compare with the English? Only a careful examination of both works, which are not yet complete, would warrant one in forming a final judgment; nevertheless, several characteristics may already be noted. The American writes more as a specialist, the Englishman from a more general culture. The American has less literary sense; but he has a keen eye for the main points, and he resembles a lawyer drawing up a brief: the Englishman seems to be addressing a university audience, and still quotes Latin with the air of one who expects to be understood. The American is more readable, the Englishman weightier.

A still more instructive comparison could be made between either of these collective histories, and that which MM. Lavisse and Rambaud edited in France. It would show that French historical writers are to-day in the lead: in investigation they fall nowhere behind the Germans and Anglo-Saxons, in exposition they easily surpass both. German erudition may be said to come to us mostly in the form of "pay-dirt," which we must sift for ourselves in order to get its modicum of gold dust; the Englishman or the American presents us the crude ore, or at best, ingots of refined metal; the Frenchman brings the finished object, artistic, symmetrical, complete. And the Frenchman has his reward in a public which appreciates him. Forty-six editions of M. Henri Houssaye's history of the year 1815 are sold in a short time. In America, publishers, critics, and the public think that only ephemeral fiction counts. In France they know better. Perhaps if our serious writers were to imitate French lucidity, — the highest quality of the Gallic genius, — they, too, might address a larger audience.

These vast coöperative enterprises, based on the assumption that the immense amount of material now prohibits a historian from knowing thoroughly more than a small field, has not deterred several individuals from undertaking to cover an entire epoch. President Woodrow Wilson's history of the United States has hardly made a place for itself before the forerunners appear of Mr. Elroy M. Avery's work in twelve volumes, of Chancellor and Hewes's work in eight volumes, and of Professor Edward Channing's work in eight volumes.[2] Messrs. Avery and Chancellor aim at popularity, and the former offers as a special attraction profuse illustrations. Mr. Chancellor pursues a novel method of classification, and in Mr. Hewes he has a coadjutor who furnishes chapters of statistical information. Popular works must be seen as a whole before their worth can be estimated; but from Professor Channing's beginning, it is evident that his will be a standard history. He writes with perfect independence, after weighing all the testimony. He is very sober-minded, with a preference for moderate statement, and

[1] *The American Nation.* A History in 28 volumes. Vols. i–iv. New York: Harper & Bros. 1904.

[2] *A History of the United States and Its People.* From their Earliest Records to the Present Time. By Elroy McKendree Avery. In 12 vols. Cleveland, Ohio: Burrowes Brothers. 1904.

The United States. A History of Three Centuries, 1607–1904. By William E. Chancellor and Fletcher W. Hewes. In Ten Parts. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

A History of the United States. By Edward Channing. Vol. i, 1000–1660. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

for reducing legends to their lowest terms. He leans to the critical rather than to the narrative side. As there is in America no historian more careful and thorough than he, and none more loyal to the scientific method, so it is noteworthy that he has given great attention to the literary form of his history. From the promise of his first volume one may predict that he will hold for years to come a position similar to that held by Bancroft in an earlier generation.

The coöperative history will not, it is clear, displace the work of the single historian. Grant that twenty men can know a long period in greater detail than one man can, yet there is much besides detail to be desired. A sense of continuity cannot be had by tacking together a score of independent monographs. Wholeness of tissue, consistency in point of view, have their claims. Mastery of ideas — imagination — is to be preferred to accumulation of facts, — industry. In reading Gibbon, you are conversing with a first-rate mind; by no process known to arithmetic can three third-rate minds produce the effect of one Gibbon. Coöperation may create invaluable works of reference, but it can never close the field to individual genius. After trying to read consecutively much collaborated history, one is reminded of the traveler who, on being asked what he remembered best of his journey through the Sahara, replied, "The oases."

Our survey, cursory though it is, should not close without mention of books on special topics, like Mr. F. A. Ogg's *Opening of the Mississippi*, or Major W. Wood's *The Fight for Canada*,[1] which are excellent examples of painstaking historical study. Sir G. O. Trevelyan's *American Revolution* is already too well known to be discussed as a new work. It illustrates one very desirable tendency, which ought to grow into a custom. Although the American Revolution concerned England not less than the Colonies, yet it has never before been so sympathetically treated by an Englishman. Foreigners often make the best historians, because race traditions and party prejudices do not hamper them: but in order to succeed, they must enter as sympathetically as a native into the aims of the people they would describe. They must feel the traditions and prejudices dramatically, without being swayed by them in judgment. This Trevelyan has done.[2]

At this point stands the writing of history to-day. A decade which has seen published Goldwin Smith's *United Kingdom*, John Morley's *Gladstone*, and Mr. Rhodes's *History of the United States*, need not hold itself cheap. The actual product is valuable: the outlook is toward a still richer harvest. In historical writing there are required, first, the accumulation of facts; then, the synthetic mind, to understand and interpret them. Facts in themselves are as worthless as pebbles on a beach; but in a master mind a single fact may become as potent as the pebble in David's sling. We have reached the synthetic stage. History is going to be more and more a civilizing agent, for it will keep ever present the collective experience of mankind. Many false steps are now taken, many crazes distract the people, many wicked policies are ventured on by rulers, through ignorance or forgetfulness of the results of similar action in the past. History will serve not less as a corrective than as a discipline and as an inspiration.

But in order to do this, History must be human, making its final appeal not as a monument of erudition, but as a masterpiece of art, in which the collective deeds and passions of men shall be not merely pictured with photographic accuracy, but vitalized and interpreted. Let us not suppose that this is a new aim. The great

[1] *The Opening of the Mississippi.* By Frederic A. Ogg. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

The Fight for Canada. By William Wood. Westminster: Constable & Co. 1904.

[2] *The American Revolution.* By Sir G. O. Trevelyan. Part II, vols. i, ii. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

historians have always held it. The idea that Thucydides and Tacitus neglected to consult all the material available in their time is ludicrous. Gibbon knew his "sources" as profoundly as the impeccably correct Gardiner. Mommsen, we may be sure, had not, like Stubbs, a body of evidence which he dared not explore. The master historians in the future, by whatever method they may work, will prove themselves to be akin to these in insight, in power, and in art.

In conclusion, as a reminder that we are not the first to hold true views as to the proper qualifications of the writer of history, let me quote this passage, rich in phrase and wisdom, from an unknown author of two centuries ago. The historian, he says, "is required to be a Man born with all the Felicities of a lively penetrating Wit, and unbounded Genius: Form'd by great Study, Experience and Practice in the World; one that is both a Scholar and a Man of Business; a good Geographer, Chronologist, Antiquary, Linguist; conversant in Courts, Councils, Treaties, in Affairs Military as well as Civil, and in short every thing that is the Subject of History; furnished with all proper Materials and Records, and a perfect Master of all the Graces of the Language he writes in. This is a great deal, but not enough; for what is yet more extraordinary he must have no Passion or Prejudices, but be a kind of Deity that from a Superior Orb looks unmov'd on Parties, Changes of State, and grand Revolutions. And you are to suppose him bless'd with Health, Leisure, and easie fortune, and a stedfast Application to his subject. After which the Perfections requisite in his Performance are almost innumerable; a judicious Proportion of all the Parts of his Story; a beautiful simplicity of Narration; a noble, yet unaffected Stile; few and Significant Epithets; Descriptions lively, but not Poetical; Reflections short and proper; and lastly, beside a multitude of Particulars which cannot be mentioned here, a good Conduct thro' the whole, and an animating Spirit that may engage the Reader in every action as if personally concern'd, and give him the firm Assurance that he sees things in their own Light and Colours and not in those which the Art or Mistake of the Writer has brought upon 'em." [1]

[1] *Kennet's Complete History of England.* 3 vols. London, 1706. Preface to vol. i.

CAMDEN

BY ALICE LENA COLE

I

This is the place
Of perfect beauty, even as a face
That time can neither mar nor change,
Nor absence render strange.
Afar I sight thee by thy purple brows
Admired of wandering prows,
And now the blue melts into living green
With violet lights between, —
Hills not too high nor keen
To be beloved. Oh, elsewhere have we seen
Cold barren crags on high,
Snow-fringed, and alien peaks that prick the sky
Remote and isolate, but round all seas
Nothing to rival these!
And now the pier draws nigh,
Behind us fades away the foamy track
That to the world leads back,
Back to a struggling world, wherein the race
Is to the swift, and even the victor's palm
Is dusty; but the hills rise clean and calm.
The tide goes ebbing, ebbing down the strand,
Leaving a gaunt-ribbed hull far up the sand,
And on the vane the dolphin veers apace,
To point me to the land.

II

Once more the turnpike will I take,
That, built above the lake,
Winds round the base of old Megunticook,
With rugged pictures that dissolve and pass
One after one, — an amethystine mass
Of cliff, dark trees, gray boulders poised in flight
Down to a field of grass,
Or where the sweet blue waters break,
And on the height seen for a moment, look!
A slender cross of white,
Where the bird hangs her nest,
And from her niche, safe in the granite ledge,
Warming the eggs beneath her breast,
May watch on the horizon's edge —

III

Nay, we have left the sea behind,
The uneasy heart-throb of the tide,

Over the peaceful lake to ride,
And the shores close in from hill to hill;
But thought, that will not pause nor bide,
Speeds on o'er meadows waving in the wind,
Thro' thickets haunted by the whip-poor-will,
To an ancient wood with balsam-breathing sod.
No sound nor ripple of motion anywhere
In all the amber air
Where the great pines go climbing straight to God
And there is no more hath been or shall be, —
I will forget the sea.

IV

Forget the sea? From Battie's tower to-day,
Below me spreading flat and far
Like a blue map, I saw Penobscot Bay,
Thick-sown with islands green;
Vague on the shore-line far away,
Bluehill and rare Castine,
And yonder Mount Desert, the island queen,
Tinged by the azure mile on mile;
Here Isle au Haut, glancing with opal sheen,
Fair Isleboro, and Vinal Haven's isle,
While south from Rockland's harbor bar,
Past Owl's Head light, prompt as the evening star,
Lo, many a bird-winged barge,
Slow gliding down the misty ocean-marge.
Forget the sea! If once the brow be wet,
If once the cheeks be scourged with stinging spray,
Who shall the sea forget?
Wine is this mountain-air, but tang of its wine
The sharp breath of the brine.

V

As we go down, the tide comes pouring in,
Like a pent river, when it finds release,
And from the deep trembles an echo thin;
"Behold, I am bitter, and beneath the sky
No peace nor rest have I,
Only the gift of peace," —
A voice rising above the ocean din,
Louder than Joy or Sorrow, Strife or Sin.

VI

Melodious axes ring
Beside the pier, music of steel on wood,
And merrily the brown-armed builders sing,
Knowing their work is good.
The ship is all but done at last,
Strong for its first adventure with the vast;

A giant pine tree, true and straight,
Uprises one tall mast,
And now they slowly swing its mate
Beside it, and the tide is at the flood.
Again our boat ploughs up the olive brine
In one pale furrow, and again
The dolphin-craft, veering upon the vane,
Points seaward, and we go,
Long gazing back, until the mountains grow
From out their verdure to one magic line
Of crumpled blue. Farewell, beloved place,
To be remembered, not for some brief space,
But even as a mother's face,
That time can never mar nor change,
Nor absence render strange.

BOOK-DUSTING TIME

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

When book-dusting time comes around, it is always rather a heart-searching season, because every library which has been gradually accumulated by people to whom books have a human interest is full of underlying memories. The last time I attacked my bookcases, fired by a periodic recollection that cleanliness is next to godliness, it was my old schoolgirl copy of Paley's *Evidences of Christianity* that opened inadvertently in my hand and served to paralyze my energies.

On one of the blank pages at the beginning of the book I found a brief, written dialogue which, like an elixir of youth, in a breathing space blotted out all the intervening years and made me a girl again, waiting the bell-stroke for morning recitation in the sunny classroom of the old seminary among the hills. The familiar scene lived again in my memory, the autumn morning, full of color and clear airs, the wide windows opening on the wonderful circle of hills, and the boy from Boston handing me, with his bow of unfailing courtesy, the volume, in which he had written in that finished, elegant script which was so characteristic of him:

"I hear you have received promotion on the field."

"For what?" I wrote in return.

"From the context one would say it must have been for courage under fire."

I ought, indeed, to have been very downcast on that memorable morning, — it was only the joy of nature's pageant and the flooding spirits of youth, and, perhaps, the natural resistance of an india-rubbery temperament, that kept me from being so, — for, on the day before, I had succeeded, like Satan, in exalting myself by merit to an exceeding "bad eminence."

"Once in about so often," as the phrase goes, it was the custom at our seminary to set in motion the machinery destined to culminate later in a season of religious revival. On the day in question we had found on assembling at the hour for chapel that such a season was about to be inaugurated. It was my first term at the school, and my first experience in the peculiar reformatory methods employed there. I am constitutionally reluctant in

regard to making hasty promises, and constitutionally stubborn where I suspect anything like a trap; hence I remained quiescent while invitations to rise for prayers followed each other in rapid succession, each more sweeping than the last; and when, as a climax to the whole, "all those who desire to be counted with the righteous at the great and awful day of the judgment of God" were requested to manifest their aspirations, I still sat fast, the only sinner in the assemblage, amidst the horrified glances of the virtuous and the audible titters of the frivolous-minded.

It would not have suited Dr. ——, the head of the institution, a man of much individuality of character, to have taken any immediate personal notice of my contumacy, but in the long prayer which followed I waited with vivid interest for the petition in which I knew I should be impaled. It came at the very last. In those drawling, sarcastic tones which every student knew well, he added, as an afterthought, "Oh, Lord, I had almost forgotten to beseech thee to have mercy, in spite of her stubbornness, on the young woman who has expressed a desire to be damned!"

Our class in Evidences of Christianity was not in all respects a usual one, though the average type of pupil was not lacking. I knew, on that autumn morning, that the conventionally pious element, they to whom complexities of temperament were unknown quantities, would wonder at my temerity in daring to face the public eye. I knew, too, that there were in the school many well-behaved young men and women who were in their hearts rather glad that at last some one had mustered sufficient courage, if not to be sincere, at least not to be *in*sincere. For the opinions of the unusual element in our class I did not trouble myself; I knew that in time I should hear and be interested in them. From the conventional theological student I should be likely to hear also. He was a creature instinct with opinions which he unceasingly disseminated.

The "big minister," as we called the other theologue, whose thoughts were as big as his body, was in the class for business purposes, but he gave as much as he got. The tall young law student was there because he loved the big minister, and also loved all discussion. The boy who sometimes brought snakes in his pocket was there because he had a universally inquiring mind. I was there because my father desired me to be. He had his own notions of what such study might do for me. The boy from Boston was there because I was. He was my "opposite" at table, and to be an opposite at the old Hill seminary was to subscribe to a relation as inflexible while it lasted as the marriage vow; though it must be acknowledged that the youth in question was of a nature to be bound only of free will. His inflexibility was that of tempered steel.

He was a merry-hearted scamp, this boy from Boston, a creature full of graceful courtesies, full of fascinating contradictions. Sentiment and mischief strove within him mightily for mastery. He knew Mrs. Browning's sonnets by heart, nor did this knowledge prevent him from enjoying much more questionable literature. Among so many raw, untrained country boys, his graces of person and manner shone resplendent, and the other girls openly envied me the attentions which their less facile squires longed, yet scorned, to pay.

I remember well the night he asked me to be his opposite. Standing on the stone steps outside the broken alcove window, he seized my hand through the shattered pane, and bowed over it in such inspired oblivion of the circle of admiring girls who stood by in open-mouthed enjoyment of these story-book doings, that, whatever *I* might have done, he, at least, escaped all suspicion of appearing ridiculous. My room-mate, at hair-brushing time, spoke with much contumely of her own sturdy, red-cheeked opposite, a sterling but awkward fellow.

"I'd give all Bert's goodness for a little of Louis's grand air," she said, with true feminine disregard for solid values.

So full of bounding life was he, this boy from Boston, so easily foremost in everything requiring athletic vigor, that one found it hard to credit his frequent and cheerful statement that he already bore within his supple frame the seeds of an early doom.

"I think I'll be pretty much alive while I am alive," he used to urge suavely in extenuation of some unusually flagrant piece of mischief, "because my chance is going to be such a limited one."

The professor who had charge of our theological vagaries was one of the old-fashioned variety, a product of the days of slower intellectual development and more moderate ambitions, when men studied for love of study, and to teach was in itself a sort of distinction. He was a man of strong individuality, big-headed, clear-eyed, of a scrupulous neatness in dress which, while totally disregarding changes of fashion, achieved by its precision a certain degree of elegance. His methods of teaching were as individual as his character.

On this especial morning the lesson assigned was a part of the chapter on the morality of the gospel, and dealt distinctively with "the internal evidence of Christianity," but Professor D. opened the recitation with an abrupt question addressed to the boy from Boston, who, elbows on knees, was leaning forward with dark eyes seemingly yearning toward the hills.

"If you were going to preach a sermon, Mr. R.," — here a ripple of amusement showed itself on the circle of listening faces, — "what text would you choose?"

The boy from Boston, still absorbed in the hills, answered with unsmiling promptness.

"I would select one short sentence from the poet Simonides: 'It is hard to be good.'"

"What do you know about the poet Simonides?" the professor questioned, still abruptly.

"Nothing at all," acknowledged the purveyor of unexpected bits of erudition, "except that he was a Greek and apparently knew what he was talking about."

"The apostle Paul said something to the same effect, and Job foreshadowed it when he declared, 'Man, that is born of woman, is of few days and full of trouble.'" The professor's voice was rich in sonorous tones. He enjoyed quoting. "Mr. M.," — turning suddenly to the congressman's son, — "what text would *you* choose to preach from?"

The congressman's son, as a member of the theology class, was wholly unaccounted for. Nobody pretended to know why he was there. I doubt if he had any definite reason in his own mind. He was an unmothered waif, who had already been judiciously weeded from seven successive schools. The boy from Boston had dubbed him "our gentleman of the seven sins," and the name stuck. He was at present precariously enjoying his eighth and last experiment in school homes. After this, — so rumor said, — in case of one more dismissal, already perilously near, came the deluge. We had all grown rather fond of that clever, dark face of his, and shielded and bolstered him on all possible occasions, dreading the final catastrophe of submergence.

A slow flush mounted through the olive of his cheek as he answered the professor's query.

"I would preach," he declared, "from the text, 'It is hard *not* to be good.'"

There was a universal stare. Nobody had ever suspected our gentleman of the seven sins of encountering just this sort of difficulty.

He grinned a little when he saw our faces. "I don't mean just what you think I do. What I'm trying to get at is this, — no fellow who's got any decency in him goes to the dogs without having times when he kicks himself. Perhaps he goes just the same, — most generally I guess he does, — but it don't follow that he's dead in love with what he's doing."

"If he keeps on long enough," the law student commented, "he gets to the place where he don't kick himself any more.

A trained nurse who has spent a large part of his time taking care of old men during the last days of their lives told me that as a rule in his experience his irreligious patients met death with more equanimity than the professing Christians."

The truly-good theologue looked pained at the turn the recitation was taking. The big minister seemed unusually alert and full of interest. Even in those days he was alive to every subtlest opportunity for divining the souls of men. The professor, noting his intent look, answered it with a question:

"How would you account for the truth of such a statement, granting it to be true?"

"Easily enough. It merely shows the difference between an oversensitive and an undersensitive conscience."

"Miss B.," — it was my turn now for one of the professor's darting questions, — "if you were going to characterize the ordinary method of presenting the subject of religion to the unconverted, so-called, what form would your comment take?"

"I should say," I suggested boldly, "that the subject is usually presented wrong end foremost."

The pious theologue groaned audibly. Who was I, an acknowledged pagan, that my opinions on religious topics should be even tolerated? At sight of his displeasure the professor waxed genial "How so?" he inquired encouragingly.

"Why," I hesitated, "of course it *is* a wonderful and beautiful thing to be good, but most of the time people get so mixed up with 'Thou shalt nots' that they forget the heroic side of it. I suppose life is a good deal like this school. We're awfully tempted to break rules."

The good theologue took his life in his hands. He had a duty to perform, let the professor trample upon him as he might. "Are we not wasting time?" he asked, pensively patient. "Were we not to-day to consider the morality of the gospel — a great subject?"

There was a gleam of blue fire under the professor's heavy brows. "And what is the gospel for, Mr. C., but for the building up of man? We were to study to-day the internal evidences of Christianity; a great subject truly, a strange, subtle subject, the inmost significance of which is not written upon the surface of life, but to be sought for, earnestly and patiently sought out in the hidden recesses of the heart and soul. No discussion is a waste of time that may chance to open a window into the soul of a man or woman. I claim that every human creature holds within himself greater possibilities for good than he himself realizes. I believe, sir, in unconscious goodness, intuitive Christianity, and I thank God that I do so believe. It is my business to recognize, to seek out, to develop, such possibilities in my pupils. I find them where *you*, sir, would never dream of looking for these evidences, but it is not your fault, sir, not your fault so much as your misfortune, that you are constitutionally incapacitated for viewing any subject in its entirety!"

At the close of this same week, the week of the foregoing recitation, dawned the longed-for day of the annual "fall walk."

It mattered little to the hot heart of youth that, though the autumn sun shone, a chill wind rustled the withering scarlet of the trees. No one stayed within doors for so slight a matter as the blowing of the wind on this long-expected day of untrammeled "socializing," when the sexes might mingle in hilarious and permitted intercourse. When we streamed down the long road toward South Pond, none was left behind. The good theologue, suppressed but unsubdued, trudged with the rest, and, in his grudging way, made holiday in his heart. The big minister swung along with mighty stride, followed by the tall law student, still discussing, discussing evermore. The snake boy gathered in a scanty autumn harvest. The boy from Boston, afflicted with one of his worst bronchial colds, croaked buoyantly at my right, although the professor in charge,

the shepherd of our flock, chose persistently to linger in our company.

It was our only unrestricted day for the whole term, yet no one would have supposed from the gallant bearing of my facile opposite that he found the good professor's presence unwelcome. He — the boy from Boston — had missionary relatives whom, one would judge from his ordinary conversation, he did not estimate according to their full excellence. Yet, as it seemed to-day, he had nevertheless taken in at the pores much picturesque information about Burmah. He charmed the attendant professor; the good theologue unwillingly drew near, drawn in spite of himself; the big minister joined our group; the law student, forced to cease arguing, listened to the croaking voice that unfailingly seized the salient point of each situation. We, the unworthy ones, proceeded on our pondward way haloed and girt about by an assemblage of the good, and once, only once, did I detect an irreverent twinkle in the dark eyes of the boy from Boston.

When we had reached our destination, and most of our group were participating in a lively scramble for needed firewood, the professor, watching an agile figure always in the midst of the fray, commented absentmindedly to whomever it might concern: —

"A fascinating personality — most fascinating! Such life, such courage, such buoyancy in spite of discouragements, such unfailing grasp of whatever he touches — but complex, most complex! I hardly know whether to count him most strongly for good — or — or otherwise."

"Louis? I count him for good," the candid girl pronounced uncompromisingly. She was always ready to answer questions. "He's the fussiest boy in this school about the way girls should behave."

"Yes, yes," the professor mused, still in a psychologic mist, "he naturally obscures the feminine judgment."

It was later in the day, after our dinner had been served, that things came to a climax. Ordinarily my opposite and myself would have been wandering far afield with our free-footed comrades, but on this special occasion that hoarse note in his voice had kept us hovering near the fire, though the anxiety was mine, not his.

Our camping ground had been chosen near the outlet, where a strong current swept into the turbulent and rocky stream connecting two ponds. The orphan, who throve on mischief, was just now choosing to amuse himself by poling about on a large, floating log. To awaken disquiet was the orphan's normal air. The fact that he could not swim only gave poignancy to his joy.

The orphan was a red-haired imp of parts. He had no visible means of support, yet managed to exist because we all stayed him with flagons and comforted him with apples. In fact, so universally did we maintain one purse with him that the only care remaining on his mind was that of giving us enough trouble for our money. In the midst of admonitions, instructions, and objurgations he placidly continued to pole, and in the natural excitement of watching him prepare to drown, the little group left on the shore fell to discussing its swimming powers.

It seemed that our gentleman of the seven sins was a good swimmer, but always subject to violent cramps except in the mildest of summer waters. The boy from Boston loved to swim, but was forbidden "because of his beastly chest." The snake boy could swim six strokes. The candid girl knew how to float. The ever-watchful professor used to swim a little when he was a youngster. The good theologue could swim anywhere, at all times and seasons.

At this point the page of history and narrative suddenly left a blank for illustration. The pole slipped, the treacherous log rolled to leeward, and the orphan, with a wild whoop of exultant anguish, disappeared into the flood. The boy from Boston was temporarily absent on a search for more wood; the good theologue, the expert swimmer, stood rigid on the shore as if violently petrified, but the

congressman's son, he to whom chill waters always brought cramps, hesitated not the twinkling of an eye. Coat off, his swift plunge into the rapid water seemed coincident with our next breath. We saw him seize the orphan's red crest just as it came to the surface, saw him strike out boldly for the shore, then, while our hearts froze within us, he began to waver and struggle, and had it not been for the boy from Boston, who, tearing off his coat as he ran, plunged in his turn just in time to save the situation, those two white faces would have gone together sweeping down the chill current of death. The last comer, whose agile intelligence seemed always prepared for emergencies, knew where to turn in the search for shallow waters, and it seemed, after all, but the space of one long heartbeat before swift help came, feet flying from all directions, and the three drenched and gasping heroes of the scene were drawn safely on dry land and hustled off to the nearest farmhouse, the orphan gurgling and sputtering in a sort of irregular rhythm all the way.

When the last wild gurgle had faded into silence, the candid girl turned to the theologue, who, waking to life once more, seemed to be making tentative experiments in the use of his component parts.

"What was the matter with you about that time?" she inquired, with her usual unflinching frankness.

The theologue looked pale but firm. "I remembered," he said stiffly, "that mine was a consecrated life."

"Consecrated fiddlestick!" the candid girl commented with decisive finality.

Two days after these happenings, when we met for our next regular recitation, the class in Evidences of Christianity presented its full complement of members, and the occasion would, perhaps, have proved but an ordinary one, had it not been that the good theologue, who was evidently having difficulty with the somewhat lumbering machinery which he called a conscience, evinced a determination to discuss past issues.

"I suppose," he said, addressing the professor with an air of patient gravity, "from the remarks thrown out by you at our last recitation, that you would consider the intuitive acts of unsanctified persons — such acts, for instance, as resulted in the rescue of young Blake on Saturday — as constituting in themselves internal evidence of the existence of what you would term unconscious Christianity in the minds of the actors."

"It was not my intention, Mr. C.," — the professor spoke a little sternly, — "to have referred to this matter in the class, although personally it would give me nothing but pleasure to do so, because I felt sure that the principal participants in that rescue would very much prefer to escape public mention, but since the subject is forced upon me, I say this: both those young men, by the intuitive acts to which you refer, risked their lives twice over. The one made the plunge with the full knowledge that he would probably be seized with fatal cramps, the other was in a physical condition which rendered such an immersion in icy water a deadly peril. I ask *you* whether you would consider that such sacrifices of self, sanctified or unsanctified, make for *un*righteousness?"

Our gentleman of the seven sins interposed gruffly. "There was n't any Christianity or righteousness about the business. There was only one thing to do. Any fellow would have done it."

"I jumped in for my health," the boy from Boston declared in a cheerful croak. "Cold 's been better ever since."

The professor smiled, but his smile was a grave one. "When we consider what might have been the outcome of the accident, young gentlemen, the matter is hardly one for jesting, and," turning to the good theologue, "if any member of this class feels disposed to underestimate such intuitive acts as were here displayed, I would ask him to call to mind the statement of his Master and mine: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

With such utterances as these fresh in

our minds, we felt it rather a blow when, at the close of the recitation hour, we heard the professor request our gentleman of the seven sins to come to his house that afternoon.

Owing to his peculiar dignity and the influence which he exerted in the school, it often became the professor's task to prepare victims for the pangs of execution, and we knew, alas! too well we knew, that the congressman's son had been diligently and feloniously abstracting himself from the "special meetings" which were nightly going on.

All the afternoon, as the manner of such critical seasons was, parties of anxious youths scouted and reconnoitred in the vicinity of the professor's house, and yet the object of their solicitude appeared not. Finally, as dusk drew on, the snake boy, characteristically ready to obtain information at whatever personal sacrifice, volunteered to conduct a forlorn hope. "I'll make an arrant," he said, and having made it, hastened it to its destination.

It was in that bygone epoch when amateur craftsmen all over the country were busy sawing out ornamental shelves and brackets and designing hollywood frames. The professor, who possessed a very pretty mechanical turn, had set up a workshop of his own. Hither, seeing a cheerful light, the snake boy directed his steps. The door stood a trifle ajar, and the seeker after information was able to gratify his curiosity without betraying his presence. At one end of the bench sat the professor, at the other the congressman's son, both busily at work. Ever and anon there came to the cautious listener sounds of amicable conversation, assuring himself of which fact, he beat a masterly retreat.

"It's all right, fellers. May as well quit watchin'. The professor 's jest found a strawberry mark on ole Seven Sins's arm, and there ain't any talk of an eighth sin this time."

After this, it became a regular occurrence for the professor and the congressman's son to carve and jig-saw in company on Saturday afternoons, and as a result of this odd copartnership, more than for any other reason, it chanced that our gentleman of the seven sins never added his crowning offense.

On book-dusting morning, when I sat with the worn volume of Paley's *Evidences* in my lap, living over the former days, it was as if I had reopened a familiar tale to which the years had added a sequel.

I know that the beloved professor has long ago finished his work in the world of the actual, a world that can ill spare him and his like. I know that the snake boy has made his inquisitiveness tell in the realm of natural history. I know that the candid girl, an excellent wife and mother, is also active in good work in the community where she lives. I know that the tall law student has made his mark in a great city, and that the big minister has never ceased to enlarge his borders.

What a glorious sermon on immortality was that which I heard him preach! How wonderfully from the arc of mortal life he drew the circle of eternity!

The good theologue, too, is preaching still. I meet him sometimes, grown rotund, and no less self-satisfied than of old. It was our gentleman of the seven sins who, several years ago, was elected reform mayor of his city. If one may believe the current newspapers of the time, he "made good." That turning-lathe of the professor's proved the turning point of a life.

The boy from Boston also made good. He went as buoyantly and lightheartedly to the grave as if death were but a bubble on a foaming cup. It was on a May night that he slipped away into infinity,—there is a story about that, too, — and when I think of the mound in Mount Auburn which I have never seen, I always fancy that the happiest Maytime breezes are playing there.

How the stars shone that night to light him on his way! and he "greeted the unseen with a cheer."

WORDSWORTHSHIRE

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THOUSANDS of people climb eagerly each year to the high seats of the cheery four-handed coaches which roll through the Lake District of England, upon white roads winding over hill and dale, on driveways as smooth as marble pavement; but among these travelers it was left for Lowell to hit upon the happy name for the whole region, and to christen it Wordsworthshire. It is Wordsworth who represents its centre; in that region he was born, in that region he died, and the little churchyard at Grasmere, where his grave is to be seen, lies so close to the stopping place of the coaches that either the most deliberate English guest, or the most hurried American, is able to step from his hotel after dinner and take a look at the storied spot while his horses are being reharnessed. Grasmere is the point at which Lake roads mainly centre, and so moderate is the British taste for stately monuments, when compared with the more showy habit of us Americans, that the simple gravestone of Wordsworth yet remains without disturbance, having the graves of the family around, and poor Hartley Coleridge's stone set close behind, with the pathetic motto, "By Thy cross and passion," carved upon it.

Almost all travelers view these modest memorials hastily, and then drive on. But the American pilgrim who has come from afar among the heights of Wordsworthshire has perhaps experienced as he went onward what John Keats (in 1818) described as being his feelings when he climbed Skiddaw, as if he were "going to a tournament." Thus impressed, the traveler gathers by degrees in imagination a group of companions around him, in the semblance of those honored heroes who dwelt in Wordsworthshire so long. From the letters and descriptions, and even satires, of their day, he recognizes them by their very looks. He conjures up for himself such a group as might have visited Grasmere when the smooth, white, winding roads did not exist, and when the dashing coachmen were not; and when those who met were simply friends and acquaintances, gathered for outdoor comradeship, unmindful of fame.

First comes, for instance, a tall man with drooping and narrow shoulders, and legs so ill-shaped that though he had, as De Quincey estimates, walked one hundred and eighty thousand miles with them, some feminine critic remarked that he ought to have a better pair for Sundays. He wears a blue-black cape over a frilled shirt, and an old-fashioned cutaway coat with a bit of an old "boxer" hat, whatever that may be, reinforced by an umbrella above his head, and a green shade over his eyes. This is Wordsworth. Then imagination brings up a man broadly built, of middle height, clumsy and rolling in gait, heavy faced, yet with magnificent forehead, and with jet black hair, now turning gray. That is Coleridge. Then comes a younger man, under-sized, with shuffling gait, prematurely gray, carrying his cane as if it were a gun, alternately running and stopping short; that is Hartley Coleridge; "the children's poet" they call him, and he seems a grown-up child himself. Then there appears a slender and spectacled man, wearing a cap on his head, and wooden clogs on his feet; carrying a book in his hand and looking at you vaguely, as if you were a book, but he could not read you; this is Southey. A smaller man, but also slender, with large brown eyes, is De Quincey, of whom Southey said to a friend, "I will thank you, sir, to tell him that he is one of the

greatest scoundrels living." And there again, looking as if sent into the world to be a contrast to all these wise philosophers, is a man of great height and superb shoulders, dressed in loosely-collared shirt and white duck trousers, and standing by the tiller of his boat as it comes up to the pier on Windermere. This is Christopher North, less well known as John Wilson, who, when he springs on shore, will seem to make the earth tremble under him, with his agile weight. This man has before now walked, it is claimed, fifty-seven miles in eight hours, and has jumped the Cherwell where it is twenty-three feet wide. Then comes a tall, dark-eyed man with clerical and commanding look, and two fine boys beside him; he is Dr. Thomas Arnold; and the schoolboy John Ruskin is here watching them all. Add to these two ladies, Mrs. Wordsworth, so exquisitely described in the noblest poem of wedded love ever written, beginning "She was a phantom of delight," and Dorothy Wordsworth, with her small figure, stooping shoulders, quick movements, and wild brown eyes, who has rejected, according to Disraeli, half a dozen lovers, including Hazlitt, in order to stay with her brother. This is the group which fancy calls around us, and they have come together, sometimes walking long distances over mountain paths from the various headquarters of poetic life among the lakes and mountains of Wordsworthshire. The especial charm which the American visitor finds there, indeed, is to choose for himself some one point of interest and make it the centre of his explorations.

The region of Wordsworthshire, of course, includes Cockermouth in Cumberland, where Wordsworth and his brothers and sisters were born, and Hawkshead, a quaint little hamlet of a few streets only, with stone houses such as he called "gray huts" fronting in different directions. This is where Wordsworth was sent to school after his mother's death in his ninth year. Here he used to make a daily circuit of Esthwaite Lake, five miles round, before school hours, with a favorite schoolfellow, John Fleming, —

> Repeating favorite verses with one voice,
> Or conning more, as happy as the birds
> That with us chanted.

Here, in the winter, when the lake was frozen, he got his materials for the only poem on skating which has found a real place in literature, although Mr. W. T. Palmer has lately published an admirable prose sketch called "Skating on Windermere" (*Lake-Country Rambles*). We know of Wordsworth, moreover, that his inexhaustible love of outdoor things was not, as in the case of so many Englishmen, merely a minor incident in some form of athletic sports, but that his mind was full of images of natural beauty, and that he also loved all exercise which was in itself daring and even perilous. He says in *The Recluse*, —

> Nothing at that time
> So welcome, no temptation half so dear,
> As that which urged me to a daring feat:
> Deep pools, tall trees, black chasms, and dizzy crags,
> And tottering towers — I loved to stand and read
> Their looks.

Wordsworth's earlier poems were largely written afar from the Lake District, while staying with Coleridge at Nether Stowey, but he and his sister removed to Grasmere in 1799. The poet Gray had visited that lake thirty years before, and had described the region as one of the "sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate." He thus portrays it: "The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin discovers in the midst Grasmere-Water. Its margin is hollowed into small bays, with bold eminences, some of rock, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with the parish church rising in the midst of it. Hanging inclosures, cornfields, and meadows, green as an emerald, with their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of

the water; and just opposite to you is a large farm-house, at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn, embosomed in old woods which climb halfway up the mountain side, and discover above them a broken line of crags that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no flaring gentleman's house, or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire."

This, or something approaching this, was still the condition in which Wordsworth and his sister found that region; and in his *Description of the Scenery of the Lakes* he earnestly deplores the manner in which highroads and summer visitors were just beginning to intrude. It was not until 1726 that an extensive system of roads had been even attempted in that region, where heretofore the only communication had been by means of pack-horses on rough mountain paths, and it was not established, after its fashion, until 1750. Not until then was that immortal couplet called forth by village enthusiasm, —

Had you seen these roads before they were made
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.

It was to this region of peace that the Wordsworths betook themselves previous to the writing of the poem called *The Recluse*; he dwelling with his sister, of whom he says, —

Where'er my footsteps turned,
Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang;
The thought of her was like a flash of light
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Of fragrance independent of the wind.

Here he wrote *The Brothers*, based on an actual fact occurring at Grasmere; here, too, *The Idle Shepherd Boys*, which Southey criticised as making the shepherd boys trim their hats with rushes, although, as Wordsworth says proudly, "Just as the words had passed his lips, two boys appeared with the very plant entwined around their hats." Here, in describing a tarn beneath Helvellyn, he says, —

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer,

a statement which was gravely censured by good Mrs. Barbauld as impossible. Here he wrote *The Pet Lamb*, and turned the head of "Little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare," the heroine, through the fact that the poem was unluckily copied into a child's reading book which had been introduced into her school; here he made the poem *On the Naming of Places*, beside a brook of which he says, "I have composed thousands of verses by the side of it." Here Coleridge and Lamb visited him, but we get the amplest picture of these poet-lives in the diary of Dorothy Wordsworth, where, day by day, the events which suggested the poems were minutely described, with the circumstances under which each was written, and also the time and place where she copied it. There was such unity between these two that Wordsworth observed as well through her eyes as through his own, and often he seemed simply to versify her written descriptions. Later, after his marriage, his wife shared this influence over him. One of the points oftenest visited by the modern pilgrim is that still charming scene at Ullswater, in the woods below Gowbarrow Park, where daffodils begin to grow along the shore, and continue, as I can testify, into what Dorothy Wordsworth well describes as "a long belt" of them. This is the scene of the poem beginning, —

"I wandered lonely as a cloud,"

and nothing better illustrates the extent to which Wordsworth himself really created descriptive outdoor poetry of simple nature in English literature than that this poem should have been at first ridiculed in a degree to call forth from Wordsworth the retort that "there were two lines in that little poem which, if thoroughly felt, would annihilate nine-tenths of the reviews of the kingdom, as they would find no readers." These two lines were in reference to the daffodils, —

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,

and were contributed by Mrs. Wordsworth.

As, in a poet-haunted region, the visitor easily follows up the wanderings of the poet for the sake of the harvest he brought back from them, so the same visitor wishes to follow the poet back to his home to reach the humblest traditions of his personality which still linger there. Thus at Grasmere you can either row on the lake with its abundant water-lilies, which so disappoint an American by their scentlessness; or you can linger round the rose-covered Dove cottage, where the cheery old custodian remembers Wordsworth well, and tells you that he was thought "naught o', naught o' at a'," in his lifetime, and then tells you how she could have made her fortune by buying up the poet's furniture, which was sold for a song after he died. Alas! she only bought two rugs and a chair, and now there is nothing left of them but shreds. Or you can visit Rydal Mount, on high, hilly ground, with trees and flowers and terraced walks, where, as another old woman tells you, Wordsworth used to walk up and down, "bumming awa' wi' his poetry," and leaving his sister to pick up his rhymes, and write them out. In the region about Rydal Mount, Canon Rawnsley tells us, he was not recognized as Poet Laureate by his country neighbors, but was "nobbut old Wadsworth o' Rydal," the "stamp-maister." Within the house at Rydal Mount, if you are fortunate enough to be admitted, you will see the cuckoo clock of which the poet wrote, and Haydon's fine picture of him, which must have a genuine resemblance, as it strongly suggests that man of very distinguished appearance, the present Mr. William Wordsworth of Capri, grandson of the poet, and himself a favorite of the Muse, although modestly hiding his gifts by refusing to publish his productions.

At Grasmere, too, you see the rush-bearing, a festival now preserved only there and at Ambleside, and drawing children and parents from long distances to a quaint old church dedicated to St. Oswald. This building is supposed to date back farther than the Norman Conquest, as it is mentioned in Doomsday Book, and its extant records stretch back over nearly eight centuries. Up to 1840, it had no floor above the bare earth, which it was the custom to strew with rushes immediately after the hay harvest in each year; and though the floor is long since built, the rush-bearing still takes place annually on the Saturday next after August 5, St. Oswald's day. Though the ceremony occurs late in the afternoon, the children are gathering in all day, and sit upon the stone wall around the church waiting for the village band, or occasionally break away in smaller groups of two or three, holding aloft their wreaths or high, decked staves and crosses, in every conceivable variety of structure. They refresh themselves during the day with hot little gingerbread cakes from a little shop just outside the churchyard, where the omnipresent English old woman dispenses her counterfeit men and animals to an ever renewing group of children. After the straggling procession has finally passed by, there awaits the elder guests a different entertainment in a wrestling match, coeval with the rush-bearing, but taking place at the other end of the village, where country youths, standing in a circle, try falls with one another in turn, all criticised as freely by the bystanders and measured as closely by their previous laurels as if they were on a cricket ground in England, or a baseball ground in America. Both of these old-time festivals are honest, quaint, simple, and commanding interest from all, lay or clerical. Hartley Coleridge, himself, used to head the rush-bearing, while he lived; and when one thinks of him one must recall with pitying tenderness the "philosopher child," as he was called, who could not enjoy a ride in a wheelbarrow in boyhood, because, as he said, "the pity is that I'se always thinking of my thoughts;"— a child so dreamy that five minutes after his mother had whipped him he would go up and ask her to whip him again, and so

sensitive that if any one began to read from a newspaper he would leave the room for fear there should be something dreadful in it.

We learn from De Quincey's *Literary Reminiscences* at least one side of that laborious author's life at Dove Cottage, and we feel a curious desire to know the precise dimensions of the little sitting room which he describes as being "also and more justly termed the library," and as "populous with books." He gives the dimensions of the room as "seventeen feet by twelve, and seven and a half feet high," and when I asked his old housekeeper how he could have found room for his bookshelves, since De Quincey himself gives the total number of his books as six thousand, she replied with surprise that his books were piled all round the wall to the ceiling. Sometimes they were in two or three piles, one above the other, and wherever there were chinks in the corners or where books of different sizes met, he chose those places for the safe-keeping of his money. Whenever he wanted a sovereign or two, she said, he went to some corner and fished it out. Here De Quincey lived and studied, wrote and thought, drinking tea, as another narrator says, from "eight at night to four in the morning," unless engaged in drinking something stronger out of a decanter behind the teapot. Hither he came to live unmarried in 1808, — eight years before his marriage to Margaret Simpson, — and here he remained until he removed to London.

Windermere has fewer strictly literary associations than Grasmere, but Professor John Wilson and his home at Elleray furnish such associations through the traditions of his long residence. This was first in the one-storied house with its great sycamore tree, still visible, of which he said that "not even in the days of the Druids could there have been such another tree. It would have been easier to suppose two Shakespeares." It was at Elleray that in building his large new house, opposite, he put down turf instead of boards in his dining room, that he might take his favorite pursuit of cock-fighting by way of dessert. The country side all knew him, knew that he could, in his own phrase, "sail a boat, or jump a long jump, or wrestle, or fight a cock, or write a stanza," against any man in that region. Looking down on Windermere, where the visitor is now surprised at seeing so little sailing, he may recall the day when the "Admiral of the Lake," as Wilson was called, in his ten-oared barge, headed the gay procession of fifty boats with music and streamers, winding its way among the islands and along the shore, that he might show to Scott, Wordsworth, Canning, Lockhart, and the rest, the charms of Windermere.

It has been well said that Greta Hall is to Keswick what Dove Cottage is to Grasmere. Coleridge lived there first, then Southey for forty years, while Coleridge usually wandered afar, Southey supporting his family. Charles Lamb describes his visit to Greta Hall, under protest, as he thought the dirt and mud of London so much better than anything else, that he wished hills, woods, lakes, and mountains "to the Eternal Devil;" but every American student finds it full of delightful associations. They show you the very rooms where Southey's enormous collection of books, numbering fourteen thousand volumes, was kept; more than a thousand of these having been bound in cambric of various colors by the ladies of the household. These were kept in an especial chamber which he christened "the Cottonian library." They show also the very place where he used to sit for hours out of doors reading or writing, his chair being placed on the bowling green. One may see in the church the impressive reclining marble statue of Southey, with its fine face and wonderfully youthful head of hair, hair that absolutely grew dark again, his son tells us, after becoming almost white, and was, moreover, only thicker as he grew older.

Southey was for many years Poet Laureate, and had a comfortable pension; his

literary work was highly paid, but no author ever worked harder and more continuously. His daily life is best summed up for us in a lettter which he wrote in 1814 declining a certain proposition from an editor: "I can not get through more than at present, unless I give up sleep, or the little exercise which I take (and I walk to the Crag [one mile] before breakfast); and, that hour excepted, and my meals (barely the meals, for I remain not one minute after them), the pen or the book is always in my hand." His one recreation was in a mountain excursion or picnic enterprise, in which he shone, for he thought little of a walk of twenty-five miles; or in all-day excursions with his own and the Coleridge children, as far as Otterbield Bay on Derwentwater. But the reader can scarcely wonder, after tracing the records of a life so absolutely laborious, how the inexhaustible student who followed it should have dwelt with a certain delight in his *Omniana* upon the little town of Norcia in the papal territories, where a law was made that all men who could read and write should be excluded from taking any part in the government, so that their Board of Control, consisting of four persons, was called *Gli quatre Illiterati* ("The Four Illiterates"). Nor can it cause surprise that, before he was sixty-eight, mind and memory both failed, and his greatest pleasure was in wandering about his library, taking down his books mechanically, and sometimes hiding them one behind another, so that he might in his second childishness look for them again.

Yet so great was Southey's enjoyment, on the literary side, during this long sedentary career, that he wrote to Coleridge (March 12, 1804), "Talk of the happiness of getting a great prize in the lottery! What is that to the opening of a box of books! The joy of lifting up the cover must be something like what we shall feel when Peter the Porter opens the door up stairs, [into heaven] and says, 'Please to walk in, sir!' That I shall never be paid for my labor according to the current value of time and labor, is tolerably certain; but if anyone should offer me ten thousand pounds to forego that labor, I should bid him and his money go to the devil, for twice that sum could not purchase me half the enjoyment." Four years later he wrote, "Huzza! two-and-twenty volumes already; the *Cid*, when reprinted, will make two more; and, please God, five a year in addition as long as I live."

You go from Keswick up over Windy Brow to Chestnut Hill and still find in its garden and among its rhododendrons the pretty cottage whither Shelley, just expelled from Oxford, came at the age of nineteen (1811) with his bride of sixteen, both so poor that he wrote, "We are in danger every day of being deprived of the necessaries of life;" and where the young bride said in answer to an inquiry, "The garden is not ours; but then, you know, the people let us run about in it whenever Percy and I are tired of sitting in the house." The visitor finds himself in the very room where the young poet wrote his address to the Irish people and many poems; where he tried chemical experiments after dark, and his landlord, Gideon Dare, drove him out of the house next day, as being concerned in what he called "black art." Members of the Dare family still live there, and preserve the tradition with that fidelity always shown by descendants in commemorating even the eccentricities of their lawful progenitors; just as old college alumni show a pride even in the pranks of their classmates.

Mrs. Shelley's remark about the garden was made, according to De Quincey, to one of the ladies of the Southey family who called upon the young people at the suggestion of the Duke of Norfolk, who took an interest in them. De Quincey, himself, regrets not having called upon Shelley, although thirteen miles away, — which was a trifle in the Lake District, — and would have been glad, he says, to offer him the use of his library "which, being rich in the wickedest of German speculations, would naturally have been more to Shelley's taste than the Spanish library

of Southey." This was, it must be remembered, six years before Shelley had made himself famous by the *Revolt of Islam*.

Passing up in the same direction by what is called Rakefoot Lane, you turn, as Thomas Gray did in 1769, into a cornfield on the right called Castelrigg and see the same circle of Druid stones, some fifty in number, which he described. Druid stones and gypsies always seem to the American traveler in England so naturally associated and so nearly coeval that I remember to have seen with delight a large and quite luxurious gypsy wagon stationed near us as we went toward the stones. There were the occupants, with their horses feeding near them, children gamboling about, and a swarthy and handsome woman smiling at us as we waved a passing salute. Unfortunately for the picturesqueness of the world, the gypsies are steadily passing over to America, where they cease to be picturesque, and sometimes become even useful; while the Druid stones are left behind, although there have been, it is said, propositions sent across the Atlantic for the removal, or at least the purchase, of Stonehenge.

Descending to Derwentwater, you come out on Friars' Crag, and stand in the spot where Ruskin drew his first impressions of the beauties of nature. He says in *Modern Painters*, "The first thing which I remember, as an event in life, was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friars' Crag on Derwentwater; the intense joy, mingled with awe, that I had in looking through the mossy roots, over the crag, into the dark lake, has associated itself more or less with all twinings of trees ever since." He said afterwards, "The scene from Friars' Crag is one of the three or four most beautiful views in Europe. And, when I first saw Keswick, it was a place almost too beautiful to live in." Farther down the lake, in Otterbield Bay, is the place where Southey used to take his own and the Coleridge children on the water, as Mrs. Coleridge described it, "all day" and "pretty often during the summer."

The descriptions of the mountains in Wordsworthshire by the Lake Poets and prose writers are apt to impress an American coming to this region — perhaps from among the Alps, if not from the Rocky Mountains or the Himalayas — with a sense of extreme exaggeration. They are called "vast and towering masses," "enormous barriers," and Scott wrote of "the mighty Helvellyn and Catchedecam." But all thought of comparative criticism soon passes from the visitor's mind, since the mountains of the Lake District are so striking in themselves, and are set off in such a marked way by the valleys as to create their own standard of measurement; and one no more criticises them in respect to size alone than one complains of a family of tall and well-built men for not being a set of Patagonian giants. The peculiarity of the valleys, moreover, pointed out long since by Wordsworth, is that they are not merely convex cups, as in most mountain regions, but are more like level floors, marking out definitely the abruptly rising heights, and so enhancing them. "They are not formed, as are most of the celebrated Welsh vallies," Wordsworth says, "by an approximation of the sloping bases of the opposite mountains towards each other, leaving little more between than a channel for the passage of a hasty river; but the bottom of these vallies is, for the most part, a spacious and gently declining area, apparently level as the floor of a temple, or the surface of a lake, and beautifully broken, in many cases, by rocks and hills, which rise up like islands from the plain."

These valleys, moreover, do not lie along large streams, and the lakes they hold are fed at most by a mountain torrent, justly baptized as a "force." A "tarn" is usually a small lake, part way up the mountain side, and has, as Wordsworth points out, no main feeder, and its name, perhaps, vindicates De Quincey's derivation of the word, that it comes from the Danish "taaren," a trickling, being a gradual accumulation of water from the surfaces of rock. There are often masses

of rock or detached boulders around the edges of these tarns; and Tennyson, always an accurate observer of nature, says that his hero —

Roving the trackless realms of Lyonness
Had found a glen, gray boulder and black tarn.

All observations of English natural scenery are sure, after all, to lead us back to Tennyson. Carlyle met him and his wife in the Lake District on their wedding journey and described him as having "a great shock of rough dusty dark hair, bright laughing hazel eyes, massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate, of sallow brown complexion almost Indian-looking, clothes cynically loose, free and easy. His voice musically metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between."

The Laureate Wordsworth was then just dead, and a new Laureate was soon to reign in Tennyson himself, a literary sovereign whose throne was to be far from Wordsworthshire.

THE FAVOR OF HACHIMAN [1]

BY ALICE MABEL BACON

It was the eve of the annual Feast of the Dead,[2] and O Kimi San had just finished the construction and decoration of the "Spirit Altar." She had set the posts and hung the rice-straw rope, and swung from it the fringe of vermicelli, green chestnut sprays, white paper, and dried fruits and vegetables. She had shaped with her own hands, from cucumbers and egg-fruits, the rude representations of cattle and horses, and had set them, together with fresh food and wine, before the quaint shrine that stood now, completed, in the place of honor in the little house. And all the time as she worked she had been thinking of Taro, and the tears came to her tired old eyes, and dropped sometimes upon her work, as she thought of how, only three months before, he had gone to the war, and then of how soon came back to his old father and mother the word of his death, fighting the hairy Russians in Manchuria.

And so to-day, as she prepared to do honor to the visiting spirits, it was of Taro that she thought more than of the ancestral ghosts for whom she had kept the feast so many years. Taro, her brave, strong Taro, who should have lived to make his daily and yearly offerings at his parents' shrine, was coming to them to-night, a spirit, to receive from them the comfort and love that was all the happiness earth could offer him now! As she worked through the hot August morning, her heart was sore and sad, and there seemed no hope ahead for her and Gunkichi, her old husband. Lonely they must live on until death came, and lonely must their spirits be forever, for no descendants would offer to them the affection and the daily gifts that disembodied spirits crave.

She stood now on the edge of her little piazza, and looked down the length of the village street. A small white flag, in its centre a blood-red sun, drooped idly from its slender bamboo staff before the house. A great gray monkey, chained to a tree across the road, woke from his noonday doze to blink at her sleepily, then closed his eyes and humped himself once more

[1] Hachiman, the deified spirit of the Emperor Ojin, son of the warrior Empress Jingo. He is now worshiped as the God of War in many shrines and temples throughout Japan.

[2] The annual Feast of the Dead, or *O Bon Matsuri*, is celebrated at the August full moon. At this time for three days the spirits of the dead are believed to revisit their old homes, and special measures are taken for their reception and entertainment.

into a fluffy ball. The heated air wavered above the dusty road until the shops and hotels on each side of it seemed to shimmer and shake like the background of a moving picture. And — still like a moving picture — there came directly toward her the figure of a woman, wavering, almost staggering, under the heat of the August sun and the weight of a heavy baby tied to her back. The village lay quiet, asleep or preoccupied with its own discomfort, while the woman toiled on toward O Kimi San's little rest-house. It was a tiny, thatched, open-fronted cottage, just beyond the village, and almost overhanging the mountain gorge along which the road was built. It was cool and fresh with the foam of the torrent far below, and in the shadow of a wooded rocky peak that towered above.

O Kimi San shaded her eyes with her hand as she looked into the shimmering glare at the small burdened figure. Her kindly old face, seamed and crisscrossed with the wrinkles of a hard life, grew sympathetic. The traveler, as she came into the shade of the Tengu Rock, breathed a deep sigh, and with a hitch of her shoulders tilted the baby into a more comfortable position. O Kimi, from the little matted platform that was the floor of her house, called out hospitably to the newcomer, —

"It is very hot! Come in and rest a little, you must be tired."

The mother looked up doubtfully and shook her head. "Thank you," she said, "it is hot, but I must go on. I must reach Shio no Yu to-night;" and she struggled forward.

But O Kimi's kindly soul was not content with such refusal. She slipped from the platform into her sandals lying ready on the earth below, and followed the traveler.

"Come in," she said, "please come, for the baby's sake if not for your own. You cannot see how red and hot he is. He will be sick if you carry him farther in this heat. Wait here with me until it's cooler. You can get to Shio no Yu if you start by four o'clock. The moon is full, and you can walk late." O Kimi fairly dragged the little woman back with her to the house, her tired visitor demurring faintly. "Now sit down here and untie the baby, and I will take him. Then you can rest your poor tired feet with some of that hot water over there;" and O Kimi pointed to a steaming, dripping bamboo pipe creeping along the perpendicular upper edge of the road,[1] under which tubs were set to catch the leakage.

The tired little mother, in a paroxysm of thanks and expostulations, gave herself up to the kindly solicitude of her hostess. She sat obediently down on the tiny, polished piazza and untied the band which held the heavy baby to her. O Kimi took him in her arms, hugged him for a moment to her wrinkled breast, then laid him down and watched him with greedy eyes while his mother was washing her face and arms and blistered feet in the steaming hot water across the way.

"When he wakes he shall have a bath too," said the old woman, when the mother, refreshed, came and took her seat on the soft mats of the little house, "but now you must have some tea and a fan, and then, when you are rested, tell me something about yourself, and why you are traveling all alone this way with your baby."

O Kimi bustled off to her little kitchen, and soon came back with tea and cake. Then she disappeared again, and after a longer time brought in a second tray with rice-bowl, pickles, fish, and iced vermicelli, all as daintily served as the Empress herself could have wished. "It is a poor meal," she said, with formal self-depreciation. "My husband caught the trout in the river this morning, and the vermicelli is but the O Bon fare. I am sorry that I have nothing better to offer you," and she bowed low as she set the tray before her guest.

But, though the food was dainty, though O Kimi San offered new helpings

[1] The pipe led the water from hot springs to the baths in the village.

of rice from the brass-bound wooden bucket with insistent hospitality, the traveler was too tired to eat. She played with her chopsticks and commented with enthusiastic politeness on the delicacies set before her, but could hardly choke down the last of the rice in her bowl, — an act which etiquette and religion both required of her, — and the fish and vermicelli were left almost untouched. Her face was pale, and under her eyes were blue rings. Every movement of the visitor showed that she needed rest more than food. O Kimi's sympathetic heart went out to the poor stranger.

"Here," she said, "lie down beside your baby, and I will hang my large mosquito-net, and you can sleep awhile before you go on. You are too tired to move yet." With gentle insistence she gained her point. The mother lay down on the mat beside her sleeping baby, and the great green linen mosquito-netting, hung from the four corners of the room, shut out the hard things of life for a space, leaving the wanderers to the ministration of the green coolness, the soft air, the murmur and rush of the torrent far below them.

O Kimi San continued with her household tasks. She carried out her dishes and trays and rice-bucket to the kitchen, she swept the road in front of the house, and watered it with a dipper from a wooden pail. She filled the kettle with fresh spring water, and arranged the bits of charcoal in the fire so that they should concentrate their heat at the precise centre of the kettle's bottom. Then she went back to her guests under the mosquito-net just as the baby opened his eyes and began to whimper. O Kimi went down on her knees and gathered him to her longing heart. "Botchan," [1] she whispered, and cuddled him and talked to him in the soft baby language until his little hand stole into her bosom, and he began to chatter in reply like a sparrow, looking up into her eyes and laughing with quaint baby humor. He was a fat, sturdy, red-cheeked boy of three, who trotted about the matted floor on chubby brown feet, and laughed and danced when O Kimi brought him a bowl of rice. She fed him with chopsticks, he sitting on his heels facing her solemnly with open mouth like a young bird, and closing mouth and eyes ecstatically when the chopsticks, like the old bird's beak, dropped the food between his lips.

When the tired mother waked at last, O Kimi and the boy were great friends. She had brought a tub of hot water from the pipe across the road, and was taking off his scanty clothing in preparation for the promised bath. He wore only a little cotton kimono, with a diamond-shaped apron of many-colored *to chirimen*, or woolen crape, underneath. Undressing was a small affair, and soon Botchan was sitting in the wooden tub, splashing and chattering like a young duck.

"Such a boy!" said O Kimi San to the mother, who was sitting up now, watching the operations of her hostess. "He is so like my son. It makes me happy to have him near me."

"And your son — where is he?" asked the visitor.

O Kimi San looked straight ahead of her and spoke very softly; "My son has had the great honor to give himself to the Emperor. Alas! we must light the O Bon lanterns for him to-night" — Her voice broke, and she hid her face behind her sleeve.

The visitor bowed low, "It is sad, and my heart is grieved for you," she said. "To my husband, too, has come such honor. He went down in the Sakura Maru at Port Arthur, and even his body was not found. His spirit, they say, is in the Shokonsha, [2] but" —

The elder woman bowed in her turn in the presence of a grief so like her own,

[1] Literally, "Little Mr. Priest," the universal title of the small boy, probably on account of his shaven head.

[2] Literally, "Spirit-Invoking Temple" at Tokyo, whither the spirits of soldiers who die in battle return, and where they live and receive the honor and offerings of their grateful compatriots.

and there was silence for a space. At last she said softly, "How is my heart grieved with your sorrow;" then, her eye resting on Botchan, who was squatting now beside his mother, looking with wondering eyes at his elders, she added comfortingly, "But your boy will grow up to care for you, and to preserve his father's memory."

The visitor bowed again, "True, he will care for me when he is grown, but how shall I care for him until he is grown? I am going now to my husband's brother in Shio no Yu, but he is poor, and has many boys of his own, and I do not know whether he will receive me." The woman's voice trembled, and she stopped for a moment, then went on in the curious, even tone which in a Japanese woman betrays deep emotion. "When my husband went, he said to me, 'Suzu, I shall probably die for my country. You must not mourn, you must be glad, and must teach the boy to be glad that his father had so great honor.' And when I said, 'Oh, Yofu, how can I be glad? How can I live? I must kill myself if you are killed,' he answered, 'To kill yourself would not be brave or wise, if by so doing you should leave our boy to starve. If I die, you must live and make a brave man of him.' So I have lived, but it is hard for me. And Botchan is a brave boy, — so brave and so strong. All this morning as we came up from Nishi Nasuno, he walked by my side, his little hand in mine. Sometimes he would stumble and almost fall, and I would say, 'Botchan is tired, let mamma carry him,' but it was always, 'Botchan is very strong. Mamma is tired.' At noon we stopped to eat our lunch, and when I looked at his feet they were all blistered. I washed them in cold water as we sat beside the road, but when we started out again he could not walk. That is why I carried him. Yes, Botchan is a soldier's son, and he will be a brave man."

Suzu hugged the stolid, chubby baby sitting so solemnly beside her, until he giggled and shouted with delight. "And now, if indeed it must be, we will go, for I must reach Shio no Yu to-night," and Suzu bowed her farewell to O Kimi with many expressions of gratitude for her kindness, while Botchan gravely imitated her prostrations.

"Can't you stay here with me to-night?" protested O Kimi. "There is a storm coming. You should not try to brave a storm with that baby." But Suzu was set on her plan, and with a final hug of Botchan as she tied him to his mother's back, O Kimi set them forth upon the road.

"Cross the river about a mile above here where you see a little bridge, then follow the road to the left, and Shio no Yu is about four miles away."

Suzu bowed and smiled, and O Kimi went back to her little house, lonelier than ever for the baby's visit.

There was a muttering of thunder from the hills above, a darkness and stifling stillness in the air. O Kimi looked out uneasily. "It is time Gunkichi was back," she said. "He has been gone all day. If he gets caught across the river, and the storm comes, how will he get home?" But as she was bringing her vague fears to a point by speech, there was a light pat-pat of sandals along the road, and Gunkichi, wrinkled and smiling, with a great bundle of sprawling, straggling roots upon his back, hailed his old wife with a cheerful greeting.

"It's very hot," he said, as he dipped his towel into the hot water and washed the streaming perspiration from his face and arms and bare brown legs and feet, "but we are going to have a great storm, and then it will be cool." He laughed and chattered, partly to himself, partly to his wife, and partly to the great gray monkey perched on the tree above him. "Heh! Mr. Monkey," he said, "you are so lazy this hot weather that you don't care for anything. Heh! Mr. Monkey, wake up!" He poked at the humpy fur ball until it turned its red face, grown redder with rage, toward him, and chattered viciously. "Now you are awake at last, and I will give you something. Here, mother, will

you hand me a cracker for Mr. Monkey?"

O Kimi laughed, and brought him a toasted rice cracker. "Gunkichi," she said, "I believe you try to be a boy just to comfort me;" and she looked at him affectionately, but with tears in her eyes.

Gunkichi said nothing. He was apparently absorbed in watching the monkey, who was meditatively crunching the cracker. When he turned again he cleared his throat a little before he went on to tell O Kimi of his day's successes.

Such a day as it had been! He had climbed the Tengu Rock and worshiped at the little shrine of Hachiman, the war-god, on its top, and seen the great black snake who lies always coiled up within the shrine except when the god sends him forth with his messages. Then he had set out in search of roots suitable for his use. For Gunkichi was an artist in roots. His little shop beside O Kimi's kitchen was filled with strange productions of his fancy. By smoothing here and hollowing there, by cunningly reinforcing and adding in another place, by a spot of red or black or white paint judiciously applied, Gunkichi would evolve from the most hopeless-looking roots and snags griffins, *tengus*, devils, monsters of all sorts, which found a ready sale among the summer visitors at the hot baths in the village. As he opened his bundle and drew out his new-found treasures one by one, he discoursed eloquently on the wonderful things that they would become in his hands.

"Look, mother, this will make a grand dragon!" He pulled a long, twisted root with many branches from the heap in front of him. "Here is his head now, with horns and wide-open mouth. I will paint his mouth red, and give him two great white eyes. Then when I have soaked his long body in the hot water, and coiled it about, these branches will make his legs, and this long slender one his tail. Perhaps some of the Tokyo people will buy it. I wish the Emperor could see it! I'd give it to him if I could."

He stopped, abashed by the temerity into which his enthusiasm had led him, and added humbly, "But of course it would not be worthy," and bowed low at the name that he had invoked.

"Father, you have given to the Emperor the only thing you had to give." There was a pride, carefully veiled, in O Kimi's voice. Gunkichi, who had by this time slipped out of his sandals and seated himself on the mats, turned his head aside and vigorously rubbed his face with his blue-and-white towel.

Just then the storm broke. With vivid lightning, a crash of thunder, and the roaring as of a waterspout, it rushed down the mountain gorge. O Kimi San drew the outer rain-doors of the house, sliding them along their grooves on a full run. The monkey, a moment before a motionless ball of gray fur, on the top of his perch, scuttled down, with much angry chattering and rattling of his chain, into his little house. They were none too soon, for the rain, like a solid column of water, was rushing and swirling about them, the river foaming and roaring beneath, almost before O Kimi and Gunkichi could fasten the house securely. Then O Kimi stirred about the kitchen preparing supper, while Gunkichi smoked thoughtfully in the shuttered twilight of the little guest-room.

As O Kimi brought in the tray and the rice-bucket, she suddenly bethought herself of her visitor.

"Ma!" she exclaimed. "Poor Suzu! I wonder where she is now!"

"What Suzu?" asked Gunkichi.

Then Kimi told him all the story of her afternoon, and of how Suzu had left the house only just before he came home.

"If she got across the bridge before the storm came she will be safe," said Gunkichi, "but if she tries to cross it in the storm she may be carried away with it."

There was nothing to be done. Supper cleared away, the old couple sat and talked. Once or twice O Kimi tried to light the O Bon lanterns, but with a swirl and a rush the wind blowing through the funnel-like gorge extinguished them each

time. She was perturbed, and a look of fear came into her eyes, a wail into her voice, "It will be dark for him, and he will think we have forgotten him! Gunkichi, what shall we do?"

Gunkichi answered her gently, "Our Taro knows we would not forget him. He knows that we would light the lanterns for him if we could, but the wind-gods will not let us. You have set the food and trimmed the light before the spirit altar. He has been away so short a time, he cannot lose his way home, even if there is no light outside."

"If I could only open the *amado* a crack so that he could come through," O Kimi moaned, and pushed the shutter aside a little. But the howling wind filled the house, and shook the flimsy structure as a terrier shakes a rat. Both tugged together to close the door again, and then sat down in the darkness, for the wind had put out their light. Only the tiny lamp before the altar continued to burn. It flickered in the searching wind, and threw strange creeping shadows on the walls.

And then there came a cry, a wail of terror from the stream below. Gunkichi started up. "What's that? Some one is in trouble in the river!" He threw open the *amado*, and the wind and rain nearly took his breath away. He felt the road with his bare foot. It was a running torrent, but he stepped in, and out from the shelter of the roof. The wind took him and pinned him fast against a rock, while the pouring rain nearly drowned him. He could see the river by the pale light of the full moon behind the clouds. It was boiling white among the great black rocks far below, and he knew that to reach its level in the wind and rain would be useless. Spent and water-soaked, he crawled back at last to the house.

All night the wind blew, the thunder roared, and the rain fell in torrents, but when morning came the clouds cleared away, the wind blew fair, the sun shone, and every rock and leaf and twig seemed new-created after the storm.

Gunkichi started out early, to go up the river and see what had happened in the night. "If I can get across, I will go to Shio no Yu and see if Suzu reached there safely," he said, as he tied on his sandals.

O Kimi set about her household tasks. She was thinking a great deal about her own Taro, and then, again, of Suzu and her little Botchan. Her heart ached to hold the chubby baby form close to her breast, to put food between the soft baby lips, to hear the cooing baby voice; and somehow Taro and Botchan seemed to mingle in her mind until she felt that yesterday she had held her own boy in her arms, and then had sent him away into the storm with an unknown woman.

She was sitting at her sewing, looking from time to time out into the road, her eyes dim and misty, and with an occasional tear dropping upon the blue cotton of Gunkichi's new blouse. Did she see aright, or was that mist before her eyes deceiving her? There was a great black snake gliding down the road! She rubbed her eyes and looked. Never had she seen such a snake. He was eight feet long or more, and of ample girth, and his black, scaly body glistened in the sunshine. He came on to the little rest-house, and paused before it, lifted his head, and waved it back and forth, raising it higher and higher until his gleaming eyes looked over the edge of the piazza right at O Kimi San.

"It is the messenger of Hachiman," whispered O Kimi, and prostrated herself in reverence, face down upon the mats. She raised her head, the snake was still looking at her. Again she bowed, and when she looked up there was still that shining waving head and the glittering eyes fixed full upon her. Once more O Kimi bowed low, and in her heart was a prayer to Hachiman that he would call his dread messenger back to his shrine. When she lifted her head, no snake was there, but there was a slight rustle on the side of the Tengu Rock, and O Kimi knew that her petition had been answered.

"Did he send a message to me?" she thought. And then, in spite of her grief and perturbation, she laughed at the au-

dacity of her question. "Of course he had no message for me. I am too low a person to have a message from a god." She went back to her sewing, her hand shaking a little, and her eyes dimmer than ever. Presently she looked up, brushing her hand across her eyes as she did so. Would wonders never cease? What was coming along the road now?

He looked very small, and very fat, and very bullet-headed, as he walked nonchalantly along against a background of towering cliffs, waving trees, and blue, white-flecked sky. He was dressed in a small diamond of bright-colored cloth tied over his fat stomach, and he carried in one hand a stick, while the other was crumpled tightly about a struggling, gauzy insect. When he saw the rest-house standing by the road he crowed merrily, and hastened his steps. O Kimi could hardly believe her eyes. It was Suzu's Botchan coming back to her! All the love and longing of her bereaved soul went out to the brave baby marching serenely toward her.

"O kaeri!" [1] she called out, afraid that he might go by and out of her life again. The baby stopped at the familiar voice, stood motionless a moment regarding her, then bowed solemnly, and nearly double.

"Tadaima," [2] he responded gravely, then toddled toward her holding out his doubled fist, in which was firmly clenched a dragon fly. "My horse," he explained cheerfully. "If I had a long thread I would harness him." He caracoled ponderously on his small chubby feet. "I am a soldier just come home from the war!"

"Mamma's soldier boy!" said O Kimi in a rapture. "Come in, and we will tie up the horse and give the soldier some rice." She seized him in her arms and hugged him, carried him across the way to the hot water pipe where she washed the mud from his little bare feet, then set him down in her guest-room. He pointed with delight to the rude semblances of animals before the spirit altar. "Taro's horses," he shouted, and clapped his chubby hands.

O Kimi looked at him with a curious awe. How could he know that those things were set out for her Taro's spirit? He was such a baby, he could not have listened to their talk of yesterday. She questioned him, "Where did you come from, Botchan? Where is mamma?"

He looked at her, puzzled, "You are mamma," he said. "Taro come home from war."

She spoke very gently, half afraid at his strangeness, "But, Botchan, don't you remember mamma who brought you here yesterday? Where is she?"

His baby face quivered, and he looked woebegone at her obtuseness. "Taro can't remember yesterday," he whimpered, "Taro come home to mamma."

O Kimi hugged him close. "Never mind, Botchan, sit here a minute, and grandma will get you some breakfast."

"Not grandma, mamma," insisted Botchan, his round mouth puckering.

"Kimi! Kimi!" sounded Gunkichi's voice up the road. O Kimi slipped into her sandals, and ran to him as he came toward her on a trot. He was breathless with excitement: "O Suzu San's body is on the rocks, way down below the bridge! She must have tried to cross after the storm broke!"

"Poor thing! Poor thing!" wailed O Kimi, "I should never have let her go! And now Botchan" —

"Botchan must have been drowned too," interrupted Gunkichi, anxious to tell all he knew. "His dress was still tied fast to his mother's back; so he fell and went down with her, that is certain. Then he was washed down by the current. Poor baby! They will find his body farther down the stream."

"Father," said O Kimi in an awe-stricken voice, "the baby is in our house. I was getting him some rice when you called me."

"Impossible, Kimi. If he went down

[1] "Honorable return," the greeting to a returning member of the household.

[2] "Just now," the conventional reply to the greeting.

with his mother, he must surely have been drowned. Why, she was held fast, head downward against a rock, and both must have been drowned as they fell."

"Gunkichi," — O Kimi's voice was low and solemn, — "there is something very strange that I must tell you before we go back and look at the baby. Sit down here and cool yourself, and listen."

They sat down at the edge of the road, out of sight of the little house, while O Kimi told her story. She told of Hachiman's messenger, and of how he stopped and looked at her. "I think, Gunkichi, that he really brought a message, and that Hachiman was pleased with your visit yesterday to his shrine. For then the baby came, and what do you think he had in his hand? A dragon fly! and he said it was his horse!"

Gunkichi sat up, excited. "I have heard that dragon flies are horses' spirits!" he said.

"That is one of the strange things," answered O Kimi; "and then he told me he was a soldier just come home from the war. I thought he was playing, and played with him, but when I brought him into the house, he went right to the spirit altar, and when he saw the animals he clapped his hands and said, 'Taro's horses!' Then I began to wonder. How did he know about Taro? How did he know those things were set out for him? So then I questioned him about his mother, and he said I was his mother. He could n't remember yesterday, only that he was a soldier just come back from the war. He nearly cried when I called myself grandma; 'Not grandma, mamma,' he insisted. Gunkichi, what does it all mean? You say that the child was surely drowned, but he is here, or rather, his body is here, but his spirit is changed. Hachiman has sent us back our Taro. He gave his body in the war, and now Hachiman has let him enter a new body so that he could comfort us."

Gunkichi was doubtful. He had heard that such things used to happen, but every instance that he had ever heard of was at least a hundred years old. Things were different in those days. This was Meiji, the era of enlightenment, and though strange things were still happening daily, they were not of just this kind. There were two persons who must be consulted before they could be quite sure what to do. One was the policeman at the far end of the village, the other was the parish priest.

He explained this to O Kimi, in whose mind no shadow of doubt now existed, and while she hastened home to feed and fondle her baby, he walked along to the police station. There, after bowing low and offering many polite excuses for troubling his excellency, he told the whole story to the dignified little man in his white, new-style uniform. The policeman listened with interest, making notes the while in his little book. Then he sallied forth, taking with him Gunkichi and a number of the villagers, to study the situation. Poor Suzu's body was first recovered, and the opinion of the villagers, endorsed by the policeman, was that the baby must have fallen with his mother, and been washed out of his lashings and his kimono in the boiling current. How he could have lived through it no one could understand.

"And may we keep the baby, your honor?" said Gunkichi appealingly.

"If, when I have investigated, I find that the brother at Shio no Yu does not want him, I think you can keep him," was the guarded reply.

With many bows of deep respect, and effusive thanks for the hope held forth, Gunkichi parted from the officer, and took his way toward the village temple. It was a great, old, shabby sanctuary, with wide-eaved curving roof of blackened thatch, and two stone statues of Jizo, buried almost to the eyes in pebbles, sitting in mild serenity outside the gate. Gunkichi stooped and threw a stone to each as he passed in, murmuring a prayer to the gentle guardian of the children's ghosts, and thinking the while of the poor baby's spirit, wandering beside the river

of death. He stood beside the veranda of the priest's house that adjoined the temple, and lifted up his voice in the polite "Excuse me for troubling you," that announces the presence of a guest. The old priest came himself to greet him and bid him come in. Gunkichi bowed and bowed, but remained humbly without, and told once more his story. It was spiritual enlightenment that he wanted. Might he and O Kimi believe that their Taro's spirit, coming that first night of the Feast of the Dead to visit his parents, had found the baby's body lying where the river had tossed it, and entered in, through the favor of Hachiman? He gave all the quaint bits of evidence, the coming of the messenger, the dragon fly in the baby's hand ("You know our Taro and his horse were found shot down together," explained Gunkichi with some pride), the child's use of the name Taro, his reiteration of the fact that he was a soldier, his insistence that O Kimi was his mother.

The priest listened with reverent interest. "My son," he said, "it is plain that you and O Kimi San have been blessed by a miracle. The gods have seen your kindness to the poor traveler, your worship of the great Hachiman, your patience under your loss, and they have vouchsafed to you this wonderful thing. Without doubt the spirit of your own Taro has come back to you clothed in the body of poor Suzu's baby. Give thanks to Hachiman, whose messenger brought you your son again."

Gunkichi fell on hands and knees upon the pebbled walk, and laid his forehead to the ground. "Reverend priest," he said, "since the gods have indeed condescended to grant so great a gift to our unworthiness, we would show our gratitude by some offering. What humble thing may we do?"

And the priest made answer, "Upon the river bank, close to the spot where Suzu's body was found, build ye a shrine to the memory of her and of her child. And at the full moon carry thither, you and Kimi and Taro, offerings of food and wine to their spirits. And each year, when the O Bon feast comes around, hang there a lantern and erect a spirit altar, so that when they return they may not be lonely, but may join in the good cheer of the festival. And teach Taro, and bid him teach his children, and his children's children, that the shrine is holy, and that they must continue throughout their generations the monthly and yearly offerings. For by the death of Suzu and her baby your family is continued, and your spirits shall be loved and tended. Therefore, so long as your generations continue must they love and tend the spirits of Suzu and her son."

Gunkichi lifted his forehead from the earth. "Surely," he said, "we and our children and our children's children will pay honor to the spirits of the mother and her child." Then with grateful words of farewell he went back, subdued and thoughtful, to his home.

Up and down the road in the bright sunshine galloped little Taro, driving his great dragon fly attached by a thread to a long bamboo stick. "O uma!" (horse!), he shouted gleefully when he saw Gunkichi, "O Totchan! O uma!" (Papa, horse!) O Kimi had hunted out from her iron-bound chest of drawers a tiny blue-and-white kimono in which she had enveloped his chubby body, and she sat, the picture of cheer and happiness, watching his play, and working, when she could take her greedy eyes away from him, upon another small garment ready cut upon her lap. When she saw Gunkichi she called out, "Father, his excellency has been here again, and he says we may keep the baby. The man at Shio no Yu does n't want him. His honor said for you to come and register at the police station. Please go quickly."

Gunkichi pattered eagerly away; Taro played on in the sunny road; O Kimi San sat and crooned a nursery song as she worked on the little garment; and in the shrine of Hachiman, on the top of the Tengu Rock, a great black snake, coiled in the damp coolness, awaited another message from the god.

CRITICISM AND MR. SAINTSBURY[1]

BY FERRIS GREENSLET

I

WHAT Montaigne said in his easy way of Man is no less true of the history of criticism: "certes c'est un subiect merveilleusement vain, divers, et ondoyant." Yet Mr. Saintsbury has adventured it nobly, and however far we may conclude to differ from the upshot of his trivoluminous work, no one who will thoroughly acquaint himself with it, and with the excellent series, *Periods of European Literature*, edited by Mr. Saintsbury, will fail to know him a very Paladin of critics. In considering the quality and import of Mr. Saintsbury's recent work as a whole, the *Periods* are hardly second in significance to the *History of Criticism* itself. Two of the eight volumes already published are from his pen; and the other six display the views of the general editor in their sequence and plan, as in tone and manner they reflect something of his unquenchable animal spirits. They constitute the best complete and coördinated account of the general course of European letters that we have. Yet, full as they are of instruction, and — paradoxical as it may seem — of entertainment, we must seek from them here only an infrequent sidelight upon Mr. Saintsbury's "diploma-piece," the *History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe.*

At the outset of the study of Mr. Saintsbury's work considerable habituation is needed to establish peaceful relations with his extraordinary literary manner. He is rarely humorous, less rarely facetious; the common temper of his writing is of a certain erudite jocularity that runs over into footnotes and even into corrigenda. The diction of his great, sprawling periods is no less remarkable. He is a free-lover of words; he has explored the very bottoms of Babel; and his *History* is perhaps the most miscellaneous warehouse of queer phrase that we have had since Democritus Jr. poured all the verbal curios collected from his gigantic reading into *The Anatomy of Melancholy.* Mr. Saintsbury, like a third Democritus, has the audacity to quote from Thomas Wilson's *Art of Rhetoric* the story of "Phavorinus the philosopher," who "(as Gellius telleth the tale) did hit a young man over the thumbs very handsomely for using over old and over strange words;" and then he proceeds to adorn his page with words like "legerdepied," "panto-pragmatic," "diamondiferous," "topsy-turvyfication." He is not exactly wordy, yet he wastes words in palaver with quite impossible imaginary objectors. He is, too, the reverse of single-minded in his quest. It is quite true, as he asserts in a preface, that in this great task of building a passable road through the wilderness he has turned aside to construct no Bel-

[1] *A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe.* From the Earliest Texts to the Present Day. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. 3 vols. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1900–1904.

Loci Critici. Passages illustrative of critical theory and practice from Aristotle downwards. Selected, partly translated, and arranged with notes. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1903.

Periods of European Literature. Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. I. *The Dark Ages.* By W. P. KER. 1904. II. *The Flourishing of Romance.* By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. 1897. III. *The Fourteenth Century.* By F. J. SNELL. 1899. IV. *The Transition Period.* By G. GREGORY SMITH. 1900. V. *The Earlier Renaissance.* By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. 1901. VI. *The Later Renaissance.* By DAVID HANNAY. 1898. VIII. *The Augustan Ages.* By OLIVER ELTON. 1899. IX. *The Mid-Eighteenth Century.* By J. H. MILLAR. 1902. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

videres, to ascend no Pisgahs. Yet, if one may venture to employ Mr. Saintsbury's own figure a little further, he has left his right line of survey more than once; now wantonly to demolish some ancient idol of the country, with little heed to its dignity or its beauty; now to climb some tall tree of excogitation; now to erect a curiously constructed shrine to some pet idol of his own. Yet these are but minor incidents in the long adventure of a theme so vain, diverse, and billowy. The reader *does* become habituated to them at last, and is perhaps rather grateful than otherwise for this relief from the tedium of a difficult and sometimes a dull matter. In any case, Mr. Saintsbury's round "Ich kann nicht anders" is, at least, a plausible excuse.

A history of criticism may conceivably take one of two forms. It may take the form of that projected but unwritten work of Dr. Johnson's noted by Boswell in his list of the Leviathan's forty-odd dream-children in this kind, *A History of Criticism as it Relates to the Judging of Authors*, that is to say, of the definite applications of literary taste to literary productions; or, on the other hand, it may take the form of a history of critical theory, combining with this, by virtue of the natural gravity of the subject, a history of poetics, of the metaphysics of literature. Mr. Saintsbury's affair is, in the main, of the former sort. He must perforce deal at times, despite his distaste for them, with "long-winded tractates hunting the red herrings of critical theory;" and in the helpful series of "Interchapters," wherewith he lays down his course through his vast and billowy subject, he does occasionally take an observation of the heavens; but for the most part his concern is with the actual judging of authors, the development of literary taste, the evolution of literary self-consciousness.

On the criticism of Greece and Rome he is not quite at his best. He is himself — we shall see it more clearly as we go on — a vigorous rather than a fine critic; and none but a fine critic can be very sympathetic to the ideal and far-reaching principles, — notably of the typicalness of tragic character, of the generalizing power of the drama, and of the inseparableness of form, — that may be soundly deduced from the *Poetics* of Aristotle. But his knowledge of the texts is extraordinary, and his account of the "rhetoric" which was the staple of ancient criticism is, at least so it seems to one who must needs speak as a child in those matters, excellently adequate. When he comes to deal with Longinus on the Sublime, he is for a time at his very best. Longinus was perhaps the first great critic with a keen sense for the sudden glories of literature, for "the spurt of the match when soul of writer touches reader's soul, the light and the warmth that follow;" herein he is a critic after Mr. Saintsbury's own heart, and if there is fault in the treatment of him, it is only that a little too much is made of him, in view of the fact that there is at least one chance in two that he did not write the treatise on the Sublime at all.

With Roman criticism, essentially prosaic as it was, Mr. Saintsbury is naturally less in sympathy, though on its two chief exemplars, Horace and Quintilian, he is very good. In defense of the latter we have a passage which is worth quoting, because it shows within a little space both Mr. Saintsbury's notion of criticism and his conception of the nature of its development from Aristotle to the Renaissance: —

"Quintilian can only be despised by those who consider themselves defrauded if critics do not attempt the *meteorosophia* [ware your thumbs, dear sir] of the highest æsthetic generalizations. It is, on the other hand, certain that these airy flights, in this particular matter, have too often had the ultimate Icarian fate, and have not often met even with the temporary Icarian success. The 'high priori way' has never led to any permanent conquest in literary criticism; and is never likely to do so, because of the blessed infinity and incalculableness of human

genius. It has constantly led that genius into deserts and *impasses*. Even things that look like generalizations firmly based on actual experience have to be cautiously guarded, and put forth merely as working hypotheses. You make, with the almost superhuman compound of learning and reason belonging to an Aristotle, a general theory of Poetry, and a special one of tragedy, which require, and command, almost universal agreement. In a few hundred years there drops in a graceless sort of prose tale-tellers, who, by establishing, slowly and uncertainly at first, but after a couple of thousand years unmistakably, the kind of prose fiction, sap the very foundations of your theory of poetry. Later still arises a more graceless sort of strolling actors, ne'er-do-weel university men in England, cavaliers or shavelings in Spain, who in the same way bring it about that your theory of tragedy has to acknowledge itself to be only a theory of one kind of tragedy."

As he passes from the Roman decadence to the Middle Age, Mr. Saintsbury comes to the field wherein he is most happily at home. So the first volume ends with an admirable section upon the criticism, explicit in the prose, implicit in the poetry, of Dante, who, as Mr. Saintsbury says finely, "expressed consummately all the enormous gain of dream, which the sleep of the Dark Ages had poured into the heart and soul of the world."

In the second volume, which deals with the multifarious criticism of the Renaissance, with the crystallizing of the neo-classic creed, and with eighteenth century "orthodoxy," our Paladin wins his way through a wilderness of books too vast and tenebrous and spectre-haunted to admit of any very satisfactory summary. For one thing, the case is here complicated by the changes in the national primacy of European letters. In the ancient period he had only to deal with the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. In the Middle Age what critical writing there was, was cosmopolitan, and geography could be conveniently disregarded. And in both ancient and mediæval times actual critics were few. But from the Renaissance onward, not only were the critics legion, but there was a constant and bewildering succession in the hegemony of European literature. At first Italy was the source of all critical light and leading; in the later Renaissance England and Spain took the centre of the stage; in the Augustan Ages France and England were joint primates; in the time of the romantic revolt it was England, Germany, and France. In his progress through this dangerous international field, Mr. Saintsbury has not escaped some passages of sword-play with specialists who have done him no slight damage, yet there is little to abate from his conclusion and interpretation of this part of the whole matter: —

"And, yet once more, let us recognize that adjustment of criticism to creation — mysterious or simply natural as it may seem to different temperaments and different systems of thought — which we have observed before in the cautious check of Renaissance criticism on the heady exuberance of the great Renaissance creation, in the support given by Seventeenth-century classicism to such mediate powers and dispositions as those of Corneille and even Racine, of Dryden and even Pope; in the salutary deterrence of Eighteenth-century orthodoxy, which saved us from more Beatties and more Anne Radcliffes when the time was not ready for Keatses or for Scotts. For so also in literature — and even in that, as some would have it, not the divinest part of literature, Criticism — do all the works of the Lord, the lesser as well as the greater, praise Him and magnify Him forever."

Mr. Saintsbury's third and last volume is concerned only with the nineteenth century. Here again the oceanic amplitude of detail frustrates anything like adequate summary: but toward the close of the volume we have an able formulation of the modern catholic critic's creed, which, coming as it does with the accent of

Mr. Saintsbury's personal adherence, will serve at once to hint at the substance of the volume and to furnish a definite brief for our disputation. Here is the Creed: —

"*All periods of literature are to be studied, and all have lessons for the critic.*

"*One period of literature cannot prescribe to another. Each has its own laws; and if any general laws are to be put above these, they must be such as will embrace them.*

"*Rules are not to be multiplied without necessity: and such as may be admitted must rather be extracted from the practice of good poets and prose-writers than imposed upon it.*

"'*Unity*' *is not in itself uniform, but will vary according to the kind, and sometimes within the kind, itself.*

"*The kind is not to be too rigidly constituted: and subvarieties in it may constantly arise.*

"*Literature is to be judged* '*by the event:*' *the presence of the fig will disprove the presence of the thistle.*

"*The object of literature is Delight; its soul is Imagination; its body is Style.*

"*A man should like what he does like: and his likings are facts in criticism for him.*"

To which the extremer men (with whom, apparently, Mr. Saintsbury would go only a part of the way) would add these, or some of them, or something like them:

"*Nothing depends upon the subject; all upon the treatment of the subject.*

"*It is not necessary that a good poet or prose writer should be a good man, though it is a pity that he should not be. And Literature is not subject to the laws of Morality, though it is to those of manners.*

"*Good Sense is a good thing, but may be too much regarded: and Nonsense is not necessarily a bad one.*

"*The appeals of the arts are interchangeable: Poetry can do as much with sound as Music, as much with colour as Painting, and perhaps more than either with both.*

"*The first requisite of the critic is that he should be capable of receiving impressions: the second that he should be able to express and impart them.*

"*There cannot be monstrous beauty: the beauty itself justifies and regularizes.*"

Finally, we have but to add Mr. Saintsbury's ultimate definition of criticism, and we shall at least have the root of the matter uncovered. "Criticism," he says, "is the endeavour to find, to know, to love, to recommend, not only the best, but all the good that has been known and thought and written in the world."

II

In Mr. Saintsbury's dealings with his myriad of separate authors there is much that provokes dissent. It would be hard to imagine any happier lot than to sit down with him in some timeless slope of the further shore, and there dispute through the two thousand pages of his *History*, page by page. But here the stealing shadow upon the dial warns even critics to be brief. Yet it is hard to part from him without at least entering a protest against the full and complete acceptance of that final creed, and that last definition of the critic's whole duty.

There is so much in Mr. Saintsbury's muscularity of mind to recall the temper of those stout judges of literature, Jonson, Dryden, and Johnson, that one is surprised to find him, in his definition of criticism, making so little account of the actual "judging" of authors. It may well be that to find, know, love, and recommend all the good that has been known, thought, and written in the world means, by implication, to discover and damn what is not good. Yet surely, in this hour of the creamy "appreciation," it had been well to say somewhat more of the wholesome rigors of the tenth Muse, to give us at least a brief discourse to that ancient text, "Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur." It is a fact of the literary consciousness that the instinct to judge in this stricter sense is both universal and strongly impulsive, however it may be disguised by the brief fashions of a com-

placent age. It is a historic fact, whether it denotes a causal relation or not, that in the golden ages of Athens and of the Renaissance, when the popular "judgment" of authors in the stricter sense was most ready and widespread, literature did most mightily flourish. Knowledge and love of "the best" produced more of "the best," more of "good" even, than the recommendations of "all the good" can ever compass.

The creed, like the definition, suffers, at least so it seems to the present writer, from partiality. In its more moderate form it summarizes tolerably well the critical doctrine of Sainte-Beuve and, a little less well, that of his liegeman, Mr. Arnold. In its more extreme form it represents roughly the articles of faith of Walter Pater, whom Mr. Saintsbury considers the chief critic of his generation, and almost precisely those of *his* liegeman, Mr. Arthur Symons. It does not, however, at all represent the temper of such excellent critical writing as that of Newman, who, by the way, is not mentioned by Mr. Saintsbury, or of the still not uncommon critic who holds with those who prefer an ordered literature to even a genial and romantic will-worship; who still steadfastly believe that there is a law in taste, a categorical imperative inherent in the very form of our common mind, to which, at the last, perverse individual likings must yield. Thoretically, doubtless Mr. Saintsbury would admit pretty much all of this, yet he has a native bias of taste in books, which, whether always consciously or not, makes him minimize all such considerations. We shall know better what allowance to make for this deflection of the needle, if we study for a little his literary prejudices.

Ostensibly Mr. Saintsbury is all for catholicity. "Charles Wesley," he says piquantly, "is not the less a poet because he is not Charles Baudelaire." Yet throughout the three volumes we find him saying in effect over and over again, "Virgil is less of a poet because he is Virgil." No sooner does he anywhere find a critic showing the least symptoms of the diseases of "Virgilomania," "Maronolatry," or "Virgil worship," than his irresistible impulse is to "'eave 'alf a brick at 'im," so to say. It is needless here to offer anything in defense of those marvelously noble and tender poetic qualities which have given to our speech the rich adjective "Virgilian." But it is worth while saying something of the sempiternal potency of the "classic" mood in literature, and of that apostolic succession of poets drawing poetic sanctity from St. Virgil, against whom our non-conformist author is so loudly recalcitrant.

The truth is that Mr. Saintsbury is an extreme partisan of Romance, whose spirit, as he says in the conclusion to his *Flourishing of Romance*, "makes classical grace and finish seem thin and tame, Oriental exuberance tasteless and vulgar, modern scientific precision inexpressibly charmless and jejune." And at the very end of his *History of Criticism* he lays down as the sum of the whole matter that the end of all criticism is to help one "to listen when the horns of Elfland blow." The trouble here is that the spirit of one great section of literature is unfairly offset against the mere external form of another, and that Mr. Saintsbury sometimes forgets that *il tromba rimbomba* with the breath of Tasso as well as of Turpin. Nor is the whole judgment anything else than an *obiter dictum*. The present writer has not been deaf to the horns of Elfland, nor even to the barking of Cain's dog from the moon; he is as prompt as the next man to thrill with the wonder and freshness of the romantic world, to feel the glamour of old fairy-lands forlorn, to tremble with the passions of Venusburg or of Montsalvat; yet he confesses without shame that for him the little finger of Roman Virgil, lord of language, weighs heavier than the thigh of any burly Longobard of them all, whether his name be Robert de Borron or Robert Browning. For him Tasso even, a pseudo-classic — if you will — with his melodious propriety of speech, his artful manner that shows

us this dusty, surging world as if through an inverted opera glass, cool, composed. clear, and far away, — makes all but the very greatest in the other kind seem "inexpressibly charmless and jejune."

It is, in short, a temperamental matter whether one prefers the romantic or the classic *mood*, purple light or white light, excitement or self-possession; but the choice between classic and romantic *form*, between the classic and romantic kinds of unity, between precision and suggestion, is an intellectual matter, and it is the business of the critic and of the historian of criticism to grasp it firmly and state it fairly; and this Mr. Saintsbury does not quite do. He is, as he freely acknowledges, "a nasty Hedonist." What he seeks in poetry is "the instant and mirific kiss of the spouse," the poetic moment rather than the poetic hour in which one learns to know some complete, wisely-ordered, and harmonious poem, finding

> "Nothing but well and fair
> And what may quiet us."

Now this dalliance with the poetic moment is pleasant business for a miscellaneous reader, but it is a dangerous affair for the critic. In the end it will bring him to subscribe to that perverse creed of the extreme moderns set down above, and it will lead him to turn more and more to a single section of literature, namely Romance, and it will cause him to read constantly more with his mood, and constantly less with his mind. Finally, this excessive preoccupation with romantic literature, and with romantic qualities in literature, is likely to lead a working critic to sad blunders. The romantic manner may conceal second or even third-rate stuff for a considerable time. An excellent example is the case of Alexander Smith, whose meteoric poetry afforded instant and mirific kisses, if not of the spouse, at least of an amiable lady who did beguile the best judges in England. The true classic manner, on the other hand, admits of no such disguise, for the third-rate classic will seduce no one past his literary teens.

All this is directed rather against the implication of the whole of Mr. Saintsbury's work than against its explicit teaching in any part. In his concrete dealings with the false classicism of the Augustan Age, a classicism of the understanding rather than of the imagination, he contrives to remember that it was the age of Bossuet as well as of Boileau, of Swift as well as of Pope. And so, after stating in set form the neo-classic creed, he adds: —

"You may fly in the face of almost every one of these precepts and be a better poet for it; fly in the face of almost any one of them in prose, and you must have extraordinary genius if you do not rue it."

The poet is always in some sense exceptional. In the long run the general march of the human affections and human ideals, captained though it be by poets militant below, is expressed in prose. If, as seems not unlikely, the growing comparative and historical study of literature shall bring in a new and greater classicism, and, as also seems not unlikely, in large measure a classicism of prose, even Mr. Saintsbury and his critical heirs may come to see that perfection is not so bad a quality in literature, even when it springs from so shameful an attribute as self-possession. From all of which it appears that we have but illustrated, perhaps too amply, the lesson of that essay of Montaigne's where from at the beginning we took a scrap to bless us, "Par divers moyens on arrive à pareille fin."

IN RETREAT

BY AGNES REPPLIER

We were on the eve of a "spiritual retreat," — four whole days of silence, — and, in consideration of this fact, were enjoying the unusual indulgence of an hour's recreation after supper. The gravity of the impending change disturbed our spirits, and took away from us — such is the irony of fate — all desire to talk. We were not precisely depressed, although four days of silence, of sermons, of "religious exercises," and examinations of conscience, might seem reasonably depressing. But, on the other hand, — happy adjustment of life's burdens, — we should have no lessons to study, no dictations to write, no loathsome arithmetic to fret our peaceful hearts. The absence of French for four whole days was, in itself, enough to sweeten the pious prospect ahead of us. Elizabeth firmly maintained she liked making retreats; but then Elizabeth regarded her soul's perils with a less lively concern than I did. She was not cursed with a speculative temperament.

What we all felt, sitting silent and somewhat apprehensive in the lamplight, was a desire to do something outrageous, — something which should justify the plunge we were about to make into penitence and compunction of heart. It was the stirring of the Carnival spirit within us, the same intensely human impulse which makes the excesses of Shrove Tuesday a prelude to the first solemn services of Lent. The trouble with us was that we did not know what to do. Our range of possible iniquities was at all times painfully limited. When I recall it, I am fain to think of a pleasant conceit I once heard from Professor Royce, concerning the innocence of baby imps. Thanks to the closeness of our guardianship, and to the pure air we breathed, no little circle of azure-winged cherubim were ever more innocent than we; yet there were impish promptings in every guiltless heart. Is it possible to look at those cheerful, snub-nosed angels that circle around Fra Lippo Lippi's madonnas, without speculating upon the superfluity of naughtiness that must be forgiven them day by day?

"We might blow out the lights," suggested Lilly feebly.

Elizabeth shook her head, and the rest of us offered no response. To blow out the schoolroom lamps was one of those heroic misdeeds which could be attempted only in moments of supreme excitement, when some breathless romping game had raised our spirits to fever pitch. It was utterly out of keeping with our present mood, and besides it was not really wrong, — only forbidden under penalties. We were subtle enough — at least some of us were, nobody expected subtlety from Lilly — to recognize the difference.

A silence followed. Tony's chin was sunk in the palm of her hand. When she lifted her head, her brown eyes shone with a flickering light. An enchanting smile curved her crooked little mouth. "Let's steal the straws from under the Bambino in the corridor," she said.

We rose swiftly and simultaneously to our feet. Here was a crime, indeed, a crime which offered the twofold stimulus of pillage and impiety. The Bambino, a little waxen image we all ardently admired, reposed under a glass case in the wide hall leading to the chapel. He lay with his dimpled arms outstretched on a bed of symmetrically arranged straws; not the common, fuzzy, barnyard straws, but those large, smooth cylinders, through which all children love to suck up lemonade and soda water. Soda water was to

us an unknown beverage, and lemonade the rarest of indulgences; but we had always coveted the straws, though the unblessed thought of taking them had never entered any mind before. Now, welcoming the temptation, and adding deceit to all the other sins involved, we put on our black veils, and made demure pretence of going to the chapel to pray. Except to go to the chapel, five little girls would never have been permitted to leave the schoolroom together; and, under ordinary circumstances, this sudden access of piety might have awakened reasonable suspicions in the breast of the Mistress of recreation. But the impending retreat made it seem all right to her (she was no great student of human nature), and her friendly smile, as we curtsied and withdrew, brought a faint throb of shame to my perfidious soul.

Once outside the door, we scuttled swiftly to the chapel hall. It was silent and empty. Tony lifted the heavy glass cover which protected the Bambino, — the pretty, helpless baby we were ruthlessly going to rob. For a moment my inborn reverence conquered, and I stooped to kiss the waxen feet. Then, surging hotly through my heart, came the thought, — a Judas kiss; and with a shudder I pulled myself away. By this time, I did n't want the straws, I did n't want to take them at all; but, when one sins in company, one must respect one's criminal obligations. "Honor among thieves." Hurriedly we collected our spoils, — ten shining tubes, which left horrid gaps in the Bambino's bed. Then the case was lowered, and we stood giggling and whispering in the corridor.

"Let's — " said Tony.

But what new villainy she meditated, we never knew. The chapel door opened, — it was Madame Bouron, — and we fled precipitately back to the schoolroom. As we reached it, the clanging of a bell struck dolorously upon our ears. Our last free hour was over, and silence, the unbroken silence of four days, had fallen like a pall upon the convent. We took off our veils, and slipped limply into line for prayers.

The next morning a new order of things reigned throughout the hushed school. The French conversation, which ordinarily made pretence of enlivening our breakfast hour, was exchanged for a soothing stillness. In place of our English classes, we had a sermon from Father Santarius, some chapters of religious reading, and a quiet hour to devote to any pious exercise we deemed most profitable to our souls. Dinner and supper were always silent meals, and one of the older girls read aloud to us, — a pleasant and profitable custom. Now the travels of Père Huc — a most engaging book — was laid aside in favor of Montalembert's *Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, — which also had its charm. Many deficiencies there were in our educational scheme, — it was so long ago, — but the unpardonable sin of commonplaceness could never be counted its shortcoming. After dinner there was an "instruction" from one of the nuns, and more time for private devotions. Then came our three-o'clock *goûter*, followed by a second instruction, Benediction, and the Rosary. After supper, Father Santarius preached to us again in the dimly lit chapel, and our fagged little souls were once more forcibly aroused to the contemplation of their imminent peril. Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven — which the catechism says are "the four last things to be remembered" — were the subjects of the four night sermons. Those were not days when soothing syrup was administered in tranquillizing doses from the pulpit.

A sense of mystery attached itself to Father Santarius, attributable, I think, to his immense size, which must have equalled that of St. Thomas Aquinas. It was said that he had not seen his own feet for twenty years (so vast a bulk intervened), and this interesting legend was a source of endless speculation to little, lean, elastic girls. He was an eloquent and dramatic preacher, versed in all the arts of oratory, and presenting a striking

contrast to our dull and gentle chaplain, one of the kindest and most colorless of men, to whose sermons we had long ceased to listen very attentively. We listened to Father Santarius, listened trembling while he thundered his denunciations against worldliness, and infidelity, and pride of place, and many dreadful sins we stood in no immediate danger of committing. The terrors of the Judgment Day were unfurled before our startled eyes with the sympathetic appreciation of a fifteenth-century fresco, and the dead weight of eternity oppressed our infant souls. Father Santarius knew his Hell as well as did Dante, and his Heaven (but we had not yet come to Heaven) a great deal better. Moreover, while Dante's Hell was arranged for the accommodation of those whom he was pleased to put in it, Father Santarius's Hell was prepared for the possible accommodation of *us*, — which made a vast difference in our philosophy. Perhaps a similar sense of liability might have softened the poet's vision. The second night's sermon reduced Annie Churchill to hysterical sobs; Marie was very white, and Elizabeth looked grave and uncomfortable. As for me, my troubled heart must have found expression in my troubled eyes, when I raised them to Madame Rayburn's face as we filed out of the chapel. She was not given to caresses, but she laid her long, delicate fingers gently on my black-veiled head. "Not for you, Agnes," she said, "not for you. Don't be fearful, child!" thus undoing in one glad instant the results of an hour's hard preaching, and sending me comforted to bed.

The next afternoon I was seated at my desk in the interval between an instruction on "human respect" — which we accounted a heavy failing — and Benediction. We were all of us to go to confession on the following day; and, by way of preparation for this ordeal, I was laboriously examining my conscience, and writing down a list of searching questions, which were supposed to lay bare the hidden iniquities of my life, and to pave the way to those austere heights of virtue I hopefully expected to climb. It was a lengthy process, and threatened to consume most of the afternoon.

"Is my conversation always charitable and edifying?"

"Do I pride myself upon my talents and accomplishments?"

"Have I freed my heart from all inordinate affection for created things?"

"Do I render virtue attractive and pleasing to those who differ from me in religion?" — I wrote slowly in my little, cramped, legible hand.

At this point Elizabeth crossed the schoolroom, and touched me on the shoulder. She carried her coral rosary, which she dangled before my eyes for a minute, and then pointed to the door, an impressive dumb show which meant that we should go somewhere, and say our beads together. There were times when the sign language we used in retreat became as animated as conversation, and a great deal more distracting, because of the difficulty we had in understanding it; but the discipline of those four days demanded above all things that we should not speak an unnecessary word. We became fairly skilled in pantomime by the time the days were over.

On the present occasion, Elizabeth's rosary gave its own message, and I alacritously abandoned my half-tilled conscience for this new field of devotion. We meant to walk up and down the chapel hall (past the despoiled Bambino), but at the schoolroom door we encountered Madame Rayburn.

"Where are you going, children?" she asked.

This being an occasion for articulate speech, Elizabeth replied that we were on our way to the corridor to say our beads.

"You had better be out of doors," Madame Rayburn said. "You look as if you needed fresh air. Go into the avenue until the bell rings for Benediction. No farther, remember, or you may be late. You had better take your veils with you to save time."

This *was* being treated with distinction. Sent out of doors by ourselves, just as if we were First Cours girls, — those privileged creatures whom we had seen for the last three days pacing gravely and silently up and down the pleasant walks. No such liberty had ever been accorded to us before, and I felt a thrill of pride when Julia Reynolds — walking alone in the avenue — raised her eyes from the *Pensées Chrétiennes* of Madame Swetchine (I recognized its crimson cover, having been recently obliged to translate three whole pages of it as a penance), and stared at us with the abstract impersonal gaze of one engrossed in high spiritual concerns. It was a gray day in early June, a soft, windless day, and, as we walked sedately under the big mulberry trees, a sense of exquisite well-being stole into my heart; a faint appreciation of the tranquillity that breathed around me, some dim groping after the mystery of holiness, some recognizable content in the close companionship of my friend. I forgot that I was going to free myself from all inordinate affection for created things, and only knew that it was pleasant to walk by Elizabeth's side.

"Let us contemplate in this second joyful mystery the visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary to her cousin St. Elizabeth," she said.

Why, there it was! The Blessed Virgin's cousin was named Elizabeth, too. Of course they were friends; perhaps they were very fond of each other; only St. Elizabeth was so much too old. Could one have a real friend, years older than oneself? My mind was wandering over this aspect of the case while I pattered my responses, and my pearl beads — not half so pretty as Elizabeth's coral ones — slipped quickly through my fingers. When we had finished the five decades, and had said the *De profundis* for the dead, there was still time on our hands. The chapel bell had not yet rung. We walked for a few minutes in silence, and then I held up my rosary as a suggestion that we should begin the sorrowful mysteries. But Elizabeth shook her head.

"Let's have a little serious conversation," she said.

Not Balaam, when he heard the remonstrance of his ass, not Albertus Magnus, when his brazen head first opened its lips and spoke, was more startled and discomfited than I. Such a proposal shook my moral sense to its foundations. But Elizabeth's light blue eyes — curiously light, by contrast with her dark skin and hair — were raised to mine with perfect candor and good faith. It was plain that she did not hold herself a temptress.

"A little *serious* conversation," she repeated with emphasis.

For a moment I hesitated. Three speechless days made the suggestion a very agreeable one, and I was in the habit of consenting to whatever Elizabeth proposed. But conversation, even serious conversation, was a daring innovation for a retreat, and I was not by nature an innovator. Then suddenly a happy thought came to me. I had brought along my Ursuline Manual (in those days we went about armed with all our spiritual weapons), and I opened it at a familiar page.

"Let's find out our predominant passions," I said.

Elizabeth consented joyfully. Her own prayer-book was French, a *Paroissien Romain*, and the predominant passions had no place in it. She was evidently flattered by the magnificence of the term, as applied to her modest transgressions. It was something to know — at twelve — that one was possessed of a passion to predominate.

"We'll skip the advice in the beginning?" she said.

I nodded, and Elizabeth, plunging, as was her wont, into the heart of the matter, read with impressive solemnity: —

"The predominant passion of many young people is pride, which never fails to produce such haughtiness of manner and self-sufficiency as to render them equally odious and ridiculous. Incessantly endeavoring to attract admiration, and become the sole objects of attention, they

spare no pains to set themselves off, and to outdo their companions. By their conceited airs, their forwardness, their confidence in their own opinions, and neglect or contempt of that timid, gentle, retiring manner, so amiable and attractive in youth, they defeat their own purpose, and become as contemptible as they aim at being important."

There was a pause. The description sounded so little like either of us that I expected Elizabeth to go right on to more promising vices. But she was evidently turning the matter over in her mind.

"I think that's Adelaide Harrison's predominant passion," she said at length.

Somewhat surprised, I acquiesced. It had not occurred to me to send my thoughts wandering over the rest of the school, or I should, perhaps, have reached some similar conclusion.

"Yes, it's certainly Adelaide Harrison's passion," Elizabeth went on thoughtfully. "You remember how she behaved about that composition of hers, 'The Woods in Autumn,' that Madame Duncan thought so fine. She said she ought to be able to write a good composition when her mother had written a whole volume of poems, and her brother had written something else, I don't remember what. That's what *I* call pride."

"She says they are a talented family," I added maliciously. ("Is my conversation always charitable and edifying?") "That she taught herself to read when she was six years old, and that they all speak French when they are together. I don't believe that."

"It must be horrid, if they do," said Elizabeth. "I'm glad I'm not one of them. Vous ne mangez rien, ma chère Adelaide. Est-ce que vous êtes malade?"

"Hélas! oui, mon père. J'ai peur que j'étude trop. Go on, Elizabeth, I'm afraid the bell will ring."

Thus adjured, Elizabeth continued: "There are many young people whose predominant passion is a certain ill-humor, fretfulness, peevishness, or irritability, which pervades their words, manners, and even looks. It is usually brought into action by such mere trifles that there is no chance of peace for those who live in the house with them. Even their best friends are not always secure from their ill-tempered sallies, their quarrelsome moods. Pettish and perverse, they throw a gloom over the gayest hour, and the most innocent amusement. As this luckless disposition is peculiarly that of women, young girls cannot be too earnestly recommended to combat the tendency in youth, lest they become, when older, the torment of that society they are intended to bless and ornament."

Another pause,—a short one this time. Elizabeth's eyes met mine with an unspoken question, and I nodded acquiescence. "Tony!" we breathed simultaneously.

It was true. Tony's engaging qualities were marred by a most prickly temper. We knew her value well. She played all games so admirably that the certainty of defeat modified our pleasure in playing with her. She was fleet of foot, ready of wit, and had more fun in her little brown head than all the rest of us could muster. She would plunge us into abysses of mischief with one hand, and extricate us miraculously with the other. She was startlingly truthful, and lived nobly up to our wayward but scrupulous standard of schoolgirl honor, to the curious code of ethics by which we regulated our lives. She might have been Elizabeth's vice-regent; she might even have disputed the authority of our constitutional sovereign, and have led us Heaven knows whither, had it not been for her pestilential quarrelsomeness. How often had she and I started out at the recreation hour in closest amity, and returned, silent and glowering, with the wide gravel walk between us. If she were in a fractious mood, no saint from Paradise could have kept the peace. Therefore, when Elizabeth looked at me, we said "Tony!" and then stopped short. She was our friend, one of the band, and though we granted her derelictions, we would not discuss them. We

could be ribald enough at Adelaide Harrison's expense, but not at Tony's.

"Why don't you lend her this book?" said Elizabeth kindly.

I shook my head. I knew why very well. And I rather think Elizabeth did, too.

By this time it looked as if we were going to fit the whole school with predominant passions, and not find any for ourselves; but the next line Elizabeth read struck a chill into my soul, and, as she went on, every word seemed like a barbed arrow aimed unswervingly at me.

"A propensity to extravagant partialities is a fault which frequently predominates in some warm, impetuous characters. These persons are distinguished by a precipitate selection of favorites in every society; by an overflow of marked attentions to the objects of their predilection, whose interests they espouse, whose very faults they attempt to justify, whose opinions they support, whether right or wrong, and whose cause they defend, often at the expense of good sense, charity, moderation, and even common justice. Woe to him who ventures to dissent from them. The friendship or affection of such characters does not deserve to be valued, for it results, not from discernment of merit, but from blind prejudice. Besides, they annoy those whom they think proper to rank among their favorites by expecting to engross their whole attention, and by resenting every mark of kindness they may think proper to show to others. However, as their affections are in general as short-lived as they are ardent, no one person is likely to be long tormented with the title of their friend."

I was conscious of two flaming cheeks as we walked for a moment in silence, and I glanced at Elizabeth out of the tail of my eye to see if she were summing up my case. It was n't true, it could n't be true that extravagant partialities (when they were my partialities) were short-lived. I was preparing to combat this part of the accusation when Elizabeth's cool voice dispelled my groundless fears.

"I think that's silly," she said. "Nobody is like that."

The suddenness of my relief made me laugh outright, and then, — Oh, baseness of the human heart! I sought to strengthen my own position by denouncing some one else. "Not Annie Churchill?" I asked.

Elizabeth considered. "No, not even Annie Churchill. What makes you think of her?"

It was an awkward question. How could I say that two nights before the retreat Annie had slipped into my alcove, — a reprehensible habit she had, — and, with an air of mystery, had informed me she was "trying to do something," — she did n't like to tell me what, because she thought that maybe I was trying to do it, too. Upon my intimating that I was trying to go to bed, and nothing else that I knew of, she had said quite solemnly, "I am trying to gain Elizabeth's affections." As it was impossible for me to adduce this piece of evidence (even an unsought confidence we held sacred), I observed somewhat lamely: "Oh, she does seem to get suddenly fond of people."

"Who's she fond of?" asked the unsuspecting — and ungrammatical — Elizabeth.

"Oh, do go on!" I urged, and even as I said it, the Benediction bell rang. A score of girls, serious, black-veiled young penitents, appeared, as if by magic, hastening to the chapel. We joined them silently, and filed into rank. Already my conscience was pricking. Had our "serious" conversation been either charitable or edifying? Was it for this that Madame Rayburn had sent us out to walk under the mulberry trees?

It pricked harder still — this sore little conscience — the next day, when Lilly came to me, looking downcast and miserable. "Madame Duncan said I might speak to you," she whispered, "because it was about something important. It *is* important, very. Father Santarius is sure to tell us we must put those straws back, and I've broken one of mine."

Straws! I stared at her aghast. Where were my straws? I did n't know. I had n't the faintest idea. I had lost them both, as I lost everything else, except the empty head so firmly, yet so uselessly, fixed upon my shoulders. It was really wonderful that a little girl who had only three places in the world in which to put anything, — a desk, a washstand drawer, and a japanned dressing-case (our clothes were all kept for us with exquisite neatness in the vestry), — should not have known where her few possessions were; but I could have lost them all in any of these receptacles, and never have found one of them again. When a mad scramble through my desk had furnished incontestable proof that no straws were there, and Lilly had departed, somewhat comforted by my more desperate case, I sat gloomily facing the complicated problem before me. I must confess my sin, I would be called upon to make restitution, and I had nothing to restore. The more I thought about it, the more hopeless I grew, and the more confused became my sense of proportion. If I had stolen the Bambino himself — as a peasant woman, it is said, once stole the Baby of Ara-Cœli — I could not have felt guiltier.

"Agnes," said Madame Rayburn's voice, "you had better go to the chapel now, and prepare for confession."

She was looking down on me, and, as I rose to my feet, a light broke in upon my darkness. I knew where to turn for help.

"If you 've taken a thing, and you have n't got it any more to give it back, what can you do?" I asked.

The suddenness with which my query was launched (I always hated roundabout approaches) startled even this seasoned nun. "If you 've taken a thing," she echoed. "Do you mean stolen?"

"Yes," I answered stolidly.

She looked astonished for a moment, and then the shadow of a smile passed over her face. "Is it something you have eaten?" she asked, "and that is why you cannot give it back?"

I laughed a little miserable laugh. It was natural that this solution of the problem should have presented itself to Madame Rayburn's mind, albeit we were not in the fruit season. But then, it had once happened that a collation had been set for the Archbishop and some accompanying priests in the conference room, and that Elizabeth, Lilly, and I, spying through a half-open door the tempting array of sandwiches and cake, had descended like Harpies upon the feast. This discreditable incident lingered, it was plain, in Madame Rayburn's memory, and prompted her question.

"No, it was n't anything to eat," I said; and then, recognizing the clemency of her mood (she was not always clement), I revealed the sacrilegious nature of my spoliation. "And I've lost them, and can't put them back," I wound up sorrowfully.

Madame Rayburn looked grave. Whether it was because she was shocked, or because she was amused and wanted to conceal her amusement, I cannot say. "Did you do this by yourself?" she said; and then, seeing my face, added hastily: "No, I won't ask you that question. It is n't fair, and besides, I know you won't answer. But if there are any more straws in anybody's possession, I want you to bring them to me to-night. That's all. Now go to confession. Say you've told, and that it's all right."

I was dismissed. With a light heart I sped to the chapel. To see one's way clear through the intricacies of life, to be sure of one's next step, and of a few steps to follow, — at eleven, or at threescore and ten, this is beatitude.

It was Saturday morning when we emerged from retreat, a clear, warm Saturday in June. Mass was over, and we filed down in measureless content to the refectory. Because of our four days' silence, we were permitted to speak our blessed mother tongue at breakfast time. Therefore, instead of the dejected murmur which was the liveliest expression of our Gallic eloquence, there rose upon the startled air a clamorous uproar, a full,

deep, joyous torrent of sound. A hundred girls were talking fast and furiously to make up for lost time. We had hot rolls for breakfast, too, a luxury reserved for such special occasions; and we were all going to the woods in the afternoon, both First and Second Cours, — going for two long, lovely hours, which would give us time to reach the farthest limits of our territory. Elizabeth came and squeezed herself on the bench beside me, to propose a private search for the white violets that grew in the marshy ground beyond the lake. Tony shouted across two intervening benches that she did n't see why we could not secure the boat, and have a row, — as if the Second Cours girls were at all likely to get possession of the boat when the First Cours girls were around. "We can, if we try," persisted Tony, in whom four days of peaceful meditation had bred the liveliest inclination for a brawl. As for me, I ate my roll, and looked out of the window at the charming vista stretching down to the woods; and my spirits mounted higher and higher with the rising tide of joy, with the glad return to the life of every day. Heaven, an assured hereafter, had receded comfortably into the dim future. Hell was banished from our apprehensions. But, oh, how beautiful was the world!

EXPERIENCES OF A PRISON CHAPLAIN

BY CLYDE ELBERT ORDWAY

The study of the criminal, and of methods of punishing and reforming him, is one that has been occupying a steadily growing place in the thought of society. In no other branch of social science has there been more progress. The writer does not pose as an authority on the subject, or put forth the claim of being a special student of it, but as the chaplain of the state prison in one of our smaller states, for several years residing almost within a stone's throw of the prison, and being familiar with its workings and intimately acquainted with its officials, as well as closely associated with the superintendent of its manufacturing industry, he gained some impressions which may have interest for the average reader.

The first fact to be emphasized as a result of observation is the one that is just now rapidly coming to be recognized by society in general, — namely, that there is in reality no distinct criminal class, but that criminals are mixed in with others in every class. That is, there is no particular body of people that is differentiated from the rest of the human family by reason of certain psychological and physiological characteristics, marked by certain hereditary traits, and possessed of special personalities, training, and environment, which can be gathered into a group by itself and correctly be designated as a criminal class. This used, until within very recent years, to be the popular notion, and was the basis of the treatment of the criminal. But modern social science, biology, and psychology, as well also as practical experience with the inmates of our penal institutions and the people of the slums, are disproving this old theory, notwithstanding Lombroso and his school.

In the prison in which I served there was during my term of office a college graduate, a man of previous high character and social standing, and of more than average literary and business ability; a revivalist; the son of a Baptist minister; and, I believe, a Methodist minister or exhorter; also, among the women, one or two not at all unlike or below the average woman of the common or working class. None of

these named had the peculiar face, temperament, origin, or willful wickedness supposed to belong to every criminal. Crime was not in any sense their profession, as it was of the veteran safe-cracker who was serving a long sentence at the time. In fact, the one hundred and fifty inmates of this prison were as heterogeneous a company as any body of people of equal number one could find at large in the world, so great a majority of them being so dissimilar in mental and physical characteristics, appearance, features, and origin, as to prevent any possible correct designation of them as a class by themselves. Taken all together, they were exactly like the people one meets every day in the varied walks of life in the different strata of society. At a safe estimate, two thirds of them were imprisoned for crimes committed while the person was intoxicated, or as a direct result of intemperance, and the victims were not a whit different, when sober, from thousands and thousands of others who constantly drink to excess, but do not happen to commit any open or flagrant crime while in their cups. Of the other third some were serving a sentence for crimes known by every well informed person to be constantly practiced by both men and women in both high and low society, the only difference being that the few in prison were unskillful or unfortunate, and were discovered, while those outside were not. Others were there for crimes very common in society, but not common to any particular type or class of people. A few were professional criminals, making burglary, swindling, and the like, their vocation. Still others were the intellectually and morally weak who had become the victims of their laziness, weakness, passions, or low aims and desires, and the creatures of untoward circumstances.

It is true there are peculiar specimens of humanity in prisons, — cranks, freaks, degenerates, and hardened and vicious characters, — but so are there all these outside the prisons, mixed in with the other people of the world in the different grades of society. The deliberate, professional criminal, with peculiar and pronounced characteristics, and forming a different type of man and woman, is too infrequent to constitute a definite class, unless he, with many others not in prison, be considered as a member of a diseased class in humanity. Those who do not agree with this impression, and persist in believing that there is a distinct, typical, criminal class must, if they study society, and also become familiar with the inmates of our penal institutions, admit that only a small portion of the class is confined in those institutions.

This fact, that the average convict is not distinctly different from other people in manners and appearance, when dressed like his fellows and mingling with them in the common life, is shown by the many instances in which I failed to recognize discharged prisoners whom I afterward met on the street or at the railroad station, or who came to see me for a talk or for help before leaving the town. They were men whom I had spoken to Sunday after Sunday in the chapel, and seen time and time again at their benches in the shops, yet when I met them in citizen's dress I did not know them, saw nothing about them different from the hundreds of people I met daily in the various walks of life; and the thought never entered my mind that they were or had ever been criminals until they made themselves known to me. In no instance was there a hall-mark on them to separate them into a class.

Strange as it may seem to most people, I found the prisoners on every occasion most interested and attentive listeners. Nor have I ever found a company of people in any church under any preacher who listened more attentively, more eagerly, throughout the speaker's sermon or address, than did the congregation of prisoners to whom I spoke every Sunday morning in the plain, bare chapel. The same was true of them also in regard to the music and other parts of the service. And it was not that they were under guard and compelled under pain of discipline

to observe the utmost quiet and order. Nearly every one of them was really interested, — was thoughtful and questioning in his mental attitude, — if the speaker gave them anything with sense and thought in it. However stale or indifferent to my word I might sometimes feel my regular church congregation on Sunday morning, I was always sure of real interest in my utterances when I faced the convicts in their unsightly garb at the chapel service. They were alert and keen, and often showed by their expression, or by a straight look at the speaker, that they approved of his words, or wanted to argue them. And when it came to the question of really touching the heart and influencing it for good, or of stirring the sluggish mind to better thoughts and actually helping a person in his deeper life, I am confident I never did it to such a degree with any other people as with these convicts, and confident also that no minister can do it with his church people as he can with these people, if he be a minister of the right sort.

One cause of the deeper and keener interest of these criminals in the religious service and the preacher's words was doubtless the fact that they had so little of these things, indeed, so little variety of any kind, in their lives. Many of these men had never attended church until they got into prison; but this newness would certainly wear off in a year or two, whereas the interest of these men seemed always manifested. On the other hand, there were a goodly number of Catholics who had always been familiar with religious services. The key to the matter is found in the fact that they were persons who were not and never had been overfed with all kinds of religious and mental food. They were not surfeited with ethical teachings, religious knowledge, music, public speaking, and all that is called culture, an article which some of the most indifferent Christians and church-goers pride themselves on possessing. The reason why the personal word and association of the chaplain impressed these people more strongly than the ordinary minister's work does his regular congregation was because their need was greater, their lives had been harder, and the earnestness of a minister and man really interested in their welfare appealed to them more strongly and brought forth greater response. The poverty of their present life, and their need of deeper and higher things, were powerful levers for the chaplain. Work among them was always interesting, sometimes inspiring, and often fruitful of definite, helpful results.

But having said this much, which seems rather flattering to the convicts, I must add that the preaching I gave them was not of the conventional kind, either in matter or method. That would hardly have made so favorable a showing with them, though even then I venture the belief that they would not have been much, if any, behind the average church congregation in attention and interest.

In associating with these men and women, and speaking to them, I always appeared and spoke as I felt, an interested, sympathetic, natural, real, human fellow man. I believe they felt I was a real man, and in earnest with them. I always spoke in a simple, direct, and conversational way, and on the practical themes of life. I did not deal with theology or the higher criticism, though I always interpreted the scripture lessons and texts according to the best knowledge at my command. I did not tell them how sinful they were, but how good. I made my appeal straight for the good life, and tried to show how religion, the faith, ideals, and good sense of Christianity, helped men and women to live that life. In a straightforward fashion I showed them the advantages of an honest, industrious, high-aimed life over the kind they had lived. I told them they were not so much *wicked* as *weak*, and urged upon them the strength to overcome the low and mean and criminal impulses and temptations which beset them. I strove to make them feel that we were brothers in the great family of man and of God, and told them they had but fallen

clear down on the path of life along which we had all stumbled. I aimed to appeal to their manhood (and they all had some), not to their fear or credulity or highly wrought up emotions. I reasoned with them more than I dogmatized, pleaded more than I condemned. I illustrated all my points as far as I could with incidents and arguments from actual life, using as much humor as I could command, and pervading it all with an earnestness that, though simple and quiet, was always real. I never allowed myself to indulge in mawkish sentiment or emotion, or to harrow up their feelings by pathetic and remorseful pictures, either of the past or present of their lives. I did not torture or antagonize them by referring to aged, sorrowing, and broken-hearted parents, blighted homes, and blasted hopes; to ruined lives and early graves as a result of their weak and sinful careers. They got enough of that from their own consciences in the silence and solitude of their cells; but I held before them always the worth and beauty of the strong and good life and the inevitable penalty of debasement and wrongdoing. Neither did I ever speak on any subject in a way to produce excitement in them and leave them with highly wrought up thoughts and feelings. Instead, I quietly appealed to their reason, then to their conscience, and then to their heart, — their better selves.

A few instances will illustrate in part the effect of some of the preaching and teaching provided by the prisons for the convicts. One day I was met on the street by a well dressed and rather fine-looking man of about thirty, who spoke to me, and held out his hand for the usual handshake of acquaintances. I returned the greeting, but stared at him a little blankly, for I did not recognize him. He smiled, and remarked, "I see you do not know me, but I am one of the inmates of the State House up there," pointing up the street to the prison. "My sentence expired this morning, and I leave town on the noon train. I have been to the stores buying some clothes, and have been trying to find you. I wanted to have a talk with you before I went away, and tell you how much good your preaching at the prison has done me. It will be a help to me as I make a new start in life, now that I am free again. I also wanted to tell you how much the rest of the men in there like your sermons, or rather your personal, practical talks, and are being influenced for good by them. I have been a teacher in the evening classes there of late, and the men often speak of you and say they like what you say and that it will help them to do better the rest of their lives. I wanted, too, to tell you about my case, and how I came to be serving a sentence in the prison, and have a good talk with you about my future plans, and your work with the men up there. You have helped me, and I thought it would be a pleasure to you to know it, and to know how much the other convicts think of you." He then took a cigar case from his pocket and handed me a cigar, asking if I ever smoked. Receiving an affirmative answer, he said, "I wanted you to smoke this with me while we talked, but it is now so near my train time that I cannot stop. Take it and smoke it sometime when you are alone, and remember me. It is one of a package sent me by a friend at Christmas [it was now June], and I have saved these two or three to smoke with you and another friend or two when I got out." We talked pleasantly for a few moments on the village street about the prisoners, prison life, the chaplain's work, and that of education in the institution, and of his own case and future plans and hopes, and then he shook hands with me warmly, and we parted. I have never seen or heard from him directly since, but I believe he had enough manhood and strength of character left in him to keep his word and live a reputable life after this experience and the new ideals and conception of life he had gained. He was not a criminal by nature or intention. His case was a peculiarly unfortunate, almost pathetic one, and is explained by the word intemperance.

The following instance will illustrate how a different type of man was affected in another way by the religious services and the words and work of the chaplain. It occurred with my predecessor just previous to my taking up the work. A convict who had served his time and been discharged called at the chaplain's study the morning of his release for a personal and parting talk, and offered this evidence of his interest in the chaplain's preaching. It was the custom of this minister not to announce the chapter and verses of his scripture readings at the chapel service, but simply to give the book, chapter, and verse of his text, which might or might not be in the passage read as a lesson. The ex-prisoner presented, carefully written out, a complete and correct list of the texts used and of the scripture readings, stating book, chapter, and verses, which were given for a period of two years in the preaching services. The location of the texts he could easily remember, and set down upon reaching his cell, but the passages of scripture read during this whole period he had had to find with no other clue than his memory of certain words and phrases that occurred in them. This he had done, and without the aid of a concordance, even, and the list was correct. The amount of time and patience it took to accomplish this,—find the book, chapter, and verses of a hundred or more Bible readings with nothing but a verbal memory of certain words and sentences to guide one,—can hardly be estimated by one who has not attempted the task. If his religious improvement was equal to his manifested interest, he was certainly greatly helped by the chaplain's service.

The following incident is suggestive as showing the attitude of some of the convicts toward the chaplain, and their ingenious attempts to win his sympathy and assistance in their particular cases. On one occasion I received the following letter from one of the veterans in the violation of law. It is copied exactly, excepting that names and place and the prison stationery heading and rules are omitted:

"Reverant Mr. O—

Luther M—, *alias*, etc., etc.

W— Vt., Feb. — 189—

Dear sir; you probably never heard of me, but i am part unitarian and part dutch, and if you can spare the time some time, to call here, i would like to talk with you very much. Fact is, i need a friend just now, and i think you can aid me materially, without much inconvenience, or any injury to your self, otherwise be sure i would never apply to you. For i know a real man, and have as much respect for a real man, as the next one.

Respectfully yours,

M—, etc."

The interesting part of this letter is the writer's statement that he is part Unitarian and part Dutch, made with a view of strengthening his appeal to my sympathy by trying to establish a kinship with me. He had heard somehow in the prison that I was a Unitarian minister, not knowing that Unitarian was the name of a religious denomination and not of a nationality. I went and saw the poor man, who had begun to break down in mind and body, and had a long talk with him, but the things he wished me to do for him were impracticable and entirely useless. So I could only reason with him as tactfully as possible, and give him what little hope or encouragement I could discreetly offer.

The way the very rudimentary education which was attempted in the prison appealed to some of the men is shown by this remark of one of them, a man past fifty, who was struggling desperately to learn to read and write. He said to his teacher, a fellow prisoner, after a particularly hard struggle with a lesson one evening, "If I learn to read and write while I am in here, I shall be glad I got in." And he had two or more years to serve.

As a rule, the convicts were not sullen over their fate as prisoners, or rebellious at the attempts made by the prison officials to help them. The following instance is an exception. One Easter the women of my church conceived the idea of pur-

chasing small bouquets and tying to each a card with a verse of scripture written thereon, and giving one to each of the prisoners at their Easter morning service. Two young girls were stationed either side of the chapel door with the flowers, and were to hand each convict a bouquet as he crossed the threshold and broke the lock-step with which he is compelled to march until inside the building. I watched the proceeding from the low platform of the pulpit, and it was a striking, almost a touching scene; those two fair and innocent maidens in all the grace and purity of youth handing a bunch of fresh and beautiful flowers to those coarsely garbed and hardened men as they filed silently through the door and to their seats. As I looked, I noticed that one man, rather young and of good appearance, sullenly ignored the whole matter, and refused to take from the little maid the simple token of beauty and of others' thoughtfulness which she tried to hand him. His act impressed me deeply, and I felt there was little hope of any appeal touching a person whose heart was so hardened and rebellious against society, and all attempts to brighten and uplift his life. I looked up his case later, and found that he was not a vicious or hardened criminal; that his offense was not a bad one or his sentence a long one; but that he felt the injustice of society, and hated the laws and people and circumstances that placed him where he was; and that he stolidly refused to accept any expression of sympathy or kindness from the people whom he considered to be against him.

A study of the religious side of these men's lives I found to be interesting. A little more than half classed themselves as Protestants, a little less than half as Catholics, and about one sixth claimed no religion at all. It must be said that those who professed no religion of any kind were not only no worse than those who did, but in some cases much better prisoners. The warden once told me that in his long experience the worst cases he had to handle were the men who made profuse profession of religion. Said he, "When you find one of them who sings hymns and prays a good deal and professes to be very pious, look out for him; he'll make trouble." And in a measure I found this to be true, as it also was that the one who talked the most about himself, boasted of his courage, and threatened suicide if he could only get a weapon, was the weakest and most cowardly. That kind you never found trying to escape or attempting to take his own life. But the silent, non-communicative man you might find gone some morning, or dead in his cell by his own hand. The warden had a quick and effective way of silencing those who cursed their fate, and boasted they would take their own life if only they could get something with which to do it, usually a pistol. To such he always said, when he heard them talking, "Come with me to the office, and I will give you a revolver or a knife for the purpose, if you really want to do it." That always ended their bravado, and none ever accepted the invitation. As a rule there was very little of this, however, or of exaggerated religious profession, and I found but little difference in the character and attitude and conduct of the men, whatever religion they professed, or whether they professed none at all.

While on this point, I may as well state, what was a surprising and puzzling fact to me at first, that I found the women convicts on the whole much more unsatisfactory to deal with than the men. They seemed much less interested and responsive to religious things and to all high appeals, being either less intelligent or more hardened and depraved. Their indifference to religious services and to my talks to them may have been owing partly to the fact that the service for them was held on a week day instead of Sunday, and in the parlor of their quarters instead of in the chapel (they were not allowed to attend the Sunday service with the men, and they were too few to have a separate service in the chapel), and was thus very plain and informal, partaking not at all

of the dignity and churchly nature of the usual religious service. But in any case they seemed to me more hopeless of improvement than the men. The case of one of the women will illustrate this fact, or at least show the grounds for my impression. She was tried for murdering her husband, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. During the course of the trial, the pronouncing of the sentence, and the transfer to the prison, she manifested not the slightest concern, giving no sign of fear, sorrow, or remorse. She journeyed to the prison bedecked in ribbons and loud colors, and carried her head high and defiantly. But when, in the prison chambers, she was being divested of her tawdry ornaments and glass jewelry, she broke down and wept bitterly, and pleaded like a broken-hearted child to be allowed to retain this trash.

The funerals in the prison were naturally most sad and depressing and hard to conduct. They were for men of whose life little indeed could be said, those who died there being, of course, as a rule, the more hopeless cases, since almost all but the very long or life-term convicts lived to leave the prison. I did not have to officiate at an execution during my service. Several inmates were under sentence of death, and the date of execution for a man and woman jointly convicted of murder occurred while I was in office, but just a month before the day their sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life by the governor, and I thus was spared the hardest, most trying duty, and the necessity of witnessing the most painful and barbarous scene of prison experience.

I found one particular in which the men in prison differed radically from mankind at large,—they would always rather work than loaf. Without exception they dreaded the holidays when the outside shops closed and their own was compelled to do the same. The punishment for any slight misdemeanor which they dreaded the worst was that of keeping them from work when they were feeling well. And in the majority of cases the men were intelligent and fairly careful workmen, learning to operate their machines and use their tools readily.

The discipline and customs of prison life I always found provocative of thought. Particularly impressive to me was the scene of the convicts in their coarse suits of red and black marching in long files, silently, and with the lock-step, to and from the chapel on Sunday mornings, and the shop on week days. There was almost never a Sunday service or a mid-day meal when there were not one or more visitors. To watch the men file across the prison yard into the chapel, or past the slide in the kitchen wall where they all took their dinners on tin plates, and passed into their cells to eat their silent and solitary meal, while officers in the yard and guards with rifles on the walls kept close watch,—this scene invariably deeply impressed the spectators, and sent them away with serious thoughts on the great problems of civilization.

The phase of prison life against which I protested was the way the men are dressed when confined there. To take a man who has committed crime and whom society desires to see *reformed* as well as *punished*, and to brand him as an outcast and object of fear or contempt by clothing him in an ugly and fantastic garb and cropping his hair, and then to provide a minister to preach religion to him, by talking of the beauty and blessing of human brotherhood, love, and kindness, and of equality before God, always impressed me as pathetically incongruous, a travesty upon Christianity, and a mockery of humanitarianism. The doing away with this custom is, I believe, one of the first steps to be taken in making the religious and reform work in penal institutions effective. It is not in accordance with natural methods for a man to grow rapidly better in character and truer to society while he is thus marked as an object of dread and contempt, and his wrong-doing and degraded position are so coarsely and constantly emphasized.

A word should be said, in passing, on

the subject of a maudlin sort of sentiment for prisoners which is sometimes manifested by the public, particularly by a certain class of women. This sort of thing is more harmful than otherwise in the work of controlling and reforming them. Convicts are not sentimentalists or fools, in the vast majority of cases, far from it. They are cold, hardened, shrewd men, thoroughly acquainted with human nature and the ways of the rougher world, and they quickly see through the weakness of oversympathetic and emotional persons, and are likely to take advantage of it.

These men know their guilt and what they deserve better than any one else, and do not, as a rule, cry baby or pretend innocence. The way to appeal to them and help them is not by pity, sentimentalism, or effeminate gush, but by virile manhood, a rugged sense of justice, and the calm, strong reasonableness of a better character and truer life. And the first step toward the end to be accomplished by this method is for the would-be helper of the criminal to become thoroughly acquainted, if possible, intimate, with him. For it is, after all, the contact of personality, and the personal, humane touch, that accomplish the most and the best with the vicious and unfortunate of mankind. But just as there should be zeal with wisdom in every good work of life, so there should be sympathy with discretion, sentiment with sense, in dealing with criminals. I was told of one chaplain in the history of the prison where I served whose sympathy for the convicts became so strong, and at the same time so foolish, that he went so far as to plan with some of them for their escape, and had to be dismissed from his office as unfit.

Of course I could not have this contact with convicts and prison life without being led to think deeply over the causes for it all. My feeling is (and I am only giving impressions, not dogmatizing) that they lie largely and fundamentally in the economic and industrial conditions of society, conditions which make the production and distribution of wealth so unequal, often unjust; and which as a result create extreme riches and dire poverty, produce artificial social classes and array them against one another; which cause hard times and take away the opportunity from large numbers for remunerative employment for long periods; which make the poor man who steals a loaf of bread to be called a thief and punished, while the rich man who steals half a million from the public is called a financier and let alone; conditions that thus fill certain persons with a sense of injustice, make them reckless or dissipated, and then lead them to crime. Closely connected with this lies the second basic cause, which is a lack of proper education and training in early life. The truth of this is evidenced by the change in some of the prisoners after they have learned a trade or mastered a machine, and had the benefit of even the meagre education, religious and secular, which the prison gives them. Of course intemperance, passion, lust, and perverted natures are fruitful immediate causes, but they are only immediate. These others lie at the bottom, working both directly and indirectly to produce criminals.

The great trouble with these men is that their souls as well as their bodies are in prison. Their minds persistently dwell on the lower levels of life. The first great step toward the prevention of crime (since the economic conditions of society cannot be changed except by slow and long methods), and the first great duty of the state, is to provide for all its children early in life compulsory mental and manual education and training. The record of Tuskegee Institute under the wisdom of Booker Washington is an example to every state in this particular. Very few, if any, of its graduates have ever been found in jail or in prison, intemperate or poverty stricken. And what they received at the hands of the institution was a little of the education that fits one for life, makes one intellectually and industrially competent in the economic struggle of civilization. Some such training as this, provided by

the state for all who do not get it in other ways, would go to one of the roots of criminality.

But having already a body of criminals on its hands, with which it is trying to deal in a humane and reformative way, a second great duty devolves upon the state. This duty is, I feel, to maintain industries which will provide work, a fairly comfortable home, respectable associates, and a thoroughly democratic treatment for the convict who has served a sentence and come out of prison, and who wants to do better, and will try to, if only he can get decent employment and wages and be treated like other human beings. Here is the weakest point in our whole penal system. When a man comes out of prison now, no matter how good his intentions are and how hard he tries to live right and to get on, the world is against him. Unless he has influential friends or some unusual thing in his favor, it is well-nigh impossible for him to find reputable employment and maintain the better life he desires to lead. He is branded as a criminal, and the world distrusts him. In many cases it forces him down and out, and sends him back to the old life. It does not answer this point to say he can go where he is not known and begin all over again. Most men do not have money enough to go very far when they come out of prison, and if they did, it is next to impossible in these days for a man to obtain employment without furnishing references or giving some account of his past career. I have tried this as a clergyman in disguise, and know whereof I speak. Of course this plan will not save all those who are discharged from prison from going back to dissipation and crime. Some of them, perhaps, nothing will ever permanently redeem. But I am confident that the first state, or the first individual, that establishes an industrial centre where discharged convicts can always be employed at a variety of occupations on something like an equal footing with the rest of their fellow men, socially and economically, and can stay as long as they behave properly, and desire to stay, will render a great service to humanity. Such an enterprise would do more than anything to reduce the number who go back to the old way after once serving a sentence in prison, and who thus swell the list of that worst of all classes of men and women, the chronic criminal and habitual time-server.

It is my impression that the work of the right kind of chaplain, together with that of the lay officials of our prisons, is most interesting and fruitful of good for society. The convicts are not the terrible creatures public imagination often pictures them, but are instead exceedingly human, especially on the better side of their nature. They are responsive to strong and manly personality, to the efforts and appeal of the sensible, earnest clergyman who ministers to them, and the officers and others who come in contact with them. The best preaching, even of the right kind of a chaplain, will not, probably, make churchgoers of many of them after they leave the prison, but it will make better men of some of them. As I went among the prisoners, preached to them, and became familiar with them all, I grew to have a deep interest, and almost an affection, for them as a whole. As it is said that there is only a very faint psychological line which separates the sane man from the insane, so there is a very slight difference between convicts and many who are not. A very small circumstance or a slight turn of fate will often determine which is which. I am convinced that the work that is being done by the students of criminology, and by the officials in our prisons to-day, is among the most important of the time, and that the advance made in this particular is one of the things that marks most surely our progress in civilization.

THREE SONNETS

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

NEW YORK IN SUNSET

THE island city of dominion stands
Crowned with all turrets, o'er the waters' crest,
Throned, like the bright Cybele of the West,
And hailed with cymbals in a million hands
Around her: yet serenely she commands
The inland vision and the ocean quest,
The new-born mistress of the world's unrest,
The beauty and the terror of the lands.

She sees the fields of harvest sown for her,
She sees the fortress set beside her gate,
Her hosts, her ships, she sees thro' storm and fire;
And hers all gifts of gold and spice and myrrh,
And hers all hopes, all hills and shores of fate,
And hers the fame of Babylon and Tyre.

WITH THE AGE

FOR good or ill, I master thy desire,
O Age and Country, making thy life mine;
I fell the forest and I lay the line,
I guide the cranes that swing the steel from fire
And flaring blast; I ride the inland flyer
Thro' the sown fields; in earth's vast rain and shine
I coast the sea with many a bold design,
And visit cities, climbing tower and spire,

And look abroad and say, "How strong ye are!
How ominous and wide! What new-born will
Is housed among ye, Cities near and far
By coast and river and the changeless hill!
How large your dreams, when 'neath the polar star,
The winter night lies round ye, cold and still."

FOR A DRUDGER

THOU shalt win victory from this dull routine
And crown thy head with laurel when 't is won:
This sure restraint thy youth was fain to shun
Will put new manhood in thy step and mien,

And in thy words, that something strong and keen
Which comes of life when life has bravely done —
Nor wilt thou all forget the mountain sun,
Nor the wild Alps with winds and snows between.

Thou shalt win life: for thou shalt learn with awe
How life is passion, but passion self-controlled,
That flames, even as the stars, by ancient law, —
Even as the stars that flame o'er field and fold,
Beyond earth's nether coasts of gust and flaw,
Bright, beautiful, unalterable, and old.

ABOUT LAURENCE STERNE

BY WILBUR L. CROSS

ABOUT the Reverend and ingenious Laurence Sterne, as the reviewers were wont to call him, there was nothing at hand a half-century ago beyond vague traditions, and an ill-arranged collection of letters with the brief memoir. Thackeray may have divined the true character of the great humorist; but he was mistaken in the crucial facts from which he professed to infer that character. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has since collected many interesting and authentic details concerning Sterne; and within a decade or so much fresh information has found its way into print, or drifted in manuscript to the British Museum. Wherefore Sterne may now be followed in his career more closely than Richardson or Fielding, or any other novelist contemporary with them.

And it is the most extraordinary career of them all. Sterne is among those men who awake, as the phrase runs, to find themselves famous. When the first installment of *Tristram Shandy* made its appearance, Sterne was an obscure country parson, already in middle life, and long since broken in health. He was then living at Sutton-in-the-Forest, a small parish some eight miles from York, where he was vicar. Of the nearby Stillington — two miles distant through the fields — he was also curate; and two prebendal stalls had been given him in the minster at York. Sterne began *Tristram Shandy* mainly to amuse himself and a few friends who met on winter evenings at the house of Stephen Croft, the squire of Stillington. After hesitancy and delay, "a lean edition" was printed by a local bookseller, and a bundle of copies was sent to Dodsley, the London publisher, "merely to feel the pulse of the world." Two months thereafter — it was early in March, 1760 — Sterne and Croft followed the book up to London; and the Yorkshire parson at once met his fame. Within a fortnight he wrote back to York: "From Morning to night my Lodgings, which by the by, are the genteelest in Town, are full of the greatest Company. I dined these 2 days with 2 ladies of the Bedchamber; then with Lord Rockingham, Lord Edgecomb, Lord Winchelsea, Lord Littleton a Bishop, &c., &c." The bishop in this company was Warburton, just consecrated at Gloucester. He sent for Sterne, and gave him a purse of guineas and some books for the improvement of his style. Sterne kept the guineas, but treated the literary advice with the contempt it deserved. Garrick, one of the first to read *Tristram Shandy* and recommend it,

sought Sterne out and presented him with the freedom of Drury Lane. Dodsley hurried a new edition of the fashionable book through the press within three weeks. Hogarth drew the frontispiece, and Pitt accepted the dedication. Six weeks later came the *Sermons of Mr. Yorick*, with "the largest and most splendid list" of subscribers that "ever pranced before a book." Feeling himself "the richest man in Europe," this country parson, who had been "franked" up to London by Stephen Croft, now set up a carriage and drove "down into Yorkshire in superior style."

It was much like this, except for minor details, on the subsequent visits to London for the season. At another time it was Lord Spencer, instead of the Bishop of Gloucester, who presented the guineas. Instead of Rockingham or Lyttleton, it might be Lord Bathurst, the friend of Pope and Swift and Addison, who introduced himself with "I want to know you, Mr. Sterne." The aged patron of letters — then above eighty — went on to say that he had long ago closed his accounts in despair of finding again equals of the men he once knew, but that he was now ready to open the books once more before he died. "Go home, Mr. Sterne, and dine with me." In a race with death, Sterne fled across the Channel for southern France, but he had difficulty in passing beyond Paris. Dinners awaited him there "a fortnight deep." On returning a call from the Comte de Bissy, he found him trying to read *Tristram Shandy* in the original. Choiseul, then prime minister, struck by Yorick's lean and lank figure, — "a scarecrow with bright eyes," — asked for an introduction; and the Duke of Orleans ordered his portrait to be painted at full length, that it might hang in his gallery of eccentrics. Hume, who had come to Paris as secretary to the English embassy, brought him into the coterie of philosophers, among whom were Diderot and Holbach; and before leaving Paris finally, Yorick preached for them and the world of fashion in the hall of ambassadors. It was an odd sermon on the mistake made by Hezekiah in exposing the treasures of his palace to the messengers from the King of Babylon. A farewell dinner followed, at which the philosophers waxed merry over the parson's description of "the astronomical miracle" that was performed in honor of Hezekiah.

And so it went on, at home and abroad, until Sterne came to London for the last time. On that last evening a company of Sterne's friends were dining not far from his lodgings in Old Bond Street. There were present the Dukes of Roxbury and Grafton, the Earls of March and Ossory, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Hume, and others distinguished for rank or achievements. "'Go,' said the host to a footman, "and inquire how Mr. Sterne is to-day." "I went into the room," said the footman on returning, " and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said, 'Now it is come!' He put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute." When the news of Sterne's death reached Germany, where the younger writers were losing their heads over him, Lessing said: "I would gladly have given Yorick ten years of my own life, could I thereby have prolonged his career for a single year."

Men partial to Sterne have long wished to know something about him in the less strenuous days before the period of "dinners a fortnight deep." How did Yorick conduct himself in his northern parishes? And what was thought of him there? Isaac D'Israeli, so curious in out-of-the-way learning, once hinted that there existed a body of Yorkshire anecdotes relative to that early time; and it now proves to be so. They are contained in a long letter and part of another written in 1795 by John Croft to Caleb Whitefoord, the wit and diplomatist, remembered, perhaps, here in America as an intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin. This John Croft who wrote the letters was younger brother to the Stephen Croft already mentioned. He grew up under

Sterne at Stillington, and saw a good deal of him in later times. What he says of Sterne may not be all true, but it is most interesting.

"I generally act from the first impulse" or "according as the fly stings," said Sterne, describing himself in the character of Parson Yorick. His parishioners observed the same volatile temperament, but they expressed themselves less playfully. "They generally considered him," says Croft, "as crazy, or crackbrained. He was not steady to his Pastimes, or Recreations. At one time he wou'd take up the Gun and follow shooting till he became a good shott, then he wou'd take up the Pencil and paint Pictures. . . . Once it is said that as he was going over the Fields on a Sunday to preach at Stillington it happened that his Pointer Dog sprung a Covey of Partridges, when he went directly home for his Gun and left his Flock that was waiting for him in the Church, in the lurch."

After Sterne had won his fame, he was in much demand as a preacher on unusual occasions. He then carried into the pulpit the wit, humor, and pathos of *Tristram Shandy*. In those days he seemed, said Gray, who read him exactly, "tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience." But on the average Sterne was, according to Croft, a rather poor preacher. "When it was Sterne's turn," says the antiquary, "to preach at the Minster half of the Congregation usually went out of the Church as soon as he mounted the Pulpit, as his Delivery and Voice were so very disagreeable." This one may well believe, for his voice was weak and broken from asthma and consumption.

Of Mrs. Sterne, who figures so humorously and sentimentally in the printed correspondence, it is said: "Tho' she was but a homely woman, still she had many Admirers, as she was reported to have a Fortune, and she possessed a first rate understanding. He [Laurie] had paid his addresses to her during the space of two years, when she as constantly refused him, till at length she asked him the question herself and they went off directly from the Rooms [the assembly rooms at York] and were married. Afterwards they did not live on the best terms and harmony together. . . . They kept a Dairy Farm at Sutton, had seven milch cows, but they allways sold their Butter cheaper than their Neighbours, as they had not the least idea of œconomy, [so] that they were allways behindhand and in arrears with Fortune." Mrs. Sterne, it is recorded further, "went out of her senses, when she fancied herself the Queen of Bohemia. He treated her as such, with all the supposed respect due to a crowned head."

It was while Mrs. Sterne imagined herself the Queen of Bohemia that her husband began *Tristram Shandy*. Neither his friends nor the publishers thought well of it at first. "When he read some of the loose sheets . . . to a select company assembled at Mr. Croft's for that purpose after dinner, they fell asleep, at which Sterne was so nettled that he threw the Manuscript into the fire, and had not luckily Mr. Croft rescued the scorched papers from the flames, the work wou'd have been consigned to oblivion. . . . And when he produced the Copy, to severall Gentlemen of York, they considered it merely as a laughable book, and when that he offered it to the Booksellers, they wou'd not have anything to say to it, nor wou'd they offer any price for it. The same happened when he offered it to Dodsley in London . . . and so it hung on his hands, till after some time a Mr. Lee, a Gentleman of York and a Bachelor of a liberall turn of mind, lent him One hundred pounds towards the Printing the Work."

But once in print *Tristram Shandy* "made a great noise, and had a prodigious run." "The next morning [after reaching London] Sterne was missing at breakfast. He went to Dodsley's, where, on inquiry for Tristram Shandy's works, his Vanity was highly flattered, when the Shopman told him, that there was not such a Book to be had in London either

for Love or money. . . . He frequently had cards of Invitation from the Nobility and People of the first Fashion, for a month to come, that it allmost amounted to a Parliamentary Interest to have his company at any rate, all which was more than his feeble Frame cou'd bear . . . Sterne's Popularity at one time arose to that pitch, that on a Wager laid in London that a Letter addressed to Tristram Shandy in Europe shou'd reach him, when luckily the Letter came down into Yorkshire and the Post Boy meeting Sterne on the road to Sutton pulled off his hatt and gave it him."

Of greater moment to literature than these anecdotes of a York antiquary are certain manuscripts in Sterne's own hand that have recently come to light. In the printed correspondence of Sterne, covering the summer while he was at work on the *Sentimental Journey*, there is frequent mention of a *Journal* that he was then keeping for Eliza, — Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, a young woman out of India, with whom Sterne had become fascinated. This remarkable document, long supposed to have gone astray, has had a curious history through the silent years. It was discovered by a Mr. Gibbs of Bath among waste books and papers that came to him from his father, a small local collector. Thackeray was permitted to see the manuscript when he was preparing the lectures on the *English Humourists*, and he afterwards related an incident from it in *A Roundabout Journey*. But for some unknown reason the *Journal* was not mentioned in the lecture on Sterne and Goldsmith; and the passage in the *Roundabout* was suppressed when the essay went into the collected edition. Mr. Gibbs showed the *Journal* to others besides Thackeray; and in 1878 he read an account of this and other Sterne manuscripts before a literary society at Bath. On his death in 1894, these manuscripts passed under his will to the British Museum.

The *Journal to Eliza* (it may be so called from its resemblance to Swift's *Journal to Stella*) depicts in minute detail the emotional state which gave impulse to the *Sentimental Journey*. There are, indeed, indications that Sterne intended to print it at some time as a supplement to that exquisite study in sensation. Crude it is as Sterne left it, but it is precisely the crudeness one must expect when the emotions are recorded just as they arise, without waiting for the imagination to select and recombine them into the beauty of art and form. In places the *Journal* is also, it must be admitted, grossly human; but of that it is unnecessary to speak now. Sterne first met Mrs. Draper in London society early in January, 1767. Three months later she sailed for India, and Sterne shut himself up in his London lodgings, where he lay ill of fever for weeks, — "the room allways full of friendly Visitors" and "the rapper eternally going with Cards and enquiries." Though near death at one time, Sterne's sense of humor never deserted him. Indeed, the account he gave of his illness in the *Journal* is, in his own opinion, as ludicrous as anything in *Tristram Shandy*. Yorick, it is duly related with all circumstance, took cold from an overdose of Dr. James's Powder, the nostrum that was destined to kill Goldsmith; eminent members of the faculty were summoned, and then dismissed after their diagnosis, only to be summoned again to take twelve ounces of blood from the patient, and to prescribe Van Sweeten's corrosive mercury; the patient finally cured himself with a French tincture, to the surprise of the wise physicians, who felt Yorick's pulse, stroked their beards, and smiled. "I am going" — wrote Sterne on an evening; and corrected himself the next morning with "Am a little better — so shall not depart as I apprehended." All this part of the *Journal* amused Thackeray greatly, who wrote of it to Mr. Gibbs.

Returning to his northern parish in the summer to write the sentimental travels for the next season, Sterne still kept up the record of his daily sensations. More and more he now let his fancy play

sentimentally about the incidents in the friendship with Eliza. "Your Figure," he records one day, "is ever before my eyes — the sound of your voice vibrates with its sweetest tones the live long day in my ear." He sits down to the *Sentimental Journey*, and Eliza enters the library, takes a seat opposite to him, and "softens and modulates" his feelings for a sentimental portrait, — the grisette he met in a Parisian glove-shop, it may be, or the beautiful Fleming of the remise door. A little apartment is fitted up daintily in the "thatched palace," and called Eliza's room, which Yorick enters ten times every day to render his devotions in "the sweetest of earthly Tabernacles." And in "a retired corner" of the house-garden is built in her honor a pavilion, where he sits of an afternoon in reverie, — another Adam in fancy waiting for that day's sleep which is to bring another Eve.

As an aid to realizing the idea of Eliza, there is always by him a miniature that was painted before their separation. It is placed on his desk every morning, as he resumes the *Sentimental Journey*. He visits his friend Hall-Stevenson over at Crazy Castle, and at dinner the portrait is passed round the table while noisy Yorkshire squires drink to the health of the original. Or he takes a wheel into York with the portrait as his companion; it is shown to the Archbishop, — his Grace, his lady, and sister, — who listen to the story of the friendship that existed between Yorick and Eliza. And finally, in allusion to the *Sentimental Journey*, Sterne writes eloquently: "I have brought your name, *Eliza!* and Picture into my work — where they will remain — when you and I are at rest for ever."

The Eliza whom Sterne would place among the immortals, along with Swift's Stella and Waller's Saccharissa, was from all accounts a woman of great beauty. "Your eyes," wrote her admirer, "and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw) . . . are equal to any of God's works in a similar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels." The oval face and brilliant eyes were also destined to startle out of propriety another ecclesiastic. The Abbé Raynal, the historian of the Indies, who made the acquaintance of Mrs. Draper after Sterne's death, stopped short in his work to indulge in mad eulogy. "Every instant," he said, "increased the delight she inspired; every instant rendered her more interesting . . . there was no one she did not eclipse because she was the only one like herself." And James Forbes of the *Oriental Memoirs*, — a cool head, — who saw much of Mrs. Draper at Bombay, thought that Anjengo would ever be remembered as the birthplace of this woman of "refined tastes and elegant accomplishments."

Among these accomplishments was, according to her friends, a spirited and original style. Men of genius, we are told, would not have disavowed her pages. She exalted, it is said again, the art of writing to a science. Hitherto it has been impossible to form an independent opinion as to what truth may lie at the basis of exaggerated praise like this, for the letters that have been published as from Eliza to Yorick are all forgeries. But attached to the *Journal* there is a long letter — some hundred pages — in Mrs. Draper's own hand, which she sent from Bombay to her friend Mrs. James in London. The letter is a sort of autobiography, in which are given with much detail the incidents that led to the friendship with Sterne, and the writer's subsequent life after returning to India. In the course of the narrative, Mrs. Draper carelessly throws off brief essays on conduct or education, character sketches, and sentimental episodes, half fact and half fiction, doubtless to show what she could do in these lines. She did not write exactly, as Sterne says somewhere, "with the pen of an angel," but her style would do no discredit to Miss Chapone or to Margaret Duchess of Newcastle. Her ideal was Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, whose assemblies of bluestockings were then becom-

ing famous. "I would rather be an attendant on her person," she wrote, after reading Mrs. Montagu's essay on the *Genius of Shakespeare*, "than the first peeress of the realm."

The beautiful Mrs. Draper of facile pen was twenty-three years old when the friendship began between her and Sterne. Born in India of English parents belonging on each side to a good family, — the present Lord Basing, of Hoddington House, Hants, is a descendant of her father's brother, — she was sent to England when a mere child for "the frivolous education," regarded as good enough for "girls destined for India." "The generality of us," she wrote in sorrowful retrospect, ". . . were never instructed in the Importance of any thing, but one Worldly Point, that of getting an Establishment of the Lucrative kind, as soon as possible, a tolerable complection, an Easy manner, some degree of taste in the adjustment of our ornaments, some little skill in dancing a minuet, and singing an air." With this sort of training, she returned to India, in her fourteenth year, to become, six months later, the wife of Daniel Draper, her elder by some twenty years. Her husband, who had been for some time in the service of the East India Company, proved a faithful and efficient servant, but he was withal heavy and unimaginative. After Mrs. Draper's memorable visit to England when she met Sterne, she went back to India, spoiled by flattery and literary ambitions, for the humdrum life that awaited her. For a time she assisted Mr. Draper in his correspondence, taking the place of two clerks; but this could not last long. She naturally enough felt, as one of her sentences runs, a "great Dearth of every thing which could charm the Heart — please the Fancy, or speak to the judgment." So came the inevitable quarrel between husband and wife, a life apart, and eventually Mrs. Draper's flight to England. The period of freedom was destined to be rather brief. Five years in England, and she died at the age of thirty-five.

Mrs. Draper lies buried in the cloisters of Bristol Cathedral, where to her memory stands a monument symbolizing in its two draped figures Genius and Benevolence, the qualities with which the inscription endows her. But her spirit, it was once a superstition, long continued to haunt Belvidere House, — her home overlooking the harbor of Bombay, — and might be dimly seen on any night, "flitting about in corridor or verandah in hoop and farthingale."

MY NEIGHBOR'S

BY BETH BRADFORD GILCHRIST

THE tenth commandment has never greatly troubled me. My neighbor's house, his lands, his children, his manservants, his maidservants even, I can allow him with a quiet mind; his ox and his ass far be it from me to lure into less juicy pastures. There are many people, and my neighbor is one of them, whose satisfaction flourishes only in a soil of personal possession. They are always scheming to bring the widest possible acreage of *things* under the sway of one little two-lettered pronoun. I for pure and unalloyed pleasure go to that which is my neighbor's. Against his nine points of the law I set up my ten of enjoyment. What is mine has never held for me the irresponsible thrill of delight my neighbor's yields. My playhouse of a cottage with its quaint inconveniences within and its close-shorn fringe of green without — a poor thing but mine own — impels me to neither rampant independence nor couchant apology. My neighbor has ample elegance for his body-servant, and all outdoors for his playground, but so far as I am concerned he exists for my benefit. Why, then, should I make covetous comparisons? True, he may have aims of his own; he is not one to adopt readily the low estate of a means to my gratification, — who would not be an end in himself? — and it is not in human nature to recognize an unwelcome destiny without spectacles. I do not pretend to know his views; he speaks a language to which I hold no key.

My neighbor's grounds run far back from the road until, shaking off the lines of artful naturalness they have been forced into by the landscape gardener, they lose themselves in a delicious tangle of nonconformity. Their master is no freethinker. His mind is an intellectual Noah's ark. Inherited in pairs from his fathers, culled in couples from the books he read in his youth, ideas have made entrance from time to time as into a lifeboat warranted to outfloat the flood of new thought, and once within they have found security. My neighbor permits no leakage. I have a fancy he gives them air and exercise twice a day, when morning and evening he strolls with his cigar, never very widely, through his grounds. The gardens suffice for his constitutionals. Other minds have planned the direction of their paths, other hands have laid them out, and between their trim borders my neighbor's feet walk placidly. His climbing roses fling themselves over the fence in an ardor of new emprise; my neighbor calls his gardener's attention to their need of pruning. His is an existence doubling upon itself with comfortable complacency. A paradox is this neighbor of mine: the physical law of inertia personified, yet a busy man; an owner of much wealth, yet fully possessed of nothing; blind and deaf and dumb, yet saying, "I see, I hear, I speak — who to more purpose?"

Last year he put in hundreds of bulbs along the path that wanders sociably beside the brook: crocuses spreading a many-colored carpet over winter's ravages; narcissuses, companies of gay heralds, catching the May sunshine in their golden trumpets; flocks of tall iris, lanes of lilies, rich in Oriental splendor; and I know he never got half the pleasure out of them that I did. Really my neighbor and I are joint proprietors. He holds the title-deeds, I enjoy; he labors, I enter into the fruit of his labors. His is the substance; the earth of the gardens and their products, the wood of the trees and their fruitage, the sticks and stones of the

house, that which may be billed, crated, and catalogued; mine is the glory of sunshine on dew-drenched flowers, the still delight of ferny woods, the fine-lined contour of rocks and trees and noble architecture, the intimate beauty of it all. And mine, I take it, is the more profitable ownership. The birds do not sing for my neighbor, his roses do not bloom for him; the alchemy of sunshine is to him a locked science, with him the silversmith of night holds no dealings. His responsibilities impoverish him. But I am carefree as a denizen of Vagabondia, without the drawbacks of such citizenship. I am rich in the secrets of field and wood, of garden and lawn, in the sight of my eyes and the hearing of my ears, and the worries of wealth are far from me. I do not dream o' nights that tramps are rifling my imported grapevines, or that thieves are making off with my silver plate; fire and flood and insurance have no terrors for me.

There is no miserliness possible to the possessor of my wealth. It grows by giving. I share my riches with every passer-by, — if he be blessed with the use of his five senses, and of a sixth, appreciation, without which the five are but half-senses, — and am no poorer. I would share it with my neighbor, but he knows no sixth sense, and I am not surgeon enough to quicken his mental vision.

Every theory has its parasite of fallacy. I have no justification for those who hold that enjoyment carries with it the right to personal possession. I should as soon think of clambering over my neighbor's spiked stone wall and helping myself to his pears as of opening his gate and picking a bunch of his Jacqueminot roses. His house is crowded with books and pictures and curios from all corners of the earth. I may be the intellectual owner of an Aldine, but I do not consider myself thereby vested with the title to its print and pages. Before I go into my neighbor's house and take a Corot from his walls, I shall have decided to try a few months of first-hand research in the subject, How the criminal classes live in the workhouse. The law does not concern itself with appreciations. Nowhere is it written: To him that hath shall be given of that which he hath not. The currency of enjoyment is not quoted in tables of exchange. Material wealth buys no spiritual possessions; how, then, shall spiritual wealth give title to material possessions?

Being a woman, I realize that I am putting in jeopardy my reputation for truth-telling when I say that I do not envy my neighbor's wife. I write it with trepidation. The words stare up at me with an air of stern Hebraic virtue. Yet there are hundreds like me, with whom it is not a question of morals at all, but of compensations. I have known women of indifferent character to be strict keepers of the law because of a complacent assurance that other women looked on them with longing. I have no such supposition as this in regard to my neighbor's wife. I am convinced the idea of coveting anything of mine has never entered her pretty head. But I prop my moral scaffolding with the theory that if she were wise she would envy me. Perhaps it is as well she is not wise. The woman who would change her identity for another's has said good-by to happiness. I can imagine but one fate worse than to be my neighbor's wife, and that is to be his wife and understand the haplessness of it. So we two make interchange of wasted pity over a fence of neighborly civility.

I own there are times when the thought of her maidservants would go far toward reconciling me to her lot. The average servant is a will-o'-the-wisp. Now you see her, and now you see the week's wash heaped in the middle of the kitchen floor, the unscraped dishes dumped in the sink, the little gray kittens of dirt frolicking under the tables and chairs. She belongs to that questionable order of small evils tolerated for the sake of ultimate good, plants which have always flourished on the shady side of the tree of ethical discussion. Expressed in ratio the formula for a model servant is

$$\frac{\text{good}}{\text{evil}} = \text{infinity}.$$

Perhaps my mathematics are at fault, but I have never yet succeeded in getting one I could write above zero. Here, I confess, is the vulnerable point in my armor; only circumstance — saint in cramped cloisters — saves me from sorry overthrow. My playhouse is, as I have remarked, small, almost painfully small; furthermore it is in the last stages of congestion. Already I am contemplating moving the piano out on the piazza and reversing the excellent advice of the Lady from Philadelphia. Otherwise even I might indulge in a little harmless wishing for a maid like those that swarm at my neighbor's. My neighbor's wife is a past mistress of the dexterous art of making and keeping servants. I sometimes fancy she must develop them by rule, the results are so irreproachable. Give her the rawest material, and in a month she has a cook from Arcady, a Utopian parlor maid, a waitress fit for the gods. And they stay, — how they stay! Only death or a man can drag them off.

But when I get a bit blue thinking of my neighbor's maidservants, I look around, and laugh. The proverbial bull in the china closet would be a Lilliputian beast beside a maid in my playhouse. Verily I think she would have to sleep on the roof, or I might sling a hammock for her beside the piano on the front piazza, — the refrigerator lives on the back porch, — but I doubt whether she would take kindly to such a camper's arrangement, especially in winter. After all, the treasure of greatest price slips an iron hand into her velvet glove. Would I exchange my easy, undragoned solitude for the lightest rule of the most model servant? On second thoughts, let my neighbor keep the clockwork machinery of his domestic establishment; for me the old sundial with nothing but the slipping shadow of my unstudied desires is still the best.

Another of my neighbor's holdings from which I clear a clean-conscienced enjoyment is one of his children. Your own children are either a rebuke to pride or a cause of vainglory, but how much solid comfort or discomfort you can take in your neighbor's children! There is no prejudice of possession to deflect the eyesight, no cringing for their manners, no magnifying their brightnesses. They are a torment and a tease, food for reflection and matter for gossip, a terror by day and a relief by night, a diversion in free hours and a distraction in busy, a long way removed from angels, and sometimes not far from imps.

This child of my neighbor is a healthy little girl. She looks clean, until she begins to play, and kissable — when she is clean. She wears her hair in the prevailing fashion, cut short off in her neck and tied on one side of her head with a big bow. Her clothes are sturdy and plain, — my neighbor's wife is, after all, a sensible woman. Should a stranger chance to speak to her at play, he would not think her an unusual child, yet to me she is the most delightful of my neighbor's possessions.

Her name? No matter. I did not wish to know it myself. I am distrustful of names; they are smiling villains, innocent-looking cheats, not what they seem. They look to be mere harmless bits of word-economy; they are really emotional shortcuts, and many travel therein. Because I happen to have been born very long after Adam, I rebel against being therefore cheated out of the freshness of my impressions. Habitual borrowers do not please me. If I would do a little independent thinking, if I would sound my own possibilities of feeling, let me not be dogged by the thought and feeling of all the past crystallized in five letters, or in a dozen. My friends are too hot for knowing the names of things. Sometimes I think this is a children's age, only the children are not young in years. These friends of mine have countless clubs, curiosity shops, where for a moderate expenditure of their curious coin they pick up glib phrases, pat combinations of

words, which they fling around indiscriminately in their walks. It gives them such child-like pleasure to display their little learning! And when they have named a thing, they rest satisfied, not knowing that its subtlest quality has escaped them.

My neighbor's wife has often urged me to join her club for bird study. "Why, you don't know the names of even the commonest birds," she cries. And I do not. I have been at some pains not to be sure about them. A little ignorance is so much more comfortable to live with than a little knowledge. "A bird is as beautiful by one name as another," I answer her. "His flight is as swift, his song is as sweet, his life is as shy. Literary allusions to him are not the bird, they are poetry, essay, story. When I stand in your woods, and one flutters noiselessly to the branch over my head and flits again, I have no wish to squander my precious moment craning my neck to see if he has a spot on his tail, running through a catalogue of names, or ecstatically murmuring something that Shakespeare or Wordsworth or neither has said of him. I want no literature, no word with its definite associations to blot out from me that unlettered poetry of the woods which the first poet read untrammeled in the morning of the world."

Of course she does not understand, but I can forgive her anxiety to supply me with a full list of birds' names. What I do not like is her forcing the child's upon me. We had become acquainted without my making the stereotyped bid for a child's acquaintance, "What is your name, little girl?" That has always seemed to me close cousin to the highwayman's method. A child has as much right to the unlooted possession of its name as have I to my watch and pocketbook, and at the muzzle of the question it is no better defended. If my neighbor's wife had not insisted on calling her small daughter by name in my presence, I might have had my choice of Margaret or Mary Ann. Better still, I should have brought to her acquaintance none of those preconceived notions, those shreds of remembered qualities and tatters of crisscrossed associations, that cling about a name.

It was five years ago when I first spoke to the child. She has bothered me a good deal since, but I do not haggle over the price of her friendship. We tramp and talk together, we explore the unfrequented corners of her father's acres, and the odd nooks in our own thoughts. I air my prejudices, and she hers. Outwardly she is much the same little girl I first met, distinguished only in that she plays harder than the other children. But I can see she is growing up in more than stature (her brown head has crept to the level of my shoulder). I have a fancy that before long I shall be called on to share my subtlest claims to the joint ownership of my neighbor's lands. Already his library is his daughter's. Not as she will be some day, but still in a very real sense, she is rich in books. Long lines of calf and morocco bindings throng my neighbor's shelves. On the margins of some he jotted notes years ago, with many he has never been on speaking terms, with none has his acquaintance passed beyond an impersonal intercourse. Not to my neighbor do the book people send their cards of invitation. But many a time in passing the gate I have hesitated, seeing the child at play, as I first thought, alone upon the lawn, — hesitated and dared not enter where so gay a company was gathered. It is not for a plain American, just home from a tramp, to mingle with King Arthur's court, to feast with Robin Hood on the king's deer, to jest with Rosalind, to laugh with gay Prince Hal, to bandy quips with Puck the irresponsible, to hear Sinbad the Sailor spin his yarns, and Old World minstrels sing their lays.

Where does the child get her appreciations, I sometimes wonder. What ancestor of hers loved the beauty of the world, and the wholesome sweetness of books? Sensitiveness to these things is not in my neighbor or in his wife. Did they have its possibility once, and have they starved it to death? You can kill a liking and a

love. Neglect, starvation, the will power to drown the little blind kittens of a nature groping for light, — these are deadly weapons. Or may it be that this responsiveness has been developed in the child in answer to the impelling beauty of her surroundings? has the outward moulded the inward? Who shall tell? Perhaps each surmise holds a kernel of truth. The child is a dreamer, and there is no sure rule whereby to account for such.

I did not know till lately that she was also a bit of a magician. Knights and ladies, monsters and children, a motley company now fall under her spells. Should she grow up to capture life as vividly as she has mastered fairyland, to weave in a many-colored web of words the warp of things that are with the woof of fancy, my neighbor will be very proud of her. With his blind old eyes that think they see he will look at her work, and will not understand. He will say "my daughter," but he will never know a kinship closer than the physical, a possession higher than the material.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IN AN APPENDIX

Two generations ago the lovers of humor used to give a little time to the story of one Timothy Dexter, a curious compound of knave, crank, and fool, who made a fortune, it was believed by fantastic means, built a fantastic house in Newburyport, and published a fantastic book. In the second impression of this book, he tells us that, people having complained because there were no stops in it, he had added two pages full of punctuation marks in an Appendix, and they might "pepper and salt it," as much as they chose.

It has seemed to me that not a few of our current publications would be improved by a similar system, whereby a good deal of matter, which is somehow deemed essential for what one might call constructional purposes, but needless for comfort or beauty, might be relegated in mass to an appendix, whence those who like such things might select for insertion in the text as much as they liked, without requiring those who do not care for it to wade through it. It is especially in novels that such a plan seems feasible.

For instance: modern novels have a great deal of tobacco in them. The heroes, villains, and confidants are eternally lighting cigarettes, varied by a certain amount of pipes and cigars. These do not help on the plot, the action, or the dialogue. They can hardly be conceived to give local color, for they are introduced independent of all locality; and as they are impossible in stories of more than four centuries ago, they would not appear to be essential to create an interest in the narrative. Now there are still living those who do not want any tobacco in their novels, and a large number who do not want such an endless amount of it. Would it not be possible to leave out all smoking from the body of the book, and print as an appendix two or three pages of tobacconists' advertisements, out of which those who really cannot breathe without nicotine might spice the chapters at their pleasure. The dealers would gladly pay for this exploitation of their wares.

Another opportunity for this hygienic inoculation with appendicitis is given by descriptions of scenery, — particularly cloud-effects. When one is reading along with interest, rapidly passing from mere keenness to almost breathless excitement, eager to know whether Ethel is going to accept the duke, or whether Herbert is

going to make that fortune which will enable him to come in as a machine god and rescue her, one has to stop and wade through an evening in the Dolomites, or a sunrise in the Yosemite. These may be very well done; they may be as exact as a reproduction of the Arundel Society. But they are fearfully in the way; there is nothing done, said, or thought, till the last color of the Tyrolese sunset has "died like the dolphin," or the last gauzy veil has been lifted from the geysers. If they only affected the result,—if the Dolomite peak only reflected a ray of resolution upon Ethel's purpose, if the Yosemite slope only revealed to Arthur a bonanza in quartz,—one could be grateful. But nothing of the sort; they are padding,—artistic, suggestive padding, if you will. Now why cannot their lovers let them be all together in the appendix, in the form of photogravures, with notes in the text referring to No. 8 or No. 17, and let the rest of us get on with Ethel and Herbert?

Perhaps also we should fare none the worse if all introspections and self-communings were concentrated into a few supplementary pages. As it is, no sooner is Ethel comfortably established in her piazza chair among her Dolomites, no sooner is Herbert uncomfortably bestowed in his Pullman, "speeding" across the continent, than each begins to review all the hopes, fears, wishes, doubts, that the situation calls up. Undoubtedly such a review is terribly true to life. We all of us have to go through it, much oftener and more thoroughly than we wish to. It does not help us; we end where we began, and so do our hero and heroine. Ethel gets a belated letter, covered with postmarks, which tells her that her aunt will not perpetrate that second marriage; Herbert's train is boarded at Flagstaff by some one who brings the latest tip on Northern Securities; and all their nicely balanced self-communings are rendered null and void. A few pages of them might be appended to satisfy the longing hearts of those who love to have events and talks deferred, and they could protract the agony as long as they liked by recognizing their own interminable worries of days gone by.

In Macaulay's *Life* we are told how the fashionable novels of eighty years ago were punctuated with fainting fits indulged in indiscriminately by both sexes, whenever a crisis in the story occurred. These need not now seek an appendix; they are forever dead and buried. But how much equally superfluous matter is still allowed to haunt our best stories, not because it helps plot, incidents, talk, or character, but because, as Dexter thought of "stops," it is supposed to be the thing? By the use of an appendix, which, like the answers in a school Algebra, might appear in some copies and not in others, all tastes could be gratified.

PET ECONOMIES

What is your pet economy? Mine is collar buttons. You see, I take you into my confidence before you have a chance to deny that you have such a thing. All the same, I'll wager you have. I have yet to meet the individual, man or woman, who has not some pet economy which is cherished with the dogged unreason of early habit. Yes, I confess that mine — the principal one — is collar buttons. Think of it! Ten cents for a collar button! Or twenty-five for a better one; though that is only plated. I have a set, and one or two to spare; but the spare ones are a recent acquisition. One was a Christmas present — one of the most acceptable I ever had! It is a solid gold one. I always had wanted a solid gold collar button, and would like to have three or four more; but never have been able to bring myself to invest so much capital in that particular adjunct to the wardrobe. They are liable to be lost, and have a way of rolling under the bureau, when not observed, or being picked up by the servants. Several times I have been on the point of buying all the collar buttons I want; but the good resolution never happened to be coincident with the opportunity to purchase.

I find no such difficulty in regard to other incidents of apparel. I bought a flamboyant waistcoat the other day, the price of which would have stocked me in collar buttons for the rest of my natural life; and did not feel that it was an extravagance, either. But I shied at the collar-button tray in the haberdasher's, and hurried out, clutching tightly the change from a ten-dollar bill, as if fleeing from some awful temptation.

I have reasoned it out, and know that I could lose six gold collar buttons a year, and not have to cut down on my cigar allowance. And yet, — well, here I am in the condition of destitution to which I stand confessed.

I inflict these personalities upon the reader merely by way of illustration. It is not that my experience is unique. You have your pet economy, too, and will confess, at once, that you have had experiences very like mine. And you know friends whose pet economies seem to you extremely absurd. In fact, it is easier to discover these economies in our friends and acquaintances than in ourselves. Wealth is no eradicator for them. Indeed, it is among the wealthy that the most delightful specimens are to be found. I am reliably informed that one of Mr. Rockefeller's most cherished economies is golf balls. To lose a golf ball wrings his heart. Even an old hacked and dilapidated ball, gone in the tall grass, will weigh on his mind all through dinner, and his man will have orders to make a special search in the afternoon to see if it cannot be recovered. I have in mind a particular occasion, and a particular ball, and it is circumstantially related that, on the same afternoon, while still stewing about that little pellet of india rubber, he called his private secretary, and had him write a cheque subscribing five million dollars to a charitable purpose. Think of it! How many golf balls can be bought for a dollar? How many for a hundred dollars? A thousand? A million? A hundred million? If all Mr. Rockefeller's dollars were converted into golf balls, and he should spend the rest of his life knocking them into the tall grass, how old would he have to be before he became a pauper? If he lived the span of the Old Testament patriarchs, and worked hard, I fancy he would have quite a pile before him when the Man with the Scythe called time.

String is one of the commonest of the pet economies. Have n't you a friend (I have) who insists, always and inevitably, upon stopping to untie the knots in order to save the string about the parcel? No matter what haste or impatience attends the opening; no matter that there is a great wad of just such strings on the nail in the pantry. Untied it must be, and the string saved. It might come handy. Now I stand here and denounce that practice as an irrational, illogical absurdity. I am emancipated from the string habit, and I know. There is nothing, except matches, so cheap in this day and age, as string. The investment of fifteen cents will stock a household with string enough, of assorted sizes, to last a year. Yes, for that amount you may revel in string — string without knots or tangles, and of interminable length. No fifteen-cent investment that I know of gives such ample and satisfactory returns in a year as the string investment. And, on the other hand, I know of no more laborious way to save fifteen cents a year than by picking the knots and cherishing the twine that comes with every package. But I need not argue the case. The string economy is no more rational than my collar-button, or Mr. Rockefeller's golf-ball, economy. It is just one of those pet economies of which I am speaking.

I know a lady of great wealth and fashion (or, to be more truthful, I know of her) whose pet economy is stationery. I had a note from her once written on that terribly cheap school-store paper folded and ruled in faint blue lines. I marveled, and made inquiries, and learned that, though in all other respects she lived as became her wealth and station, she never could bring herself to pay for anything better

in note paper. Her house is beautiful and perfect in its appointments; she has her carriages, her gowns, and her box at the opera. But when it comes to note paper, she feels that she must economize.

Another lady (this one I know more intimately) balks at the payment of excess baggage charges; and, as she is a great traveler, and always carries more weight than the rules of the railroads allow, this economy costs her a deal of money. I have in mind one instance when she paid her man's fare to New York, and gave him four dollars to bribe expressmen, not to mention the price of his dinner, and three dollars for an extra dray, in order to get out of paying excess charges which would not have exceeded two dollars and thirty cents. She is a generous woman, on the whole, and has an abundance of means; but excess baggage she deems the last straw in the burden of expense, and she will pay double the amount to get around it.

Other instances which occur to me are of the man who borrows his neighbor's newspaper to save one or two cents; and the one who insists on wearing the same tie for a year, despite the protests of his family; and the other who labors, and compromises with his conscience, to "knock down" street car fares. These are all men who are so far removed from penury that the cost of the articles in question is really no consideration. And in other relations of life they are generous and open-handed. For I am not alluding, in any part of this discussion, to the constitutionally or habitually close-fisted or stingy. These are merely pet economies.

I have thought a bit about the matter, and have concluded that pet economies are evidences of a defective education. Not general education — mind you — but education in the grand art of spending money. The science of economics, — the every-day economics which you and I and all of us are compelled to master, and to practice on a larger or smaller scale, — this science is divided into two chapters; one on How to acquire money, and the other on How to spend money. In the United States more attention is given to the first chapter than to the second. There are nine people who are successful in making money, to one who is successful in spending it. I do not have to explain to this intelligent audience that the mere getting rid of money is not success in the art of spending. To spend money as it should be spent requires intelligence and thought. It requires study — study directed to this one end. I was reminded of this not long ago when I was a guest in the house of my hospitable friend, Senator — but perhaps we had best name no names. He had bought some exquisite taste for his million-dollar mansion, but the shelves of his library offered two subscription sets of the World's Best Literature, and seventy-eight lineal feet of the official records of our late unpleasantness with the South. Poor man! I wanted to take some of his millions, and show him what to do with them. He knows much better than I do how to get them; but I could spend them — oh, ever so much better than he! I do not pretend to have mastered the art of spending, but I could give Mr. Rockefeller valuable pointers. I could show him how not to worry over a thirty-nine-cent golf ball. That's where hereditary wealth gets its show of superiority; in the scramble to get money the art of spending has not been so shamefully neglected. It is a rare thing to see the two acquirements evenly balanced. A man devotes a lifetime to the first chapter, and then, after his brain processes have begun to harden, and new lessons are not easy to master, he starts in on the second half of the volume.

In the family the "women folks" are generally the ones to furnish whatever intelligence is directed to this chapter. Not being engrossed in money-getting, they have a little time and thought to devote to money-spending; and many a home has been made beautiful, and the seeming reflection of taste and culture, as the result of their efforts. But they are handicapped. If the Provider does not follow

their enlightened researches, and approve and appreciate their discoveries, but judges only by the precepts of his chapter on acquisition, it is small wonder if they make but slow headway.

Pet economies are the unmastered details in the art of money-spending. The big things are obvious, and are taken in without much question. The big house, the rugs and furniture, the carriages and gowns, are the plain corollaries to a million. But in trifles, in the things which go to make up our less vigorous moments, the sway of the first chapter and its axioms is upon us, and we wrangle over the pennies, and deny ourselves, with the conscientiousness of a trust limiting the output.

Pet economies are limitations. They are telltales, tattling of a time when we were engrossed only in getting. They are sure evidences, also, of slovenly attention to the rudiments of the second chapter on finance.

I know; and some day I shall get a dozen solid gold ones.

BEHIND THE SHOP

I HAVE just discovered what it is I miss from the abundant fiction of the present hour. Many years ago (when I read stories because they were stories and passed the time so pleasantly in an old-fashioned library looking out on an old-fashioned garden), I continually lost myself in the rapt contemplation of a kind of life so filled with romance and quiet enchantment as to leave to this day an ache in my heart that I could never actually experience it. It was the life of certain happy English people who lived behind the shop, and got from their intercourse with the great world sending its ambassadors to their doors all the perfectly pure satisfactions to be gained from a great world. The drama and tragedy of the little shop must have appealed with special strength to the minor writers of my childhood. I cannot remember the name of a single character in the very humble fictions of which I speak, but I remember the tidy little sums brought in by the sale of tidy little wares, and how the customers came in at inopportune moments, and delayed the cooking of the dinner. I remember how the tape and ribands, and the cotton thread put a dreadful strain on every one in the dressmaking season; and once when an illustrated edition of *Can You Forgive Her?* came into my hands, I lost the thread of the story — positively lost the thread of a Trollope story — wondering at which of my shops had been bought the trimmings for Lady Glencora's voluminous gown. I remember one very sorrowful story in which a small shopkeeper entertained a rival who, in the course of conversation, nefariously extracted all sorts of information about the trade and the neighborhood, and turned out to be the agent for a large dealer who presently set up across the way from "The Teapot," and put out a great sign with the name, "The Two Teapots," cruelly blazoned on it. Whenever I think of that bit of enterprise, all that is said of the modern Corporation and the greed of Trusts falls sweetly upon my ear, mingling curiously with the hum of bumblebees in syringa bushes, and the sound of hammering in a distant blue-stone yard.

When I first read *Evan Harrington*, and the problems of tailordom were forced upon me, I harked back to my little shops, and considered if they were not perhaps the simpler and more dignified of the two kinds of trade. They were never places in which skill of hand and loving labor in a difficult craft were exchanged for lucre. They were merely mediums of exchange, as our banks and trust companies may be, in which commodities were bought and sold without any question of whether the dear work of one's trained fingers was worth the price. One little shop, the most famous and touching and delightful of all those in which I have lingered, is well known to all readers of English fiction, — Miss Matty's shop in Cranford, where the good lady gave five lozenges to an ounce instead of four, and so was out of pocket;

the decorous tea and candy shop whose proprietress was so much afraid of interfering with the business of the regular tea merchant of the town that she went to him, and asked if he thought that by any possibility she could be running the risk of doing him an injury by setting up a rival establishment.

Of course, it can't be helped. The day of the small shop with the lodging rooms behind it is practically over, and writers of the present can hardly concern themselves with such annals of the past. But when I read novels in which the growth of vast golden fortunes is commemorated, and the society to which they give rise is described, I sigh for those canisters of Gunpowder and Pekoe, those cakes and lolypops, that mixture of bread, shoes, tape, and bacon, that viny window looking out upon a thorn tree, that frugal meal of a hot chop and some slices of fried pudding, the smart bow at the neck on a Saturday afternoon, all the homely thrills and busy-ness of pleasant days in and behind the shop.

ON SINGING SONGS WITH ONE FINGER

James Huneker, the critic, has pointed out that lovers of the drama, who are sound judges as well, too frequently have so little taste in music that they tolerate or even approve the most atrocious noises emitted in the name of musical comedy; while lovers and sound judges of music are quite as often woefully remiss in their knowledge of stagecraft, accepting scenery and stage management in their opera which would put men less skilled in the creation of theatric illusion than David Belasco to the blush.

How true it is that unto him who hath shall be denied, and unto him who hath not shall be given what the other man could use to such advantage! The composer who can both pucker the lips of the gallery gods and satisfy the ears of the musical critics, how infrequent a visitor on this planet! so that Offenbach and Sullivan must often have suffered from loneliness. The singer who can also act, how rare a song bird! The interpreter of the *lieder* of Franz or Schubert or Grieg who will sacrifice vocal display to the composer's meaning, and who has the fineness of soul to grasp and make manifest the mood of the lyric, how welcome a guest! And yet those who could write undying comic music if only they were composers, who could lift the hearts of their hearers into the skies with "Hark, hark, the lark," if only they could sing, are legion in number. How often, in short, like those two in Lord Houghton's poem, are temperament and technique — "strangers yet."

So are they in me, alas! total strangers. From my earliest years I have been filled with the joyous impulse of song, but never were ears more false to the one true pitch than mine, never was voice less commensurate with ambition. My youthful dreams, when they were not of football or swimming, were all of the Sirens, and I deemed Ulysses, if prudent, none the less a lack-sentiment sort of hero, not inspiring to know, because he stopped his ears to their song. The jeers of my fellows long ago taught me the bitter lesson to keep my melody to myself, but the impulse is still in me to sing, the myriad moods of music are still mine, and I still consider Ulysses the first of the Philistines.

For some time I thought my own case unique, but acquaintance with a music critic who cannot hum a tune, and with a celestial tenor (such tenors are so rare I fear this may be too personal for print!) who was the most stupid of men, without the slightest capacity for high passion of any sort, convinced me of my error: and many subsequent conversations with men and women like myself incapacitated by nature for self-expression, as well as much listening to bad singers with good voices, have but forced conviction home. And now, when unfeeling relatives and scoffing friends smile the superior smile of the "musically talented" at sight of my piano which I play with one finger, and at the pile of music upon it, I let them smile,

calm in the assurance that songs and instrument are mine by better right, perhaps, than theirs, who can raise voices quite on pitch to the accompaniment of eight fingers and two thumbs.

For, when none of them are by, I play with my one finger the airs of the world's great *lieder*, and hear from that slight suggestion the songs as they should be sung. As I would rather read Hamlet in my library than see the average actor attempt the part, so I would rather play *Der Atlas* with one finger, with my own imagination calling forth the tragic power and grief, the superb climax of surprise and thunder, than hear it sung by any man at present on the concert stage. The poignant sadness cross-shot with humor of another of Schubert's songs, *The Hurdy Gurdy*, vanishes in the concert room, melts hopelessly into the dulcet tones of the young lady soprano, whose friends twitter when she is done, "What a pretty song." But my one-fingered rendering — aided in this song by occasional jabs with three fingers of the left hand — brings to my inward ear the pathos of the barrel organ, heard over the distant hum of a careless city, laden with the sorrow of all the world; brings memories, too, of that consummate singer of songs, Marcella Sembrich. Under the touch of my blunt forefinger the *lieder* of MacDowell distill their delicate melancholy, that in the homes of my friends, where daughters ripple well dusted piano keys and display expensive voices, yield only treacle and honey. Why should I mind the supercilious smile of my neighbor next door when he occasionally catches me at my unidigital performance, he who is a soloist in a noted church choir, but who, I very well know, prefers *The Palms* or *Mr. Dooley* to Purcell's, *I'll sail upon the Dog Star*, if, indeed, he ever heard the madly melodious boast of the "roaring boy?"

After all, there is nothing wonderful in this. It but shows that the genius which creates and the imagination which appreciates are akin. Even operas and symphonies were composed at a piano. Strauss heard the one hundred and five instruments which are called on to represent the cry of the baby in his *Symphonia Domestica* all tooting and scraping in the notes his ten fingers evoked from his piano keys. (Personally I should rather have heard them so!) And why cannot I hear at least a simple little song in the melody that my one finger plays? The numerical ratio is in my favor, surely, although my neighbor would doubtless rudely suggest that I am not Richard Strauss. At any rate, for me there is a great joy in singing songs as they ought to be sung, if only with one finger, which has done much to console me for the technical powers nature has so plentifully denied me. I offer the same solution to all others who are in my case, only suggesting that it would be wise of them, perhaps, to learn while they are yet plastic the use of all ten fingers. They will not thereby secure ten times as much enjoyment, but their families will thank them!

THE BURBANKING OF ANIMALS

Every one who is interested in the practical application of science, and whoever reads the magazines, must be more or less wonderstruck and excited over the transformations which Mr. Burbank has of late years wrought in the vegetable world. The new forms of plant life which he has developed by judicious manipulation and mingling of the old are more amazing than the marvels of the *Arabian Nights*, and more than justify the threadbare phrase so common on the pen of the journalist, "the miracles of science."

Gratitude for what one has, however, is apt to carry with it the increase of desire for what one has not, and here as elsewhere the appetite grows by what it feeds upon. Once started, the fancy is not to be restricted to the vegetable kingdom, but goes swiftly on to conjure up possibilities in the field of animal combinations. The old fables may surely be realized, now that science has gone so far in the art of combining living elements. Why, with

the horse and the condor at the service of the Burbank of the animal kingdom, need Pegasus remain a mythical creature; or the unicorn exist only in heraldry while the Shetland pony and rhinoceros offer the elements for its appearance in the flesh? The gryphon and the sacred fringed tortoise of the East might not be of any very great practical value, but they would be highly interesting from association, and would lend an admirable air of distinction to the lawn of their fortunate possessor.

In the way of practical combinations the field is unlimited. From the trustworthiness and docility of the dog and the clever agility of the monkey might be developed a domestic creature which would solve the question of servants without giving offense to the most fanatical enemy of slavery; already science has gone far toward producing a race of cows giving pure cream, and it is only a step to a herd producing butter at first hand; the fancy of crossing bees with glow-worms, so that the resulting insects may be able to work at night, has been exploited as a jest, to the utter confounding of the Englishman's perception of American humor, but it may after all come to be a practical possibility; if the strength and marvelous intelligence of the elephant could be tempered by the willingness and placidity of the ox, man would have such a beast for work as the world has never seen; to attempt to give to the horse the jumping powers of the grasshopper or the flea might prove too much even for science, but something might be done by utilizing the splendid lightness of the deer. What a blessing, moreover, would he confer on his race — and the thing seems well within the probabilities blessedly shining through the mists of the future — who should produce a dumb cat! Perhaps the rabbit would do for the dumbness, or the badger; but however it came, nations would arise to call that man blessed by whose skill the tabbies of the back alleys wandered through the spring nights in their amorous ecstasies — screechless. Combinations undreamed of would undoubtedly develop as science proceeded, and the limit is not to be set to the wonders which would result.

To consider humanity itself as subjected to the will of science, and individuals altered in form for the convenience of the race at large, may seem to some a matter too serious to be even speculated about; yet the bees set man the example, and rear from similar grubs a drone, a worker, or a queen, as best suits the public need, and modern philosophers are not wanting who imagine that here is to be found a foreshadowing of what is to befall the human race in some future stage of development. If humanity is to be thus manipulated, many results long desired may be attained, and possibilities dimly hinted at in mythology be realized here also. Janus may be only the mythical prototype of the future schoolmaster, able to face the blackboard and the school at the same time; the sphinx may in veritable flesh stand sentry at our gates; and, most blessed dream of all! the time may come when six arms may sprout from the shoulders of the overworked mortal who now longs for three pairs of hands when the accumulated tasks cannot be accomplished by any means less. To think of a servant with six hands, the waiter in a restaurant, the taker of tickets, the busy needlewoman, as so abundantly endowed by nature is in itself enough to make one envy our descendants who may see this in the reality. Yet one awful thought intrudes itself; suppose the six-armed mother had offspring of her own sort! A household of children each with six hands devoted to mischief! The fancy reels at the idea, and reason suggests that after all there may be compensations for having been born before the Burbank of the animal kingdom has done his perfect work.

For comment on the contributors to this number, see advertising pages 19 and 20.

THE

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THE CLAMMER

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

MANY of my friends — and probably all my neighbors — think me erratic and peculiar, I do not doubt. My friends remonstrate with me mildly, and I usually listen and accept and make no reply. For how can they know? And, they being what they are, how can I help them to a knowledge of things which must be born in a man? My neighbors do not remonstrate, for my neighbors are not of necessity my friends, and I am queer enough not to care to cultivate a man's acquaintance merely because he lives next me.

There is Goodwin the Rich, who has the palace on the hill, above my favorite clam beds. It is not likely that I shall ever know him, although his automobiles flash past my front gate, covering my hedge with dust, and enveloping my house in nauseous smells. I do not like automobiles. It is not to be imagined that Goodwin finds me peculiar, for he is probably unaware of my existence; but I have some humbler neighbors who stare at me and shake their heads. And I smile and pass on; for I know what I know, and it passeth their understanding. And all this shaking of heads, and all the protesting of my friends, is because I choose to go clamming.

Some of my friends may, at first, have had the idea that my interest in clams was biological; for I received some training in that branch of science, and even taught it — or was supposed to teach it, with other branches — in a school. But I look back upon that school with horror, as, no doubt, my victims regard me, in retrospect. And my neighbors may, very naturally, have assumed that my interest in clams was gastronomic, which is, indeed, nearer the truth. But the evidence on that point was inconclusive. They were not asked to my feasts of steamed clams, if I had any, and they came to look upon me as simply queer.

As an occupation for leisure hours, I commend the pursuit of the clam. Your true clammer is of another age, born after his time. He values not at all the improvements of this age. He reads by candle light or goes to bed at dark. He loves the wandering along the bare shores, hoe in hand, the wading through shallows, the mud pies he may make in the incidental pursuit of his prey, and the sights he sees. For the capture of the clams is less than the search for them, even as the sport of the true fisherman lies as much in fishing as in catching fish.

So it befell that I wandered, one afternoon, toward my chosen hunting ground over the oozy flats. The sun was low in the west, and he spread the still water and the shining mud with all manner of reds and purples and shimmering greens. If I might regulate the matter, low tide should always fall at sunset or at dawn. Either is a fitting time, with the old earth at peace and its waters stilled or just waking. And at either time I may satisfy my soul with the unapproachable coloring of the Great Painter. The hot noon is no time for clamming. Then the water glares in your eyes, the sun beats down upon your back. The mud is just mud that stinketh in the nostrils. But when I have the happiness to go clamming at sunset, I am wont to stand and gaze and muse, forgetting my errand until I am

sunken to my ankles in the mud. Then is my regret for my scientific training the keenest, and I know, within my soul, that in the making of a mediocre scientist a good painter has been lost to the world. Strive against it as I may, I cannot see a sunset without converting it into its elements of refraction, with a question of polarization; nor the colors on the muddy puddle under my feet without thoughts of interference. But I am improving, and I hope, in time, to have shaken off all the dry dust of science I was at such pains to acquire. So, that afternoon, I wended on with joy in my heart. For I would dig, or gaze, as the fancy seized me, until the sun was gone and the night was fallen.

Now, that particular piece of flat, to which incline alike my heart and my feet, is my own. I bought the few feet of shore to which the clam beds are attached because I loved it and feared lest, otherwise, the march of progress should take it from me. For Goodwin the Rich lives here, and he is improving the shore — his Water Front. But he shall not improve away my clams. He may dig here and fill there and build his walls, but he shall leave mine untouched. For it is mine, as witnesseth a certain deed recorded with the Register. And as I thought these thoughts, walking over my sand, — there is more sand than mud here, which is perhaps why I like it, — as I thought on these things, anger surged within me and I stamped my foot. And, behold, a little jet of water spurted up beside it.

"Oho," said I, "so there you are."

And straightway I stopped and set down my basket and began to dig; but leisurely, and with my face to the west, for I would bid the sun good-night. And that clam was found, and his fellows, and my basket was half full, and I rose to see the sun. And as I stood and saw him, his red disk was half down behind the hill, and I could see it sink. So I raised my hand to salute him, and there came a sweet voice behind me.

"Man," said the sweet voice, "why are you digging there?"

Now I was surprised to hear that voice, but most surprised at its sweetness. But yet I would not turn nor answer until the red sun had winked his last. For, I thought, here is one of the maids from the house of Goodwin the Rich — or perhaps the governess; yes, surely, the governess. The truly Rich may insist upon sweet voices in their governesses. And at last I turned and saw the governess sitting upon the bank, just where the sod broke off to the sand. And the light from the western sky shone upon her, the light from the sky that was all yellows and reds and would soon be turned to violet and green. And as she sat there, in her plain black dress, with that light shining upon her, she seemed very beautiful. Truly, thought I, the Rich may have what they will. But I could not have told what was the color of her hair. In that light it was red and gold. And I stammered in my speech.

"Your pardon, madam," I said. "I was saying good-night to the old sun."

She smiled, a smile as sweet as her voice, but with a touch of sadness in it. The life of a governess to the Rich is not all a path of roses

"Yes," she said. "I came down to see the sun set, too. But why are you digging?"

"I was digging clams," I answered gently. For I felt a sorrow for her sadness.

"Oh," she said, "do you dig clams? Have you some clams in your basket? I should like to see some clams."

Now truly, that was an easy matter, that she should see some clams, for there they were in the basket. And the sun was gone, so I lost none of his company if I would please the governess. It did, indeed, strike me as strange that a governess should know so little of clams, but probably she did not teach biology. Governesses to the Rich deal more in appearance and in manners. Still, I hold that in some respects the manners of a clam are worthy of imitation. He is quiet and unobtrusive. I waded out into the water and soused my basket well. Then

I brought it to the governess sitting on the bank.

"Now," she said, a trifle of petulance showing in the sweet voice, "you have got them all wet."

"Better all wet than all muddy," I replied, standing before her, and watching the play of light upon her hair. When I see her hair in the plain light of day, I think I shall find it red, — a brilliant red. But it was wonderful. Her head was bent as she looked into my basket, and my opportunity for observation was excellent. One thing my scientific training has done for me is to make me a good observer.

"Oh," cried the governess, "what is that funny-looking thing they are sticking out? Is it the head?"

"It is called the head," I answered, "but it is not. Is n't it strange how often a thing is not what it is called? But I suppose you do not have to teach anything about clams."

"Teach about clams!" she said, puzzled for an instant. Then she seemed to be amused. "No, I don't. It's lucky, is n't it? For I don't know anything about them. May I take one of them?"

"It will drip on your dress and spot it," I said warningly.

"It does n't matter," she replied. And she took a clam in her hand, and the water dripped upon her dress, as I had said, and it made a spot. She could not see it then, but I knew how it would look in the morning. She was a most careless, heedless governess.

"Of course it matters," I said, reproving. "You will see. Surely they don't give you all the gowns you want, to spot with salt water."

She was puzzled again. "All the gowns I want?" she asked, wondering. "What do you mean?"

"Up at the great house," I said, "at Good— Mr. Goodwin's."

The governess smiled, a merry smile that filled her eyes with light. For she was looking up at me then. And I looked deep into those eyes until her face was the color of her hair.

"Oh, yes," she said, looking down, — and I was sorry, for on a sudden it seemed dark, — "oh, yes, they are very good to me — in the matter of gowns. But I will be careful, if you think I ought."

"I know you ought," I said. "Waste is wicked."

"Yes," she answered, musing, "I suppose it is. But I am afraid I have n't thought about it as much as I might."

She was looking at me, up and down, from my mud-covered rubber boots to my old battered hat. I was clad as a clammer should be clad, and I was not ashamed.

"You are not wicked, are you?" asked the governess. "You are not wasteful?"

"Not of my clothes," I answered. "I cannot be. And do you suppose my wife would drip salt water upon her best dress?"

I thought I saw a shadow steal across her face. But the sun had left many shadows behind him.

"It is n't my" — She hesitated and stopped. "Have you a wife?"

"No," I answered shamelessly. And she laughed aloud, a sweet laugh and low, like — like nothing else in the wide world.

"Are you a fisherman?" she asked.

I had forgotten how the garb of a clammer would be regarded by a governess to the Rich.

"Sometimes," I said. "I am but a passable fisherman. I can catch enough for myself, or, if need were, for two."

"And do you use the clams to catch the fish?"

"Some of them."

"I should like to open this clam. How shall I do it?"

I broke the shell upon a stone, and pulled forth the clam.

"Oh," cried the governess, "the poor thing! And does n't it hurt it?"

"The scientists will tell you that it does not," I said. "Never having been a clam, I do not know. But I know I cannot use them without breaking the shell."

"And what do you do with the rest?" she asked.

"The rest?"

"Yes, the rest, — those you do not use to catch fish. Come, tell me. Don't make me ask so many questions."

"I like to hear you ask questions," I said, whereupon she smiled again. And her eyes filled with light as they had before, and I knew that I were safer on the quicksand of the Hole than looking down into those eyes. But I went on.

"The rest are eaten. Some make chowder, which is a mystery; some are steamed in the oven; but the best are covered with seaweed and baked on hot stones. Did you never see a clambake?"

"Never," she answered, "although I have heard them mentioned. Are they rare feasts? I should like to see a clambake."

"I shall have one," I said, "and you will come. And we shall have clams, fresh digged and weltering; and fish fresh caught; and chicken, not too fresh; and lobsters and sweet potatoes and corn and many other things. And there will be a great pan for the shells and the husks, for you will not throw them on the ground, as we common people do. And you will shuck the clams with your fingers, and eat the corn from the cob."

"Horrible!" she said. And she looked at her hands, and laughed. They were shapely hands, soft and beautiful. I wished — but it does not matter what I wished, for I knew I might not have it.

"Fisherman," she said, "you amuse me. But I will come to your clambake."

"Do you find me more amusing than your teaching?" I asked. For one does not enjoy being laughed at by a governess with red hair and beautiful eyes, although to stand there, close before her, and to see her laugh, was a joy.

"Yes," she answered, "vastly more than my teaching. My teaching is not amusing. I weary of it."

"Yes," I cried, "I knew it. And do you find the doings at the great house a weariness?"

"I do," she said. "And that is why I came here."

"And will you come again?"

"Perhaps. But when shall that wonderful clambake be?"

"That," I said, "is in the future. There are preparations. And besides, I would have it to look forward to. And how am I to let you know?"

"Why," she said, "that is a problem. Perhaps — you might leave your invitation under that great stone."

"And how should I know" —

"Why, again," she said, "one might find something under the stone if he but looked."

And she was silent for some while.

"Fisherman," she said, suddenly, "what is your name?"

"Thomas," I answered; "and what is yours?"

She started, and for an instant she was angry. Then she laughed again, adorably, and blushed. "My name is Eve," she said.

"Truly," I said, "I should have known. And I was wrong, for mine is Adam."

"Now, fisherman," she cried, "you presume."

"I must," I answered, "for it is the nature that God gave me."

"And, Thomas," she went on, "you dig in our — in Mr. Goodwin's clam beds."

"I do not," I cried, forgetting, in my anger, "they are m —, they belong to a queer fellow who lives near."

"Oh," she said. "And he lets you dig there?"

"He lets me."

She mused and looked down at the clam beds. But the water was lapping on the flats by this, and the twilight waned.

"I wonder," she said, and stopped.

"What?"

"I, too, would dig for clams."

"Well," I said, "why not? But not in that gown."

"Would it be a waste, and wicked? But you said it was spotted already."

"It may be cleaned," I answered. "I wonder at you." For I was impatient. What a spendthrift governess!

"There are so many things I do not think of," she said contritely. "But I must learn. And what gown, then?"

"A short one," I said, "and an old one, if you have such a thing. I never heard of so extravagant a governess."

"Oh," she said, and smiled again. And I saw the light in her eyes, though it was nearly dark. "And have you known many governesses, fisherman?"

"None," said I. "But my name is Adam."

"You said Thomas."

"Eve," I replied, with firmness, "I said Adam."

"Well, then, Adam, what else?"

"Boots," I answered, — "rubber boots. See mine."

It was not light enough, but she had seen.

"Yes," she said, "but governesses do not have rubber boots."

"They should," said I, "for the grass is wet even now, and it is long. But I will bring you some."

"Oh," she began, and stopped. And I knew she blushed, though I could not see.

"And I wonder," she went on, "if that queer fellow would let me dig, too."

"He would."

"You seem very sure, fisherman."

"Adam," I corrected.

"Well, then, Adam."

"I am sure," I said; "and besides, I shall not tell him."

"It is very dark," she observed. "The twilight is quite gone."

"Not quite gone. See the west." Indeed, there was a light streak in the west, and the bearded hill was marked against it.

"I must go in," she said; but she did not rise.

"Not yet," I urged.

"I must go in," she repeated, "or they will send for me." And this time she rose.

"I will go with you," I insisted.

"No," she said, "you will stay. Good-night, fisherman."

"Adam," I corrected. "Governesses should have better memories."

She laughed. I loved to hear her laugh, and I would have seen her eyes.

"Good-night, Adam."

"Good-night, Eve. To-morrow" —

But she was gone, swiftly, and I stayed, as I was commanded. And my heart was beating as no clammer's should. For a heart-beat of above seventy a minute is not fitting for a clammer. I sat, that night, with my book in my lap, staring into the dark shadows, and my candle sputtered and went out. Will this new light go out of my life, too?

I sat upon the edge of the bank, just where the sod breaks off to the sand, and I stared at the red sun, and he stared back at me. I sat close beside the place where the governess had sat, — very close, — but that place was vacant. For perhaps, I thought, perhaps — And the old sun spread his colors lavishly over the still water and upon the wet sand; his purples and his reds and his dainty shades of pink and blue and green. If I could mix my colors like that — or are they mixed? My scientific training does not help me much. It does not tell me why the colors are now brighter than they were yesterday, and now sombre. There is more than one kind of reflection, and science knows them not. And, as I stared and wondered — for these things are marvels — came a sweet voice behind me, and my heart leaped up into my throat and choked me. And I did not stop to reflect that it was not my heart at all, but some ganglion or plexus or what not. What cared I for ganglion or plexus?

"Fisherman," said the sweet voice. "you are early."

"Eve," said I, — and my voice was steady, — "may a man come too early to Paradise? The woman comes after — though I have all my ribs."

"Fisherman," she said, "you are a strange man."

"So I have heard," I answered. "But you forget. A governess should have a better memory. I wonder that you can teach."

"I am but a passable teacher, Adam. I cannot even teach well enough for one."

"Well enough for two, if we be the two. For I am learning."

"Adam," she said, "I might speak seriously to you. I ought to be angry with you" —

"But you are not. It is strange how seldom we are what we should be. I should call you 'lady,' as though I were a car conductor, and be most respectful, as befitteth a fisherman" —

"But you are not. Why, Adam?"

"How should I know? It is the nature that God gave me. And those who stand nearest to nature — well, I am learning. Come and sit here, Eve, where I can see you."

"Now, Adam, really — you must learn. Even a fisherman should not need to be told to stand" —

"Your pardon, madam" I cried, standing. "You are right, and as I said, I am but a passable fisherman. Did the first man stand, in Paradise? Probably he ran. But I do not, for I can see you well as we are — and that light on your hair, Eve" —

She stamped her foot. "Fisherman," she cried, "it is too much. I will not stay. Remember that" —

"I am a fisherman. I will," I said. "And you are a governess."

Then she laughed, which was what I wanted. I was missing the sun's good-night, but what of that? For I might see his marvels half the days in the year; but this marvel that I saw — how many days? I wished, — but my wishes are vain. Still, there was I, looking up, and there was she, looking down and smiling yet, and the glory of the west was in her eyes and on her hair.

"Turn, fisherman," she said, "or you will miss your good-night to the sun."

"What I see pleases me better," I said. "But stand beside me, and we will bid him good-night together."

So she stood beside me, which was a marvel, and the sun rested his red rim on the bearded hill, and we saw him sink. And as the last thin line of red vanished behind the hill, I saluted, and so did she. And then she laughed. I love a ready laugh, — mine is not ready, but has to be pumped out, with a great noise, — and such an one as hers —

"Now, Adam," she said, "we must dig. We have wasted time."

"No," I answered, "for the beds are but now uncovered. See the colors, Eve. What would you give to paint like that? There is but one Painter."

"One could never learn," she said, "there is so much to learn."

"But we are learning, every day."

"And what have you learned to-day, Adam?"

"Many things."

"From the sun?"

"From the sun," I answered, "and from you."

"From me!" she cried. "What have you learned from me, fisherman?"

"Some day I will tell you, governess," I said.

"What day, fisherman?"

"When we dig for clams at dawn."

"And when will that day be?"

"In more than one week, and less than two."

"And why not any day, Adam, — when I will?"

"The tide, Eve. Even a woman must wait for the tide. See, it has made us late to-night."

"Come, fisherman," she said, "let us dig quickly, or it will be too late."

So I drew the boots from my basket, and she took them.

"Fisherman," she said, "these are new. Where did you get them?"

"I had them," I replied; which was true. I had had them since the morning.

She sat behind a tree and put them on, and I heard her laughing to herself. Then she came forth.

"They are too large," she said, "but it does not matter."

I might have known it. But what know I of women's boots?

"My stock is small," I answered. "I had no other size." And that was true, too.

So I showed her how to dig, and when her hoe broke through a shell, she almost wept. But she dug six.

"I am tired," she said then. "I will dig no more to-night. Does your back get tired, too?"

"Not now," said I, "but it did, at first."

Then she sat behind the tree and changed the boots. and we hung them in the tree against another time. And then we sat upon the bank, for the colors had not faded. And Eve sat silent, gazing at the water and the western sky; and I sat silent and gazed up at her.

"Eve," said I.

She turned and looked at me, but did not speak.

"I think many things," I said, "and some of them I would say."

"No," she answered, "do not say them. Watch the sky and the water while the colors last. See, it is almost dark."

"The water and the sky are from everlasting to everlasting, Eve, so far as I am concerned. But you — no, I must make the most of what I have."

"Fisherman," she said, "you must not speak so to me."

"And why not, governess? Does it displease you? May a fisherman not say his say to a governess? If I were a — what must I be, to rank with a governess? Would my speech offend you then?"

"Adam," she answered, "I came here to dig for clams."

"Truly," said I, "we did, and to see the sun go down."

"And the sun is gone, and the clams are digged, and I must go."

"Eve," I observed, "you are a logician."

"I am not," she replied. "I am a woman."

"Heaven be praised for that!" I cried. "A perfect work!"

"Adam," she said, and she was half laughing as she spoke. "I ought to be angry with you."

"You ought not," I answered, "for it heats the blood and causes vapors in the brain. Or so the ancient writers tell us. Besides, I do not like it."

"Like a woman's postscript," said she. "You are a strange fisherman."

"Truly," I said, "I am. But see the water and the sky, Eve. What peace and tranquillity! Can you feel anger when you look upon that? And what am I? The grass of the field, and to-morrow I shall be cast into the oven. For to-morrow it will be hot."

"You speak much nonsense, Adam."

"Nonsense is the savor of life, Eve."

She said nothing, but sat there, with her hands clasped about her knees, and I gazed up at her and was content. And the twilight faded and was gone.

"Now I must go," she said at last.

She rose, regretfully, I thought, and the thought gave me joy. And that was marvel, too; for what was this governess to me — this governess whom I had seen but twice? But that unruly ganglion of mine —

"Adam," she said, smiling down at me, "you have not scolded me. My gown" —

"Your gown is well enough," I answered; "too good for clamming, but I suppose it is the worst you could do. If I said more of it, it would be that you look adorable in that gown — or any other. But I must not say it, or you will be angry."

"No," she said, "you must not say that, for anger heats the blood and causes vapors in the brain, and I have enough already. It is the oldest gown I have — and the shortest."

"It is" —

"Never mind. If it is wasteful and wicked, I cannot help it. Will it do for digging clams to-morrow?"

"We may not dig clams to-morrow."

"And why not, Adam, — if I will?"

"The tide. It will be too late. But the sun will go down."

"Good-night, Adam. You may have the clams I dug."

"If I could press them, Eve, like flowers! Good-night."

And again I sat through an evening too long for a clammer; and, though my book was in my hand and my candle burned bright and clear, I did not read, but I stared into the dark shadows. And from those shadows there shone out that wonderful hair with the light upon it from the western sky; and those wonderful eyes, with the light in them from the soul within. Oh, Eve, Eve! And I have seen you only twice.

There is a restlessness that seizes upon men in certain case. I have seen it often and wondered at the poor fools who turned from this to that, then tried the other thing, and found no satisfaction in any. And I have laughed at them and counseled them to turn to clamming. And there is a cure for that malady, too; a simple cure, as simple as the fount of eternal youth. It is only to find it and the thing is done. And some find the fount, and some do not. And those who find it, why, eternal youth is theirs and joy and peace are in their abiding places forever. And those who find it not, why, Heaven help them! For there is no peace for them nor rest on earth.

So it befell that I rose before the dawn, and went forth. And there, without, was a fog as thick as cheese. But though I could not see ten fathoms, yet I looked out toward my clam beds. And then I thought: You poor fool, shall she come down in this thickness, at four in the morning, looking for clams? And yet again, I took my basket and wandered in that fog like a lost soul. And the more fool I, for the tide was not half down, and no dawn to see. And as I wandered along the shore, angry and out of sorts, striking with my hoe in the sand, I met one of my neighbors; and as he passed behind me, I heard him laughing in the fog.

And my breakfast was no better. My fresh-gathered eggs were bitter in my mouth, and they tasted of sulphur; and my coffee was gray that should have been a rich red-brown like the copper beech; and my rolls were lead or cotton, I knew not which. I lighted my pipe and went out.

The hot sun was burning off the fog. I stood at the foot of my garden, where I have a seat against the trunk of an old pine, and I watched the fog writhing and twisting in the anguish of defeat and dissolution, vanishing into the hot air above in little jets and shreds, rolling away over the water to the ocean, a far gray bank. And the waters of the bay danced in the sun, and dazzled my eyes. So, for some while, I paced there, back and forth. Then I heaved a sigh and sat me upon my seat, and the great pine whispered softly above me; but I fidgeted upon the seat and found no peace.

So, all day, I wandered the shores, and I dug no clams, but found myself picking shells and pebbles of bright colors. And in the early afternoon I stood by our clam beds — Eve's and mine — and looked up through all the greenery toward the great house, and saw the gleam of dresses. And I left my basket by the bank and turned and ran, — like the fool I was. Why did I run? For as the sun was low, and my pulse high, I wandered once more over to that place. And as I came near, behold, there on the bank sat Eve. And at the sight, that ganglion which serves me for a heart began its rioting so that I nearly choked. But I came nearer yet, and sat me down beside her, and she smiled at me. And then I found that peace I had sought all day.

"Fisherman," she said, "you are not early to-night."

"I am not," I said, "and yet I am. For I have haunted this place all day, and yet I feared to come too soon."

She did not ask me why, but pointed to my basket. "Are these your gatherings?"

I nodded.

"Why, Adam? They are not clams — nor fish."

"I do not know, Eve. I have done strange things to-day."

"Are they for me?"

"What shall a governess do with pebbles?"

"They might be useful in my teaching, Adam. Are they for me?"

"If you will. Anything I have is yours" —

"Fisherman, remember" —

"Eve, Eve, how shall I remember, with you sitting beside me, and your eyes smiling, and that light upon your hair?"

"Then I will not smile nor sit beside you. And so I must go" —

"No, no," I cried. "Stay, for the pity of man. I will remember, — or I will try. I cannot promise more. A fisherman and a governess! So I may not give you the pebbles, Eve, but I will bargain with you."

"For what?"

"For that rose you wear." For she wore a great red rose upon her bosom.

She considered. "It is a fair bargain," she said at last, "and I agree. A rose for your pebbles."

So she took her rose and fastened it upon my coat. And I did not speak nor thank her, for I could not. What foolish thing should I have said? It was hard enough not to kiss the hand so near my lips. And we sat there a long while in silence, she looking at the west, and I gazing up at her or idly sticking the little pebbles in the sod. And when the sun was gone and she rose to go, she saw the pebbles, and they made two words, ADAM and EVE. I thought she would have stamped upon them, but she did not. She only smiled and bade me good-night.

And so for days I lived in purgatory and in paradise, wandering the shore, without purpose save to pass the endless day till sunset: and at evening I sat with Eve upon the bank until the twilight faded, and she left me. And the weeds sprang in my garden, and my neighbors laughed at me more than ever. For I went clamming at high tide. And upon my mantel, between two plates of glass that were cunningly bound about the edges, was a red rose.

Then, one evening, I waited there upon the bank and no Eve came. And I fretted and fumed and mourned until I bethought me of the great stone. Without hope, I looked beneath; and, wonder of wonders, there was a scrap of paper with its message. "They will not let me come to-night." And I acted like the fool I was, and kissed the dainty thing, and thrust it in my pocket, and pulled it out again a dozen times. Never having seen her writing, I should know it, it was so like her. And I tore a corner, though I hated to, — I had no other paper, — and wrote, "We miss you, the sun and I. Eve, Eve, do not fail to-morrow. Do not shut the gates upon me yet." And I put it beneath the stone and went away.

And in the morning the sky was gray, with low-hanging clouds, heavy and wet. And by afternoon there was a driving drizzle, and my heart sank. But I went. I would not fail, though I had no hope. And there, leaning against a tree, stood Eve, the water dripping from her wide felt hat, and shining upon her long coat. And she smiled at me as I came, and I could not speak; but I looked at her until the slow flush mounted to her forehead.

"Eve," I said at last, "how shall a fisherman remember, when you stand so, before him, — and on such a day?"

"Why, fisherman," she said, lightly, "it is a good day. I find this weather as good as any other, — in fair measure."

"It pleases me," I said, "although this morning it did not."

Then, deliberately, I went to the great stone and turned it up, and my paper was gone. And Eve watched me, and again the slow flush mounted to her forehead, but she said nothing. And as we stood together under the tree, there was a constraint upon us both. The things that I would say I might not, and for the light things that I might say, I had no heart.

And the next day, too, it rained, but I cared not. And again we stood together under the tree, Eve and I, and as we stood there, the clouds parted and showed the sun sinking in splendor. And I saw a greater glory than I had seen. And when

the sun was gone, there was the young moon following.

"Peace on earth," I said; but she did not speak.

So for some while we stood silent, and I saw the gold and the red fade from the clouds, and the clouds themselves were gone, deep banks of indigo, into the east. Then the western sky was grown violet and a green like the curl of a wave, till, overhead, it became the night. And I looked at Eve, and her look smote upon my heart, for it was troubled. But I might not say the thing I would; for shall a fisherman so speak to a governess to the Rich? Even a governess to the Rich may have her woes, it seems, and it is no fisherman's part —

"Eve," I said. And she started, as though her thoughts were wandering.

"Eve," I said again, "would you dig for clams at dawn? For the beds will be uncovered by dawn to-morrow."

"Oh," she answered, "will they? And is it a joy to see the dawn?"

"Did you never see a dawn, Eve?"

"Never. Have I missed much?"

"If you see one, Eve, you will know how much."

"I would like to see a dawn," she said. And then she was silent, and I thought her near to tears, and a great fear came upon me.

"Now, Adam," she said, at last, "I must go. Good-night."

Then she turned and listened. "They are coming for me now. Run, Adam."

"Run!" I cried. "Run, when I stand upon my own? Why should I run? No, I will stay. And they shall do nothing to you against your will."

I had forgotten that I was a fisherman, but Eve did not note it. "Run, Adam," she cried, beseeching. "If you care for my peace, run."

And so I ran, like any poacher. And that night, sitting staring into the shadows, I wondered.

My clam beds — mine and Eve's — have many virtues. From them I can see both east and west; from that point neither dawn nor sunset escapes me. And another virtue they had had for me, that was more than dawn or sunset. And what that was, any man who has been in such case as mine will know without the telling. So, though I loved the dawn, it was more than that that brought me stealing through the early gray of morning to the bank, just where the sod breaks off to the sand.

There I sat and waited, alone, and I watched the gray brighten in the east, and hoped that Eve would not be too late. And just as the gray became a tender blue and hope was leaving me, there was the light step behind me, and I rose and stood, as a fisherman should stand before a governess. And Eve did not speak to me, for she saw the east.

"Oh!" she cried softly.

And she said no word more, but there we stood together. And we saw the blue brighten and become suffused with pink, and there in the eastern sky lay a great rose that stretched its petals to the zenith. And in the heart of that rose was a little cloud like a flame, with one long finger pointed straight at Eve and me. And all those soft tints of blue and pink, with the flame of the little cloud, were spread upon the water that was but just stirring in its sleep, and dimpling here and there. Then was the little flame-cloud edged with gold upon its lower side, and shot through with orange lights, and the pink rose turned to saffron and then to orange, and the rim of the sea was luminous, like molten gold. And on a sudden the gold and orange fled from the little cloud, and a great blazing fire showed above the sea.

"The sun, Eve," I whispered; and as I spoke, a little breeze flashed across the water and darkened it like a breath upon a mirror. And there was the great disk of the sun half risen, and we might no longer look him in the face.

And at that Eve fetched a great sigh, and turned, and the chorus of the birds broke forth in the trees behind us. They had been calling back and forth before,

but now they sang madly. The old earth had waked once more, and it was day.

"Adam," said Eve, "I thank you."

Then she sat upon the bank, where the colored pebbles still marked the names, and I sat there beside her; and for some while we spoke not, but listened to the mad music of the birds. Then Eve would dig for clams.

"What matter, Eve?" I asked. "The clams will be the bigger for waiting. We have seen the dawn, and we may see the day grow."

"Yes," she said, "we have seen the dawn. I did not dream it could be like that. There are no words, Adam. And I would see the day grow. But for my conscience' sake I must dig."

"Eve," I said, "a conscience is a most distressing comrade. Does a governess have a conscience — a governess to the Rich?"

"Does not a fisherman?" she asked.

"He cannot afford it," I replied. "It is a luxury not for the poor nor for the very rich."

"But a governess is not very rich. And if she were, she yet might have a conscience. I have."

"And does it plague you?"

"Yes," she said. "Come, let us dig, and I will tell you."

I, too, had somewhat that I would tell, and presently we were digging. And Eve dug in silence, and gently, for she would not harm the clams.

"Well, Eve?" I said, when I was wearied of the silence.

She was so long about speaking that I feared she never would. "Adam," she asked, at last, "are you a wise man?"

"Very," I answered; "wiser than Solomon. He had seven hundred wives, and I have none."

"And is that wise, — to have none?"

"Eve, Eve," I cried, "you do not help me. I jest because I fear to speak in earnest."

"You are good, Adam," she said. "And if you are wise, you may tell me what to do."

"If you would do what I tell you!"

She was bending very low over her digging, and her face was turned away, which did not please me. I like to see her face.

"I fear that I may lose my place," she said.

I straightened up at that, but she bent lower yet.

"Lose your place!" I cried. "And why?"

"Why — they — it is not easy to tell you, Adam."

"I will not urge you, Eve, but" —

"You need not. I wish to tell you, for I — a governess may not always stand alone. She is a woman, after all."

"Yes," I said, "thank God!"

"They — they would" — She began to laugh, a nervous laugh and with no mirth in it, — "they would marry me, Adam."

"What!" I cried. "They would — who would marry you? Not old Goodwin!"

"No," she said; and laughed the more, and seemed really merry at it. "Now I feel better. Not old Goodwin. He has a wife."

I was puzzled.

"Who, then, Eve? Who would marry you? I doubt not there are many who would, for I know" —

"It is old Goodwin's wife," she said, breaking me off short, and just in time.

Then she stood straight. "Now, Adam," she went on, "I am not so nervous as I was, but I may laugh or I may cry with no reason. I will sit upon the bank and tell you, for truly I am in straits. And do you bear with me, for you are honest, and I may trust you. And indeed I know no other I may trust — but one."

"A governess advised in matrimony by a fisherman!" I said. "And who is that one, Eve?"

"You shall hear. And do not jest, Adam, or my laughter may turn to tears. They are near enough. And now for the story, which is a short one. Old Goodwin's wife would marry me to a certain

rich man, — for my worldly good, as she says."

"A certain rich man," I said, musing. "And will he enter the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"That he will not."

"Then why doubt? And do you love him, Eve?"

"I do not."

"Then why doubt?"

"If I do not," she said, "I shall lose my place. And that is much to me, Adam, for what shall I do then? The man whom I may trust is old Goodwin, but he is not so much my friend as to hold against his wife."

"And what said you to the man?"

"I said no, but still he came. And now I know not what I shall say next."

"Shall I tell you what to do, Eve?"

"If you know, Adam."

"Marry me," I said. And she looked at me with wide eyes and laughed; and at that laugh I was sore and hurt, though I had no right. Then her laugh died and her eyes filled.

"Forgive me, Adam," she said. "I should not laugh, but indeed I am overwrought. Truly — truly, I might almost find it in my heart" —

I stood before her, trembling. "I should not have said it, Eve. What is a fisherman, that he should offer the little that he has to you? But I am well-to-do, Eve, — for a fisherman. You should never want — nor work. And if you might find it in your heart" —

"I will consider your offer, good fisherman," she said, smiling. "I must consider. You have — I must tell you, in justice, you have an even chance with that other. But I must consider."

"So an honest fisherman, well-to-do, has an even chance with a rich rascal whom you do not love. That is a high price on honesty, Eve."

"Yes," she said, "but not too high. And now, Adam, be my good friend still."

"I will," I replied, "if I may not be more."

So she was silent, and so was I. And presently I reached down to my basket and drew forth a package wrapped in a napkin.

"Governess," I asked, "are you, by chance, hungry?"

"Fisherman," she answered, "I am famished; but not by chance. Open, quickly."

So I unwrapped the package, and in it were slices of white bread, cut thin, and between, lettuce picked that morning, crisp and cool. And we ate, together, and Eve grew merry, and my content came back to me.

"Fisherman," she said at last, "I thank you. Now I must go."

"Thank me for what, Eve?"

"It was the sandwiches I meant," she said.

"And how long must you consider? When shall I have my answer?"

"Your answer? Oh, when I come to your clambake."

"It shall be to-morrow," I said.

"Oh, not so soon," she cried.

"The day after, then."

She hesitated. "Well," she said, "good-by."

"I shall come here for you, Eve."

But she was gone, and I went, too, my brain in turmoil.

Down under my great pine is a pleasant place for a man — or for a governess, I should suppose — with a heart at ease. And for a fisherman whose heart is not at ease it serves as well as any place but one, and that one not fixed, but moving as she moves. And for a certain rich man it might, indeed, be pleasant under my pine, but not if I could make it otherwise. And there was the seat against the tree, and from that seat he might see my favorite clam beds. But what would rich men care for clam beds? And, for the seat, why, I had other views.

It was there, just without the shadow of the pine, that the hole was scooped in the ground and lined with great stones. And on these stones I kindled a fire that roared high; and when it had burned

long and the stones were hot, I raked the ashes off. Then I shook down upon the stones fresh seaweed from the pile, and on the seaweed laid the clams that I had digged, myself — and alone — that morning. Then, more seaweed; and the other things, in layers, orderly, with the clean, salt-smelling weed between: the lobsters, green and crawling, and the fish, fresh caught, and the chicken, not too fresh, and the sweet and tender corn, and sweet potatoes. And over all I piled the weed and made a dome that smoked and steamed and filled the air with incense.

Then, my work done, I sat there and looked out. And when it was time I garbed myself and set forth. And my heart-beat was too high, by far, and there was a faintness at my throat. But I strode along the shore and came to our bank, where the colored pebbles shone in the sun, ADAM and EVE. And there I sat, just where the sod breaks off to the sand, and waited. And presently there was the light step I knew so well, and up came my heart into my throat and choked me. But I stood, as a fisherman should before a governess, and turned.

And such a governess! All in light, filmy white, with two red roses at her bosom, and her hair a glory. And her eyes, — there are no other such eyes as hers, — her eyes smiled at me, and then they opened wide in wonder.

"Adam," she said, "is it you? Are you my fisherman?"

"Truly," I answered, "I am your fisherman, whether you will or not, — and for as long as I have life."

"The time is not yet, fisherman," she said. "Remember."

"It is hard to remember, governess, even for a fisherman."

"I did not know you, Adam," she said. "You should have told me."

"What, Eve? That a fisherman may have decent raiment? But I am well-to-do — for a fisherman."

"Come," said she, "let us go, or we shall be late to the clambake."

"With all my heart," I answered, "though it matters not if we are late. For there is but one guest."

"There will be two, Adam."

"Two!" I cried. "I have asked but one. If it is that certain rich man, I give you warning he shall have no clams of mine, but I will cast him into the sea."

"It is my father, Adam," she replied. "He is here and would see a clambake, so I asked him."

"Your father, Eve? Do governesses have fathers? And is he here to help you?"

"I hope that he will help me," she said. "I think he will."

And she smiled brightly.

My heart grew cold, and froze beneath my ribs. "Then," I said, "you will not need help from a fisherman, governess."

"Adam," she said, reproaching, "let us enjoy our clambake."

"That is good doctrine, Eve," said I, "and I will do my best. But how will your father know"—

"It is for him to find it," she answered, "and he may, for he has eyes and a nose. Now I might find my way straight enough for I see a smoking mound upon that point, beneath the pine. It seems a pleasant place, Adam."

"That queer fellow that I mentioned let me use it," I said in haste. "He is from home just now."

"He seems a good friend of yours," she said.

"At times I think he is," I said, "and at other times he is the poorest friend I know."

As we talked, we walked along the shore. And we climbed the steep path and stood beneath the pine. The dome of seaweed still smoked bravely, and before the seat against the pine was set a little table, upon stakes. It was just large enough for two, and upon it were all things fitting — and no more. No cloth, only the bare white boards of pine, rubbed smooth.

"Now, governess," I said, "the bake is done. Do you sit there, and I will serve you."

"No, Adam," she cried, "for I must help."

She always had her will, that red-haired governess. So I took my fork and opened the smoking dome, and together we set upon the table corn and sweet potatoes and a chicken and a fish and the lobsters; and, last of all, a great pan of clams. And the rest, upon the hot stones, I covered again with seaweed. And as I pitched the weed, I heard Eve laughing.

"Adam," she said, "look here. And there are two of us."

I turned and saw the table filled to overflowing, and no place left large enough to set a plate; and Eve sitting on the seat, and laughing so that tears stood in her eyes.

"I should have made the table larger," I said. "But we need no plates. What would the first man have done with a plate, Eve?"

"Or with baked clams?" she asked. "But we are not in Eden."

"I am," I said.

And she spoke hastily: "At least the other guest shall not want."

"Let us begin," I said, "while the clams are hot. There is yet more."

So we sat side by side upon the bench, and the wind whispered softly in the tree above. And suddenly Eve rose.

"My father, Adam," she said. "He is just in time."

I stood and turned. Her father! It was Goodwin the Rich; and my castles were tumbling about my ears.

So we saw each other, he and I, and looked each other up and down, and either measured other. And though he was Goodwin the Rich, he seemed a man, and I hoped he thought as much of me. And he said something about clams and his daughter, I know not what, and I said some foolish thing, I know not what. Then I fetched a box from my shed, for him to sit upon,—a proper seat for the Rich,—and he seemed to like it, and tilted back and forth, and ate prodigious quantities of clams and all things else, and pronounced them uncommon good.

And I sat mute, but Eve talked steadily, a merry talk, and ate the heads of the clams — or tried to eat them — and found them but ill eating — until I showed her how to take the clam by the head and dip him in the butter, and eat him properly. And she bit the corn from the cob, and opened the clams with her fingers, and I watched her in adoration and despair. For what should I say to a Daughter of the Rich?

So there we sat long at my little table under my great tree, and I saw the tide lapping high upon the shore, and heard the wind that sighed loud in the pine. And indeed that sighing wind fell in marvelously with my mood, for I was not merry, as any may guess. And at last Goodwin the Rich had filled him full with lobster and corn and clams, and he seemed well pleased, and sat upon his box, and smiled and exhaled peace. And in a while he rose and made some excuse, and thanked me and went his way.

Then, when he was gone, I sat there still and looked out upon the water, and said nothing. For I could not look at Eve and be content, but still I had the water and the shore. And I felt that Eve was watching me and smiling.

"Adam," she said at last.

"Well?"

"We have had a pleasant clambake, have we not? Such a feast as I never had."

I made no reply.

"Fisherman," she said then, "you should make some pretty speech."

"Is it for a fisherman," I asked, "to make pretty speeches? He must catch his fish and dig his clams."

"You have changed so, Adam," she said, reproaching.

"It is not I have changed," I answered.

Still I would not look at her, but she was silent, and I knew her smile was gone.

"And is there nothing more?" she asked. "Is it ended?"

"It is ended," I said. "Even the stones grow cold."

"Adam," she cried, "why will you be

so contrary? It is not ended. I will not have it so."

"The Rich may have what they will," I said, "nearly, but not quite. I was not made for a plaything for the Rich."

"You are bitter, and you are not fair," she said softly. "It is not like you, Adam. There is something more. Why will you make it hard?"

"I will not make it hard," I answered. "There is nothing else. What has a fisherman to say to a Daughter of the Rich, or she to him? So, for that other matter, Miss Goodwin, I absolve you from an answer."

"Adam," she cried, "you make me angry. I have a mind to go home."

"Shall I see you on your way?" I asked.

"I will not have it so," she said, and stood and stamped her foot. I knew well how she must look, in that pretty rage. "And you forgot, Adam."

"What?" I asked. "I would not fail in duty."

"My name," she said. "I told you it was Eve."

"Are you not Miss Goodwin?"

"Adam," she said firmly, "I said Eve."

"Well, Eve, have you not done with me?" I sighed and would not look at her, though she stood before me.

"No, I have not," she said. "I should laugh if I were not so angry. Look at me."

I stood and looked down at her, an instant but no more. I could not, for I should have choked.

"Eve, Eve," I cried, "have you no mercy? Must the Rich destroy the playthings that they weary of?"

"Adam," she said, "you have a duty yet. Do not shirk it. A fisherman must not shirk his duty."

"I am but a drowned fisherman," I replied. "But what a drowned man may do, I will do."

"You promised to be my good friend," she said. "So come back with me along the shore."

So we went down the steep path and side by side along the shore, where the water lapped high. And we came to our bank, where the pebbles shone in the sun, and there Eve sat her down.

"Sit beside me, Adam."

And down I sat, as wretched as man was ever, and I looked into the water that covered my clam beds. I doubted I should have heart to dig in those beds again.

"Adam," said Eve, and her voice was not steady, "I have considered, and"—

"Eve," I cried, "can you not spare me that? If you feel any friendship for me, spare me that. I am blind enough, but I can see"—

"Oh, you are the blindest man that ever was." And she slipped her hand within my arm, and drew it back again, and began to cry softly. And at that I sprang to my feet, and my heart thumped like a hammer, till I thought it would burst my ribs.

"Eve, Eve," I cried, my voice shaking so it shamed me, "do not play with me. Do you mean"—

"Oh, you blind man, can you not see what I mean? Must I say it more plainly? It is yes, Adam, and no play."

And she smiled at me through her tears, and suddenly, for me, earth and sky were flooded with a great glory.

Now, what I did next, I shall not tell, nor what she said to me; for those are things for my Eve and me to know and to remember. But any man who has been in such case as mine may guess to some purpose, if he will but try. And after some time, I know not how long, we sat there side by side upon the bank, most decorous, for out upon the water was a boat. But we might say what we would, and I might hold her hand, down upon the sod, out of sight, and I might gaze into her wonderful eyes and see in them the tender light that made them pass all wonders.

"Such trouble as I had to get you, Adam, at the last!"

"It served you right," I said, "for your deceit."

She laughed, a happy laugh. "You honest fisherman!" she said. "It was so

easy to deceive you! But never again, Adam. You may trust me."

"Always," I answered, and stooped low and kissed the hand I held. And she stooped, too, and quite by chance — and if they saw us from the boat, I did not care.

"And were you deceived?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "for half an hour. You are too honest, Adam. But I love you for it."

And then we did some other silly things, and cared not for the boat.

"And what of old Goodwin, Eve?" I asked, after some while. "What will he say?"

She laughed again her happy laugh. "What did he say, Adam? He seemed pleased, I thought."

"Eve," I cried, "you do not mean"—

"He came there for that purpose, Adam. I confessed to him. He is my friend, I told you."

"Honest gentleman!" I said. "I beg his pardon. He may have my clam beds if he will."

"No, no," she cried, "for they must be mine, too, those clam beds. I will not have them changed."

"They are yours, Eve," I said, "for they were mine and I am yours. See the colors the old sun spreads over them now. He is almost sitting on that hill."

"We will bid him good-night together," she said, "a happy one, Adam. Stand beside me."

So we stood, and she clasped my fingers close in hers, and we saw the sun, that he spread the still water with all manner of reds and purples and shimmering greens. And as the last thin line of red vanished behind the bearded hill, we saluted. And again we sat upon the bank, and saw the red west turn to violet, and then to green. And then Eve rose and said good-night.

"Until to-morrow, Adam," she said.

"Until to-morrow, Eve," I echoed.

And then she seemed to listen.

"They are coming for me, Adam. If you love me, run!"

RHODA'S TEACHER AND HER SCHOOL

BY ARTHUR GILMAN

THE teacher no longer sits below the salt. His is the noblest profession known to man. Of him we demand higher qualifications, nobler instincts, and greater devotion than of any other. His purpose is to train and develop the immortal; to fit it for its work, to establish its character, and to endow it with power to perform aright all human duties, private and public. The teacher of boys has one phase of this work to perform, the teacher of girls another. How many of the men and women engaged in "teaching," as they say, really consider their high calling in its sublime aspect? How many go into it as a "business?" How many think? A high English authority tells us that in his country the teachers who think are few.

What are some of the qualifications of a teacher? Knowledge of his subject comes first to mind, of course, but, that allowed, the subject must take a place in the background, for the child to be taught stands first. The question for the teacher is not, "How shall I get into this mind the facts of my subject?" but rather, "How shall I train this child so that it may reach its greatest development? How shall I arouse in it an interest in the subject so real that it will demand facts which, without such interest, are dry and impossible of assimilation?"

Before all other qualifications, how-

ever, the teacher's character is the fundamental requisite. That must be above reproach in all things. Milton's words about the poetic power are specially true in regard to the power to teach. "He who would not be frustrate," said the great poet, "of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, must himself be a true poem." He who would not be frustrate of his hope to teach well at any time ought himself to be a lofty exemplar of the virtues he would impress upon his pupils. The teacher who stands before a class for hours every day ought to exert greater influence even than the clergyman who speaks from the pulpit one day in the week, and he ought at least to have an equally lofty character, known and recognized by all men. The teacher who is master of his subject, and who has this nobility of character, needs no help of artifices to assist him in governing his pupils — he has simply to be, and they obey.

Directness of aim is one of the prime necessities for successful gunnery. It is necessary in every effort. The teacher should remember this. "Many a master," says one, "runs about mentally just as if he were trying to catch geese on a common. There is the flock assembled in a reasonably compact body. He makes a dash into the middle — of course missing his victim, and off they go in all directions, he after them, first chasing one, then another, till the flock has ceased to be a flock, and he, all out of breath, is no longer within reach of any of them. Run one goose quietly into a corner, — run him down, is the first rule for catching geese, and a good rule, too, whether in classroom or on common."

This dictum has a direct relation to our discussion. When we bring our minds to bear on the subject of schools and teachers, let us make the aim definite by getting the range on some particular school or teacher. In no way can this be accomplished better than by singling out our own daughter, for that brings in the personal element and gives point to the thoughts. When we take a class or an entire school as our unit, we are apt to dissipate our attention. A class or a school does not come home to a man as his own daughter and her school do. Let us call our daughter Rhoda, and think of her school.

What, therefore, is our desire for Rhoda? What do we wish for this particular bit of humanity? Where do we wish her to stand when she comes to maturity? She is to be cultivated, to be developed, to be a refined member of the social union, and she is destined to take part in the development of other human beings. How shall we fit her in body and mind for this high function? As we look at her, we determine that she must not become a mere compendium of facts, a walking encyclopædia. She certainly must not be developed into a specialist, for a specialist is one-sided, and Rhoda is to be a well rounded woman.

Whom shall we take for Rhoda's teacher? First, she must be a normal woman, with the natural instincts of womanhood. She cannot be a mere specialist herself, even if she teach but a single subject. She must be in touch with everything that belongs to humanity. Look at the great teachers of the past whose biographies have come down to us. It is patent that we are not impressed by what they have done, nor is it their knowledge that impressed their pupils. It is not what a great teacher knows, but what he is, that has made him a power among his pupils. His personality has left the impression and has made him forever loved by his boys or girls. It is not what he did.

The world is full of examples that illustrate this. The biography of Robert E. Lee is a case in hand. When he was president of Washington and Lee University it was not because he was a great scholar that the students idolized him, nor because he was a general of highest rank, but for the reason that every student felt the power of his personality, — felt that in the president he saw one who felt for him as an individual.

The life of that most original of English

head masters, Edward Thring, furnishes another instance. As I write there comes to me a letter from one of Thring's former pupils, for many years engaged in active business affairs. This practical man writes, "Edward Thring was indeed a jewel among men. . . . His personality and influence pervaded the whole of Uppingham, and I suppose so strict a man was never so beloved by his boys as he was. I never saw a countenance like his. It was deep-lined, solemn, severe in repose, but it would suddenly light up, the keen blue eyes flash, and the whole expression become joyous, kind, and tender, while his merry laugh rang out, when the humor was on him, or a subject touched him or roused his enthusiasm or sympathy." Again it is plain from this unpremeditated utterance of an old pupil that it was the man, and not the knowledge, that inspired the boys. What matters it to this writer what Thring taught? Perhaps another man might have given the Uppingham boys the same facts in grammar or in literature, but it was only Thring the man who could after so many years call forth such words as these. It was his personality that made boys the men that they became. What thought did an Uppingham boy give to the fact that the Headmaster was a great executive? Was he impressed by Thring's Napoleonic ability as a commander? Perhaps now, after years of stress of battle with strong opposition themselves, the boys appreciate the odds against which their master struggled; but then little did they reck if Thring wrestled with his antagonistic trustees or with the Uppingham authorities, to get opportunity to develop the school as it should be developed, or to get proper drainage when health and even life depended upon prompt action. Whatever impression Thring's ability as a director may make, that is not the trait first suggested by the mention of his name. No, it is the beloved man who is recalled! So, Rhoda's teacher must be a real person with all human sympathies, with nobility of mind and heart, possessing innate and cultivated graces, and with sufficient education.

Rhoda's teacher must needs know her subject, but experience tells us that it is not the greatest scholar who becomes the greatest teacher. How many women and men of limited intellectual endowment have inspired their pupils to progress far beyond the limits that they themselves ever reached!

The true teacher trains his pupil in the proper use of his natural powers, and aims to make him independent of the assistance as well as of the authority of others. He develops in him an ability to think, to foresee consequences, to calculate their effects, and, in short, to govern himself.

The mechanical teacher, on the other hand, controls by rules, holds the pupil up by stays, and begets no strength in him. When the teacher withdraws this support, when the pupil is freed from these rules, he is unable to stand alone, unless, indeed, strength has come to him in some other way. As well might we expect to increase physical vigor in a pupil by exercising in his stead in the best equipped gymnasium.

Knowledge is good, but wisdom is better. The college valedictorian, trained to take knowledge in, rather than to impart it, may have much of it with but little wisdom; he may be able, as a teacher, to drill boys and girls in Greek or Latin declensions, and cram them with facts, useful or valueless; but if he cannot produce in them what Spencer calls "pleasurable excitement," and interest, he is a failure. His would be the sort of teaching that harps upon obedience and discipline, and endeavors by force of rule and rod to oblige the pupil to study and learn. The will cannot be forced, but the real teacher knows well that it can be led. He remembers the remark of Rousseau that "the teacher's province is less to instruct than to guide," that "he must not lay down precepts, but teach his pupils to discover them." This was the way of that great teacher, Agassiz, certainly.

Obstacles were made to be surmounted, and there are so many of them in the way that it seems unnecessary to create others. Yet there are teachers who think it a part of their work to obstruct the progress of their pupils by setting up factitious difficulties, for the sake of discipline, forsooth. Rhoda's teacher will have none of this.

There was once a very bright girl who could not be aroused in her classes in mathematics. She was overflowing with interest in her other school work, but could look upon this single subject with no warmer feelings than simple endurance. It was found, on inquiry, that a teacher who for a considerable period had directed her work disliked this particular line of thought. It was then said, and properly said, that if this teacher had been interested in the science, the pupil would have been likewise interested.

It is vain for a teacher to attempt to work up an appearance when the reality is not there; girls and boys readily see through all such thin disguises. No word is needed; the feeling of the teacher is known at once, and the pupil takes a sympathetic attitude, believing that the teacher is right, and that following her cannot lead him far astray. The same holds good in regard to the moral and religious character of the teacher. No spoken words are needed to put the pupil in accord with her in this higher domain. The instructor of character goes about among her pupils shedding upon them the light of her beneficent example, leading them to appreciate and enjoy instinctively what is grand and true. In fact, it is better that the ordinary teacher should not endeavor to give too much direct religious instruction, for religion can no more be taught than any other virtue can. Virtues are lived, and the strong imitative faculty of the child leads to the cultivation of traits that are admired. The true teacher aims to train the pupil to be strong enough to live her individual life without the help that some teachers think necessary to give their pupils. Pupil and teacher are inevitably destined to part at some time, and the teacher who encourages her charge to be dependent upon her trains her to weakness and to sure failure when the parting time comes.

There are enthusiastic teachers who are inspired by the spirit of rush; but the school should not be a place of hurry and confusion. The air of calmness and peace should pervade its sphere of influence. The very word school gives the cue. The Greek words σχολή and σχολαστικός must not be forgotten in our age of haste. To the Greek in his calm civilization, σχολή signified a place of leisure, and σχολαστικός was a person who employed his leisure in cultivating his mind. The teacher who is always pressed cannot perform his duty in a proper way. The spirit of hurry demands inevitably its sacrifice. It is true also that there is a spirit of thoroughness that is wearing, that exhausts the vitality. One who cannot discriminate between things that may properly be lightly touched, and those of more importance, is at a vast disadvantage. Textbooks exist that show plainly that the editor was obsessed by the feeling that his work must be spoken of as "exhaustive," and he carries every point to the utmost verge of explanation, giving as great weight to those matters of little importance as to those of real value to the reader, and not complimenting him by supposing that he is in the possession of brains. In this case thoroughness is the thief of time and strength.

We know that there are two periods of leisure in the life of man, childhood and age. The first is adapted to the purposes of education, and the other to counsel and meditation. There are favored mortals who are privileged to extend the time of leisure over their entire lives; but in comparison with the whole of humanity, they are few in number. They have opportunities for benefiting the world that others cannot hope for. Professors and other instructors in institutions of learning should belong to the favored class; but their chances for leisure are lessened by the fact that they are so poorly paid

that they are forced to focus all their attention on the effort to make provision for the physical needs of their households and themselves. Clergymen should also belong to this class, but too often their stipends are so niggardly that they, too, are obliged to forego every advantage that leisure could and ought to bring.

Childhood is, therefore, the only real period of leisure that can be counted on by mankind in general, and this is the period of education proper, the time of school days.

If, now, a school is a place of leisure, not of bustle and haste; if by education we mean training, the development of the child, mind, body, and soul, the acquisition of power, the establishment of character; if by teacher we mean a person capable of performing this great and beneficent work, a man or a woman who can be properly described as a "combination of heart, head, artistic training, and favoring circumstances, an artificer in mind and noble life," rather than a hearer of lessons, then we are brought to the conclusion that there are very few teachers anywhere, and but little education. Perhaps, however, the case is not quite so desperate as it appears, and we may at least comfort ourselves with the recollection that there have been great teachers in the past; and we may believe that many are now at work forming the character of the coming generation, even in the beginning of the twentieth century. The trouble is that in this world of storm and stress they are at a disadvantage, and the merely mechanical teacher can almost always make a better impression on the average parent. A father or a mother is ordinarily not an educational specialist, and is obliged to come to a decision after a superficial survey which does not give the work of the real instructor time to show itself. Nature, whom, indeed, we must follow, does not make haste. The seed does not become a tree in a day or a week, even in a forcing house; and yet many parents expect the teacher to show at the end of a brief period the rings that the oak takes years to develop.

We are now to say where this leisure and these opportunities are to be enjoyed. Rhoda's teacher must have a schoolroom. That necessitates a building, and the room must have four walls. These walls and this building should be so constructed as to cultivate good taste. The adornment should be simple and true. No sham stone can find a place on the walls. The wood must be wood the stone stone, the plaster plaster. There must be harmony of colors, symmetry of proportion, and floods of sunlight, and the light must fall on every desk and table at the right angle to be favorable for the eyes. There should be casts and pictures to please and cultivate, but there should be no approach to luxury. Adornments must not be supplied with the prodigality sometimes seen, where profusion amounts to confusion and over-adornment gives rise to disgust. There must, of course, be desks adaptable to the varying sizes of the pupils, with seats likewise adaptable. Finally, there must be space and air, — space enough to enable all to move about without inconvenience to others, and air sufficient to enable them to breathe with ease and health. Such requirements do not make heavy demands upon the bank account. Sunlight and air are provided free by Providence; proper desks and seats are no more costly than bad ones; casts and engravings are offered at prices that quite take them out of the class of luxuries; harmony and proportion are things for which no architects make extra charges.

What courses of instruction shall the model teacher carry on in her model schoolroom? It is evident that the teacher is of much greater importance than any course of study; but it seems to us of the twentieth century that there is little or no knowledge not appropriate for a girl. Girls go to college nowadays, of course, though the going to college has already entered its second stage, and is no longer the fad that it once was. It is conceded that a girl has as good a right to a college

education as a boy has; but it is far from being proved that all girls should take that course. It has been discovered that studies once thought to be outside of the sphere of woman are studies that she is adapted to shine in.

When we look back to the day when Vassar College opened its doors, and recollect how society shuddered at the thought that girls would be tempted to pursue a college course, we see that there has been progress. We recall the care with which the first announcements were worded in order that they might not arouse more prejudice than necessary. It is plain that the projectors dared not jeopardize the success of the enterprise by offering the girls all the college opportunities that their brothers had. You will see that it was gingerly said that they might well carry on this or that study, because this and that seemed to be "appropriate for girls;" botany, for instance, would be a good study, for flowers and girls seemed to have an established sympathy. Chemistry would do likewise, for does it not come handy in cooking? French would serve on a foreign trip, and so on. Now we know that women have made their mark in biology, in mathematics, and in what not? If the announcement of Vassar College had encouraged some of the studies now successfully pursued by girls and women, its end would have been near its opening day; at least, so it seems to one who read its first circulars and watched its first steps.

Shall Rhoda go to college, then? Yes, if Rhoda wishes to — if her cast of mind promises success in that life. If she be nervous and delicate, the regularity of the college work and the training she will receive there will do her good; if she be robust, she will be able to enter upon the work of the classroom and even of the gymnasium without damage; but it is always to be premised that the leisure necessary for the scholastic life must never be taken from her. If in the college she is to be submitted to pressure and excitement, let her beware.

Suppose that Rhoda is not of the college type; then her teacher will plan for her differently. The fitting course for college, it may as well be confessed, is the narrowest that can be imagined. It places the girl in the position of the athlete training for a *tour de force*, for a contest, not for a life. From her must be taken during her preparatory years all that does not directly bear upon the examinations that are to be tried at the close. There is usually no time for rest, no opportunity to carry on any "cultivating" work. Every day there must be the same hard grind, with the eye unflinchingly, perhaps tremblingly, held to the goal, — the dreaded examination. The study that she undertakes is not for the improvement of the human being, not even to determine that she is fitted for a college course, but simply — so she thinks, at least — to enable her to answer a certain set of questions. It is, as it is usually performed, a test of the ability to recall at will facts drilled into her mind by a trainer. There are some colleges that see the wrongness of this dry and "catchy" kind of examination paper, and endeavor to make the questions such as really to furnish a test of the intellectual condition of the candidate; but some of them offer a premium for very cram, and award the prize to the drill-master, thus making the fitting school that is able to send the largest number with the highest marks stand as the best; whereas that school is really the best that gives the candidate the most complete moral and physical preparation for college work and life. Therefore in her school days the girl who is not destined for college has the advantage. The other will have her opportunity for broadening after she has successfully passed the college gates; but we cannot forget that there are many advantages in the possession of these opportunities at an earlier age. A girl came to me, for example, the other day who had gone through the college preparatory course in a Latin School; but circumstances kept her out of college. She was fitted for the chance

to broaden her intellectual horizon in college, but now the chance was taken from her. She found that ground had been lost, and she sought admission to classes in school that were not preparatory for admission examinations. Therefore, if Rhoda is not destined for college, she will receive from her teacher the cultivating training which will prepare her for a full life, will enlighten her whole being, will add to her appreciation of all that is true and beautiful, and will send her out the well rounded woman who is so greatly needed in every social circle.

The college for girls has become to a certain extent a professional school. It is a necessity that women who take up the grand profession of the teacher should have had a college course; perhaps, even, that they should become specialists. Doubtless specialists are of advantage to the world; but special development in the man or woman is of more worth for the race as a whole than it is for the individual in particular. A certain man is said to have spent his life in counting the spots on the sun. He accomplished much for the science of astronomy, perhaps, in laying a foundation of facts for others to build upon; but was it not done at the cost of his own starvation, at a cost too great?

Can too high an estimate be set upon the teacher? Have I set too high an estimate on Rhoda's teacher? Is it true that there is no higher profession? Is there anything better for a man to do than to train the immortal?

If we doubt, let us reflect that He who spake as never man spake stands for all time as *The Teacher*. There is no higher name than his. He took little children in his bosom; He trained his followers, not by precept more than by example; true, He left precepts for the world, but it is his personality that counts in the upbuilding of character.

THE LESSON OF BALZAC[1]

BY HENRY JAMES

I HAVE found it necessary, at the eleventh hour, to sacrifice to the terrible question of time a very beautiful and majestic approach that I had prepared to the subject on which I have the honor of addressing you. I recognize it as impossible to ask you to linger with me on that pillared portico — paved with marble, I beg you to believe, and overtwined with charming flowers. I must invite you to pass straight into the house and bear with me there as if I had already succeeded in beginning to interest you. Let us assume, therefore, that we have exchanged some ideas on the question of the beneficent play of criticism, and that I have even ingeniously struck it off that criticism is the only gate of appreciation, just as appreciation is, in regard to a work of art, the only gate of enjoyment. You may wonder perhaps why I speak as if we were possessed, in our conditions, of a literary court of appeal, and I hasten to say that the appeal I think of is precisely from the general judgment, and not to it; is to the particular judgment altogether: by which I mean to that quantity of opinion, very small at all times, but at all times infinitely precious, that is capable of giving some intelligible account of itself.

[1] A lecture delivered for the first time before the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia, January 12, 1905, and repeated on various occasions elsewhere. Several passages omitted in delivery — one of considerable length — have been restored.

Where, among us, at this time of day, this element of the lucid report of impressions received, of estimates formed, of intentions understood, of values attached, is exactly to be looked for — that is another branch of the question, to which I am afraid I should have to devote quite another discourse. I do not propose for a moment to invite you to blink the fact that our huge Anglo-Saxon array of producers and readers — and especially our vast cis-Atlantic multitude — presents production uncontrolled, production untouched by criticism, unguided, unlighted, uninstructed, unashamed, on a scale that is really a new thing in the world. It is all the complete reversal of any proportion, between the elements, that was ever seen before. It is the biggest flock straying without shepherds, making its music without a sight of the classic crook, beribboned or other, without a sound of the sheepdog's bark, — wholesome note, once in a way, — that has ever found room for pasture. The very opposite has happened from what might have been expected to happen. The shepherds have diminished as the flock has increased — quite as if number and quantity had got beyond them, or even as if their charge had turned, by some uncanny process, to a pack of ravening wolves. Let us none the less assume that we may still find two or three of the fraternity hiding under a hedge or astride of some upper limb of a tree; let us even assume that if we set rightly, if we set tactfully about it, we may establish again some friendly connection with them.

Putting, on this basis, then, all our heads together, we may become aware of an intelligent gratitude, deep within our breasts, to any author who consents to fit with a certain fulness of presence and squareness of solidity into one of the conscious categories of our attention. There are literary figures in plenty that scarce fill out even the smaller of these critical receptacles; there are others, on the contrary, that almost strain the larger to breaking. It is to these latter that interested contemplation most fondly attaches itself — to that degree, really, that there seems, on any good occasion, more and more about them to be said. They have the great sign that their immediate presence causes our ideas, whether about life in general or about the art they have exemplified in particular, to revive and breathe again, to multiply, more or less to swarm. I must profess that no Novelist, — since we are by common consent confining our attention to that great Company, — no Novelist, to my sense, so rewards consideration as he or she (and I emphasize the liberality of my "she") who offers the critical spirit this opportunity for a certain intensity of educative practice. The lesson of Balzac, whom we thus march straight up to, is that he offers it as no other members of the company can pretend to do.

For there are members of the company who scarce produce the effect in question at all. Take, to begin with, close at Balzac's side, his illustrious contemporary Madame George Sand, so suggestive, so affirmative, so instructive, as a dealer with life, as an eloquent exponent of her own, as what we call to-day a Personality equipped and armed, but of an artistic complexion so comparatively smooth and simple, so happily harmonious, that her work, taken together, presents about as few pegs for analysis to hang upon as if it were a large, polished, gilded Easter egg, the pride of a sweet-shop if not the treasure of a museum. Let me add, further — so far as it is a question of the nameable sisterhood too — that Jane Austen, with all her light felicity, leaves us hardly more curious of her process, or of the experience in her that fed it, than the brown thrush who tells his story from the garden bough; and this, I freely confess, in spite of her being one of those of the shelved and safe, for all time, of whom I should have liked to begin by talking; one of those in whose favor discrimination has long since practically operated. She is in fact a signal instance of the way it does, with all its embarrassments, at

last infallibly operate. A sharp short cut, one of the sharpest and shortest achieved, in this field, by the general judgment, came out, betimes, straight at her feet. Practically overlooked for thirty or forty years after her death, she perhaps really stands there for us as the prettiest possible example of that rectification of estimate, brought about by some slow clearance of stupidity, the half-century or so is capable of working round to. This tide has risen high on the opposite shore, the shore of appreciation — risen rather higher, I think, than the high-water mark, the highest, of her intrinsic merit and interest; though I grant indeed — as a point to be made — that we are dealing here in some degree with the tides so freely driven up, beyond their mere logical reach, by the stiff breeze of the commercial, in other words of the special bookselling spirit; an eager, active, interfering force which has a great many confusions of apparent value, a great many wild and wandering estimates, to answer for. For these distinctively mechanical and overdone reactions, of course, the critical spirit, even in its most relaxed mood, is not responsible. Responsible, rather, is the body of publishers, editors, illustrators, producers of the pleasant twaddle of magazines; who have found their "dear," our dear, everybody's dear, Jane so infinitely to their material purpose, so amenable to pretty reproduction in every variety of what is called tasteful, and in what seemingly proves to be saleable, form.

I do not, naturally, mean that she would be saleable if we had not more or less — beginning with Macaulay, her first slightly ponderous amoroso — lost our hearts to her; but I cannot help seeing her, a good deal, as in the same lucky box as the Brontés — lucky for the ultimate guerdon; a case of popularity (that in especial of the Yorkshire sisters), a beguiled infatuation, a sentimentalized vision, determined largely by the accidents and circumstances originally surrounding the manifestation of the genius — only with the reasons for the sentiment, in this latter connection, turned the other way. The key to Jane Austen's fortune with posterity has been in part the extraordinary grace of her facility, in fact of her unconsciousness: as if, at the most, for difficulty, for embarrassment, she sometimes, over her work-basket, her tapestry flowers, in the spare, cool drawing-room of other days, fell a-musing, lapsed too metaphorically, as one may say, into wool-gathering, and her dropped stitches, of these pardonable, of these precious moments, were afterwards picked up as little touches of human truth, little glimpses of steady vision, little master-strokes of imagination. The romantic tradition of the Brontés, with posterity, has been still more essentially helped, I think, by a force independent of any one of their applied faculties — by the attendant image of their dreary, their tragic history, their loneliness and poverty of life. That picture has been made to hang before us as insistently as the vividest page of *Jane Eyre* or of *Wuthering Heights*. If these things were "stories," as we say, and stories of a lively interest, the medium from which they sprang was above all in itself a story, such a story as has fairly elbowed out the rights of appreciation, as has come at last to impose itself as an expression of the power concerned. The personal position of the three sisters, of the two in particular, had been marked, in short, with so sharp an accent that this accent has become for us the very tone of their united production. It covers and supplants their matter, their spirit, their style, their talent, their taste; it embodies, really, the most complete intellectual muddle, if the term be not too invidious, ever achieved, on a literary question, by our wonderful public. The question has scarce indeed been accepted as belonging to literature at all. Literature is an objective, a projected result; it is life that is the unconscious, the agitated, the struggling, floundering cause. But the fashion has been, in looking at the

Brontés, so to confound the cause with the result that we cease to know, in the presence of such ecstasies, what we have hold of or what we are talking about. They represent, the ecstasies, the high-water mark of sentimental judgment.

These are but glimmering lanterns, however, you will say, to hang in the great dusky and deserted avenue that leads up to the seated statue of Balzac; and you are so far right, I am bound to admit, as that I place them there, no doubt, in a great measure, just to render the darkness visible. We do, collectively, with all our dimness of view, arrive at rough discriminations, and by one of the roughest of these the author of the *Comédie Humaine* has in a manner profited; we have for many a year taken his greatness for granted; but in the graceless and nerveless fashion of those who edge away from a classic or a bore. "Oh, yes, he is as 'great' as you like — so let us not talk of him!" My purpose has been to "talk" of him, and I find this form of greeting, therefore, and still more this form of parting, not at all adequate; failing as I do to point my moral unless I show that a really paying acquaintance with a writer can never take place if our recognition remains perfunctory. Our indolence and our ignorance may prefer the empty form; but the penalty and the humiliation come for us with the perception that when the consecration really takes place we have been excluded, so to speak, from the fun. I see no better proof that the great interesting art of which Balzac remains the greatest master is practically, roundabout us, a bankrupt and discredited art (discredited, of course, I mean, for any directed and motived attention), than this very fact that we are so ready to beg off from knowing anything about him. Perfunctory rites, even, at present, are seldom rendered; and amid the flood of verbiage for which the thousand new novels of the season find themselves a pretext in the newspapers, the name of the man who is really the father of us all, as we stand, is scarcely more mentioned than if he were not of the family.

I may at once intimate that the family strikes me as likely to recover its wasted heritage, and pull itself together for another chance, on condition only of shutting itself up, for an hour of wholesome heart-searching, with the image of its founder. He labors, I know, under the drawback of not being presentable as a classic — which is precisely why there would have seemed to be the less furtherance for regarding him as a bore. His situation in this respect is all his own: it was not given him to flower, for our convenience, into a single supreme felicity. His "successes" hang so together that analysis is almost baffled by his consistency, by his density. Even *Eugénie Grandet* is not a supreme felicity in the sense that this particular bloom is detachable from the cluster. The cluster is too thick, the stem too tough; before we know it, when we begin to pull, we have the whole branch about our heads — or it would indeed be more just to say we have the whole tree, if not the whole forest. It tells against a great worker, for free reference, that we must take his work in the mass; for, unfortunately, the circumstance that nothing of it surpassingly stands forth to represent the rest, to symbolize the whole, suggests a striking resemblance to work of other sorts. Of the mediocrities, and the bunglers too is it true that *they* do not supremely flower — as well as, further, of certain happy geniuses who have flowed in an uncontrolled, an undirected, above all an unfiltered, current.

But the difference is that, for the most part, these loose and easy producers, the great resounding improvisatori, have not, in general, ended by imposing themselves; when we deal with them conclusively and, as I have said, for clearance of the slate, we deal with them by simplification, by elimination: which may very well be the revenge that time takes upon them to make up for the amount of space they happened immediately to occupy.

They are still there, evidently; but they are there under this condition, which enters into account, at every instant, in any pious inquiry about them, and which is attached, intimately, to the appearance they finally wear for us, that the looseness and ease showing as their main sign in the time of their freshness is now a quality still more striking and often still more disconcerting. The weak sides in an artist are weakened with time, and the strong sides strengthened; so that it is never amiss, for duration, to have as many strong sides as possible. It is the only way we have yet made out — even in this age of superlative study of the cheap and easy — not to have so many weak ones as will eventually betray us. Balzac stands almost alone as an extemporizer achieving closeness and weight, and whom closeness and weight have preserved. My reason for speaking of him as an extemporizer I shall presently mention; but let me meanwhile frankly say that I speak of him, and can only speak, as a man of his own craft, an emulous fellow-worker, who has learned from him more of the lessons of the engaging mystery of fiction than from any one else, and who is conscious of so large a debt to repay that it has had positively to be discharged in instalments; as if one could never have at once all the required cash in hand.

When I am tempted, on occasion, to ask myself why we should, after all, so much as talk about the Novel, the wanton fable, against which, in so many ways, so showy an indictment may be drawn, I seem to see that the simplest plea is not to be sought in any attempted philosophy, in any abstract reason for our perversity or our levity. The real gloss upon these things is reflected from some great practitioner, some concrete instance of the art, some ample cloak under which we may gratefully crawl. It comes back, of course, to the example and the analogy of the Poet — with the abatement, however, that the Poet is most the Poet when he is preponderantly lyrical, when he speaks, laughing or crying, most directly from his individual heart, which throbs under the impressions of life. It is not the *image* of life that he thus expresses, so much as life itself, in its sources — so much as his own intimate, essential states and feelings. By the time he has begun to collect anecdotes, to tell stories, to represent scenes, to concern himself, that is, with the states and feelings of others, he is well on the way not to be the Poet pure and simple. The lyrical element, all the same, abides in him, and it is by this element that he is connected with what is most splendid in his expression. The lyrical instinct and tradition are immense in Shakespeare; which is why, great story-teller, great dramatist and painter, great lover, in short, of the image of life though he was, we need not press the case of his example. The lyrical element is not great, is in fact not present at all, in Balzac, in Scott (the Scott of the voluminous prose), nor in Thackeray, nor in Dickens — which is precisely why they are so essentially novelists, so almost exclusively lovers of the image of life. It *is* great, or it is at all events largely present, in such a writer as George Sand — which is doubtless why we take her for a novelist in a much looser sense than the others we have named. It is considerable in that bright particular genius of our own day, George Meredith, who so strikes us as hitching winged horses to the chariot of his prose — steeds who prance and dance and caracole, who strain the traces, attempt to quit the ground, and yearn for the upper air. Balzac, with huge feet fairly ploughing the sand of our desert, is on the other hand the very type and model of the projector and creator; so that when I think, either with envy or with terror, of the nature and the effort of the Novelist, I think of something that reaches its highest expression in him. That is why those of us who, as fellow-craftsmen, have once caught a glimpse of this value in him, can never quite rest from hanging about him; that is why he seems to have all that the others have to tell us, with more, besides, that is all his own. He lived and breathed in his

medium, and the fact that he was able to achieve in it, as man and as artist, so crowded a career, remains for us one of the most puzzling problems — I scarce know whether to say of literature or of life. He is himself a figure more extraordinary than any he drew, and the fascination may still be endless of all the questions he puts to us and of the answers for which we feel ourselves helpless.

He died, as we sufficiently remember, at fifty — worn out with work and thought and passion; the passion, I mean, that he had put into his mighty plan and that had ridden him like an infliction of the gods. He began, a friendless and penniless young provincial, to write early, and to write very badly, and it was not till well toward his thirtieth year, with the conception of the *Comédie Humaine*, as we all again remember, that he found his right ground, found his feet and his voice. This huge distributed, divided and subdivided picture of the life of France in his time, a picture bristling with imagination and information, with fancies and facts and figures, a world of special and general insight, a rank tropical forest of detail and specification, but with the strong breath of genius forever circulating through it and shaking the treetops to a mighty murmur, got itself hung before us in the space of twenty short years. The achievement remains one of the most inscrutable, one of the unfathomable, final facts in the history of art, and if, as I have said, the author himself has his own surpassing objectivity, it is just because of this challenge his figure constitutes for any other painter of life, inflamed with ingenuity, who should feel the temptation to represent or explain him. How represent, how explain him, as a concrete active energy? How depict him, we ask ourselves, *at* his huge conceived and accepted task, how reconcile such dissemination with such intensity, the collection and possession of so vast a number of facts with so rich a presentation of each? The elements of the world he set up before us, with all its insistent particulars, these elements were not, for him, a direct revelation — of so large a part of life is it true that we can know it only by living, and that living is the process that, in our mortal span, makes the largest demand on our time. How could a man have lived at large so much if, in the service of art, he had so much abstracted and condensed himself? How could he have so much abstracted and condensed himself if, in the service of life, he had felt and fought and acted, had labored and suffered, so much as a private in the ranks? The wealth and strength of his temperament indeed partly answer the question and partly obscure it. He could so extend his existence partly because he vibrated to so many kinds of contact and curiosity. To vibrate intellectually was his motive, but it magnified, all the while, it multiplied his experience. He could live at large, in short, because he was always living in the particular necessary, the particular intended connection — was always astride of his imagination, always charging, with his heavy, his heroic lance in rest, at every object that sprang up in his path. But as he was at the same time always fencing himself in against the personal adventure, the personal experience, in order to preserve himself for converting it into history, how did experience, in the immediate sense, still get itself saved? — or, to put it as simply as possible, where, with so strenuous a conception of the use of material, was material itself so strenuously quarried? Out of what mines, by what innumerable tortuous channels, in what endless winding procession of laden chariots and tugging teams and marching elephants, did the immense consignments required for his work reach him?

The point at which the emulous admirer, however diminished by comparison, may most closely approach him is, it seems to me, through the low portal of envy: so irresistibly do we lose ourselves in the vision of the quantity of life with which his imagination communicated. Quantity and intensity are at once and together his sign; the truth being that his

energy did not press hard in some places only to press lightly in others, did not lay it on thick here or there to lay it on thin elsewhere, did not seek the appearance of extent and number by faintness of evocation, by shallow soundings, or by the mere sketchiness of suggestion that dispenses, for reference and verification, with the book, the total collection of human documents, with what we call "chapter and verse." He never throws dust in our eyes, save only the fine gold-dust through the haze of which his own romantic vision operates; never does it, I mean, when he is pretending not to do it, pretending to give us the full statement of his case, to deal with the facts of the spectacle surrounding him. Then he goes in, as we say, for a portentous clearness, a reproduction of the real on the scale of the real — with a definiteness actually proportionate; though a clearness that in truth sometimes fails (like the sight of the forest of the adage, which fails for the presence of the trees), through the positive monstrosity of his effort. He sees and presents too many facts, — facts of history, of property, of genealogy, of topography, of sociology, and has too many ideas and images about them; their value is thus threatened with submersion by the flood of general reference in which they float, by their quantity of indicated relation to other facts, which break against them like waves of a high tide. He may thus at times become obscure from his very habit of striking too many matches; or we may at least say of him, out of our wondering loyalty, that the light he produces is, beyond that of any other corner of the great planted garden of romance, thick and rich and heavy — interesting, so to speak, on its own account.

There would be much to say, I think, had we only a little more time, on this question of the projected light of the individual strong temperament in fiction — the color of the air with which this, that or the other painter of life (as we call them all), more or less unconsciously suffuses his picture. I say unconsciously because I speak here of an effect of atmosphere largely, if not wholly, distinct from the effect sought on behalf of the special subject to be treated; something that proceeds from the contemplative mind itself, the very complexion of the mirror in which the material is reflected. This is of the nature of the man himself — an emanation of his spirit, temper, history; it springs from his very presence, his spiritual presence, in his work, and is, in so far, not a matter of calculation and artistry. All a matter of his own, in a word, for each seer of visions, the particular tone of the medium in which each vision, each clustered group of persons and places and objects, is bathed. Just how, accordingly, does the light of the world, the projected, painted, peopled, poetized, realized world, the furnished and fitted world into which we are beguiled for the holiday excursion, cheap trips or dear, of the eternally amusable, eternally dupeable voyaging mind — just how does this strike us as different in Fielding and in Richardson, in Scott and in Dumas, in Dickens and in Thackeray, in Hawthorne and in Meredith, in George Eliot and in George Sand, in Jane Austen and in Charlotte Brontë? Do we not feel the general landscape evoked by each of the more or less magical wands to which I have given name, not to open itself under the same sun that hangs over the neighboring scene, not to receive the solar rays at the same angle, not to exhibit its shadows with the same intensity or the same sharpness; not, in short, to seem to belong to the same time of day or same state of the weather? Why is it that the life that overflows in Dickens seems to me always to go on in the morning, or in the very earliest hours of the afternoon at most, and in a vast apartment that appears to have windows, large, uncurtained, and rather unwashed windows, on all sides at once? Why is it that in George Eliot the sun sinks forever to the west, and the shadows are long, and the afternoon wanes, and the trees vaguely rustle, and the color of the day is much

inclined to yellow? Why is it that in Charlotte Brontë we move through an endless autumn? Why is it that in Jane Austen we sit quite resigned in an arrested spring? Why does Hawthorne give us the afternoon hour later than any one else? — oh, late, late, quite uncannily late, and as if it were always winter outside? But I am wasting the very minutes I pretended, at the start, to cherish, and am only sustained through my levity by seeing you watch for the time of day or season of the year or state of the weather that I shall fasten upon the complicated clock-face of Thackeray. I do, I think, see his light also — see it very much as the light (a different thing from the mere dull dusk) of rainy days in "residential" streets; but we are not, after all, talking of him, and, though Balzac's waiting power has proved itself, this half-century, immense, I must not too much presume upon it.

The question of the color of Balzac's air and the time of *his* day would indeed here easily solicit our ingenuity — were I at liberty to say more than one thing about it. It is rich and thick, the mixture of sun and shade diffused through the *Comédie Humaine* — a mixture richer and thicker and representing an absolutely greater quantity of "atmosphere," than we shall find prevailing within the compass of any other suspended frame. That is how we see him, living in his garden, and it is by reason of the restless energy with which he circulated there that I hold his fortune and his privilege, in spite of the burden of his toil and the brevity of his immediate reward, to have been before any others enviable. It is strange enough, but what most abides with us, as we follow his steps, is a sense of the intellectual luxury he enjoyed. To focus him at all, for a single occasion, we have to simplify, and this wealth of his vicarious experience forms the side, moreover, on which he is most attaching for those who take an interest in the real play of the imagination. From the moment our imagination plays at all, of course, and from the moment we try to catch and preserve the pictures it throws off, from that moment we too, in our comparatively feeble way, live vicariously — succeed in opening a series of dusky passages in which, with a more or less childlike ingenuity, we can romp to and fro. Our passages are mainly short and dark, however; we soon come to the end of them — dead walls, without resonance, in presence of which the candle goes out and the game stops, and we have only to retrace our steps. Balzac's luxury, as I call it, was in the extraordinary number and length of his radiating and ramifying corridors — the labyrinth in which he finally lost himself. What it comes back to, in other words, is the intensity with which we live — and his intensity is recorded for us on every page of his work.

It is a question, you see, of *penetrating* into a subject; his corridors always went further and further and further; which is but another way of expressing his inordinate passion for detail. It matters nothing — nothing for my present contention — that this extravagance is also his great fault; in spite, too, of its all being detail vivified and related, characteristic and constructive, essentially prescribed by the terms of his plan. The relations of parts to each other are at moments multiplied almost to madness — which is at the same time just why they give us the measure of his hallucination, make up the greatness of his intellectual adventure. His plan was to handle, primarily, not a world of ideas, animated by figures representing these ideas; but the packed and constituted, the palpable, proveable world before him, by the study of which ideas would inevitably find themselves thrown up. If the happy fate is accordingly to *partake* of life, actively, assertively, not passively, narrowly, in mere sensibility and sufferance, the happiness has been greatest when the faculty employed has been largest. We employ different faculties — some of us only our arms and our legs and our stomach; Balzac employed most what he possessed in

largest quantity. This is where his work ceases in a manner to mystify us — this is where we make out how he did quarry his material: it is the sole solution to an otherwise baffling problem. He collected his experience within himself; no other economy explains his achievement; this thrift alone, remarkable yet thinkable, embodies the necessary miracle. His system of cellular confinement, in the interest of the miracle, was positively that of a Benedictine monk, leading his life within the four walls of his convent and bent, the year round, over the smooth parchment on which, with wondrous illumination and enhancement of gold and crimson and blue, he inscribed the glories of the faith and the legends of the saints. Balzac's view of himself was indeed in a manner the monkish one; he was most at ease, while he wrought, in the white gown and cowl — an image of him that the friendly art of his time has handed down to us. Only, as happened, his subject of illumination was the legends not merely of the saints, but of the much more numerous uncanonized strugglers and sinners, an acquaintance with whose attributes was not all to be gathered in the place of piety itself; not even from the faintest ink of old records, the mild lips of old brothers, or the painted glass of church windows.

This is where envy does follow him, for to have so many other human cases, so many other personal predicaments to get into, up to one's chin, is verily to be able to get out of one's own box. And it was up to his chin, constantly, that he sank in his illusion — not, as the weak and timid in this line do, only up to his ankles or his knees. The figures he sees begin immediately to bristle with all their characteristics. Every mark and sign, outward and inward, that they possess; every virtue and every vice, every strength and every weakness, every passion and every habit, the sound of their voices, the expression of their eyes, the tricks of feature and limb, the buttons on their clothes, the food on their plates, the money in their pockets, the furniture in their houses, the secrets in their breasts, are all things that interest, that concern, that command him, and that have, for the picture, significance, relation and value. It is a prodigious multiplication of values, and thereby a prodigious entertainment of the vision — on the condition the vision can bear it. Bearing it — that is *our* bearing it — is a serious matter; for the appeal is truly to that faculty of attention out of which we are educating ourselves, as hard as we possibly can; educating ourselves with such complacency, with such boisterous high spirits, that we may already be said to have practically lost it — with the consequence that any work of art or of criticism making a demand on it is by that fact essentially discredited. It takes attention not only to thread the labyrinth of the *Comédie Humaine*, but to keep our author himself in view, in the relations in which we thus image him. But if we can muster it, as I say, in sufficient quantity, we thus walk with him in the great glazed gallery of his thought; the long, lighted and pictured ambulatory where the endless series of windows, on one side, hangs over his revolutionized, ravaged, yet partly restored and reinstated garden of France, and where, on the other, the figures and the portraits we fancy stepping down to meet him climb back into their frames, larger and smaller, and take up position and expression as he desired they shall look out and compose.

We have lately had a literary case of the same general family as the case of Balzac, and in presence of which some of the same speculations come up: I had occasion, not long since, after the death of Emile Zola, to attempt an appreciation of *his* extraordinary performance — his series of the *Rougon-Macquart* constituting in fact, in the library of the fiction that can hope in some degree to live, a monument to the idea of plenitude, of comprehension and variety, second only to the *Comédie Humaine*. The question presented itself, in respect to Zola's ability

and Zola's career, with a different proportion and value, I quite recognize, and wearing a much less distinguished face; but it was there to be met, none the less, on the very threshold, and all the more because this was just where he himself had placed it. His idea had been, from the first, in a word, to lose no time — as if one could have experience, even the mere amount requisite for showing others as having it, without losing time! — and yet the degree in which he too, so handicapped, has achieved valid expression is such as still to stagger us. He had had inordinately to simplify — had had to leave out the life of the soul, practically, and confine himself to the life of the instinct, of the more immediate passions, such as can be easily and promptly caught in the fact. He had had, in a word, to confine himself almost entirely to the impulses and agitations that men and women are possessed by in common, and to take them as exhibited in mass and number, so that, being writ larger, they might likewise be more easily read. He met and solved, in this manner, his difficulty — the difficulty of knowing, and of showing, of life, only what his "notes" would account for. But it is in the *waste*, I think, much rather, — the waste of time, of passion, of curiosity, of contact, — that true initiation resides; so that the most wonderful adventures of the artist's spirit are those, immensely quickening for his "authority," that are yet not reducible to his notes. It is exactly here that we get the difference between such a solid, square, symmetrical structure as *Les Rougon-Macquart*, vitiated, in a high degree, by its mechanical side, and the monument left by Balzac — without the example of which, I surmise, Zola's work would not have existed. The mystic process of the crucible, the transformation of the material under æsthetic heat, is, in the *Comédie Humaine*, thanks to an intenser and more submissive fusion, completer, and also finer; for if the commoner and more wayside passions and conditions are, in the various episodes there, nowhere gathered into so large and so thick an illustrative bunch, yet on the other hand they are shown much more freely at play in the individual case — and the individual case it is that permits of supreme fineness. It is hard to say where Zola is fine; whereas it is often, for pages together, hard to say where Balzac is, even under the weight of his too ponderous personality, not. The most fundamental and general sign of the novel, from one desperate experiment to another, is its being everywhere an effort at *representation* — this is the beginning and the end of it: wherefore it was that one could say at last, with account taken of everything, that Zola's performance, on his immense scale, was an extraordinary show of representation imitated. The imitation, in places — notably and admirably, for instance, in *L'Assommoir* — breaks through into something that we take for reality; but, for the most part, the separating rift, the determining difference, holds its course straight, prevents the attempted process from becoming the sound, straight, whole thing that is given us by those who have really *bought* their information. This is where Balzac remains unshaken, — in our feeling that, with all his faults of pedantry, ponderosity, pretentiousness, bad taste and charmless form, his spirit has somehow paid for its knowledge. His subject is again and again the complicated human creature or human condition; and it is with these complications as if he knew them, as Shakespeare knew them, by his charged consciousness, by the history of his soul and the direct exposure of his sensibility. This source of supply he found, forever — and one may indeed say he mostly left — sitting at his fireside; where it constituted the company with which I see him shut up, and his practical intimacy with which, during such orgies and debauches of intellectual passion, might earn itself that name of high personal good fortune that I have applied.

Let me say, definitely, that I hold

several of his faults to be grave, and that if there were any question of time for it I should like to speak of them; but let me add, as promptly, that they are faults, on the whole, of execution, flaws in the casting, accidents of the process: they never come back to that fault in the artist, in the novelist, that amounts most completely to a failure of dignity, the absence of saturation with his idea. When saturation fails no other presence really avails; as when, on the other hand, it operates, no failure of method fatally interferes. There is never in Balzac that damning interference which consists of the painter's not seeing, not possessing, his image; not having fixed and held his creature and his creature's conditions. "Balzac aime sa Valérie," says Taine, in his great essay, — so much the finest thing ever written on our author, — speaking of the way in which the awful little Madame Marneffe of *Les Parents Pauvres* is drawn, and of the long rope, for her acting herself out, that her creator's participation in her reality assures her. He has been contrasting her, as it happens, with Thackeray's Becky Sharp, or rather with Thackeray's attitude toward Becky, and the marked jealousy of her freedom that Thackeray exhibits from the first. I remember reading at the time of the publication of Taine's study — though it was long, long ago — a phrase in an English review of the volume which seemed to my limited perception, even in extreme youth, to deserve the highest prize ever bestowed on critical stupidity undisguised. If Balzac loved his Valérie, said this commentator, that only showed Balzac's extraordinary taste; the truth being really, throughout, that it was just through this love of each seized identity, and of the sharpest and liveliest identities most, that Madame Marneffe's creator was able to marshal his array at all. The love, as we call it, the joy in their communicated and exhibited movement, in their standing on their feet and going of themselves and acting out their characters, was what rendered possible the saturation I speak of; what supplied him, through the inevitable gaps of his preparation and the crevices of his prison, his long prison of labor, a short cut to the knowledge he required. It was by loving them — as the terms of his subject and the nuggets of his mine — that he knew them; it was not by knowing them that he loved.

He at all events robustly loved the sense of another explored, assumed, assimilated identity — enjoyed it as the hand enjoys the glove when the glove ideally fits. My image indeed is loose; for what he liked was absolutely to get into the constituted consciousness, into all the clothes, gloves and whatever else, into the very skin and bones, of the habited, featured, colored, articulated form of life that he desired to present. How do we know given persons, for any purpose of demonstration, unless we know their situation for themselves, unless we see it from their point of vision, that is, from their point of pressing consciousness or sensation? — without our allowing for which there is no appreciation. Balzac loved his Valérie then as Thackeray did not love his Becky, or his Blanche Amory in *Pendennis*. But his prompting was not to expose her; it could only be, on the contrary, — intensely aware as he was of all the lengths she might go to, and paternally, maternally alarmed about them — to cover her up and protect her, in the interest of her special genius and freedom. All his impulse was to *la faire valoir*, to give her all her value, just as Thackeray's attitude was the opposite one, a desire positively to expose and desecrate poor Becky — to follow her up, catch her in the act, and bring her to shame: though with a mitigation, an admiration, an inconsequence, now and then wrested from him by an instinct finer, in his mind, than the so-called "moral" eagerness. The English writer wants to make sure, first of all, of your moral judgment; the French is willing, while it waits a little, to risk, for the sake of his subject, your spiritual salvation. Ma-

dame Marneffe, detrimental, fatal as she is, is "exposed," so far as anything in life, or in art, may be, by the working-out of the situation and the subject themselves; so that when they have done what they would, what they logically had to, with her, we are ready to take it from them. We do not feel, very irritatedly, very lecturedly, in other words with superfluous edification, that she has been sacrificed. Who can say, on the contrary, that Blanche Amory, in *Pendennis*, with the author's lash about her little bare white back from the first — who can feel that she has *not* been sacrificed, or that her little bareness and whiteness, and all the rest of her, have been, by such a process, presented as they had a right to demand?

It all comes back, in fine, to that respect for the liberty of the subject which I should be willing to name as *the* great sign of the painter of the first order. Such a witness to the human comedy fairly holds his breath for fear of arresting or diverting that natural license; the witness who begins to breathe so uneasily in presence of it that his respiration not only warns off the little prowling or playing creature he is supposed to be studying, but drowns, for our ears, the ingenuous sounds of the animal, as well as the general, truthful hum of the human scene at large — this demonstrator has no sufficient warrant for his task. And if such an induction as this is largely the moral of our renewed glance at Balzac, there is a lesson, of a more essential sort, I think, folded still deeper within — the lesson that there is no convincing art that is not ruinously expensive. I am unwilling to say, in the presence of such of his successors as George Eliot and Tolstoi and Zola (to name, for convenience, only three of them), that he was the last of the novelists to do the thing handsomely; but I will say that we get the impression at least of his having had more to spend. Many of those who have followed him affect us as doing it, in the vulgar phrase, "on the cheap;" by reason mainly, no doubt, of their having been, all helplessly, foredoomed to cheapness. Nothing counts, of course, in art, but the excellent; nothing exists, however briefly, for estimation, for appreciation, but the superlative — always in its kind; and who shall declare that the severe economy of the vast majority of those apparently emulous of the attempt to "render" the human subject and the human scene proceeds from anything worse than the consciousness of a limited capital? This flourishing frugality operates happily, no doubt — given all the circumstances — for the novelist; but it has had terrible results for the novel, so far as the novel is a form with which criticism may be moved to concern itself. Its misfortune, its discredit, what I have called its bankrupt state among us, is the not unnatural consequence of its having ceased, for the most part, to be artistically interesting. It has become an object of easy manufacture, showing on every side the stamp of the machine; it has become the article of commerce, produced in quantity, and as we so see it we inevitably turn from it, under the rare visitations of the critical impulse, to compare it with those more precious products of the same general nature that we used to think of as belonging to the class of the hand-made.

The lesson of Balzac, under this comparison, is extremely various, and I should prepare myself much too large a task were I to attempt a list of the separate truths he brings home. I have to choose among them, and I choose the most important; the three or four that more or less include the others. In reading him over, in opening him almost anywhere to-day, what immediately strikes us is the part assigned by him, in any picture, to the *conditions* of the creatures with whom he is concerned. Contrasted with him other prose painters of life scarce seem to see the conditions at all. He clearly held pretended portrayals as nothing, as less than nothing, as a most vain thing, unless it should be, in spirit and intention, the art of complete representation. "Complete" is of course a great word, and there

is no art at all, we are often reminded, that is not on too many sides an abject compromise. The element of compromise is always there; it is of the essence; we live with it, and it may serve to keep us humble. The formula of the whole matter is sufficiently expressed perhaps in a reply I found myself once making to an inspired but discouraged friend, a fellow-craftsman who had declared in his despair that there was no use trying, that it was a form absolutely too difficult. "Too difficult indeed; yet there is one way to master it — which is to pretend consistently that it is n't." We are all of us, all the while, pretending — as consistently as we can — that it is n't, and Balzac's great glory is that he pretended hardest. He never had to pretend so hard as when he addressed himself to that evocation of the medium, that distillation of the natural and social air, of which I speak, the things that most require on the part of the painter preliminary possession — so definitely require it that, terrified at the requisition, when conscious of it, many a painter prefers to beg the whole question. He has thus, this ingenious person, to invent some *other* way of making his characters interesting — some other way, that is, than the arduous way, demanding so much consideration, of presenting them to us. They are interesting, in fact, as subjects of fate, the figures round whom a situation closes, in proportion as, sharing their existence, we feel where fate comes in and just how it gets at them. In the void they are not interesting — and Balzac, like Nature herself, abhorred a vacuum. Their situation takes hold of us because it is theirs, not because it is somebody's, any one's, that of creatures unidentified. Therefore it is not superfluous that their identity shall first be established for us, and their adventures, in that measure, have a relation to it, and therewith an appreciability. There is no such thing in the world as an adventure pure and simple; there is only mine and yours, and his and hers — it being the greatest adventure of all, I verily think, just to *be* you or I, just to be he or she. To Balzac's imagination that was indeed in itself an immense adventure — and nothing appealed to him more than to show *how* we all are, and how we are placed and built-in for being so. What befalls us is but another name for the way our circumstances press upon us — so that an account of what befalls us is an account of our circumstances.

Add to this, then, that the fusion of all the elements of the picture, under his hand, is complete — of what people are with what they do, of what they do with what they are, of the action with the agents, of the medium with the action, of all the parts of the drama with each other. Such a production as *Le Père Goriot* for example, or as *Eugénie Grandet*, or as *Le Curé de Village*, has, in respect to this fusion, a kind of inscrutable perfection. The situation sits shrouded in its circumstances, and then, by its inner expansive force, emerges from them, the action marches, to the rich rustle of this great tragic and ironic train, the embroidered heroic mantle, with an art of keeping together that makes of *Le Père Goriot* in especial a supreme case of composition, a model of that high virtue that we know as economy of effect, economy of line and touch. An inveterate sense of proportion was not, in general, Balzac's distinguishing mark; but with great talents one has great surprises, and the effect of this large handling of the conditions was more often than not to make the work, whatever it might be, appear admirably composed. Of all the costly charms of a "story" this interest derived from composition is the costliest — and there is perhaps no better proof of our present penury than the fact that, in general, when one makes a plea for it, the plea might seemingly (for all it is understood!) be for trigonometry or osteology. "Composition? — What may that happen to *be*, and, whatever it is, what has it to do with the matter?" I shall take for granted here that every one perfectly knows, for without that assumption I shall not be able to wind up, as I must immediately do. The presence of

the conditions, when really presented, when made vivid, provides for the action — which is, from step to step, constantly implied in them; whereas the process of suspending the action in the void and dressing it there with the tinkling bells of what is called dialogue only makes no provision at all for the other interest. There are two elements of the art of the novelist which, as they present, I think, the greatest difficulty, tend thereby most to fascinate us: in the first place that mystery of the foreshortened procession of facts and figures, of appearances of whatever sort, which is in some lights but another name for the picture governed by the principle of composition, and which has at any rate as little as possible in common with the method now usual among us, the juxtaposition of items emulating the column of numbers of a schoolboy's sum in addition. It is the art of the brush, I know, as opposed to the art of the slate-pencil; but to the art of the brush the novel must return, I hold, to recover whatever may be still recoverable of its sacrificed honor.

The second difficulty that I commend for its fascination, at all events, the most attaching when met and the most rewarding when triumphantly met, — though I hasten to add that it also strikes me as not only the least "met," in general, but the least suspected, — this second difficulty is that of representing, to put it simply, the lapse of time, the duration of the subject: representing it, that is, more subtly than by a blank space, or a row of stars, on the historic page. With the blank space and the row of stars Balzac's genius had no affinity, and he is therefore as unlike as possible those narrators — so numerous, all round us, it would appear, to-day in especial — the succession of whose steps and stages, the development of whose action, in the given case, affects us as occupying but a week or two. No one begins, to my sense, to handle the time-element and produce the time-effect with the authority of Balzac in his amplest sweeps — by which I am far from meaning in his longest passages. That study of the foreshortened image, of the neglect of which I suggest the ill consequence, is precisely the enemy of the tiresome procession of would-be narrative items, seen all in profile, like the rail-heads of a fence; a substitute for the baser device of accounting for the time-quantity by mere quantity of statement. Quality and manner of statement account for it in a finer way — always assuming, as I say, that unless it is accounted for nothing else really is. The fashion of our day is to account for it almost exclusively by an inordinate abuse of the colloquial resource, of the report, from page to page, from chapter to chapter, from beginning to end, of the talk, between the persons involved, in which situation and action may be conceived as registered. Talk between persons is perhaps, of all the parts of the novelist's plan, the part that Balzac most scrupulously weighed and measured and kept in its place: judging it, I think, — though he perhaps even had an undue suspicion of its possible cheapness, as feeling it the thing that can least afford to be cheap, — a precious and supreme resource, the very flower of illustration of the subject, and thereby not to be inconsiderately discounted. It was his view, discernibly, that the flower must keep its bloom, or in other words not be too much handled, in order to have a fragrance when nothing but its fragrance will serve.

It was his view indeed positively that there is a *law* in these things, and that, admirable for illustration, functional for illustration, dialogue has its function perverted, and therewith its life destroyed, when forced, all clumsily, into the constructive office. It is in the drama, of course, that it is constructive; but the drama lives by a law so different, verily, that everything that is right for it seems wrong for the prose picture, and everything that is right for the prose picture addressed directly, in turn, to the betrayal of the "play." These are questions, however, that bore deep — if I have successfully braved the danger that they abso-

lutely do bore; so that I must content myself, as a glance at this point, with the claim for the author of *Le Père Goriot* that colloquial illustration, in his work, suffers less, on the whole, than in any other I know, from its attendant, its besetting and haunting penalty of springing, unless watched, a leak in its effect. It is as if the master of the ship were keeping his eye on the pump; the pump, I mean, of relief and alternation, the pump that keeps the vessel free of too much water. We must always remember that, save in the cases where "dialogue" is organic, is the very law of the game, — in which case, as I say, the game is another business altogether, — it is essentially the fluid element: as, for instance (to cite, conveniently, Balzac's most eminent prose contemporary) was strikingly its character in the elder Dumas: just as its character in the younger, the dramatist, illustrates supremely what I call the other game. The current, in old Dumas, the large, loose, facile flood of talked movement, talked interest, as much as you will, is, in virtue of this fluidity, a current indeed, with so little of wrought texture that we float and splash in it; feeling it thus resemble much more some capacious tepid tank than the figured tapestry, all overscored with objects in fine perspective, which symbolizes to me (if one may have a symbol) the last word of the achieved fable. Such a tapestry, with its wealth of expression of its subject, with its myriad ordered stitches, its harmonies of tone and felicities of taste, is a work, above all, of closeness — and therefore the more pertinent image here, as it is in the name of closeness that I am inviting you to let Balzac once more appeal to you.

It will strike you perhaps that I speak as if we all, as if you all, without exception were novelists, haunting the back shop, the laboratory, or, more nobly expressed, the inner shrine of the temple; but such assumptions, in this age of print — if I may not say this age of poetry, — are perhaps never too wide of the mark, and I have at any rate taken your interest sufficiently for granted to ask you to close up with me for an hour at the feet of the master of us all. Many of us may stray, but he always remains — he is fixed by virtue of his weight. Do not look too knowing at that — as a hint that you were already conscious he is heavy, and that if this is what I have mainly to suggest my lesson might have been spared. He is, I grant, too heavy to be moved; many of us may stray and straggle, as I say — since we have not his inaptitude largely to circulate. There is none the less such an odd condition as circulating without motion, and I am not so sure that even in our own way we do move. We do not, at any rate, get away from him; he is behind us, at the worst, when he is not before, and I feel that any course about the country we explore is ever best held by keeping him, through the trees of the forest, in sight. So far as we do move, we move round him; every road comes back to him; he sits there, in spite of us, so massively, for orientation. "Heavy" therefore if we like, but heavy because weighted with his fortune; the extraordinary fortune that has survived all the extravagance of his career, his twenty years of royal intellectual spending, and that has done so by reason of the rare value of the original property — the high, prime genius so tied-up from him that that was safe. And "that," through all that has come and gone, has steadily, has enormously appreciated. Let us then also, if we see him, in the sacred grove, as our towering idol, see him as gilded thick, with so much gold — plated and burnished and bright, in the manner of towering idols. It is for the lighter and looser and poorer among us to be gilded thin!

"IN SWIMMING"

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

LATE in the afternoon, when the boys grew tired of playing baseball, some one would say, "How about going in now?" or, more often, give a whistle and hold up two fingers of one hand, the universal sign of natatory purpose and invitation. Then my heart would sink. At that age I never got tired of playing baseball — and I could not swim. Once they were headed for the river, it was useless to protest; and I followed them, as disconsolate and envious a nine-year-old as there was in the land.

We crossed the railroad track at the foot of the meadow, and ran down the path under the arching willows and oaks of the bank to the river beach. There, while the others were undressing, I would stand and scale stones out over the water with an assumed indifference, deaf to their urgings that I should come in with them and try to learn. They treated me with a compassionate kindliness — not unlike that with which the heath-dwellers in *The Return of the Native* assisted the unfortunate Christian Cantle to acquiesce in his incompetence — and when they found that I could not be persuaded, they would ask me, one after another, to keep an eye on their clothes. I do not know from what source they feared molestation, and I never was aware that any of them carried valuable property which might tempt a passer-by to crime. Their injunction may have been thoughtfully designed to restore to me some measure of self-respect and make me feel that, even though I could not swim, there was still a place for me in the world. At any rate, I took the responsibility with some seriousness, and preserved a sharp watch over all the articles entrusted to my care, occasionally nailing down a fluttering shirt with a stone, or pursuing a hat that had been started on a bumping expedition by the breeze.

When the half-past five train burst thundering out of the cut a hundred yards up the river, all the boys made for deep water, or, if they were too near shore for that, modestly immersed themselves, — all except one young Indian, whose practice it was to come scrambling ashore and there dance defiantly, waving his arms and yelling while the train passed. This performance was always rather shocking to me, even while I admired its daring. One day the Indian's mother was on the train, and recognized him from the window, and for a week thereafter he did not go in swimming, but sat with me, like Fido, by the clothes.

As often as I had the opportunity, and could be sure there were no other boys to spy upon my infantile efforts, I used to sneak down to the river and give myself swimming lessons. Whether the fault was mainly with the teacher or with the pupil I do not know; but I had begun to despair of ever learning, when one day I stretched myself out recklessly upon the water and began to swim. I was so amazed to find myself afloat that after a few strokes I felt I had better stop and think about it, so I dropped my feet and groped for bottom; to my infinite horror it was not there. The current of the river, probably more than my own efforts, had carried me beyond my depth.

I beat the water desperately with my hands, trying to regain the swimming position, and went under. My fright, after the first terror at not finding bottom, was quite inadequate. When I came up strangling and saw the shore slipping by, the rock on which I had laid my clothes more distant than before, I thrust crazily with arms and legs, and determined that

nobody, and least of all my mother, should ever know of my narrow escape. I accepted escape as a foregone conclusion, even while realizing the peril. Somehow I got ashore, choking and gasping, and made my way back to my clothes. There, while I sat on a rock and recovered myself, I reflected with some pride that I had achieved a new importance. I had almost been drowned, and I had learned to swim. A disposition to test the reality of my acquirement, and ascertain if I might rely on its permanence, impelled me to enter the water again. In the exhilaration of confirming my discovery, it soon became a pleasure to take a risk. I enjoyed the sensation when, a few days later, I interrupted the ball game by giving a whistle and holding up two fingers of one hand.

The largest percentage of drowning accidents to boys occur, I am told, in rivers. From my own experience I am convinced that if a lake or the ocean is accessible, a river should not be chosen as the scene of one's elementary swimming lessons; but where a river is the only water at hand a boy had better risk being swept away by the current. No doubt in most cases he will take that risk, even though his parents concede only as much liberty to swim as the mother in the nonsense rhyme was willing to allow her daughter. One of the pleasures that I find in summer travel is to watch out of the train window, as we skirt the banks of streams, for the boys bathing, standing waist deep in the water, or, with only wet heads above the surface, stemming the current in momentary rivalry. In these glimpses the pleasure is perhaps not wholly that of personal reminiscence and sympathy; I think the veriest hoodlum of the village seen stripped and in a woodland setting may be the Pan in one's fleeting vision of Arcady. Some persons I have heard cry out against the publicity of such bathing; to me the sight seems as innocent as the pastime. Cows knee-deep in streams are the painter's favorite subject for a pastoral; if I were a painter I think I should choose almost as often boys bathing in a brook.

To be picturesque is not, however, the swimmer's aim, and except for its picturesque effect river bathing is not very satisfactory. The bigger the river, the more dirty and unpleasant and unsheltered is it likely to be; the smaller the stream, the more certain in the summer months to become a mere dribble in which one crawls about hunting for a spot where it may be deep enough to swim. Or, if it is not disqualified in either of these respects, its current will cause annoyance; one grows weary of always having to quarter against it, of never being able to lie peacefully at rest without being whisked off to a point which is inconveniently conspicuous or from which return is undesirably laborious.

The utmost luxury for the swimmer would be always to have freedom of choice as to where he would swim — whether in pond or lake or ocean. Then he would be able each day to adapt his swim to his mood. For swimming may be variously operative on a man; desiring one remedy, he may find himself refused it by the perversity of the element — served with the wrong prescription. He would like a swim as relaxing as a Turkish bath, and he is in for a boxing match. For instance, it is a hot, oppressive day; you have been doing concentrated mental labor for some hours, and you wish to turn, not to vigorous exercise, but to a soothing employment, a languid, indolent use of the muscles which will leave you in a mood for sleep. But your available swimming tank is the Atlantic Ocean, in a latitude where the temperature of the water never rises above fifty-eight degrees; and the day is windy and overcast; you put on your bathing suit and stand on the beach looking reluctantly at the breaking waves. The wind chills you a little, and although nothing is more distasteful than to nerve yourself for an effort, you do it; you take a breath and run into the icy water — and oh, the torture of that entrance! The cold waves dash at your ankles and then

at your knees, and then, while you are reeling, they grip your waist and wrestle with you for a fall — which you grant them with a shuddering relief. You go under, lips compressed, eyes shut, and shoot up again to the air, crying to yourself, "Thank Heaven that's over!" Then you kick out and strike out and writhe round in the waves in a furious effort to get warm; you can't do it swimming on your breast, and you turn on one side and draw up your knees and lunge out and gasp; and then a wave cuffs you in the head and gives you a stinging earful, and you leap up in angry, sputtering remonstrance. You do not grow appreciably warmer, violent as is your endeavor, rough as is your buffeting; you are bounded up and down, and pitched into the smother of breaking waves, and slapped and doused and insolently abused, until you work yourself into a passion and plough through the turbulent sea with venomous puffs that might be translated, "You will, will you! You will, will you! Take that now — take that — take that!" Thus you are provoked to an insane contention and excitement, when a few moments before your whole inclination had been toward a meditative floating upon a warm and tranquil pond. But for all your furious bravado, for all your mighty exercise, your teeth are already chattering with cold, your vigor is stiffening in your veins; and you are glad to turn and be helped ashore by the waves that you had presumed to defy.

Then, when you rub yourself down and dress, you begin to glow with an ardent energy, with legs a little tremulous, perhaps. You had desired mere relaxation, and you have been violently stimulated. But the spirit to be up and doing soon fades into an impotent restlessness, and from that you pass into the comatose indolence which was your primary desire. There is, perhaps, some subtle detriment to the temper when one has to experience such probationary stress and tumult in order to attain the repose into which the dweller by a pond may gently slip. Thoreau would have been a more irascible person if he had had to do his swimming off the Maine coast instead of in Lake Walden.

Yet the placid dwellers beside quiet lakes may not claim entire advantage of opportunity over the turbulent sea bathers. They know the soft delight of swimming; they miss its stormy joy. It is agreeable to be one of them when the only demand made by your body is for rest; but when both your spirits and your vitality are high, the unruffled smoothness of the pond, even though it is overhung by the springiest of springboards, does not quite meet your longings. You can run and leap and dive and rush in sprints through the water, but you are aware of a disappointing tameness; you are playing in a dead, unresponsive medium; you are not sporting with a resourceful, lithe, and sinewy adversary; you cannot conjure up the excitement and ardor of battle which grip your imagination with the first plunge into the swelling ocean. The greater buoyancy of the salt water exalts the swimmer's spirit and quickens his vitality; the gentler drag of the inland lake woos him to a luxurious listlessness. As you buffet the ocean waves, you can exultingly feel and exclaim, "Aha, old man, you're trying to down me — but I'm still on top; put that in your pipe and smoke it." And so, proud wrestler that you are, you swarm up one billow and down the next, grappling to your heart all the while a personified adversary and laughing with triumph because in spite of his struggles he cannot get you down and put his knee on your chest. It is something to emerge panting and dripping from these contests, and strut upon the sand, and mentally credit yourself with one more victory.

Quiet inland bathing offers you no such extravagant opportunities to be a *poseur*. If the water is warm, you loll in it at your ease; your mind is soon stupefied by the sensuousness in which you are enfolded; the interest of your sleepy eyes does not

extend beyond the gentle ripples that widen away from the slow, submerged strokes of your arms. After a while you roll over on your back and drowsily execute at intervals a languid "shoo fly" leg motion, while you look drowsily up into the void. Now and then you will raise your arms and flap them down through the water like a pair of sweeps; it is only a tired sort of effort. And finally, in the supreme abandonment of indolence, you lay your head back, far back, until the water creeps up about your eyelids; you stretch out legs and arms motionless, and lie, breathing tranquilly, sensible of no other movement in the world than the slight flux and slip of the water upon your heaving chest. Then may you realize, perhaps, something of the lark's sensation when, with wings outspread, it hangs suspended between earth and sky. He who has never thus suspended himself idly in still water, with fathoms below him and infinity above, has missed one of the sensuous delights of existence. Unfortunate man, who goes to his grave believing that there is nothing better than bed for weary limbs and a jaded brain!

The consequences, of course, are hunger and torpidity. The bath in the quiet pond does not make you feel "freshened up" — unless you flout its allurements, dive in, scramble out, and roughly rub yourself down. I cannot be sympathetic with any one whose moral rigidity thus denies him a Sybaritic indulgence. In the cold, loud-sounding sea I may be his comrade; but let him not insult with such hygienic tentativeness my luxurious inland pool. He must give himself to it trustingly, with no reserve, willing to be wooed into idle dalliance, to eat the lotus and smell the poppies and mandragora of life. If he dares no experience that may slacken the tension of his fibres, physical or moral, let him avoid the seductive inland pool. For not only does a surrender to its embrace leave one too indolent to work; it even purifies the zealot who sets too high a value upon work, and it insinuates before him an ideal of play. After the first somnolence has worn off, he will be active for further exercise, for sports and games, he will show a keen interest in being amused; but for toil he will have aversion. Fresh water swimming is for those who have never had, or who have put aside, scruples against idleness; for the promotion of the "strenuous life" we must have the water cold, and we must have it salt.

It depends partly upon the individual, and again partly upon the place, whether swimming is more to be enjoyed as a solitary recreation or as a social diversion. There are some unimaginative persons, incapacitated for solitude under any circumstances, who would never resort to a lonely swim except in the last despair of ennui; and I believe there are a few morbid persons who shrink from displaying themselves in bathing suits and abhor the more informal freedom that sometimes prevails among swimmers. But disregarding such abnormal types, we may broadly lay down the principle that a lonely swim in the ocean is a cheerless undertaking, and that a lonely swim in a small inland lake is a delight. In excluding the ocean as a fit resource for the solitary, I would not deny that he may find satisfaction in an early morning plunge; but that is hardly "going in swimming." There are, to be sure, a few moments in the life of a man when in his own exultant bigness he may stalk grandly and alone into the sea and hail it as his intimate playfellow, and breast it with a single valiancy — when he may imagine himself in the likeness of deep calling unto deep, just as, if he happened at that juncture to be mountain climbing, he would leap from crag to crag and personify the live thunder. But these occasions arise rarely in the lives of ordinary mortals; and they are to be seized at the instant; their duration is seldom above half an hour. If the lawyer could strip off his clothes and plunge into the lonely ocean the moment after he had completed the masterly argument that was to disrupt a trust; if the doctor who had struggled

day and night sleeplessly to bring back the moribund to life, and had come at last staggering to victory, could in that weary happiness of power launch himself uncompanioned on the waves; if the speculator who, to general panic and his own large aggrandizement, had turned the market topsy-turvy, could souse himself, chuckling like a boy at his prank, and find the ocean comrade for his laughter, —that would indeed be the sublimation of climax. But as our Napoleonic moments are few, so also are our Napoleonic moods transitory; after a brief half hour there come the questions: "Is it so complete?" "What next?" "Has destiny nothing more?" At the psychological moment the ocean was remote or unavailable for solitude; by the time we can get down to it and the beach is all cleared for our majestic entrance, we begin to look about for the encouragement of companions. We do not like to feel insignificant; and nothing makes a man more sensible of insignificance than striking all alone out into the boundless sea. If there is but one unknown head bobbing in the waves a quarter of a mile distant, it will give him heart for his mimic wrestling; but if there is no one to share the absurdity of the play with him and dare with him the oppressive grimness of infinity, he soon comes ashore subdued.

Indeed, even in its most benign moods, the ocean has for the lonely bather a dubious geniality; it does not encourage trifling. It is only when the exuberant and boisterous crowds are gathered on the sand and frolic in the waves that there is created an atmosphere of light-hearted forgetfulness which makes the swimmer's sanguine imagination quite free to play.

And these exuberant crowds — how they contribute to the interest and gayety of your swim! As you go lunging through the water, rudely shouldering your huge adversary, you view the other swimmers and the promenaders on the beach with a heartening enjoyment. The man just entering the water, flinging up his arms as he treads warily, the woman out on the raft who is learning to dive and who flops flat under the surface with a splash, the swift swimmer who glides by with a long overhead reach of a brown arm that rises and dips and rises again, rhythmical as a gull's wing,—such little glimpses give a zest to the elemental experience through which you are passing. You find it pleasant to loiter for a time in the midst of such buoyant and vivacious effort; you like the shrill voices and the strident laughter; your eyes sweep the beach with a moment's interest in the gay parasols, in the bunchy bathing suits of the hesitating women, in the gaunt, dripping forms of the emerging men. Then some human porpoise rolls lazily by on his back, with white toes and a comfortable amplitude projecting above the surface, and you feel that you have loitered long enough; you must not be outstripped by such lumbering freight. So you turn and go about your business, — the conquest of the vast wrestler who has been nudging you all the while. Far out beyond the diving raft, and beyond the other bathers, you meet him and try conclusions; you test upon him all your art and skill; you turn on your side and shoot yourself at him like a projectile; you grapple with him hand over hand; you tread him down with your feet; you duck under and trip the wave that he sends to quell you; and then you swim under water and come up suddenly and take him in the rear. There is never a moment when you are not getting the better of him in spite of all his roughness; and though at the end you have to call it a drawn battle, you know that morally the victory is yours. And on your way in from that gallantly fought field to rejoin those more timorous bathers whose champion you may swellingly imagine yourself, you stop at the raft and take a final dive, just by way of a farewell fillip to your gnashing adversary.

Occasionally on a hot summer afternoon I resort to a city beach which is enclosed for men alone. It is the most democratic place I know, and one of the most humorous. Clergymen, doctors, lawyers,

shopkeepers, plumbers, motormen, teamsters, and, I daresay, criminals, enter the bath-house, put off their clothes, and pass out upon the other side, equal not only before the Lord, but also in one another's sight. Each man wears suspended by a cord about his neck a small brass check bearing the number of his dressing-room; — and he wears nothing else.

From either end of the bath-house a high board fence juts far out into the water, and shelters the bathers from exposure to the fastidious world. It is a scene for Teufelsdröckh — so many "forked radishes with heads fantastically carved" performing on land and water so many exercises — "while I," exclaims the Philosopher of Clothes, "— good Heaven! — have thatched myself over with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the felt of furred beasts; and walk abroad a moving Rag-screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters raked from the Charnel-house of Nature, where they would have rotted, to rot on me more slowly!" And it must have been after being made partaker in some similar scene that he declared in enthusiasm, "There is something great in the moment when a man first strips himself of adventitious wrappages; and sees indeed that he is naked, and, as Swift has it, 'a forked straddling animal with bandy legs;' yet also a Spirit and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries."

According to the hour, the warmth of the day, the height of the tide, the bathers vary in number from fifty to five hundred. They are of all ages and of all figures; among them some, by the baked brownness of their skins, may be distinguished as habitués of this beach; they lie on the sand sunning themselves by the hour, tanning themselves all over with a scrupulous uniformity. At one end of the beach three or four play handball against the fence; others are jumping and running; there are usually one or two attempting complicated acrobatic feats. One dignified old gentleman I once saw stand unperturbed for some minutes in the middle of the beach, gravely performing with his empty fists a variety of Indian club and dumb-bell evolutions; and near by a stout person with bushy white side whiskers was making repeated efforts to touch his toes. It speaks well, I think, for the manners of our men that the most whimsical of these performances evoked nothing more than passing glances and considerately hidden smiles. I know of no other place where in the interest of health a man may so companionably play the fool. And after he has done that to his heart's content, and sunned himself sufficiently on the sand, the luxury of his swim out into the bay where a fleet of sailboats is at anchor, and distant green islands with gray buildings lift their heads, would be considerably less if he were clogged by a bathing suit. The "return to nature" which has been so much agitated of late, and which is recommended chiefly — to judge by publishers' prospectuses — for its renewal of "red blood" in the system, requires from most of its devotees a sacrifice of time and comfort and a forsaking of civilized life. An afternoon at this quaint beach, where human nature stripped to the skin is primitively beguiling itself in sun and air and sea, satisfies my own preadamite cravings and spares me the inconveniences usually suffered by those who respond to the call of the wild.

It has been a grief to me that the most enthusiastic swimmer whom I know has always contemned this favorite resort, — a prejudice which I set down partly to the fact that he is British and an unbudgeable creature of habit. He fortifies himself, however, with argument. "When you swim in the ocean," he says, "let it be in the ocean, and not in a miserable enclosed bay fringed by a city." So every summer afternoon, rain or shine, he takes a boat down the harbor, and after an hour's sail lands at a well known beach that has the desirable outlook upon unlimited sea. I accompanied him on one of these excursions; his fingers were fum-

bling at his buttons before he left the boat. "I'll be waiting for you on the beach," he said, as he shut me into my compartment at the bath-house; and though I was expeditious in the hope of denying him that satisfaction, I found him not only waiting as he had predicted, but waiting with an air of intolerable impatience. There was no trembling on the brink for me that day. Into the water I went perforce, with a rush and a splash, close at his heels; it was cold, and I pressed out at a rapid stroke. He held his lead; after we had gone some distance and my teeth were chattering, I suggested that it was perhaps time to turn back. "Turn back! I have n't started yet," he replied scornfully. As he is not young, but an experienced scientist and philosopher with a full gray beard, and I have considerably the advantage of him in years, I was nettled by his answer, and resolved to stay with him in his folly; no doubt he would soon be calling on me to save his life. But at last in those arctic currents I surrendered my pride; "I'm going back," I announced. "All right," he answered, and continued on into the Atlantic.

Half an hour later, when I was all dressed and waiting, he waded ashore and walked up the sand, the brine dripping from his gray beard, his arms pink and glistening, — not a quiver of his frame. "You do pretty well for a city swimmer," he said kindly.

Even with that concession from him I am aware that he should be writing this paper, and not I. My only justification is my feeling that the inexpert dabbler in an art may sometimes bring to the interpreting of it a keener zest of longing and a more ardent estimate than the past master who has penetrated all its mysteries.

It seems somewhat remarkable that swimming should have had such scant appreciation in literature. The poets have astonishingly neglected it — astonishingly, I say, for it supplies one of the most sensuous human experiences. Byron, to whom, of all writers, one would naturally look for a sympathetic treatment of the theme, gives it only a few mediocre lines. Clough has dealt with it mock-seriously; Swinburne has experimented with it. For Shakespeare there was an opportunity, — in *Julius Cæsar*, — but he ignored it. Homer might have been eloquent, but with his hero Ulysses three days in the water and half dead, he could not enlarge on swimming as a pleasure. Shelley and Keats, poets of sensuousness, make no poem about swimming. Walt Whitman, though both rhapsodist and swimmer, was never inspired to rhapsodize on swimming. The most appreciative and suggestive words on the subject have been written by Meredith in *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*, in the chapter entitled "A Marine Duet." "The swim was a holiday; all was new — nothing came to her as the same old thing since she took her plunge; she had a sea-mind — had left her earth-mind ashore. The swim . . . passed up out of happiness, through the spheres of delirium, into the region where our life is as we would have it be: a home holding the quiet of the heavens, if but midway thither, and a home of delicious animation of the whole frame, equal to wings." Matey was pursuing her. "He had doubled the salt sea's rapture, — and he had shackled its gift of freedom. She turned to float, gathering her knees for the funny sullen kick." There is a true descriptive phrase! "Their heads were water-flowers that spoke at ease. . . . They swam silently, high, low, creatures of the smooth green roller. He heard the water-song of her swimming." But it will not do to extract sentences from their setting; I will make only one more quotation. "The pleasure she still knew" — returning to shore — "was a recollection of the outward swim, when she had been privileged to cast away sex with the push from earth, as few men will believe that women, beautiful women, ever wish to do."

As to the truth of this, let some woman who is a swimmer testify; if it is true, the full, adequate appreciation of swimming can never be written by a man.

THE PILGRIM CHAMBER

BY ALICE BROWN

"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising: the name of the chamber was Peace."

The old gray house stood in the midst of lavish greenery. There were great lilac bushes crowning the bank wall at the east, and on the west an orchard carried the eye through intimate reaches of gnarled wood and drooping branches. In front was the garden, a survival of ancient bloom, chiefly green now in its budding richness, but smelling of leaf-mould and the May. Zilpha Blake had no time to attend to it; but she did dig a little in a hasty fashion when her household would allow it, and ran out there for a momentary solace if circumstance harried her, to pluck a bit of sweet herb or a sprig of blue. Now, in the flush of the spring morning, she was following her nephew, her dead brother's son, as he lingered along the road on his homeward way. Her sympathetic hand was on his arm, and she seemed to be detaining him, to coax out the full flood of his exasperated story. Zilpha was a slender, flaxen-haired woman, with eager blue eyes and a childish mouth. She was not pretty, simply capable, and adapted, through an acquired patience, to much "flying 'round." Daniel stopped when he felt that he was taking her too far, and began to lash the roadside bushes with the switch he had cut to drive the cows. His brown face was suffused with color, and in spite of his stature, in spite of his commanding profile, he looked as if he were going to cry. Zilpha suddenly thought that.

"Don't you feel bad, Dan'el," she said indignantly, as if she were reproaching an absent enemy. "Now don't you take on."

"I ain't takin' on. You see, Aunt Zil, she's such a little thing."

"Yes, Dan'el, yes, I know it." Her tone persuaded, as her hand detained him. He looked down at the wet grass of the pathway, and destroyed a cobweb or two with a wandering foot. Then his words came rushingly.

"Mother treated her well enough till I told her we meant to get married."

"What she say then?"

"She turned right ag'inst her. Never said a word to her, but she says to me, 'You remember, don't you, where we got Annie Rowe? We took her right off the town farm, straight as she could come.'"

"Well!" said Zilpha deprecatingly.

"Yes, that's what she said. An' I says, 'Mother, she's been here five years, an' you know her as well as you do me. You know there ain't a lazy bone in her, nor an ugly thread.' I said that to mother," he added hastily, as if to excuse an economic argument, "because mother's such a driver. I knew 't would n't cut no ice with her if I told her Annie suited me to a T, an' I was goin' to marry her whether or no."

"So do, Dan'el, if you feel to, so do!"

"Well, I reckoned wrong. Nothin' I could say done a mite o' good. Mother she turned right ag'inst her. She's put the heft o' the work on her now, an' she don't give her a good word from mornin' till night."

A shrill, high-keyed voice came from the direction of the house. It seemed to fly over the orchard trees like an insect, its song piercing as it came.

"Zilpha! Zilpha! where be you?"

Zilpha heard, but she only cast a glance in its direction, and stepped nearer a shielding barberry bush.

"That Hetty Ann?" asked Daniel.

accompanying her look with a frown of his own.

"Yes, it's Hetty Ann. She expects me to come up, the minute she's awake, an' bring her a cup o' hot water."

"I'd bring her a cup o' cold p'ison," said Daniel moodily.

"Law, no! hot water's good for her. Keeps her still, anyways. Now, Dan'el," again she touched him with a reminding hand, "you must n't forgit your mother 's terrible obstinate."

"I guess I know that. She won't have anybody do more for folks than she does. If I got set ag'inst Annie, she'd cocker her up. Mother's got to be on the wrong side o' the fence anyways."

"It's a terrible hard place to be in!" She stood wrinkling her brows in the face of the morning sun, considering, in the midst of that effulgence, the resources of her world. Suddenly her face cleared, with the brightening of her eyes. She laughed a little, in a shamefaced deprecation. "I dunno but you'll think it's pretty queer, Dan'el," she said, "but I've a good mind to ask you suthin'."

"Ask away, Aunt Zil," he said, softening appreciably as the talk touched her. "There's nothin' I would n't tell you."

"Well" — She paused a moment, her gaze traveling over the rolling fields to the far horizon. Then it returned to him. "Well, Dan'el, it's this: you want Annie terrible bad. Why don't you kinder pray a little, an' see if you can't git her that way?"

He laughed outright, and patted her shoulder with a gentle hand.

"You don't get that bee out o' your bunnit, do you, Aunt Zil? S'pose I should ask you how much you'd ever got yourself by prayin', what'd you say then?"

A look of fear flitted into her face, and her eyes grew big.

"Don't you say one word, Dan'el," she implored him. "I don't dast to pray."

"Why not?"

"I dunno 's I can tell ye, Dan'el. Yes, I guess I can, too. It's kinder dangerous. If I prayed for what I want, I'm afraid I'd git it."

He looked at her with the frown summoned to men's brows by woman's tortuous logic of the soul. She went swiftly on, not for his enlightenment, but concerned, suddenly and for the moment, with a rare interest in herself.

"Dan'el, there's suthin' I've thought out, an' I dunno's I should dast to mention it, even to the minister. It ain't in the Bible. Leastways I ain't ever seen it there. But I know it's true. Dan'el, did it ever come over you God ain't got everything to do with, more'n we have? Did it ever come into your head He's kind o' poor, so's He's got to contrive an' plan when He does anything out o' the common, same's the rest?" She was looking at him in a bright and eager questioning, and Daniel shook his head. "You see," she put the tips of her small fingers together in unconscious imitation of the minister when he was proving a point in meeting, "He's terrible indulgent. When we ask for anything, He wants to give it to us. But mebbe He can't! The thing ain't there. There ain't such a thing, mebbe, in the whole world. S'pose Hetty Ann had prayed she might marry that good-for-nothin' that flung her off. Why, God could n't ha' give her that, because there wa'n't no such man as Hetty Ann thought he was, nor ever had be'n. All she could have was a kind of a play housekeepin' here with me. Now, take me. What do you s'pose I want more'n anythin' else under the sun?"

"You tell, Aunt Zil," said the young man warmly.

"Law, Dan'el, you could n't git it for me. I want a spare room — a spare chamber."

"Why, you've got four chambers, now." He read her face, creasing into its pucker of shrewd good-will. "You don't mean to tell me you want one o' them chambers for yourself an' yet you won't turn out some o' them old pirates and take it?"

"Now, Dan'el, you consider. Uncle

Timmie's got one chamber, an' he's bedrid, now ain't he? An' Hetty Ann 's kinder touched in her head, an' she's as contented as a kitten if she can play she 's got a parlor an' a bedroom. So she takes two. An' there's Aunt Joyce in the fourth. An' she's got to have it, Dan'el, she's got to have it. There ain't a soul on earth would board her for two dollars a week, an' let her set by the winder muddlin' over them law papers and thinkin' she's goin' to win her case an' git the heft o' the state of Illinois. So that's the reason I can't pray for a spare room. My chambers are all took up."

"Zilpha!" came the voice over the tree tops. "Zilpha! where be you?"

"I'll scooch down here a minute," said Zilpha, huddling up on a stone by the barberry bush. "Mebbe they'll think I've gone to drive the cow." She sat there like an elf, her arms folded, and her bright gaze challenging his. "You see," she went on, reviewing her argument for the first time before another mind, "if I should pray for the spare chamber, I should git it. I make no doubt I'd git it. But mebbe somebody 'd have to be swep' away to give it to me. Or mebbe the Lord would harden my heart, an' make me put Hetty Ann into one room an' take t'other for myself."

"What 's she want two rooms for, anyways?" said Daniel, returning to an irrelevant issue.

Zilpha's face grew quite eager in its wistful sympathy.

"Why, don't you know, Dan'el?" she asked, in the hushed voice of one who rehearses a solemn story. "You 'd ought to know that. He was goin' to marry her, an' everything was all ready, even to her rollin' pin, and then he wrote her he did n't prize her no more, an' he went off out West. So now she kinder plays house up there. She'll do it by the hour, jest like a child. She ain't a mite o' trouble, Dan'el, not a mite." Her eyes were shining with the look of earnest care evoked by all maimed creatures as she saw them.

Again the voice came shrilling over the trees. There was a new, insistent note in it, and Zilpha got up quickly.

"Now I must be goin' back," she said, shaking out her dew-wet skirt. "But if I was you, Dan'el, I should kinder make it a subject o' prayer about Annie. I should say, 'If I can have her without hurtin' anybody;' because you would n't want to do that, now should you, Dan'el?"

He turned heavily on his way.

"I guess I'll leave the prayin' to you, Aunt Zil," he said. "As to hurtin' anybody, I dunno whether I would or not. Anyway, I know this: if you need a spare chamber, I'd like mighty well to clear out the whole b'ilin of 'em in there, an' fix you up the way you want. I will, too, some fine day, 'fore you know it."

They smiled back at each other with the understanding of mates who have weathered other gales, and took their different ways. Daniel walked with head bent, still debating the problem of his love; but Zilpha sped on light-heartedly. Inside her own gate, she paused to give the garden a warm look. It was full of buds, and so many summers had she known it in its fullness that it seemed, to her impetuous mind, to be already in flower. It was her unconscious habit to dwell gratefully upon the inventory of the beautiful earth, and in spite of her fifty years and the trials they had brought her, she felt only good fortune as she ran into her kitchen and set back the neglected kettle, boiling on the stove. Then she stepped about the room singing in an underbreath and turning a hymn into a pæan, with its rich invitation to the Beloved, "Over the hills where spices grow."

It was a part of her routine upstairs that she should be the maid and Hetty Ann the mistress. So she placed the cup of hot water on a tray, and ran up to the east chamber where Hetty Ann sat in bed, her yellow hair streaming about her like sunlight, and served her with the traditional manners of hired help. Great-Uncle Timmie was not awake, but Aunt Joyce was already upon the stairs. Zilpha

followed, her broad back covered by a wrapper with a palm leaf figure, and moderated her own steps in time to the ponderous thud of large feet in carpet slippers. Aunt Joyce had the blackest of thin hair braided in little braids by her ears and looped back to the knob behind. Her eyes were black and sharp under broad splashes of brow, and her cheeks were of a hard red, veined by a network of redder hue, like an unskilled painting upon wood. At the bottom of the stairs, she spoke without turning: —

"That you, Zilpha? I guess I'll have a cup o' tea this mornin'. Coffee kinder goes ag'inst me somehow."

"Green tea or black?" asked Zilpha blithely, at the kitchen door. She was unreasonably pleased. The mere talk of satisfied wishes had given her a lilting sense of something wonderful quite near. Aunt Joyce turned and interrogated her with a judicial though not an unkindly eye.

"You ain't be'n an' bought two kinds?" she asked.

Zilpha laughed.

"No, I ain't. I had black on hand. T'other's the sample the grocery give out last week."

Half an hour later, sitting at the kitchen table, drinking tea, and forgetting how Aunt Joyce's girth shut out the lilacs and the sun, she listened with half a mind to the other woman's meanderings in the old channel of the dragging law suit and the land. With the rest of her intelligence she was running about the earth, picking up pleasures here and there, trifles nobody wanted, and ranging them in order in her spare room.

"Zilpha, what you thinkin' about?" inquired Aunt Joyce suddenly. "You ain't heard a word I said."

Zilpha guessed at random.

"You said if you could only come on that deed from Uncle Samwel to Aunt Mirandy, your title'd be complete."

"Yes, that was what I said," owned Aunt Joyce, mollified. "I thought you was dreamin', that way you've got."

But Zilpha had heard the lamentation of the deed for many years, and her own mind responded to an echo.

"That deed wa'n't ever recorded," Aunt Joyce continued, pounding out her words with an irritating beat of emphasis. "The very day he died, Uncle Samwel set out to git it put on record, an' he dropped down right in front o' the courthouse, an' nothin's ever be'n heard o' that paper from that day to this. An' whether 't was stole out o' his pocket, or whether he lost it on the road" — But no one, save newcomers in the town, ever heard Aunt Joyce's stories to the end.

All that day Zilpha went about her work to the rhythm of an invocation made to suit her needs. It was that Dan'el should be given his Annie, if it could be managed "without hurtin' anybody." And then, in a guilty whisper, as if other than beneficent powers might hear, she added, with the same qualifying phrase, "I wisht I could have a spare room." The habit of petition became pleasant to her, and at the end of a week the spare room seemed quite near. This was one of her hard weeks. Hetty Ann took down her curtains, with a housewifely impulse, and tried to wash them in a bowl. Uncle Timmie, who had the quietude of a gentle animal trained to habit, owned that he was "kinder tired o' layin' still," and Aunt Joyce, according to the family phrase dedicated to her since she was a girl, "reigned supreme." In the early morning she was at Zilpha's door, propounding new hypotheses touching the stolen deed; and one afternoon, when Zilpha had betaken herself to the sitting-room lounge to rest her tired feet, she felt a presence through her closed eyelids, and opened them, with a snap, to find Aunt Joyce looming before her like a cloud. She wore her black alpaca and her bonnet trimmed with ancient crape. She had thrown back the bonnet strings, and stood fanning her face with the county paper.

"I be'n to the post-office," she volunteered. "I walked all that two mile,

hopin' to ketch a ride, an' then I walked back ag'in. Zilpha, I got a letter from the lawyer. What you s'pose he said?"

"I dunno," returned Zilpha wearily.

"He said if I 's to find that deed, it would clinch the whole thing."

"What deed?" asked Zilpha, from her dream.

"My soul an' body! ain't you heard a word I said? That deed Uncle Samwel gi'n Aunt Mirandy. Zilpha, you wake up! Ain't you got no seem to ye?"

Zilpha rose to her feet. She felt called by another than Aunt Joyce. Something within her raised an imperious note and bade her save her soul alive. She stood still for a moment rubbing her dazed eyes, and then in the full flood of Aunt Joyce's adjurations, she turned about and sped out of the room, through the kitchen, and into the shed. There she paused, her eyes fixed upon the distance, an old phrase starting up in her memory.

"Over the hills and far away,"

it sang itself, and her lips formed the words aloud, —

"I wisht I could run off!"

But at that instant Hetty Ann, at a window above, raised her thin voice in a crooning song, as it might have been to a child, At the first note Zilpha straightened, and she turned about soberly, all the myriad calls of other souls in unison against her. At the kitchen door she paused again, remembering the bright world without, and it was then that her eyes fell upon the rough stairs in the corner of the shed.

"My soul!" cried Zilpha. "O my soul!"

She ran up the stairs and into the brown-raftered room packed with the litter of old years, and known and forgotten as the "shed chamber." She stood for a moment in the one vacant floor space, and looked about her at the broken chairs, the chests and tables of a bygone time. The wormeaten walls were low, but there was a window opening through grape-vine leaves and tendrils to the east. The place exhaled an atmosphere of calm. No human moods had left their invisible arras upon its walls. No one had slept there, nor talked out the trials of the day. From time to time through the year some one had come, with unrecognizing glance, to cast a broken bit of household goods into the corner and go again. The room had lived its life alone, accumulating no memories. It had been a sleeping possibility, and Zilpha, with a catch in her throat, knew it had waked for her. She drew out an old flag-bottomed rocking chair, and placed it by the window. There she sat down, and looked, in measureless content, through the grape leaves at the sky. She had her spare chamber. All that afternoon she sat in a dream, not of any conscious well-being, but of rest. It seemed as if all the loads of life were floating to some unknown shore upon a tide of peace, and when she met Aunt Joyce at the supper table, her old cheerfulness had come back, throbbing with a fuller note out of her certainty that now there was something to justify it.

"You be'n asleep?" asked Aunt Joyce, noting her pink flush and dewy eyes.

"No, I guess not," said Zilpha vaguely.

"Where you be'n all the arternoon?"

"Oh, 'round!"

The next day Zilpha finished her housework in haste, and set about cleaning the shed chamber. She moved softly lest Aunt Joyce should hear, and every nerve and muscle trembled with the excitement of dragging down the litter of furniture to pile it in a corner of the shed. In due time the chamber was sweet and clean; it smelled of soap instead of its own delicious mustiness, and Zilpha felt in it a double charm, responsive to her hand. She had with infinite pains set up an old bedstead, and laid on it an extra husk bed from her own room. There was the chair by the window, and a table near the stairs. Looking about, she could not see that it might have been bettered for her purposes. She could lie down upon the bed, she could rest in the chair, and she could set a glass of water on the table. It was enough. Thereafter, for a week or

more she gave her charges a zealous tendance all the forenoon, to slip away from them with a clear mind at two o'clock, and spend an hour in her retreat. But one day she caught herself back out of her dream, and sat there, still with fear. Aunt Joyce's heavy step had entered the shed. She was looking about in one of her familiar missions of inquiry, and presently Zilpha heard her overhauling the pile of furniture. There was a rattle and a pause while Aunt Joyce pondered over what she had found. Then her voice arose commandingly through its veiling huskiness.

"Zilpha!"

But Zilpha did not move.

The rummaging and clattering went on, and by and by Aunt Joyce took her heavy progress toward the sitting-room, calling Zilpha as she went. Then the little guest of the upper chamber slipped downstairs and into the kitchen, and there Aunt Joyce, returning, met her.

"Where you be'n?" queried Aunt Joyce, though in an absent questioning.

"Oh, 'round!" said Zilpha, with the ease of one who has found a phrase to serve. Aunt Joyce hardly heeded. Her black eyes were piercing with the wonder of discovery.

"Zilpha," said she, "I never set eyes afore on that old truck in the corner o' the shed."

"Did n't you?" asked Zilpha, trembling.

"Never, long as I've be'n in an' out. Did n't there use to be a pile o' wood there?"

"I guess so," said Zilpha, in a faltering voice.

"Was the wood piled in front on't?"

"I guess not."

"Zilpha, don't you be so numb. Do you know what 's out there in that pile? There 's Aunt Mirandy's hair chist with a lot o' her things in it. There 's Uncle Samwel's leg boots, the ones he had on when he died. I know, for they had to cut the legs to git 'em off. I've stood 'em up there on the hair trunk. You go look at 'em."

Zilpha hurried into the shed, but not to interrogate Uncle Samwel's boots. She went to the shed door, and stood there gazing at the sky, blurred now by her rebellious tears. Her citadel was in danger. Aunt Joyce had begun exploration, and, fired by the treasures before her, she would keep on. One sight of the shed chamber stairs, and she would go toiling up in search of unknown stores above. For a moment Zilpha stood there rigid with intensity of thought, and then a purpose leaped into her brain and straightened her to meet the fray. Five o'clock struck, and she turned soberly about to get supper, and listen to Aunt Joyce in her excited monologue wherein Uncle Samwel's boots came like a recurring beat.

Aunt Joyce was in high feather that evening. She sat in the kitchen in the dusk, and, inspired by her afternoon's feast upon the relics of the past, told interminable stories of the family, all feuds and warfare. Zilpha hardly answered her. She sat there, looking straight in front of her, with eyes that seemed to pierce the dark.

"You 'sleep, Zilpha?" Aunt Joyce asked suddenly, breaking her stream of reminiscence.

Zilpha did not answer.

"You 'sleep? My soul! You ain't a mite o' company. I'll go to bed."

She stalked grumbling up the stairs, and Zilpha listened. The heavy steps moved intermittently about the room above, and then they ceased. There was a creaking of the bed. Aunt Joyce was set in bounds for one night more. Zilpha rose, and, lightfooted as an intruder moved to some guilty task, stole out into the shed, and began to pile cord-wood sticks in front of the shed chamber stairs. For an hour she worked passionately, like some fierce little animal barricading its home. Then she stopped and wiped her forehead with one trembling hand. Triumph was in her heart.

"Zilpha!" came a soft voice from the door. "Zilpha, you here?"

"That you, Annie? What is it? Anybody sick?" She hurried to the door and laid her hand on the shoulder of the young girl standing there. It was moonlight, and Annie's face looked pure and pale in the beguiling beams. She began to sob, with sudden violence.

"Oh my, Zilpha!" she kept repeating. "Oh my!"

"There, there, don't you take on!" urged Zilpha, in alarm. "Ain't anything happened to Dan'el, has there? Annie, you speak. You scare me 'most to death."

"It ain't Dan'el. He's gone off to buy some cattle. He's goin' to be gone four or five days. She's been awful to me. She begun soon as he was off."

"His mother?"

"Yes. I don't blame her. She can't bear me, because she wants him to look higher, an' to-night she got mad an' did n't know what she was sayin', an' she twitted me about the poor farm, an' I pretended to go upstairs to my chamber; but I've run away, Zilpha, I've run away."

"There, there, dear," said Zilpha crooningly, in the tone she had for hushing Hetty Ann. "Don't you take on. You 're goin' to stay right here with me."

"Oh, no, I ain't! Your house is all took up. Dan'el said you had n't a place to lay your head but what somebody could walk in an' rout you out like a dog."

"Yes, I have, dear, yes, I have!" said Zilpha excitedly, in a rush of ardent thought. "I got a spare chamber. Annie, you wait a minute. You stan' right there, an' don't you stir."

She brushed past the girl and ran with eager footsteps to the barn. In a moment she was back, staggering breathless under a short ladder.

"You help me a mite," she whispered. "There. We'll set it here, so-fashion. Never mind the vine. There's enough on't, if we do break it. Now you go up. Step right into the winder. I'll be up there in a minute."

Annie was used to acting under orders. She climbed deftly, and when Zilpha followed her, a little later, with bedclothes and a candle, the girl was standing in the middle of the room, in lax and patient wonderment. She looked about her when Zilpha had lighted the candle and its gleam brought straggling shadows into life.

"Why, Zilpha," she said. "I did n't know you had this room."

"Nobody knew it," said Zilpha hilariously, intoxicated by the drama. "I did n't hardly know it myself. I dunno 's 't was here till t'other day. I guess 't was kinder created an' give to me. But it 's my spare room. Now you go round on t'other side there, an' we'll put on some sheets."

When Annie was in bed, quieted and almost content, Zilpha straightened the coverlet, in a cozy way she had, and turned to go. But Annie caught her skirt with a detaining hand.

"O Zilpha," she said, "you're real good! I only come to leave word how 't was, so you could tell Dan'el; an' I had n't a spot to call my own, an' now here I am."

"You're goin' to stay," whispered Zilpha, in a tone of ardent confidence. "I've piled the stairs up so 's Aunt Joyce won't think o' mountin' 'em; but I can move some o' the sticks an' kinder pick my way. I'll bring ye your breakfast all complete, an' don't you show your head to the winder."

"O Zilpha," breathed the girl again, "you're dretful good."

That night Zilpha could hardly sleep for the excitement of the time, and at six o'clock she was at the shed chamber door with Annie's breakfast, hot corncake, coffee, and an egg. The girl was sitting up in bed, eager as a child and as innocently fair. Her curling locks were all about her, and she was rubbing her eyes awake. She laughed, and the dimples sprang about her mouth.

"You pretty creatur'!" cried Zilpha, in the delight she always had in a beauty never hers, and so as mysterious to her as the dawn. "I never knew you was so

well-favored, seein' ye round the kitchen in that old choc'late print."

"I can't have you waitin' on me, Zilpha. I truly can't."

"We'll see. You keep still a day or two, till Dan'el gits home. You can come down into the shed, an' mebbe you could slip into the kitchen when Aunt Joyce ain't round. Tell ye what I'll do. When the coast is clear, I'll sing,

'Come, my Beloved.'

I'll sing it real loud."

So for three days the idyl went on, and on the morning of the fourth Zilpha, holding a bowl of beaten egg, was standing at the foot of the shed chamber stairs, singing

'Come, my Beloved,'

and beating as she sang. She was making custard, and she wanted to ask Annie whether to put nutmeg on the top. She heard a sound above and Annie's foot, she knew, was on the sill, and then, like a ghost in carpet slippers, Aunt Joyce appeared, standing in the kitchen door. Zilpha screamed, and the hinges overhead creaked in shutting.

"What under the sun 's the matter?" demanded Aunt Joyce, testily. "You 're as nervous as a witch."

"I guess anybody'd be nervous to see you pokin' over them old things in the corner there," said Zilpha, with a new asperity, summoned to hide her nest. "For mercy sake, Aunt Joyce, you let me burn up that old truck" —

Something clattered in the room above. Aunt Joyce cocked her head.

"What 's that?" she demanded. "Did n't you hear suthin' overhead?"

"As for them old boots, they'd ought to gone into the fire long ago."

Still Aunt Joyce was listening, and Zilpha, in a wild defense, caught up the boots.

"I'll burn 'em up this minute," she avowed.

"Zilpha," cried Aunt Joyce, "don't you do no such a thing. Them were Uncle Samwel's boots. He died in 'em. You leave them boots to me."

She laid a hand upon one, and Zilpha, with a nervous passion that seemed to her like madness, tossed the other out of the shed door. Something within detached itself, and fell with it. Then Aunt Joyce began screaming in a hoarse volume of sound, uncouth and dreadful, and the door above creaked open.

"Zilpha Blake, I've got my deed! I've got my deed!" She plunged out through the doorway, and opened the paper with a quivering hand. "My deed! my deed!" she cried, in the same ungoverned voice, and Zilpha sat down on the step of the shed door and laughed and sobbed. When she came to a sense of the outer world, Aunt Joyce, on one side, was shaking her and calling, "Zilpha Blake, you git up here, an' help me pack my things. I've got my deed, an' I'm goin' to Illinois this arternoon;" and Dan'el had a hand upon her other shoulder. He was saying heavily, at intervals, like a machine made to work that way, —

"Aunt Zilpha, where's Annie? Aunt Zilpha, where's Annie?" Then, as Zilpha turned a mirthful face from one to the other, he took his hand from her shoulder and laid it on Aunt Joyce's wrist.

"If you're goin' to Illinois," said Dan'el plainly, "you march in an' pack up your things, an' I'll take ye to the Junction."

He turned her about, and Aunt Joyce, her face streaked with the wonder of the event, went in to pack her trunk.

"Aunt Zilpha," said Dan'el gently, "where 's Annie?"

Zilpha rose to her feet. Until this moment, one thought had moved her: Aunt Joyce was going away. Now she laid hold of Dan'el's coat, and gripped it with both trembling hands. She was quite aware that a woman stood behind him like a fate, his mother, hot-blooded, warm-hearted, jealous, and above all, obstinate, and bearing in her seamed face and piercing eyes traces of emotions that had fought in her for seventy years. That morning she had told him Annie was gone, and

met his anger with hot words. Yet she had followed him, afraid that he, too, might disappear or rashly do himself some harm. All this Zilpha, seeing her, seemed to know by old experience; but she could not stop to weigh the outcome of it. One thought possessed her, and she was holding Dan'el's coat that she might tell him.

"Dan'el, Dan'el," she urged brokenly, "don't you see how it's come out? Aunt Joyce 's goin' to Illinois. Her chamber 'll be empty, an' you an' Annie can get married an' come right here. You can carry on your farm work jest the same. Annie 'n' I can get along complete. You come, Dan'el, you come."

"Zilpha Blake," said Dan'el's mother, in the voice of one who, from an untouched height, is dealing out calm justice to the world, "I should be obliged to you if you would keep your hands off 'n Dan'el long enough for me to have a few words with him. He's be'n off some days, an' when I do git a chance to speak, I should like to say Annie's be'n called away, but she 'll be home all right. If she ain't, we shall look her up, Dan'el an' me. I'll tell you, Zilpha, though I ain't spoke of it to anybody else, Dan'el's thinkin' of gettin' married in a few weeks, an' he 'll move into t'other part o' the house."

"Aunt Zilpha," said Dan'el, giving her shoulder a little shake, "where's Annie?"

"O Dan'el, here I am," came a voice from the window above. There was the young face, framed in quivering vine leaves.

Zilpha felt something mounting in her throat, and Dan'el involuntarily held out both hands. His mother spoke, and her voice shook a little.

"You be home to dinner, both on ye. There's tongues an' sounds. Annie, you be sure to come."

"O mother!" said Dan'el, in quick compunction, starting after her.

"You come home, Dan'el," she counseled him, in a persuasive voice. "You take half the house, Dan'el, you take half the house. 'T ain't fittin' for young folks to live with old folks, anyways. But don't you go to snappin' up offers from folks that don't concern ye. Don't ye do it. You come home, an' bring Annie."

Zilpha was not listening. She had heard Aunt Joyce above, dragging about a trunk, and sped to help her. Annie, radiant in her youth and the bloom of joy, was coming out of the shed chamber, and Zilpha, seeing how these days of rest and calm had changed her, reflected that no one had ever seen her as she was to be, shielded and secure.

"You shet the door, Annie," she called happily, waving a hand to her. "You go with Dan'el. Leave the room as 't is, an' this arternoon I'll slip up an' put it all to rights."

THE BREAKING IN OF A YACHTSMAN'S WIFE

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

I

We know every boat in our harbor, and we knew that the smart yawl must be cruising. We had left the Tar Baby at her mooring, and we rowed closer to the new boat. She was the Mary Ellen, about thirty-five feet over all, and beautifully appointed in every particular.

An awning was spread over the Mary Ellen's cockpit, and under it sat a plump, gray-haired old lady, placidly darning a sock. From time to time she looked up to enjoy the lovely evening. From every direction we could see little sails making for the harbor like a flock of homing pigeons.

A gray-haired man came out of the cabin, and began to potter around the boat. He had a chamois in his hand, and he polished the brass fittings which prettily adorned his yacht. He was working, it was plain, because he enjoyed fussing over his boat, not because the brass needed polishing. Now and then he would stoop to coil a rope still more symmetrically, and as we passed them, somehow or other he dropped his chamois overboard, and we picked it up for him. So we pulled up alongside and chatted a moment, and the old lady got up and joined her husband, her half-darned sock in her hand. They asked us if we had been sailing, and we pointed out the Tar Baby, and asked them if they had ever seen an uglier boat. We were rather proud of the Tar Baby's appearance, which was unique. She was a boat ugly beyond compare, unless, indeed, you except the Stingy. The Galloping Soup Tureen, a fresh water boat, is said to run the Tar Baby a near second. But our old couple were not to be outdone by the incomparable ugliness of our boat, for the old lady hastened to say, "When we were first married we owned an old tub that would make that little black boat of yours look like a prize beauty. She was as high-sided as the thing Columbus came over in that they exhibited at the World's Fair!"

"And about as quick in stays as a hencoop," added the old gentleman.

"Her name was the Mary Ellen," said the old lady. "Many a fine sail we had with her in spite of all. When I was young yachting was n't heard of much; we just went sailing."

"This is the first boat I ever had built just to suit myself, and we named it after the old Mary Ellen," interrupted the old gentleman, who was fairly bursting with pride over his lovely boat.

"And we're taking our first cruise in her. We started at Staten Island, and we're going round by New London to Peconic Bay."

"Yes," said the old gentleman. "My wife insisted on being towed through Hell Gate! Is n't that just like a woman?"

"Yes, indeed I did," said the old lady with spirit, "I just have my heart set on this cruise!" And as we pulled away we could hear the old gentleman declare, "Why, I could take the Massachusetts through Hell Gate!"

I hope that when I am old I may sit in the cockpit of my own boat, and darn my husband's socks while he potters round and polishes already spotless brass, and that I shall see the sun set over Long Island Sound, and with my old eyes watch the little yachts come home, as I have so often watched them when I was young. I would sit there while the little riding lights came out like erratic stars, and see other cabins light up with a golden glow as ours would presently do, and

as we ate our supper, I, too, would like to squabble with my husband as to whether he could take the boat through Hell Gate or not. And I wondered if when that plump old lady first sailed on the old Mary Ellen she made as many mistakes as I did the first summer I was married and went sailing; for the breaking in of a yachtsman's wife is no easy thing, and in my case it needed an enthusiast like Stanford.

II

Although I did not realize it, my breaking in began when we were engaged. Indeed, had I but known how to read the signs aright, I could have foretold much of my future life from an episode which occurred when Stanford and I were visiting friends near Boston.

Together, we made a pious pilgrimage to the last boat he had owned. Stanford had sold her to a friend who had married, and the poor old Israfil was rotting and drying herself out, hauled up at Nantasket.

Except in spring, when the boats are being put in the water, a boatyard is a sad place to me. In winter, the boats, clumsy and uncomfortable as all water fowl ashore, wait patiently for summer under their canvas coverings, their naked masts pointing at the cold sky, and huddle together like a flock of forlorn storm-bound birds, hibernating in an alien country. But in midsummer a boatyard is even more desolate. Then it is depopulated, and there is left only a sad collection of undesirables: the boats which won't sell; the boats whose owners have deserted them; boats of antiquated models, clumsy and appealing; smart boats built for speed that have somehow or other failed, and are good neither for cruising nor racing. Here and there among the general dinginess is a yacht that has been given a fresh coat of paint in the hope of bringing some buyer, and this smartness is more pathetic than the shabby genteelness of the other boats.

The ample space of the shaving-littered yard shows cruelly every fault of line and build. There is no hiding in a crowd now, as there was in winter. There they sit, poor things, and watch the endless procession of the boats on the ways, which come up one after another for a new coat of paint and presently sail away again. I should not like to be a boat that had to spend a summer in a shipyard. I should have to watch my companions of the winter overhauled one by one and see them, finally clothed in their white sails, go gladly away, while my spars remained bare. All summer long I should have to watch the boats at anchor and see them bend to the wind, while the sun was shrinking my timbers. And the boats which came back to be smartened up would say to me, —

"What? Have n't they put you in the water yet?"

This first time that I visited a shipyard the forlornness struck me with double force; all the boats looked equally depressed and neglected to my inexperienced eye. So that when Stanford exclaimed, —

"Look at that peach!" or, "Is n't she a dream?" I was unresponsive.

Here and there men were at work, and Stanford stopped to chat with them. Of course I was n't interested, and, being only engaged, I looked it.

Stanford turned to me reproachfully: "Of course you don't understand, you *can't* understand, how much it all means to me," he said.

I did n't deny it.

Suddenly he stopped! "There she is." he exclaimed, with the light in his eyes of one who sees a dear old friend. "There 's the Israfil!"

There squatted a fat old tub. She was nearly as broad as she was long, a patch had been let into her side, her mast was gray, and her dirty paint was scaling off in leprous patches. She did not even present an appearance of decorous old age; dirty and frowsy as she was, she had a jovial air, as if she had enjoyed life and did n't give a hang in how disreputable a

garb she passed her declining years. An air of austere decay lingered around some of the other boats, which even in their forlornness showed noble lines or signs of past grandeur. Not so the Israfil. Had she been a woman, she would have been round as a ball, worn no corsets, had a stubby red nose, and perhaps even smoked a pipe.

We managed to scramble aboard the disreputable old craft. I had ceased to exist as an individual in Stanford's eyes; I was merely a pair of ears to be talked into. Any one would have done as well. I realized this, and I resented it, for I was in that egotistical state of mind when I wished Stanford to think only of me.

"Darned old craft!" he said affectionately. "She always leaked, we never could make her tight;" and he looked over to me for approval of this amiable trait of the Israfil.

We stumbled into the little cabin, which smelled damp and tarry.

"Bully old place!" said Stanford, with enthusiasm. "George! look at that, Margie, there's the water bottle — the same old water bottle!"

He talked as if he had discovered diamonds; all I could see was a tiresome old demijohn.

"Here's the nail where I hung the clock. Look at those lockers; they'd never shut, and when they did, it took a chisel and hammer to open 'em. I kept the marlin there."

He thrust his hand in and brought out a smelly black ball of string. He gazed at the disgusting lump in ecstatic silence. I thought he was going to shed tears.

"Have you ever noticed how a familiar perfume will bring back things to you?" he said dreamily. "How I love the tarry smell of marlin. Smell!" and he thrust the nasty bunch toward me.

"Did I ever tell you about the time we were nearly wrecked off Marblehead, and all the other fellows were seasick, and I had to hold the tiller all night in a driving rain? Wet? Well I guess! Those were happy times!"

I sniffed.

"Oh, you can't understand. Girls don't know," he said, half sadly, half contemptuously. I might have been his sister instead of his fiancée.

"*You* don't care for things, not really," he repeated.

But I went on deck, leaving him in the snuffy, smelly cabin, looking at the old marlin, and musing over the happy days when he had been nearly drowned.

III

This was my first glimpse of my husband as Orlando Furioso.

Ordinarily he was a man full of common sense, unconventional to a fault, broad-minded, and indeed, if he had an intolerance, it was for the prejudices of others. He had the faults of his virtues; for instance, he was disorderly in a large and open-handed way, and made fun of me for my old-fashioned ideas about good housekeeping. Oh, he sent my little old maidish ways flying like leaves before the wind, with his chaff. He was aided in this by our friend Phil Temple, who was constantly at the house.

And a different point of view came to me in the company of these two genial people, both unconventional, each full of tolerance for the other's opinions, and each able to take a joke at his own expense.

I found myself in a new world, and most of the things that I had been taught to think mattered immensely really did not seem to matter at all. "The needless conventionalities of women" was one of the things they talked most prettily about.

A woman requires much recuperative force and much adaptability, for at best her world is an unstable one, and mine, my new one, — and I was secretly proud of having adapted myself to Stan's mode of thought so quickly, — was knocked to pieces in a boatyard in City Island, knocked to pieces by a sloop called Marianna, a Burgess model, twenty-eight feet over all, a twenty-foot water line,

and drawing six feet eight inches of water.

In her my Orlando recognized his Angelica, and went mad about her at once.

"Look at that dream," he exclaimed. "Lord, how I'd like that boat!"

"Oh, come, Stan," said Phil. "You don't mean you'd buy that brick church. Look at the house on her, man, it's like an observatory!"

"I suppose what you like is a flush deck," sneered my husband.

"Well, I should rather think I did," said Phil with warmth. "I like a yacht that looks like a yacht, and not like a three-story office building. Hully Gee! look at that house!" The house was mahogany, very much in need of a scraping, but I saw nothing very queer about it.

"What's the matter with it, Phil?" I asked, as much to keep Stanford from replying as anything else.

"Gee! is n't that like a girl?" said Phil with disgust. Stanford looked disgusted, too; they might disagree about the boat, but they were of one contemptuous mind about me.

"That's just like one of your dry land yachtsmen," Stan continued, taking up the thread of the argument. "Everything for looks! You don't know what a decent boat is. You have n't grasped the fact that on the Sound a yacht is intended to sail in and out as a parlor ornament, or part of a landscape garden effect. George! the boats I see around here make me sick. This boat's got head room. That's what one wants for a cruise — head room!"

"Head room be buttered!" replied Phil. "Buy a boat with a house like a grain elevator for all I care, but don't expect me to sail with you."

I looked on with amazement. "Take things lightly," was one of my husband's favorite maxims, and he laughed contemptuously over women's "strained and earnest ways" in discussing things.

I did some quick thinking, and the sum of my thinking was that this was a good time for me to keep quiet.

My breaking in had begun.

IV

In the eyes of the world I was still a bride, but I realized, as I had realized that day in the Israfil's cabin, that to Stanford I was merely some one to talk to about the beauties of his other love — and some one who was bound to be sympathetic or he would know the reason why.

For, of course, we had bought the Marianna. We could not afford her, it was folly, it was madness to buy her, and we committed the folly gloriously, without remorse, in spite of Phil, who prophesied gloomily that it would take "two, perhaps three hundred dollars to make that last year's bird's nest look like a boat," and asked Stan scornfully why he did n't go into the antiquity business. To my surprise Phil had moved out into the country soon after we did, in order to be able to fight more at his ease with Stanford, and they fought hotly almost every night, their fists pounding the table. The fetish of freedom from prejudice was left as definitely behind in the city as the dining-room furniture.

"Phil knows as much about boats as a purple ass," Stanford informed me.

While Phil confided to me: "Queer, while Stan 's such a clever chap, he can't tell a canal-boat from a cup defender."

I have noticed that all ordinary good yachtsmen hold the same opinion of one another's knowledge of boats.

Between Stanford and myself also there was a great dispute.

As I look back on it, it seems fantastic and shadowy enough. It was a dispute possible only to the very young and ardent. But to-day I smile rather tenderly over the absurdities of Stanford and Margery with their silly quarrel.

For the hot enthusiasms of youth sometimes bear most enduring fruit, and but for this I might have been deprived all my life of the pleasure of pottering around my own boat.

Our dispute lasted all summer, and was in two parts. The first part as set forth by Stanford was: —

"You don't really care for boats. You don't really care for the Marianna."

It was a grotesque position for me, — for I was expected not only to approve that my husband loved another, but I was even expected to love my rival as he did, which I set myself to do with might and main. In my exasperation I told Phil one day, —

"Women in a harem have a hard time of it."

"I suppose they do," said Phil uncomprehendingly.

But a light gleamed in the eye of young Morris, who boarded in our impossible boarding place in New Rochelle, and I saw I was understood, which is a comfort when one is in the midst of such a strange rivalry as I was.

Morris was one of those God's fools who go through life hampered by too much insight and too little sincerity, and whom other men call Ass or Wit according to their own intelligence.

To prove how dearly I loved her I begged to be allowed to help get the Marianna in the water, and I went with the men to City Island, and was allowed first the privilege of sand-papering, next the joy of scraping varnish, and lastly the ecstasy of painting. Stan acted as if he were doing me a great favor to let me work on the boat at all, and I realize now that he was. Most men would have left their wives at home. At the time I did n't appreciate my blessings. I worked on grimly, with blistered hands and aching back, and I looked with a certain sour cynicism that only youth knows upon Stan's evident joy in the growing of his Marianna.

I had not yet obtained my reward.

The next day I went out alone to City Island to work on the boat. I was going to show Stan whether I cared or not!

It was the rush season, and the owner of the shipyard could put none of his own men to work, and we had with difficulty secured a ship's carpenter. He was a long, lean, and gentle one.

"I dunno as I ever seen a girl work on a boat before," he volunteered. Then after a moment, "I dunno as there's any good reason why they should n't," he decided, with that tolerance which makes all things possible in America.

The shipyard was full of all sorts of cheerful noises: planes hummed — hammers clanged. There was the hiss of the burning off of paint, and the cheerful slap, slap of the fat paint brushes on the sides of boats. While above it all rose the shrill whine of sharpening files and the loud cry of scrapers against hard varnish. The air was full of pleasant smells, of new wood, of paint and varnish.

I do not know how it was, but a spirit of the place took hold of me and there fell from me the dogged feeling of "do or die." And it was with enthusiasm that I followed Jameson's instructions. I began to scrape the bottom of the Marianna.

He was a nice fellow to work with, silent, for the most part, as a tree, and when he spoke no words of David Harum wisdom fell from his honest lips. Rather, harmless pieces of gossip like: —

"My folks just getting over the measles. M' sister May she 's had 'em three times."

We lunched together in the shadow of a boat.

Groups of other people sat around eating their lunches, and the men of the yard passed by to say, "Gettin' to be quite a ship's carpenter, ain't ye?"

I felt as if I had come home. There was nothing whatever remarkable about any of it. But the charm of the whole thing was upon me. I loved the big masts spiring above me, and the multitude of boats sitting there so patiently during their overhauling, — when if they had any spirit at all they must have longed to be gone on the gay Sound water; and it flattered me to feel that I was a part of this world of people who made boats — though all I was doing was sand-papering.

So Jameson and I worked side by side. I must have been far more of a hindrance than a help, though he, kind man, never showed it, and he prepared me for what was to be my final initiation. He painted

a water line, and handed me the pot of red copper paint.

"Now swat it on good and thick, and see that you get it in all the nail holes," he advised, and then it was I was won over once and for all. And to this day there is nothing I like so well as to stand in the shady side of a boat, and to hear the peaceful slap, slap of my big paint brush. I might get tired of it if I did it every day, and the boats I painted were not my own boats. But when I hear people talk of the joy of gardening I smile to myself because I know that those are feeble pleasures compared with that of seeing one's boat grow bright under one's hands.

No one who has not worked on his own boat will understand this; but there is a certain happiness of working with your own hands over things you love that is deeper than other joys. Women know it oftener than men, — I speak now of the men and women we call educated, — for women work with loving care over their houses and their flowers and their children. Artists know it, of course, but they call it by different and high-sounding names, though I don't believe they always did. But whether it is housework well done, or cooking, or making a statue, or slapping paint on a boat, it is all fundamentally the same, though I would rather work on a boat.

So my first lesson was of silence, and my next the joy of work.

But Stanford was not satisfied with my enthusiasm.

"You 're doing this because you 're fond of *me*, not of the Marianna," was the name of the second part of the quarrel.

V

So my breaking in was begun in a curiously roundabout way. I knew the deep joy of covering spaces with bright fresh paint; I had learned the charm of a shipyard, before I knew anything about boats. I was "fond of sailing," of course, but there is an abysmal gap between that and Stanford's all-consuming passion for boats. I was to hear more of this, and that hearing began on our first sail on the Marianna.

We were scarcely under way when Stan, having handed the tiller to Phil, — who had condescended to come with us on the "brick church," — went below to get the official broom, and swept the deck.

"This boat is a sty — a regular sty," he said.

I have said before that he was disorderly in a genial way, forever guying me for my New England conscientiousness in keeping my house clean, and here he was sweeping off a deck which was speckless.

He sat down at last in the cockpit and looked around anxiously; from time to time he got up and pounced on a bit of shaving, a string, a mote of dust; these he cast wrathfully overboard. He made me think of a New England housekeeper waiting for the Sewing Society. The day was warm, but Stanford kept bustling around the boat, and at last he disappeared into the cabin.

"I've got to get something like order into this place," he announced, "I can't stand a cabin like this:" and we heard him fussing with dishes, rattling around pans — in a word, working hard. Presently he reëmerged, red in the face and lugging the cushions with him.

"I told that son of a lobster-pot to beat these cushions thoroughly," he said. "I don't think he touched them. I'll hustle his lazy carcass when I catch him! See here!" and he smote the cushion with his fist. A light cloud of dust arose. He took his knife and gravely cut the handle from the broom, and on the Sunday afternoon air was heard the steady thump, thump, thump of a stick on a mattress. Then he tried to brush the dust off the cushions, but the mutilated broom was too large and unwieldy.

After this he rested awhile with some serenity, but his face clouded. "I can't stand it," he exclaimed. "I thought I

should be able to, but I can't. Look at those fittings! Meg, you're a shark about brass, could n't you get it cleaned somehow — you've got lots of time." Mind you, this was the man who could n't bear to see his wife wash a teacup.

He took out his pen and a card and wrote eagerly, then he handed the card to me, "There's nothing in this boat to work with," he said. "Meg, don't forget, will you, to put this card in your clothes and get these few little things to-morrow. Oh!" he went on, in despair, "there's no use sweeping, the Marianna 's filthier than an oyster boat. I've got to swab the deck off."

Thereupon he dipped a bucket of water and got busy with the sawed-off broom. I looked over the list he had put in my hand; it read: —

1 broom.
1 whisk broom.
3 cakes salt water soap.
1 papier maché bucket.
1 scrubbing brush.
2 dust rags or whatever you call 'em.
2 floor rags for swabbing, like Anne uses on the floors.
1 large chamois bigger than the dinky one we have for silver.
1 jar or box or what you can get of best brass polish.
Cotton waste is good for rubbing.
Cloths and brushes for brass.
1 wicker thing like the one Anne whacks the rugs with.
1 gallon spar varnish (best quality).
3 sheets coarse sand-paper.
3 sheets fine sand-paper.
1 large scraper.
1 3-cornered scraper.
1 flat scraper.
1 first-class file.
1 ball marlin.

"I've got to have one or two of the things we need," explained Stan.

I read the list and made up my mind that there was a summer's work before me, compared with which house cleaning would be a rest-cure. I was not far wrong.

For a while all was peaceful. We all know the happiness that we can have only on a little boat close down to the bosom of the waters, a little boat that one is sailing oneself, that belongs to oneself alone. I understood once and for all why Stanford would have nothing of a rented boat. Phil and Stan no longer bickered. Phil lazily held the tiller. Stan was curled up somewhere before the mast, and I, after the manner of girls, dabbled my hand in the water on the leeward side. (I have since learned not to do this. It is a thing that irritates one's men immensely, I don't know why.)

Other boats passed us, — yawls, sloops, cat-boats, vulgar, puffing launches with a lot of brawling, yelling fishermen on board, and little launches shining and trim, with the burgee of some smart yacht club fluttering at their masts, and occasionally we rocked in the wake of some great steam yacht where people sat under awnings. I for one did n't envy them: they were not sailing, they knew none of the intimate joys of scraping and painting their own boats, and if they had committed extravagances as we had, it was not because of a great and dignified passion, but for some unworthy motive like the desire to shine. So I philosophized to myself, when suddenly the peace was broken by a cry, the cry of the man badly hurt. I sprang to my feet, Phil gripped the tiller.

"The jib sheet 's adrift," Stan exclaimed. The jib sheet, which had been neatly coiled, had, after the unprincipled manner of ropes, become uncoiled, and sure enough was adrift. Any yachtsman of my husband's kind will understand his horror, but I barely knew a sheet from a halyard, and all my eyes saw was three or four feet of rope trailing rather untidily behind us. The sheet was fast to the cleats, and it seemed no great catastrophe to me. But Phil threw the tiller into my hand and hastily hauled the offending sheet inboard, while Stanford, the unconventional, the man who did n't care a hoot for his neighbors' opinions, lamented:

"God knows how long that thing has been going on! The whole Sound may

have seen us! We'll be the laughing-stock of every little fresh water yacht club if we keep on this way! Great heavens, with two of you back there, I should think you could keep all the rigging from going adrift!"

"I was sailing the boat," replied Phil shortly. One could see that he felt ashamed, and also that he felt that the bulk of the responsibility rested on me. (I have since found that most things that happened aboard were my fault.)

So that very first afternoon it dawned on me that the world of yachtsmen is a little world which has its own conventions, its own etiquette. Conventions, too, which are rigid, and which may not be broken.

Take the matter of making a mooring, for instance. In the world I found myself in, to miss a mooring was little short of a disgrace. And Stan, who would have smiled cheerfully if a whole dinner party had gone wrong, would have wept tears of rage, I believe, if he had missed his mooring. And that afternoon, too, I realized, what I had only vaguely suspected before, that to all intents and purposes I might as well have had two husbands to adapt my disposition to. How far his nature was changed once he got aboard a boat I can explain best by this little anecdote.

We came in one night after dark and picked our way daintily among the great company of boats moored in the New Rochelle harbor. I stood forward almost on the bowsprit and happily located the two harbor buoys. Now any one who knows this populous harbor knows that it takes nice sailing to come in against the wind on a black night, especially at low tide. We slipped close under the stern of one of the cup defenders anchored far out, past big sea-going schooner yachts, racing sloops, and yawls, moved in and out among all the small fry, the many cat boats, and sneak-boxes, and made our mooring with great neatness. Then every one hurried to put up the sails. Stan was forward lying flat on his tummy on the bowsprit putting up the jib, and sang out to me for more stops. So I stepped on what I thought was the bowsprit shrouds to hand him one. I had stepped off into nothingness, walked the plank neatly into the Sound, and as the water closed over my head I heard Stanford say,—

"HELL!"

I was aboard in a moment, and as Stanford put out a hand to help me he said to Phil, "Is n't that like a girl?" and Phil replied gloomily: "It's lucky it's night;" while little Morris threw their point of view into relief, with his "Oh, I hope you're not hurt, Mrs. Dayton."

VI

I have talked as if I were a young woman possessed of a great deal of tact, and who learned her various lessons with exemplary swiftness. But this is not true, I made plenty of mistakes, argued unnecessarily, asked foolish questions, and from first to last I have been quite as unable to share Stanford's sensitiveness about what people could say. I know how he feels, and I respect his prejudices — sometimes. But they seem as quaint to me as my housewifely anxieties seem to him.

For instance, that first year I did things he has never ceased to shudder over. The Marianna was a wet boat, and if there was any wind at all it was better to sail in one's bathing-suit. Now, I was never quite so happy as when I got into a certain disreputable and faded bathing-suit of mine, and every yachtsman who likes to see his boat and his women folk look smart will understand how poor Stanford must have suffered when I tell you that I used to insist on sitting down *in the bowsprit shrouds with the waves breaking over me.*

Nothing could keep me from the shrouds, neither command, nor sadness, nor anger. It was the height of happiness to me, and what unsettled Stan was that Phil used to come too. So did young Morris, who always sailed with us, and whose high spirits altogether demoral-

ized me, taking my mind off the serious work of being a yachtsman's helpmeet.

"You can't race this old steamer chair, anyhow, Stan," Phil would argue. "So what do you care?" when poor Stanford would complain that we made her down at the head, and that everything on the Sound was passing us.

Then Stanford would plead with me. "It is n't done, you know," he would argue. "Do you ever see the wives of other men sitting in the bowsprit shrouds? You know you don't. In all my experience I have never seen any woman sitting where you are now!"

"Try and get rid of unnecessary conventionalities. You don't know how life will broaden out when you do," I quoted flippantly, for I was sore at being guyed so much about having walked into the water that night; for when Phil and Stanford got over being shocked at me, they made one of those stupid family jokes out of it, and trotted it out before every one whom we took sailing.

On the other hand, I did work over the Marianna with a devotion that was pathetic. Oh, the long, hot days I spent on my hands and knees on her deck, with the hot sun beating down on me, and how jealously I watched the honest Swede whose duty it was to dry the Marianna's sails and to swab the vile harbor mud off the Marianna's lovely white sides! and so I hope that for this devotion the recording angel will wipe from his book the record of my rebellious legs dangling overboard, Stimson's yawl or no, and that before my life is over I shall have expiated the sins of a girl in a faded and disreputable bathing-suit, who sat brazenly in the bowsprit shrouds in the face of all the yachts on Long Island Sound.

I was very stupid about learning to sail. I learned to know the ropes quickly enough, and to execute any given order with commendable swiftness, but I am afraid that first summer I did not understand very much what it was all about.

It was all I could do to adapt myself to this new Stanford who ordered me about so peremptorily, and was filled with such contempt for one's colossal ignorance, that it made it difficult to ask him questions; and I must confess that my heart beat hard with apprehension every time I was given an order, for fear I should not do it right, and that, rebellious as I was about my own amusement, I feared Stanford on the boat as much as any little cabin boy feared "The Old Man." I snatched a fearful joy in executing orders quickly, and for the rest I shared the pleasure that only those who love sailing in small boats can ever know.

VII

Stanford took his sailing rather hard. He continued to bustle and fuss and tinker, and on calm days, when we would all be lying in the shadow of the big sail, he would always want to hoist the topsail, a cranky cross-grained sail as ever was, whose halyards never worked; and he would have to shin up the mast before it would set properly.

I had a personal enmity for that topsail, and a well-founded one, for it had a cussedness I have never seen equalled in a human being.

Meantime no extravagant wife ever made more demands on her husband's pockets than did the Marianna. Now she called for a compass and again for smarter riding lights. Not content with having her decks scraped, she was always having herself hauled up and painted, complaining about that harbor mud. But she overreached herself, as so many young women of her kind have done before her, did the beautiful Marianna, for by the end of the season our purse was empty, and with bleeding hearts we realized that we would have to sell her. We have learned since that she was always an unprincipled boat, bleeding her owners. Her first owner stole her plans, and money to have her built, and afterwards she was owned successively by two young men who borrowed to pay for her. She lay up for two years in City Island, when she seduced my hus-

band, and bled us to the last penny, and even then ungratefully made us realize that we had not given her all the luxuries to which she was accustomed.

We sold her at a loss to some fresh water yachtsmen who took her to a lake. I hope in her old age she may have found an owner well to do, who, if he does not love her madly as she was loved in her youth, will keep her decently, keep her spars and deck bright, give her new suits of sails when she needs them, and do over her cabin, which we never could afford to touch.

So the mighty were fallen, and we went sorrowfully into the country next summer without a boat.

In front of our house were a number of little boats, and among them one we learned was for sale. I had gotten over all surprise so far as Stan and boats were concerned. So I was not astonished when I heard him say to the owner, a stolid Swede,—

"She's a centre-board boat, of course. A keel boat in these waters is no good."

"Sure she's centre-board. A fine boat, I sell her to you for seventy-five dollars," the owner said, and lumbered heavily away.

The fine boat was a little jib and mainsail boat. Open, broad, and squat. She curtsied perpetually up and down on the water like a polite little old lady, and she was of the vintage of about 1830.

But she was a boat, and homely and slow as she was, Stan ardently desired her. It was most unfaithful of him, for she was the exact opposite of the Marianna. After he had been two weeks by the water his desire for smart boats vanished. What he wanted was a boat to sail in, any kind of a scow, he did n't care what, he asserted, so long as it had a tiller and a sail.

After two weeks the Swede loomed up in the dust.

"I sell her to you for fifty," he said sullenly.

I had seen him walking with a masterful looking woman, while he pushed a baby carriage. Now being a yachtsman's wife does more than make a woman silent and industrious, it makes her crafty and suspicious and keen at a bargain.

"Does n't your wife like sailing?" I asked innocently.

"No, what for I stay behind mit der baby, she say? So she kicks, I sell der boat."

I went to see Mrs. Larsen next day.

"How much you afford to give for dat boat?" she asked.

"Thirty-five dollars," I told her.

"Larsen he comes for der money tonight," she said, and shut her mouth like a trap.

And Larsen came sullenly and pocketed his thirty-five dollars. Poor man, I felt like a thief. He had spent all his Sundays and his spare time painting and caulking the old lady and making her neat and tight. But Mrs. Larsen was not of the stuff of which yachtsmen's wives are made.

That summer I learned a good deal about sailing. I went out every day with a boy who found himself near, and then for the first time I began to have the madness for boats on my own account, for though I had been proud of the Marianna, I never loved her, and secretly I was jealous.

We painted the old boat black, and named her the Tar Baby, which must have shocked her no end, for I'm sure her first name way back years ago must have been Belinda or Seraphina.

We sailed in her for years and at last gave her away, still staunch, and only a trifle leaky, to an ungrateful friend who renamed her the White Elephant. I learn that late in life she developed the bad habit of dragging her anchor, and is spending her declining years under the name of Anxiety.

VIII

One of my most frequent duties was the getting ready for company. The looking after the details of lunch, ice, and the like, is for a yachtsman's wife what the

cares of her house are for the wife of an ordinary husband who has no fads.

It makes very little difference to a yachtsman whether his wife ever learns to sail a boat well or not. What matters to him more than he knows is his wife's ability to deal with guests. If it had not been for guests, indeed, my duties would have been simple enough. I would only have had to learn to obey quickly and to keep from talking too much. But the people who go out sailing with one complicate matters enormously.

Most people naturally hate small boat sailing, while they imagine that they love it dearly.

And if one owns a boat there is nothing more inevitable than that one will ask one's friends out over Sunday for a sail.

I do not think that it has even yet occurred to Stanford's innocent mind that he is not doing the greatest favor in the world to his unfortunate friends when he asks them out.

There are a few people who really "like sailing," and who yet have no desire to own a boat, and no talent for learning to sail a boat themselves. Young Morris was one of these. He sailed with us for years as regularly as Phil Temple, and was never anything but unfailingly lubberly.

On the other hand, he was a perfect guest on a boat. He had a lofty disregard of the weather. He could sit in the shadow of the sail for hours, and analyze his soul. He did not care how long he was becalmed, for he had his soul always with him, and he could always speculate about Phil's or Stan's or mine if his own bored him.

Of course Phil and Stan thought he was an ass, although they were fond of him, but he was an immense comfort to me. I thought it showed, too, an immense amount of individuality, that he could "go sailing" so much and not know one rope from another. He never even learned to tell which way the wind was coming from, and you can imagine what contempt that exposed him to in the eyes of my two friends. Stan worked over him for months trying to explain the theory of sailing. He would draw little diagrams, which Morris would look at soulfully with his beautiful brown eyes. Afterwards he would tell me quite shamelessly that he had not understood a word of what Stan was saying, but that he liked to hear him talk.

Morris had quite a little to do with my breaking in, in a negative way. He kept me from being too humble-minded the first years, while I was getting, so to speak, bridle-wise. Later he was a great help with refractory guests.

The reason so many people are anxious to go out in little boats is the false idea literature gives of the pleasures of sailing. I often read luscious descriptions of bounding through the water, with delightful scenery all about, that would mislead anybody.

You imagine yourself sitting at ease, a delicious little breeze wafting you along, a lovely day, neither too hot, nor too cold, and the wind with you both ways.

Now my experience is that when sailing in a little boat like the Tar Baby there is always too much something for somebody. It is very apt to fall a flat calm in the Sound warm Sunday afternoons. It is also apt to breeze up fresh, and over goes your little boat on her ear, and the whole company has to sit up to windward, shifting themselves like a lot of ballast when one comes about. One is apt also to get wet on days like this, and what with dodging the boom, and getting soaked, and sitting in unwonted and uncomfortable positions, or else broiling for long hours under a pitiless sun miles away from home and supper, I am sure I don't see the pleasure there can be for people in a casual sail.

There is no such thing as liking just a part of sailing; one must like it all, take it as it comes, and above all have a great amount of patience, and no love of getting back to meals on time.

The people who like to sail only under happy circumstances would do well to stay at home. Days of perfection are so

few. Yet it is just such people who usually come out of town expecting to have a good time. I have witnessed trying and pathetic sights among our poor guests. I have seen girls, yes, and men too, grip the seat with tight, nervous fingers as puff after puff knocked us down. It has come to the point when we have had to put them ashore, though this has happened only once or twice.

I have seen one poor man turn a lovely green, while Stan was proving to Phil that the Tar Baby was quick in stays, by running up as close as possible to those treacherous green rocks off Portchester shore, and then coming about. They kept up this childish proceeding half the afternoon, while young Morris watched the nervous gentleman with brown, speculative eyes, saying, —

"Sooner or later, you know, they'll fetch a rock. You can't swim, can you, Jones? well, we'll have time to get you out an oar to hang on to."

Or, "Did you feel her scrape that time? she 's a rather old boat, and may come to pieces any minute."

Such days it was my duty to divert the sufferer as best I could, for even Morris went back on me. There were other times when girls got very scared, and were ashamed to own up, when I had to make myself unpopular with the men by insisting on going home. I learned to recognize seasickness in its earliest moments, and made some excuse for a landing.

The hardest thing of all is to keep up the courage and spirits of a party in the face of a flat calm. The sun beats down on you pitilessly. The skin of the girls' noses slowly burns to a crisp and at last peels off. A painful magenta streak divides the neck just above the collar. There is nothing on earth to do but sit still, and after a while you get so talked out that you feel that never so long as you live will you have anything to say to one another again. You get sung out, too. And after that there remains hopeless boredom, deadly patience. That is what happens when you are becalmed, if the hostess has not her wits about her. There are some people, do what one likes, who simply cannot live through a calm without agony.

A calm is so antagonistic, anyway, to the American temperament that it is very little short of madness to ask untried people on the water when a calm may be awaiting them.

Bored, seasick, frightened, nervous, uncomfortable, when one asks people sailing one runs the risk of making them any of these things.

I am the one who has suffered vicariously through the suffering of our victims, and the older I grow, the more I desire to pass my days happily on the water without the anguish of others to trouble me. I would like to have my chosen friends about me. But by preference I would hear Stan and Phil Temple wrangle, while young Morris loafs in the shadow of the sail and digs deep into the depths of his soul.

We have owned several boats since the day of the fat Tar Baby, which I loved better than any other boat, for women are pathetically constant. I have sailed boats in many different harbors. We have never yet bought a boat that Stanford was uncertain we would make money on. We have never had a boat that we have not lost hopelessly with. There are men who make money from both boats and horses. I think they must be too clever to be very happy. I am sure they cannot be as nice as the idealist, who is let in for it every time, and who never learns the art of letting other people in.

My chief care has been in keeping Stanford from buying any kind of a boat that presented itself in moments when life seemed to him to stop unless he could own something with sails, and that at once. I have seen him, on the verge of bankruptcy, negotiating for a venerable thirty-foot cat down on Peconic Bay, a notorious boat which all the harbor knew carried a lee helm.

I have sat on the shores of the Mediterranean holding my breath while Stan-

ford bargained for a boat built on a model fashionable 20 B. C., a boat with a lateen sail hooked casually to the mast; a boat without keel or centre-board, which refused utterly to come about inside of fifteen minutes, and whose owner rowed around when tacking. I have shut my eyes, while the angel of the Lord passed along and spared me and Stanford. I do not talk at these times. I only keep quiet and trust that some luck will hold back Stanford's hand.

These are the things I fear, and for every year that passes that sees Stan clear from buying Noah's Ark, I give thanks. He is sure to pass through a crisis at least once in two years.

I have talked a good deal with the wives of other yachtsmen, and each has his own private mania. Now it is racing, again it is the mania for specklessness which makes the master of the boat follow his guests around and insultingly rub off any bit of brass or woodwork they have touched. This is a form of madness especially hard to bear. There are others who carry to an extreme the yachtsman's etiquette I have spoken of before. While the young yachtsmen do crazy, foolhardy things in keeping on all the canvas during a storm, and in other ways trying to get themselves drowned.

I have had a comparatively easy time of it, since I was well broken in, for Stanford's sudden and violent passion for some derelict does not come often. On the other hand, my life is made pleasant by my own little fad, which is the love of fussing around my boat. This is a very ordinary form of the yachtsman's madness, and you have only to go to any harbor or boatyard to see a number of harmless and gentle creatures busy with paint pot and scraper.

As I look over the various summers of my married life, I see myself constantly at work upon some boat. Sometimes I see myself under a boat painting away, a pot of copper paint beside me. I smell again the smell of spar varnish as I put the finishing touches on a dinghy. I see pictures of a certain sail maker's attic full of mounds of billowy white sails, among which there are always a lot of kittens playing. I used to go there for new sails and to urge that they should be made promptly.

But oftenest I see myself in a dinghy rowing out of the interminable Sound harbors, to hoist sails after the rain, and then making another long trip to take them down again.

I have loved it all, — I have even snatched a fearful joy from the moments when Stan has threatened to buy some impossible boat. I hope that time which lops off one of our pleasures after another will leave me my pleasure in my boats, so that a shipyard will seem to me always as pleasant a place as it does to-day. And that I shall love to sail in whatever weather, and have always a tranquil patience in a calm.

I like to think that I shall be like the old lady on the Mary Ellen, — and that I shall sit placid in the cockpit of my boat, while the sun sets over Long Island Sound, while Phil and Stan quarrel as to which could best take the Massachusetts through Hell Gate.

THE LITERATURE OF EXPOSURE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

THE old-time exhorters who made uncomfortable the youth of our fathers had as a special object of their efforts the awakening of the "conviction of sin." To them man was, in his natural and unconverted state, a vile thing, and the hope for his future lay in his recognizing his vileness, his spiritual unworthiness. The last stage of the old-time conversion was reached when a previously comfortable and contented soul felt itself, under the new process of regeneration, tortured and lost in a morass of personal obliquity, when all past shortcomings and sins of omission and commission loomed big and black before it; when it shivered with the thought of the frightful future which must be the inevitable punishment for an evil past.

In the course of time theology learned that the methods and theories of the old religious exhorters were not only weak, but fundamentally wrong. It learned that the true way of making men better was not by telling them that they were only worms in the eyes of the Almighty, bnt by teaching them that they were made in his image; that there was a nobility in life itself, and that in the roughest and lowest of human creatures there was a touch of the Divine, the seed at least of immortal worthiness. The hard, unlovely and unloving spiritual leaders of our fathers' and grandfathers' time told men of their sins and iniquities, made them conscious of their spiritual sores and ulcers, the rags in their raiment, humbled and depressed them. They were destructive critics of life. To-day the spiritual teachers who are doing most for the moral health of the world are still critics, but constructive rather than destructive in their attitude toward life. They are teachers who believe that man attains his spiritual stature most readily by being spoken to less of what he is not and more of what he is, and that the greatest amount of spiritual strength can be developed by interesting man in the things the doing of which makes life worth living. These teachers find that the simplest and best way to help men to escape evil ways is not by eternal threats and warnings but by getting them to concentrate the greatest possible amount of moral energy on doing something positive and worth while. Hell has dropped out of our modern theology, not so much because we have ceased to believe in it, as because its insufficiency as an instrument for permanent moral regeneration has with the passage of time become more and more apparent; for, while we are sometimes strongly moved by what we hate and fear, we are perpetually influenced by what we love.

In the past decade there has grown up in this country a school of incomplete idealists, social reformers, who, in their methods and theories, seem to have gone back to the old-time theology. They seek to apply to society as a whole the methods which failed with the individual. From one branch of this cult has come the modern literature of "exposure." They show us our social sore spots, like the three cheerful friends of Job. They expose in countless pages of magazines and newspapers the sordid and depressing rottenness of our politics; the hopeless apathy of our good citizens; the remorseless corruption of our great financiers and business men, who are bribing our legislatures, swindling the public with fraudulent stock schemes, adulterating our food, speculating with trust funds, combining in great monopolies to oppress and destroy small competitors and raise prices, who are breaking laws and buying judges

and juries. They show us the growth of business "graft," the gangrene of personal dishonesty among an honorable people, the depressing increase in the number of bribe-takers and bribe-givers. They tell us of the riotous extravagance of the rich, and the growth of poverty. These exposures form the typical current literature of our daily life. As our appetite grows jaded and surfeited, the stories become more sensational so as to retain our attention. Titus Oates and his plot live again in the amazing historian of modern finance. The achievement of the constructive elements of society has been neglected to give space to these spicy stories of graft and greed.

There are two points in the literature of exposure worthy of note. The first is its extraordinary copiousness, and the second is that so few of the writers who so cleverly point out to us our social sores seem to have any kind of salve in their hands. "Exposure" has become a peculiar art, which, like some other arts, seems to exist for its own sake.

The editorials and articles which make up the literature of exposure rarely include, and then in a very small measure, any useful or careful analysis of bad social conditions or of those defects in law and its administration through which opportunities for unjust enrichment are afforded to the keen, the unscrupulous, and the overtempted. These writers do not belong to that class of social critics whose purposeful and devoted studies of economic conditions, of the history of business systems, have given us so many suggestions of ways and means for progress. The literature of exposure is not criticism in any such sense, and in comparison is simple indeed. For it exposes, not the opportunities which create temptations, but the individuals who succumb. It seems to arraign, not the defects in the social system, but humanity itself, by the denunciation of a countless number of individuals who do real or fancied wrongs. It takes the whole burden of moral responsibility from the shoulders of society, and throws it all on the individual, instead of making a just apportionment of the load.

There is comparatively little which is constructive about this kind of work, and it is for the most part merely disheartening. Its copiousness and its frequent exaggeration have a strong tendency to make sober and sane citizens believe that our political and business evils cannot be grappled with successfully, not because they are in themselves too great, but because the moral fibre of the people has deteriorated, — a heresy more dangerous, if adopted, than all the national perils which confront us to-day, combined.

In the writer's birthplace, the local undertaker was considered one of the worst men in town. He suffered from having become incompletely converted. The work of grace with him had gone far enough to convince him that he was an utter wretch and sinner and so absolutely unregenerate that there was nothing which could be done about it. His awakened sense of sin kept him a sinner. The literary exhorter whose sole argument is human wickedness and depravity is far too likely to produce the same kind of convert.

As every teamster knows, there is a limit to the amount of extra effort which can be got out of a horse with a whip. In the same way with the community, the sense of its own shortcomings fails as a permanent incentive to improvement. It is as important to the community as it is to the individual that its capacity for being shocked with itself should remain unimpaired. Nothing worse can happen to it than to have its moral cuticle hardened by much drubbing, and made insensitive to criticism. The inherent defect with much of the literature of exposure is that it exists merely for the shock it gives, and is of no further profit to the community.

We have in this country an almost superstitious reverence for publicity, as though it were a panacea for political and social evils. Give the people the facts,

is our comfortable doctrine, and conditions will remedy themselves. But there is as much difference between diagnosis and cure as applied to printers' ink as to medicine, and the time will come, even if the writer be wrong in thinking it is now with us, when the feeblest of tonics will do us more good than the most drastic of these modern literary emetics.

It is a curious fact that, when we speak of publicity and its value, we have in mind publicity in its narrow and restricted sense, as the searchlight of public knowledge thrown upon something which is wrong. We make it serve as a sort of social scavenger, as though that were its great function instead of its very least. As though that great instrument of civilization was being employed at its best task when engaged in probing, with a prying-hook, our social garbage barrels.

The lives and doings of bad men are too much with us for our own good. Somehow we have conceived the notion that it is more important for us to have copious information about the grafter and the frenzied financier, than about the men who, while doing equally, if not more, important things, are violating no statute or moral law. We need an enlarged conception of the higher possibilities of publicity as an aid and encouragement for right living. We need a change by which the honest merchant, banker, or professional man will feel himself less helplessly isolated through his honesty than he might reasonably conceive himself to be from what he gets to read at the news stands. What the Bible says about the inadvisability of man being alone has special application to the honest man. It is not well for him to be alone, and the kind of publicity which makes him feel lonesome in his honesty is not likely to have a very bracing effect on the honesty itself.

It has got so with us that, in affairs of state, the surest way to public notice open to an ambitious politician is to be either a corruptionist or a blunderer. For, through these exaggerations of the importance of publicity about the apparently destructive elements in social or political life, we have come to a point where they are the ones most exploited. This attitude is hostile to progress, because mere opposition is never progress. It is as true in the world of affairs as in that of sport that a community whose energies are devoted to playing a merely defensive game seldom wins any substantial victory. This is the main lesson to be drawn from the general history of reform movements in American municipalities. These movements have, until very recent years, originated almost uniformly in the moral delinquencies of the political organization entrenched in office, which have aroused the conscience of the best citizens to revolt. It has been mere revolt. The results of these movements have rarely been permanent, because their progress usually seems to stop after putting the rascals out. The ranks of reform are filled with strenuous house-wreckers, but they contain few builders. The builders are not there, very largely because the community itself seems to offer less encouragement than it should to those who work for it. We have become so accustomed to criticising or denouncing our public men, and to devoting so much of our public print to their mistakes or misdeeds, that silence seems to our exhausted energies a sufficient tribute to the faithful public servant. A friend of the writer's unconsciously expressed this spirit in speaking of a young lawyer who was running for his second term in the State Assembly. " —— made a good record there last term. He did not get a single newspaper roast through the entire session." A success which has to be measured by abuse which has been escaped rather than by recognition gained is a doubtful prize. Until the time comes when the useful work of constructive statesmanship will entitle a public servant to the same amount of public attention as is to be received by engineering a railroad or gas grab, the quality of our statesmanship will remain low.

It is accepted as a truism among educators that no child can be made permanently good simply by scolding. The overscolded child is made worse by the process, and the overscolded politician is equally likely to deteriorate, and for the same reason. Even a good dog will try to earn a bad name, if he has it thrust too often upon him. Probably it would be an exaggerated statement to say that the essential spirit of reform in this country is the spirit of the scolding parent, but it resembles it too often.

In New York, for example, many of the most active of the reform organizations of the city have committees which are empowered on their own responsibility and without affirmative action from the general body of their associates to oppose with strong language and peppery protest legislation which they deem it proper to oppose in the name of their respective organizations. They have, however, no power whatever to endorse or support anything without some express permission from the bodies by which they are created, a permission to be obtained, if at all, only after considerable delay and much debating.

The ability to point out with disagreeable clearness social evils and public perils is not alone enough justly to entitle a man to any great amount of public esteem. Cassandras in breeches or petticoats are of no more real service to-day than in the heroic age; and the miracle about the lady herself was not so much that the Greeks paid no attention to her forebodings and warnings, but that some impatient hero who had work to do did not wring her dismal neck.

There has never been a time when our country has needed to have ideals of service made more fresh and attractive, or when the real work of the world, done by its sane, healthy, and kind-hearted workers, needed greater recognition. It is the good rather than the bad in us which needs encouragement and exposure, and if it once finds work to do, the bad in us will be far less noticeable or troublesome. It is a poor gardener who devotes too much time to the weeds at the expense of the vegetables and flowers.

A story which the present writer heard some years ago, and which has an obvious point in connection with what he is trying to say here, was told by one of the lobbyists who had been engaged in pushing a "grab" bill through the New York Legislature. The bill failed to pass, and the reform organizations and newspapers of New York city, which had denounced it and its sponsors in unmeasured terms, regarded its failure as one of those rare triumphs of aroused public sentiment to which the corrupt legislators had bent and bowed. The lobbyist had a curiously different version of the matter. He said the bill was killed by a little parish priest in one of the slum districts of New York, who somehow had got interested in the measure, and had come up to Albany, and apparently with amazing innocence had asked the ringleader of strike legislation, who was one of the active promoters of this particular bill, to use his influence against it. The little priest knew nothing about politics, and read the papers but little; but he had known for a lifetime this particular politician, and knew intimately a side of him not familiar to newspaper readers. He believed in him implicitly, and in absolutely good faith asked him to use his influence against the bill, and succeeded. According to the lobbyist, who presumably knew what he was talking about, the little priest had been more powerful in his influence against the legislation which he opposed than all the newspapers and reform bodies in New York together. He was more powerful, because he was better armed. He knew the good side of a bad man, and how to appeal to it. For it is as true of any of the rest of us as it was of the spoilsman, that we are willing to do more to justify and keep the good opinion of our friends who are wrong, than to avoid the detraction of our enemies whom we know in our hearts to be right.

UN CONGE SANS CLOCHE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

We had only two or three of them in the year, and their slow approach stirred us to frenzy. In the dark ages, when I went to school, no one had yet discovered that play is more instructive than work, no one was piling up statistics to prove the educational value of idleness. In the absence of nature studies and athletics, we were not encouraged to spend our lives out of doors. In the absence of nerve specialists, we were not tenderly restrained from studying our lessons too hard. It is wonderful how little apprehension on this score was felt by either mothers or teachers. We had two months' summer holiday, — July and August, — and a week at Christmas time. The rest of the year we spent at school. I have known parents so inhuman as to regret those unenlightened days.

But can the glorified little children whose lives seem now to be one vast and happy playtime, can the privileged schoolgirls who are permitted to come to town for a matinée, — which sounds to me as fairy-like as Cinderella's ball, — ever know the real value of a holiday! As well expect an infant millionaire to know the real value of a quarter. We to whom the routine of life was as inevitable as the progress of the seasons, we to whom Saturdays were as Mondays, and who grappled with Church history and Christian doctrine on pleasant Sunday mornings, *we* knew the mad tumultuous joy that thrilled through hours of freedom. The very name which from time immemorial had been given to our Convent holidays illustrated the fullness of their beatitude. When one lives under the dominion of bells, every hour rung in and out with relentless precision, *sans cloche* means glorious saturnalia. Once a nervous young nun, anxious at the wild scattering of her flock, ventured, on a *congé*, to ring them back to bounds; whereupon her bell was promptly, though not unkindly, taken away from her by two of the older girls. And when the case was brought to court, the Mistress General upheld their action. A law was a law, as binding upon its officers as upon the smallest subject in the realm.

The occasions for a *congé sans cloche* were as august as they were rare. "Mother's Feast," by which we meant the saint's day of the Superioress, could always be reckoned upon. The feast of St. Joseph was generally kept in this auspicious fashion, — which gave us a great "devotion" to so kind a mediator. Once or twice in the year the Archbishop came to the Convent, and in return for our addresses, our curtsies, our baskets of flowers, and songs of welcome, always bravely insisted that we should have a holiday. "Be sure and tell me, if you don't get it," he used to say, which sounded charmingly confidential, though we well knew that we should never have an opportunity to tell him anything of the kind, and that we should never dare to do it, if we had.

In the year of grace which I now chronicle, the Archbishop was going to Rome, and had promised to say good-by to us before he sailed. Those were troubled times for Rome. Even we knew that something was wrong, though our information did not go much beyond this point. Like the little girl who could n't tell where Glasgow was, because she had not finished studying Asia Minor, we were still wandering belated in the third Crusade, — a far cry from united Italy. When Elizabeth, who had read the address, said she wondered why the Pope was called "God's great martyr saint," we

could offer her very little enlightenment. I understand that children now interest themselves in current events, and ask intelligent questions about things they read in the newspapers. For us, the Wars of the Roses were as yesterday, and the Crusades were still matters for deep concern. Berengaria of Navarre had been the "leading lady" of our day's lesson, and I had written in my "Compendium of History" — majestic phrase — this interesting and comprehensive statement: "Berengaria led a blameless life, and, after her husband's death, retired to a monastery, where she passed the remainder of her days."

It was the middle of May when the Archbishop came, and, as the weather was warm, we wore our white frocks for the occasion. Very immaculate we looked, ranged in a deep, shining semicircle, a blue ribbon around every neck, and gloves on every folded hand. It would have been considered the height of impropriety to receive, ungloved, a distinguished visitor. As the prelate entered, accompanied by the Superioress and the Mistress General, we swept him a deep curtsy, — oh, the hours of bitter practice it took to limber my stiff little knees for those curtsies! — and then broke at once into our chorus of welcome: —

> "With happy hearts we now repair
> All in this joyous scene to share."

There were five verses. When we had finished, we curtsied again and sat down, while Mary Rawdon and Eleanor Hale played a nervous duet upon the piano.

The Archbishop looked at us benignantly. It was said of him that he dearly loved children, but that he was apt to be bored by adults. He had not what are called "social gifts," and seldom went beyond the common civilities of intercourse. But he would play jackstraws all evening with half a dozen children, and apparently find himself much refreshed by the entertainment. His eyes wandered during the duet to the ends of the semicircle, where sat the very little girls, as rigidly still as cataleptics. Wriggling was not then deemed the prescriptive right of childhood. An acute observer might perhaps have thought that the Archbishop, seated majestically on his dais, and flanked by Reverend Mother and Madame Bouron, glanced wistfully at these motionless little figures. We were, in truth, as remote from him as if we had been on another continent. Easy familiarity with our superiors was a thing undreamed of in our philosophy. The standards of good behavior raised an impassable barrier between us.

Frances Fenton made the address. It was an honor once accorded to Elizabeth, but usually reserved as a reward for superhuman virtue. Not on *that* score had Elizabeth ever enjoyed it. Frances was first blue ribbon, first medallion, and head of the Children of Mary. There was nothing left for her but beatification. She stepped slowly, and with what was called a "modest grace," into the middle of the room, curtsied, and began: —

> "Your children's simple hearts would speak,
> But cannot find the words they seek.
> These tones no music's spell can lend;
> And eloquence would vainly come
> To greet our Father, Guide, and Friend.
> Let hearts now speak, and lips be dumb!"

"Then why is n't she dumb?" whispered Tony aggressively, but without changing a muscle of her attentive face.

I pretended not to hear her. I had little enough discretion, Heaven knows, but even I felt the unwisdom of whispering at such a time. It was Mary Rawdon's absence at the piano, I may observe, that placed me in this perilous proximity.

> "Our reverence fond and hopeful prayer
> Will deck with light one empty place,
> And fill with love one vacant chair."

"What chair?" asked Tony, and again I pretended not to hear.

> "For e'en regret can wear a softened grace,
> And smiling hope in whispers low
> Will oft this cherished thought bestow:
> Within the Eternal City's sacred wall,
> He who has blest us in our Convent hall
> Can now to us earth's holiest blessing bring
> From God's great martyr saint, Rome's pontiff king."

At this point, Tony, maddened by my unresponsiveness, shot out a dexterous little leg (I don't see how she dared to do it, when our skirts were so short), and, with lightning speed, kicked me viciously on the shins. The anguish was acute, but my sense of self-preservation saved me from so much as a grimace. Madame Bouron's lynx-like gaze was traveling down our ranks, and, as it rested on me for an instant, I felt that she must see the smart. Tony's expression was one of rapt and reverent interest. By the time I had mastered my emotions, and collected my thoughts, the address was over, and the Archbishop was saying a few words about his coming voyage, and about the Holy Father, for whom he bade us pray. Then, with commendable promptness, he broached the important subject of the *congé*. There was the usual smiling demur on Reverend Mother's part. The children had so many holidays ("I like that!" snorted Tony), so many interruptions to their work. It was so hard to bring them back again to quiet and orderly ways. If she granted this indulgence, we must promise to study with double diligence for the approaching examinations. Finally she yielded, as became a dutiful daughter of the Church; the first of June, ten days off, was fixed as the date; and we gave a hearty round of applause, in token of our gratitude and relief. After this, we rather expected our august visitor to go away; but his eyes had strayed again to the motionless little girls at the horns of the semicircle; and, as if they afforded him an inspiration, he said something in low, rather urgent tones to Reverend Mother, — something to which she listened graciously.

"They will be only too proud and happy," we heard her murmur; and then she raised her voice.

"Children," she said impressively, "his Grace is good enough to ask that you should escort him to the woods this afternoon. Put on your hats and go."

This *was* an innovation! Put on our hats at four o'clock — the hour for French class — and walk to the woods with the Archbishop. It was delightful, of course, but a trifle awesome. If, in his ignorance, he fancied we should gambol around him like silly lambs, he was soon to discover his mistake. Our line of march more closely resembled that of a well-drilled army. Madame Bouron walked on his right hand, and Madame Duncan on his left. The ribbons, the graduates, and a few sedate girls from the first class closed into a decorous group, half of them walking backwards, — a convent custom in which we were wonderfully expert. The flanks of the army were composed of younger and less distinguished girls, while the small fry hovered on its borders, out of sight and hearing. We moved slowly, without scattering, and without obvious exhilaration. I was occupied in freeing my mind in many bitter words to Tony, who defended her conduct on the score of my "setting up for sainthood," — an accusation, the novelty of which ought to have made it agreeable. When we reached the lake, a tiny sheet of water with a Liliputian island, we came to a halt. The Archbishop had evidently expressed a desire, or at least some readiness, to trust himself upon the waves. The boat was unmoored, and Frances Fenton and Ella Holrook rowed him carefully around the island, while the rest of us were drawn up on shore to witness the performance. We probably made a very nice picture in our white frocks and blue neck ribbons; but we were spectators merely, still far remote from any sense of companionship. When the boat was close to shore, the Archbishop refused to land. He sat in the stern, looking at us with a curious smile. He was strikingly handsome, — a long, lean, noble-looking old man, — and he had a voice of wonderful sweetness and power. It was said that, even at sixty-five, he sang the Mass more beautifully than any priest in his diocese. Therefore it was a little alarming when he suddenly asked: —

"My children, do you know any pretty songs?"

"Oh, yes, your Grace," answered Madame Bouron.

"Then sing me something now," said the Archbishop, still with that inscrutable smile.

There was a moment's hesitation, a moment's embarrassment, and then, acting under instruction, we sang (or, at least, some of us did; there was no music in my soul) the *Canadian Boat-Song*, and *Star of the Sea*, — appropriate, both of them, to the watery expanse before us.

"Dark night has come down on us, Mother, and we
Look out for thy radiance, sweet Star of the sea."

The Archbishop listened attentively, and with an evident pleasure that must have been wholly disassociated from any musical sense. Then his smile deepened. "Would you like me to sing for you?" he said.

"Oh, yes, if you please," we shrilled; and Madame Bouron gave us a warning glance. "Be very still, children," she admonished. "His Grace is going to sing."

His Grace settled himself comfortably in the boat. His amused glance traveled over our expectant faces, and sought as usual the little girls, now close to the water's edge. Then he cleared his throat, and, as I am a Christian gentlewoman, and a veracious chronicler, *this* is the song he sang:—

"In King Arthur's reign, a merry reign,
Three children were sent from their homes,
Were sent from their homes, were sent from their homes,
And they never went back again.

"The first, he was a miller,
The second, he was a weaver,
The third, he was a little tailor boy,
Three big rogues together."

"Can't you join in the chorus, children?" interrupted the Archbishop. "Come! the last two lines of every verse."

"The third, he was a little tailor boy,
Three big rogues together."

Our voices rose in a quavering accompaniment to his mellifluous notes. We were petrified; but, even in a state of petrification, we did as we were bidden.

"The miller, he stole corn,
The weaver, he stole yarn,
And the little tailor boy, he stole broadcloth,
To keep these three rogues warm."

"Chorus!" commanded the Archbishop; and this time our voices were louder and more assured.

"And the little tailor boy, he stole broadcloth,
To keep these three rogues warm."

"The miller was drowned in his dam,
The weaver was hung by his yarn,
But the Devil ran away with the little tailor boy,
With the broadcloth under his arm."

There was a joyous shout from our ranks. We understood it all now. The Archbishop was misbehaving himself, was flaunting his misbehavior in Madame Bouron's face. We knew very well what would be said to *us*, if we sang a song like that, without the Archiepiscopal sanction, and there was a delicious sense of impunity in our hearts, as we vociferated the unhallowed lines:—

"But the Devil ran away with the little tailor boy,
With the broadcloth under his arm."

Then the Archbishop stepped out of the boat, and there was a timid scramble to his side. The barriers were down. He had knocked at our hearts in the Devil's name, and we had flung them wide. The return to the Convent was like a rout; — little girls wedging their way in among big girls, the Second Cours contesting every step of the path with the First Cours, the most insignificant children lifted suddenly to prominence and distinction. I was too shy to do more than move restlessly on the outskirts of the crowd; but I saw Tony conversing affably with the Archbishop (and looking as gentle as she was intelligent), and Viola Milton kissing his ring with the assurance of an infant Aloysius. When he bade us good-by, we shouted and waved our handkerchiefs until he was out of sight. He turned at the end of the Avenue.

and waved his in a last friendly salutation. That was very long ago. I trust that in Paradise the Holy Innocents are now bearing him company, for I truly believe his soul would weary of the society of grown-up saints.

And our *congé* was only ten days off. This thought was left to gild our waking hours. We — Elizabeth, Marie, Tony, Lilly, Emily, and I — resolved ourselves immediately into a committee of ways and means, and voted all the money in the treasury for supplies. It was not much, but, if well laid out, it would purchase sweets enough to insure a midnight pang. The privilege of buying so much as a stick of candy was one rigidly reserved for holidays. "Mary" did our shopping for us. Mary was a hybrid, a sort of uncloistered nun. Her out-of-date bonnet, worn instead of a lay sister's close white cap, proclaimed her as one free to come and go; and her mission in life was to transact outside business, to buy whatever was necessary or permitted. The lay sisters did the work of the convent; Mary ministered to its needs. We wrote down for her a list of delicacies.

One dozen oranges.

One box of figs.

One pound of caramels, — which were dear.

Two pounds of walnut taffy.

Three pounds of cinnamon bun.

A fair allowance, I surmise, for six well-fed little girls.

"I tell you what I'll do," said Marie, in an excess of generosity. "I'll save up my wine, if you'll lend me bottles to put it in."

We felt this to be noble. For some mysterious reason (she was never known to be ill), Marie was sent every morning at eleven o'clock to the infirmary; and at that unconvivial hour drank a solitary glass of wine. It was port, I believe, or Burgundy, — I am not sure which, and I pray Heaven I may never taste its like again. Now, provided with half a dozen empty bottles, which had erstwhile held tooth-wash and cologne, she undertook to elude the infirmarian's eye, and to decant her wine into these receptacles, instead of putting it where it was due. How she managed this we never knew (it would have seemed difficult to a prestidigitator), but Marie was a child of resources, second only to Tony in every baleful art.

Clever though we deemed her, however, clever though we sometimes deemed ourselves, there was one in the school, younger, yet far more acute than any of us. Thursday was visitors' day, and Lilly's brother came to see her. After he had gone, Lilly joined us in the avenue, looking perturbed and mysterious.

"I want to tell you something," she said lamely. "Viola has got some cigarettes. Jack gave them to her."

Cigarettes! Dynamite could not have sounded more overwhelming. Cigarettes, and in Viola Milton's keeping! Never had a whiff of tobacco defiled the Convent air. Never had the thought of such unbridled license entered into any heart. And Viola was ten years old.

"I know what that means," said Tony sharply. "She wants to come with us on the *congé*."

Lilly nodded. It was plain that Viola, having possessed herself of a heavy bribe, had persuaded her older sister to open negotiations.

"Well, we won't have her," cried Tony vehemently. "Not if she has all the cigarettes in Christendom. Why on earth, Lilly, did n't you ask your brother for them yourself?"

"I never thought of such a thing," pleaded Lilly. "I never even heard her do it."

"Well, we won't have Viola, and you may go and tell her so," repeated Tony, with mounting wrath. "Go and tell her so right off. We won't have a child of ten tagging round with us all day."

"Agnes is only eleven," said Lilly.

"How many cigarettes has she got?" It was Elizabeth who asked this pertinent question.

"I don't know. Jack gave her all he had."

"It does n't make any difference how

many she has. I won't have her," flamed Tony.

At this assertive "I," Elizabeth lifted her head. Her light blue eyes met Tony's sparkling brown ones. It was not the first time the two children had measured their forces. "We'll see, anyhow, what Viola's got," said Elizabeth calmly.

Lilly, being despatched to make inquiries, returned in two minutes with her little sister by her side. Viola was a bony child, all eyes and teeth, as ugly as Lilly was beautiful. Her sombre glance was riveted wistfully upon Elizabeth's face. She was too wise to weaken her cause with words, but held out eleven little white objects, at which we looked enviously.

"Seven from eleven leaves four," murmured Emily.

"I don't want any," said Viola, who was bidding high. She would have bartered her immortal soul to gain her point.

"And I don't want more than one," said Lilly. "That will leave two apiece for the rest of you."

"Well?" asked Elizabeth, looking round the circle.

"Oh, do let's have them!" I urged, dazzled by a sudden vision of debauchery. "They'll be just the thing to go with the wine."

They were *just* the thing. We found this out later on.

"Oh, yes, let's have them," said Marie, who felt the responsibilities of a hostess.

"Let's!" said Emily, our silent member.

"I won't!" asseverated Tony, battling heroically for a lost cause. "I won't have anything to do with the treat, if you let Viola in."

"Then don't!" retorted Elizabeth, now sure of victory, and scornful of further dispute.

Tony turned her back upon her venal friends, and marched off to another group of girls. There was no great novelty about this proceeding, but the imminence of the *congé* lent it an unwonted seriousness.

"Don't you suppose she'll play *cache* with us?" asked Marie somewhat ruefully, and well aware of what we should lose if she did not.

"Of course she will," said Elizabeth, "because she can't play without us."

And Elizabeth was right. Before the first of June, Tony had "come round;" being persuaded to this condescension by Lilly the peacemaker. Every cluster of friends should look to it that there is one absolutely sweet-tempered person in the group. But one is enough.

The first glorious thing about a *congé* was that we got up at seven instead of at quarter-past six, and the next was that we began to talk before we were out of our beds. Breakfast was so hilarious that only the fear of wasting our precious hours ever dragged us from the refectory, and up into the schoolroom, to prepare for the special feature of the day, *cache cache*. We never played *cache cache* except upon a holiday, which was why it seemed such a thrilling and wonderful game. No indulgence was likely to lose its value for us through unwarranted repetition. Two captains were chosen by acclamation, and they in turn selected their girls, picking them out alternately, one by one, until the whole Second Cours was divided into two bands of about twenty each. One band remained shut up in a music room (which was goal) for half an hour, while the other betook itself to the most secret and inaccessible spot that could be thought of as a hiding place. The captain might stay with her band, and direct its action, or she might be hidden separately; but no one except the captain was permitted to stray from the ranks for purposes of reconnoitring. The same rule held good for the searching party. The captain alone might play the scout. The rest were obliged to hold together. The capture of the hidden captain counted as half the game. The capture of the hidden band, before it could reach its goal, counted as the other half of the game. Thus the hiders were forced either to dispense with the invaluable services of their leader, or to risk the loss

of the whole game if she were surprised in their company. So much, indeed, depended upon the leader's tactics, and so keen was our thirst for victory, that the girl who saved the day for herself and for her comrades was held in higher esteem than the girl who came out ahead in the periodical blistering of examinations. College valuations are, perhaps, not so absolutely modern as they seem.

Given an area of over a hundred acres with woods and orchards, with a deep ravine choked with tangled underbrush for concealment, and with wide lawns for an open run, — and *cache cache* becomes, or at least it became for us, a glorious and satisfying sport. To crouch breathless in the "poisonous valley" (there was a touch of poetry in all our nomenclature), to skirt cautiously the marshy ground of La Salette (named after the miraculous spring of Dauphiné), to crawl on one's stomach behind half a mile of inadequate hedge, to make a wild dash for goal within full view of the pursuing party, — these things supplied all the trepidation and fatigue, all the opportunities for generalship, and all the openings for dispute, that reasonable children could demand. We hardly needed the additional excitement provided by Eloise Didier's slipping into the marsh, and being fished out, a compact cake of mud; or by Tony's impiously hiding in the organ loft of the chapel, and being caught red-handed by Madame Duncan, — a nun whom, thank Heaven! it was possible, though difficult, to cajole.

We played all morning and all afternoon, played until our strength and our spirits were alike exhausted; and then, when the shadows began to lengthen, and our vivacity to wane, we made ready for the mad carousal which was to close our day. A basement music room, as remote as possible from any chance of inspection, was chosen as the scene of revelry. It was not a cheerful spot; but it appeared reasonably safe. Hither we transported our feast, which, spread out upon a piano, presented a formidable appearance, and restored us to gayety and good-humor. The advantage of childhood over riper years is its blessed slowness to recognize a failure. If a thing starts out to be a treat, why, it *is* a treat, and that's the end of it. The cinnamon bun was certainly stale (Mary had, it was plain, consulted her own convenience as to the day of its purchase), but Heaven forbid that we should balk at staleness. Oranges and caramels, figs and walnut taffy present, to the thinking mind, an inharmonious combination; but that was a point on which we were to be subsequently enlightened. As for Marie's wine, it can be readily imagined what *it* was like, after lying around for a warm June week in imperfectly corked tooth-wash bottles. I can only say that no medicine it had been my lot to taste was ever half so nasty; yet those were days when all drugs were of uncompromising bitterness. An effete civilization had not then devised gelatine capsules to defraud the palate of its pain.

We ate everything, cake, fruit, and candy; we drank the wine (heroic young souls!), and, trembling with excitement, we lit the cigarettes, — a more difficult matter than we had imagined. I had not waited until this point to dree my weird. Excessive fatigue is but an indifferent preparation for unwonted indulgence; and I was a sickly child, to whom only the simplicity and regularity of school life lent a semblance of health. Ominous sensations were warning me of my deadly peril; but I held straight on. Suddenly Marie, who had been smoking with silent fortitude, said sweetly: —

"It's a shame Viola should n't have one of her own cigarettes. I'll give her my second."

"She can have one of mine, too," said Emily.

"Thank you," returned Viola hastily. "I don't want any. I gave them to you."

"Oh, do try one!" urged Marie.

"Yes, do!" said Tony sardonically. "Do try one, Viola. They are anxious enough to get rid of them."

She flung this taunt at the crowd, but

her eye met mine with a challenge I would not evade. "I want my second one," I said.

Valor met valor. "So do I," smiled Tony.

From this point, my recollections are vague. We talked about Madame Davide, and whether she really did not understand English, or only pretended not to, — a point which had never been satisfactorily settled. We talked about Madame Bouron, and her methods (which we held unworthy) of finding out all she knew. I added little to the sprightliness of the conversation, and after a while I slipped away. On the stairs a kindly fate threw me into the arms of Sister O'Neil, who had charge of the vestry, and who was carrying piles of clean linen to the dormitories. She was a friendly soul (nearly all the lay sisters were good to us), and she took possession of me then and there. When I was safe in bed, — collapsed but comforted, — she sprinkled me with holy water, and tucked the light covers carefully around me. "Lie quiet now," she said. "I'll go tell Madame Rayburn where you are, and that there was no time to ask leave of anybody."

I did lie very quiet, and, after a while, fell into a doze, from which the sound of footsteps woke me. Some one was standing at the foot of my bed. It was Tony. She looked a trifle more sallow than usual, but was grinning cheerfully. "I'm better now," she said.

The delicate emphasis on the *now* was like a condensed epic. "So am I," I murmured confidentially.

Tony disappeared, and in a few minutes was back again, comfortably attired in a dressing gown and slippers. She perched herself on the foot of my bed. "Has n't it been a perfect *congé*?" she sighed happily. (Oh, blessed memory of youth!) "If you'd seen Madame Duncan, though, when I came stealing out of the chapel, — without a veil, too. 'What does this mean, Tony?' she said. 'It is n't possible that'" —

There was an abrupt pause. "Well?" I asked expectantly, though I had heard it all several times already; but Tony's eyes were fixed on the little pile of clean linen lying on my chair.

"Oh! I say," she cried, and there was a joyous ring in her voice. "Here's our chance. Let's change all the girls' washes."

I gazed at her with heartfelt admiration. To have passed recently through so severe a crisis, — a crisis which had reduced me to nothingness; and yet to be able instantly to think of such a charming thing to do. Not for the first time, I felt proud of Tony's friendship. Her resourcefulness compelled my homage. Had we been living in one of Mr. James's novels, I should have called her "great" and "wonderful."

"Get up and help," said Tony.

I stumbled out of bed, and into my slippers. My head felt curiously light when I lifted it from my pillow, and I had to catch hold of my curtain rod for support. The dormitory floor heaved up and down. Tony was already at work, carrying the linen from one side of the room to the other, and I staggered weakly after her. There were thirty beds, so it took us some time to accomplish our mission; but "The labor we delight in physicks pain;" and it was with a happy heart, and a sense of exalted satisfaction, that I saw the last pile safe in the wrong alcove, and crawled back between my sheets. — "Something attempted, something done, to earn a night's repose." Tony sat on my bed, and we talked confidentially until we heard the girls coming upstairs. Then she fled, and I waited developments.

They entered more noisily than was their wont. The law ruled that a *congé* came to an end with night prayers, after which no word might be spoken; but it was hard to control children who had been demoralized by a long day of liberty. Moreover, the Seven Dolours dormitory was ever the most turbulent of the three; its inmates lacking the docility of the very little girls, and the equanimity of the big ones. They were all at what is called the

troublesome age. There was a note of anxiety in Madame Chapelle's voice, as she hushed down some incipient commotion.

"I must have perfect silence in the dormitory," she said. "You have talked all day; now you must go quietly to bed. Do you hear me, children? Silence!"

There was a lull, and then — I knew it must soon come — a voice from the far end of the room. "I have thirty-seven's clothes" (everything was marked with our school numbers), "instead of mine."

"Mary Aylmer, be quiet!" commanded Madame Chapelle.

"But, Madame, I tell you truly, I have thirty-seven's clothes. Who is thirty-seven?"

"I am," cried another voice, — Eloise Didier's. "But I have n't got your clothes, Mary Aylmer. I've got Alice Campbell's. Here, Alice — twenty-two — come take your things."

"Who is thirty-three? Ruffled nightgown with two buttons off. Oh, shame!" sang out Marie jubilantly.

"Children, will you be silent!" said Madame Chapelle, angry and bewildered. "What do you mean by such behavior?"

"Forty-two's stockings want darning," said a reproachful voice. It was very probable, for I was forty-two.

"So do thirty-eight's."

"Adelaide H. McC. Harrison," Elizabeth read slowly, and with painstaking precision. "Have n't you any more initials, Adelaide, you could have put on your underclothes?"

"Look again, Elizabeth. Surely there 's a coronet somewhere?" interposed Eloise Didier sardonically. Adelaide was not popular in our community.

"Three coronets, a sceptre, and a globe," said Elizabeth.

"Children," began Madame Chapelle; but her voice was lost in the scurrying of feet, as girl after girl darted across the polished floor to claim her possessions, or to rid herself of some one else's. They were, I well knew, devoutly grateful for this benign confusion, and were making the most of it. Fate did not often throw such chances in their way. For a moment I felt that noble joy which in this world is granted only to successful effort, to the accomplishment of some well-planned, well-executed design. Then silence fell suddenly upon the room, and I knew, though I could not see, that every girl was back in her own alcove.

"May I ask the meaning of this disorder!" said Madame Rayburn coldly.

She was *surveillante*, and was making the round of the dormitories, to see that everything was quiet after the day's excitement. Madame Chapelle began a nervous explanation. There was some mistake about the laundry. None of the children had their own clothes. They were trying — rather noisily, she admitted — to exchange them. Was it possible that Sister O'Neil —

"Sister O'Neil!" interrupted Madame Rayburn impatiently. "Sister O'Neil had nothing to do with it. Answer me quietly, children. Did you all find you had some one else's clothes?"

There was a murmur of assent, — a polite, subdued, apologetic sort of murmur; but, none the less, of universal assent. At that instant I remembered Sister O'Neil's parting words to me, and, with the instinctive impulse of the ostrich, slid deeper in my little bed. A quick step crossed the dormitory. A firm hand drew my curtain. "Agnes!" said Madame Rayburn, in a terrible voice.

Ah, well! Anyway, the *congé* was over.

THE COMING OF THE TIDE[1]

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

XX

"One of them," observed Frances Wilmot to the sea, "is like a sudden squall when the water is all furious, and driven this way and that; the other — the other is like your deepest deep, where dim, rich things lie hidden at the heart of the tides. The squall blows over and the water forgets, but the tide must go endlessly on its appointed way."

The sea answered with all its myriad beauty of motion and color and sound. Across the brown rocks, purple-tinted where they gleamed with wet, a great green wave rolled in with exquisite curving, and the girl watched vainly for the moment when the blue of the deep water melted into the green of the wave, and for that when all shifted into pale foam. Leaning back against the rock, her hands clasped behind her head, and the wind from the sea blowing back her hair and her fluttering sleeves, she spoke aloud, exultantly, forgetting her decision of yesterday.

"No one but me knows the treasure hidden at the heart of him, and it is mine, all mine."

Delicate, clear morning rested over the sea, and the rising tide brought Frances Wilmot, to whom the everlasting rhythm had grown to mean always a feeling of gain or of loss, strong sense of incoming life. Pale and far, a fairy dream of blue, the water stretched, with myriad sparkles of light, light, light, breaking the surface a thousand ways, moving hither and yon, and gleaming as if invisible mermaids in countless numbers were waving torches of flame. The freshness of those moments when earth was young was on land and sea, in the early look of blue water and the hints of silver mist not yet cleared from the face of the deep; and its voice was as the first murmur out of primeval quiet. Far away, dim with distance, two fishing boats were daintily riding the waves. Watching them, the girl leaned forward, and her eyes were wet.

"Tell me if I love him," she begged of her comrade sea.

The great waves answered her in deep murmur on the rocks, and in faintest ripples over pebble and sand.

"I did not want to," she whispered, with the sob of the tide in her voice. "I was content, for I had you and all the other beauty, and my old happiness, and my old pain. It was all good, and I saw my way."

From the heart of the sea to the heart of the woman came a cry, deep calling unto deep.

"I am afraid," she said, brokenly, and the ocean, with moving finger, wrote its infinite meanings on rock and sand.

Frances Wilmot rose and walked along the lonely shore, over pebbly beach and grass-grown headland, and golden butterflies followed as in pursuit. The touch of autumn was over all the land, and the gray cliffs jutting into the water were aster-covered and crowned with yellowing grass. At her feet the tangled blackberry vines were touched with red, and all the hinted purple and crimson and gold seemed to her full of the great encompassing rhythm of things. Wandering the way of the sea, she sang to herself, her song of the fullness of life flowing out in melody that only now and then found words. The lilt of her voice caught the sound of the breaking wave, and its low notes chimed with the withdrawing ripple. Little trills as of human laughter broke and splashed with the foaming spray as the singer went on, voice and feet and

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body keeping the rhythm of the ocean. Tiny sandpipers fluttered away from her in charmed fear, and above, sea gulls listened on outstretched wings. Suddenly, with full melody of sound, her voice echoed a great sense of joy that came to her, smiting like a pang, as soul and sense thrilled with unbearable keenness of sudden life.

"Ah, it hurts!" she said, hiding in her hands, even from the sea, her face which glowed with the flush of love and the fear of love.

She had strolled, with the song on her lips, far out on a rocky headland, when, looking up, she saw, not far away, Alice Bevanne leaning back against a wall of rock, her hands clasped loosely before her. Her clothing of brownish gray was so near in color to that of the rocks that the singer had come very close without observing her, and the song broke off abruptly as the Southern girl stood and watched. Something in the slender strength of the figure with the finely cut face made it seem akin to this delicate shore, where white beach and grass-grown cliff showed singular austerity in their beauty of outline and of coloring. Detached, apart, the girl wore an inscrutable expression, caught from the ancient rocks.

"Why did n't you tell me that you were here?" asked Frances Wilmot reproachfully. "You must have heard long ago the great noise I was making."

Alice Bevanne looked up with her eyes alight as with sudden sunshine on deep sea.

"I was afraid that you would stop," she said simply, "and you did, just before you got to the final note, the note that I wanted to hear."

They talked for a time carelessly on the rocks, in the rich summer sunshine already touched with autumn's gold, trying to weave veils of commonplace before the recesses of their hearts, which the accident of meeting had half revealed.

"It is almost time for me to go away," said the Southern girl, pointing to clustered purple asters that grew over their heads, and to the least golden-rod that grew in a cleft of the rocks at their feet by the sea.

"You will never go away," said Alice Bevanne, with a little husky quiver in her voice. "That which you are and do can never go."

"Is it very lonely here in the winter?" asked Frances.

The girl looked at her as if startled by the thought that any state save loneliness could be possible, and Frances Wilmot, alight with love and fire, with the great joy of the world kindled in pulse and in finger, gazed at her friend with a new sense of her imperishable strength. It seemed as if to her had been granted, in saving grace of sacrifice and of renunciation, a deeper hold on life in letting go than she herself had found in the fulfillment of the heart's desire. Her voice quivered as she laid her hand on Alice Bevanne's, and spoke softly: —

"The note that you were waiting for is too high for me; I think that no one but you could sing it."

XXI

Abel Marvin had been right in his estimate of the probable action of Uncle Peter when entrusted with his own secret: for the first time in its whole existence it was unsafe. The old man confided it first to Frances Wilmot, with a genuine appeal for sympathy, which was swift and real after a startled outbreak of surprise. It was not hard for the girl to divine the depth of his misery, for he looked suddenly old and wilted and gray. His gay pride in the achievements and the shortcomings of his ancestors broken, there was nothing left for his support. Above their china, above their silver, above their mahogany, he had plumed himself upon their sins; stuff of his heart and soul were all their deeds of good and of ill, and the corroding rust of contented repose in ancestral experiences had eaten out all possibilities

of action on his own part. Now all was gone, and for the first time he was alone with his own life, and helpless.

Mrs. Warren was his next confidante; Miss Wilmot was at the house only now and then, and Uncle Peter wanted somebody who knew near him all the time. To the woman who had borne his whims and listened courteously for many years to his endless talking, the shock was great, and the sudden loneliness of the old man tugged at her heartstrings. He had been too long identified with her troubles — the cause of many of them — for her to give him up lightly, and tears shone on her lashes as he told his tale. He found the sympathy of these two women most sweet; after all, there were consoling elements in the situation, romance, and mystery, of which he was the hero. It was part of a strange tale which he could perhaps write out some day.

Toward Paul his action was different. He walked into the library one morning where his nephew was sitting, gnawing the end of a penholder, lost in happy dreams, and told him the whole story, not only of the revelation in regard to his birth, but also of his project for disputing the will. Sitting in John Warren's great leather chair, he spoke with the simple dignity of real shame.

"I could n't go on concealing what I had done, Paul," he said. "Your father would have despised such action, for I never really believed that I was in the right. You, too, would despise it, and you must know."

Paul, astounded, incredulous, and deeply touched, realized that never in his life had he respected the old man so much as he did in this confession, which showed the influence of the Warren habit of suffering remorse disproportionate to misdeed. Then a gleam of amusement shot across the moisture in his eyes as the new Uncle Peter disappeared and the old one came back, whispering, —

"In a way I did not do it, Paul; I only saw it done, and could not stop it. It was as if I were but the instrument of some all-compelling force. Many would call it an offense; I call it a phenomenon, for you cannot get back of scientific law. It was not I who sinned, it was nature who sinned against me; the great ancestral host moved hand and brain."

Here Uncle Peter's voice broke as he suddenly realized that this great ancestral host was no longer his, and that he could not explain himself ever again in terms of great-great-grandfather Warren. To Paul's kindly suggestion that one line of forbears would perhaps fit as well as another that explanation of one's shortcomings, he responded only with gloomy silence; then, thrown upon himself by virtue of his late misdeed and his confession, he took a new stand of moral firmness.

"I shall go away, Paul, for I have no right here, especially in the light of what I have done."

The young man reached across the table and shook Uncle Peter's dejected hand.

"You will do nothing of the kind with my consent. A man belongs where he has lived his life, and my father would never forgive me if harm came to you."

"But my — my plot," whispered Uncle Peter.

"Nonsense!" said Paul. "It did not amount to anything, and I have always felt, as you have, that the distribution was wrong."

"It was strange, was n't it?" said the old man appreciatively.

"It was!" Paul assented heartily.

"Young Mr. Bevanne felt it, too," confided Uncle Peter. "His sympathy in all this trial has meant much to me. I wish you knew him better."

Paul growled something under his breath.

"He is extremely sensitive to other people's troubles, and I could hardly have come through this without his delicate understanding and his advice. Oh, he has done nothing reprehensible," for his nephew's eyes suddenly blazed. "He merely thought that there was a wrong

there to right, and has given what help he could."

Paul's mother, meeting him in the hall as he went from the interview with Uncle Peter, wondered at the anger in his face.

"He has told you!" she exclaimed, touching her son's sleeve with gentle fingers. "Don't be hard on him, Paul. Your father always made allowances for Peter, and he has not been deceiving us; he never knew."

"I wonder what kind of a brute you think me, mother!" said Paul, with a sudden smile. "Can't you realize that there are certain things that a son of yours would never even feel tempted to do?"

As the days went on, Paul Warren treated the old man even more kindly than of old; the irony of the situation was punishment enough, he said to himself, and Nemesis had been almost too swift. To his own amusement a feeling of freedom and relief took possession of him, for the dark incubus of his boyhood's days departed, and the host of phantom ancestors conjured up by Uncle Peter fled into gray distance as their leader, with all his theories, stood routed by one simple fact. It was strange, Paul mused, that that which had been so solemn a thing to his earlier years should go with such sense of rippling merriment, but the world seemed all echoing with laughter to Paul Warren in these days, for joy had descended upon him at last, blotting out past and future. To waken every morning to a sense of the incredible beauty of his lot; to fall asleep every night with the feeling that happiness too great to grasp was his, was an experience that lay outside all that he had previously known of life. As he walked up and down the great stairway, past the old clock that had ticked away his forefathers' lives, and the great portraits that had been the terror of his childhood, he stopped sometimes to ask, "Is it I?" Moments came when the intolerable joy was keenest hurt, so finely was his spirit strung. His occasional realization that a woman had refused his proffered love could not break his mood; perhaps he dreamed that her spoken no was a waiting yes; perhaps was content with the feeling that, whether she was to be his or no, the joy of life was his with its thrill, its sting, its pain.

He found her one day in the garden, seated on a green bench near the spot where he had seen her first. Sunlight lay on her dark hair and her white gown, as she told a tale to the least Andrew Lane, who was sitting, open-mouthed, upon the grass near her, beside a gray kitten that lay asleep in the sun, its head upon its warm paws. She had played much with the child during the summer, and had taught him all her lore.

"I like stories," said Andy, suggestively.

"What kind of stories?"

"Fairy stories are best, but I should like one I have never heard."

"And what about?"

"I think," said the little man, after reflection, "about my kitty."

"Your kitty asleep or awake?" asked Frances Wilmot gravely.

A smile of deep interest rippled across the child's face.

"He is asleep now; I think I should like it about my kitty asleep."

The Southern girl leaned back, thinking, and then the story began.

"This is called 'The Kitten's Dream.'"

"Who wrote it?" demanded Andy.

"Nobody wrote it; I just felt it, and I am going to tell it to you. The kitten dreamed that he was running; did n't you see his paws twitch just now?"

"No, but they do sometimes," admitted the child. "I know he likes to run better than anything else."

"The kitten dreamed that he gave a little leap one day and sprang into a world where everything danced and moved all the time, so that there was something to chase forever and ever, to the end of the dream, to the end of the world. There were little silvery mice that ran and ran, with their long tails dangling behind them; and there were green grasshoppers that hopped and hopped; and

beautiful toads of green and brown that jumped and jumped, always sideways. There were fluttering butterflies of many colors, that flew this way and that, on wings that were yellow or blue or green with wonderful markings, and he chased them all and never caught any, and he was glad."

"My kitty catches grasshoppers sometimes," ventured Andy.

"Does n't he look sorry?" demanded the story-teller.

"Maybe," said the boy, thinking hard. "I never thought of that."

"In this country of the kitten's dream, when the apples fell from the trees they rolled and rolled and never stopped; there were green ones, and golden ones, and deep, deep red ones, and they flashed away through the grass. The only thing that troubled the kitten was that he could not chase them all at the same time.

"The only flowers that grew here were flowers that moved and nodded" —

"I've seen them!" interrupted the child, visibly excited; "daisies and buttercups and wild honeysuckle."

The story-teller assented.

"There were others, too, for all flowers move and dance if you only watch. Here the little green leaves twinkled and moved all the time, for the swiftest breeze chased and chased everything there, flower and leaf, butterfly and grasshopper, to the end of the world where some buttercups nodded over the very edge; and in chasing the breeze the kitten chased everything at once. Most gladly of all the little wind ran after the tall grass that grew in the meadow, and made it move in great waves like the waves of the sea."

"That's where I've seen the daisies," said Andy, nodding eagerly. "Tell me about some more things that went."

"I must not forget the brooks: there were little brooks that leaped and hopped, all full of golden sparkles, and it was as much as ever the kitten could do to keep up with one. In the brooks were fish with beautiful scales of many colors, silver and rose and purple all shading into one another, and the kitten played tag with the fish."

"But did n't he get wet? He just hates water."

"The dream that the kitten had oftenest," said Frances Wilmot gravely, "was that the water did not make him wet. He could get into it with all four paws and tail to follow the fish, but he never caught them, and he never caught the brook, for it ran away from him, and he never caught the lovely golden-brown lights and shadows in the bed of the stream where the pebbles were, for whenever he put his foot on them they were gone."

"Was it always summer?" asked the boy. "It is n't here."

"No, sometimes it was winter, and there were great white snowflakes falling here and there, to follow and to follow. On cold nights there were warm fires in the great fireplace, and beautiful flames curled and danced and fluttered, only they made him sad, for they were bad for kitten paws. He knew, for once he had chased a little flame and had caught it, poor kitten! He liked better the little golden sunbeams moving on old gray stone walls in summer, and he ran after these by the hour, with leaf shadows moving in them, but he never caught any.

"But these are only things on earth. Often he dreamed of following through the sky great birds with blue wings, and birds with green wings, and birds with long white tails that fluttered just ahead. There were little mists and clouds, too, floating, floating away, and he often dreamed of running — how he never knew — through the air, and chasing now a rosy cloud and now a white one with purple shadows, but if he ever got his paw on one it parted and floated on in a hundred little shapes of cloud, rose-colored or white, leaving the kitten distracted way up in the blue sky."

"Did n't he ever catch anything at all?" asked a grieved voice.

Frances Wilmot bent and stroked the child's tawny hair.

"The kitten was a very wise one, and

he always dreamed of running and running after things, and never catching them."

The kitten woke and stretched itself in the sun, then lazily rose and began to chase a bit of thistle-down that floated past on the warm air.

"See!" said Frances Wilmot, triumphantly.

Andy looked after the kitten with new interest, then followed it as fast as bare feet could go. It was then that Paul Warren came out from the cool shadow of the cedar trees and looked down at the face whose humorous sadness told how near to her deeper thought the whimsical tale had gone.

"What wicked philosophy are you teaching that child?" he asked.

"It is truth," she said gravely. "It is only the escape of beauty that is beautiful, the feeling it come and go."

"And of love?"

"Perhaps it is the same with love," she answered, whispering, with her eyes closed under the sun. "It is so great; it comes, wave after wave, like the sea, like a great sea that has no shore; perhaps it goes the same way; who can tell?"

"Then you have felt it coming?" he asked in a voice that trembled.

"I think," she answered, "that I have felt the ripples about my feet."

He bent and kissed her where the dark hair met the brow, and her eyes, as they slowly opened, saw a sudden dimness in his. She smiled wistfully up at him.

"Only, if we try to bid this moment stay, we may never again find one so exquisite; perhaps it would be better to let it go, and to be forever pursuing and free."

He took her hands and held them fast within his own; then, as a full realization of his joy swept over him, he bowed his head upon them, crying out: —

"I am unworthy, unworthy, but I love you. You are not afraid to come?"

"Yes," she made answer, "I am afraid, but I will come."

XXII

The beauty of autumn deepened over sea and land as the September days went swiftly by. Clearer, crisper blue lay on the water, while all things growing by field and shore, the bulrushes in the swamp land, the grass on the upland slopes, aster, golden-rod, and fern blended into one dim harmony. Thistle-down and milkweed bloom floated noiselessly past the girl who wandered by shore and by inland paths, feeling in all the throbbing, passing color the very pulse of nature's life beating on her own.

Through these long days of dream, when nature dreamed with her, her eyes were dim with happiness, broken only by the fear that joy had woven about her too potent a spell, and that nothing could break it henceforward, not the call of human suffering nor the old quick sense of human need. Then the mood passed; her own heart and the wide horizon line bore witness to the larger life that was rippling within her own.

She was much alone in these days, except when Paul Warren or his mother was with her, for she shunned the Bevanne household, fearing to meet Alec Bevanne. The scene on the rocks at Tern Island was too vivid and too terrible for her to wish a repetition, and the young man's face, wrought out of its old semblance by overmastering passion, haunted her dreams. The few occasions on which she had seen him since that day brought her no relief; to be sure, the flame had died out of his face, but the darkened eyes and sullen mouth filled her with remorse for the wrong she had unwittingly done him.

She grieved that she must meet Alice Bevanne less and less, and grieved the more because she saw the record of fresh trouble written in the girl's eyes. Longing to question her, but not daring, she stood aloof, fancying at times that Alice was aware of her brother's story; at these moments her friend's expression became

to her but the visible picture of the anxiety in her own mind. Again she realized that this could be to the New England girl but one strand in the dark web which fate had woven about her, and remorse changed back to pity.

They were walking side by side along the quiet shore one evening, for Alice had come in the old fashion to the Inn, and were watching the faint, last flush of day fade into twilight over dim water and dusky shore. The moon which had hung like a pale shield against the blue gleamed round and golden as they paced the sand, and in the broad pathway of light a spectral ship with all sails set moved down the water, as if going from one land of faery to another. Suddenly the mystical charm of the moment was broken, and Frances felt her friend's hand quiver on her arm. Following the glance of her straining eyes she saw, ahead, on the rocks which lay bare in the moonlight, a swift shadow moving close, too close, to the water; a man's white hat gleamed out by the edge of the cliff, then disappeared. Alice Bevanne broke from her side, ran, fleet of foot, to the rocks, and climbed hastily up, and the sound of voices came back to the Southern girl, who stood alone on the white sand, her heart throbbing with a nameless fear. Presently Alice came back, and was silent as before.

"What is it?" demanded Frances Wilmot.

"Nothing," answered the girl, hastily. "I was afraid for a minute, but it is all right."

"I will not be put off in this way!"

"It is only Alec," said the other reluctantly, averting her face. "He has not seemed like himself lately, — something has troubled him, — we are afraid of melancholia, and I am watching him a little."

"What caused it?" asked Frances, a quiver in her voice.

"Nothing that could be helped," answered Alice quietly; then she turned her face, and her friend was aware that she knew.

"Ah!" cried Frances piteously, "you have so much to vex you! Why should I be sent to make life harder in so many ways!"

"Hush!" said Alice, laying a finger on her friend's lips. "You have done nothing, *nothing*, do you understand, that has been your fault. To me you have been sheer blessing."

Later, from a clump of birches near the top of the cliff, Frances watched brother and sister going home together along the grass-grown road across the moorland; and standing alone, while the little leaves fluttering in the night-wind on forehead and cheek, and the soft chirp of crickets mingling with the murmur of water, brought her an almost unbearable sense of fullness of life, she marveled at the growth of a soul where all that makes existence sweet had been denied. Achievement was already written on this girl's face, in delicate pencilings, and soft shadows at temple and eye. It was one that could never show faded beauty, immortal meanings being written there.

That night Alice Bevanne stood long by her open window, with the cool night air on her lifted face, looking out into the shadowed night. Of what she was thinking none could tell: not the crickets chirping outside, nor the golden moon across the water, nor the scraggly locust trees that had guarded and shadowed her life. Then, going over to her mirror to unfasten the old-fashioned gold pin at the throat of her white woolen gown, she suddenly bent and blew out the candles in the branching candelabra, as if her reflection had startled her with an expression of sharing her confidence, for Alice Bevanne was reticent even in the presence of her mirror, and faced her own image with an expression which said: "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther." Far, far away, as she lay sleeping on her pillow that night, seemed the beating of the tide; far, far away the ebb and flow of human life, so poignantly her own without any share.

As September lingered by the shore,

the air was full of the breathlessness of coming change; then, out of the silence across the sea, came the great autumn storm. It began with a day of darkened sky and of ominous stillness; the slow waves on the purple-tinged rocks seemed thrilling with some deep sense of stir at the depths of things. Frances Wilmot was vaguely troubled; listening on the rocks with strained ears, she murmured her song of the tide, and into it crept a soft moan, drawn from the inner heart of pain. This sea was strange to her who had known and loved it in so many phases, — its stillest, most silvery look, its endlessly paling and deepening blue, and its swift, brief summer storms. Could this be her ocean, at whose edge she had so often waited in the soft ripple of darkness and of water, or had helped pile driftwood high, to watch the leaping golden flame of fire by the white flame of the waves? Now, under the low, dull purple clouds, came a sullen, lashing wind, bringing gusts of blinding rain. All things far were blotted from sight; from the window could be seen only blackened sky and darkened sea, against which gleamed streaks of livid foam. The dismal booming of the waves on the rocks sounded through day and night, and a great wind rushed from the water, shaking the Inn to its foundations, crashing in the branches of trees, and carrying the moan of the sea to the very heart of the forest.

Three days and nights the fury of the gale lasted, and one by one the ladies of the Emerson Inn deserted the ranks, while the schoolmistress maid, with heart beating fast in expectation, disappeared, joining the ranks of those who seek glory beyond the far horizon. Mistress Somebody from Somewhere was the first of the guests to depart; the house was going to rock, she observed, like a vessel in a tornado, and she had had enough experience of that kind. It was when the storm was at its height that the Lady from Cincinnati went, resolute, disregarding driving wind and pelting rain. She was not afraid of crashing branches, nor did she think wind or rain would hurt the horses, and she had two lectures to make ready at once for a woman's club. Waterproof-clad, with a thick veil tied under her chin, she looked through the dripping windows to see that her trunks were well covered in the express wagon, then bent and kissed Frances Wilmot's brow.

"We have all gained a great deal from one another this summer, have n't we?" she said, holding the girl's hand. Then she went out into the wet world, and disappeared behind the lashing branches of the pines on the hill, down the streaming road, and passed from sight — forever.

But the little Lady from Boston stayed on, glorying in the storm, as the rain ceased, and still the clouds hung low, and a great wind blew and blew.

Higher and higher rose the sea. Dark and incredibly great came the strong racers of ocean, their high crests breaking in green curves, the green foaming into white. To Frances Wilmot, in her wonder and awe, it seemed as if lines of mountain had suddenly broken into quick movement, and were coming on in an awful march of terror and of beauty, of roar and thunder, of color and shadow and foam.

XXIII

It was Uncle Peter who carried to Alec Bevanne the news concerning the happiness that had come upon the Warren household, — a chastened, quiet Uncle Peter, whose manner had lost something of its airy assurance. He had come out in driving wind to-day, though ordinarily the savage aspects of nature appealed to him but slightly, to watch the great waves rolling in under a darkened sky. The storm which had vanished from the upper air seemed to have betaken itself to the very heart of the sea, and to be raging there, secret, unappeasable. The mountain waves of yesterday were gone, yet more awful was the mighty stirring of the depths.

On the spray-dashed rocks he found Alec Bevanne, standing idly with his hands in his pockets and his felt hat pulled low over his eyes, dejected as if partaking of the mood of moaning wind and sullen sea. He hardly glanced at Uncle Peter, but stood apart, and the look in his blue eyes was that of one so withdrawn in his inner trouble that the beating waves of human life could not break entrance there. It grieved Uncle Peter, who could not bear the sight of suffering, nor a cold look from one who had been his friend, and, drawing near, he held out his withered old hand in greeting. The other shook it mechanically, with a look that suggested blank unconsciousness that any one was there rather than active desire that he should go away. With a wish to comfort and to cheer, Uncle Peter, mysteriously touching the lapel of the young man's coat, said in a half whisper,

"You look as if a bit of good news would do you good. In confidence I can tell you that our charming Miss Wilmot has consented to become one of our — of the Warren family, — in fact, to become Paul's wife."

Genuine gladness sounded in Uncle Peter's voice: romance in any form he loved, — it need not be his own. In this mood of exhilaration he entirely forgot the passion of his young neighbor for Miss Wilmot, forgot until he saw his face, and then was frightened by the pallor that crept over cheek and forehead, and by the tightening of the lips and the cords of the neck. It was too late to do anything to repair his mistake, and Uncle Peter wisely resolved to go. He did so, tripping hastily over wet rock and slippery stone, for he felt that he was old and no longer strong of arm, and he had seen the sudden clenching of Alec Bevanne's fists, with full realization that he had before him a man beside himself with rage.

"There have been two cases of insanity in that family," said Uncle Peter breathlessly to himself, as he gained a safe place of wet grass in the cove.

Alec Bevanne was left alone upon the rocks, and, restless as the restless sea, he strolled along the shore with movements which suggested that the wind had its way with him and bent him to its will. Beyond the Emerson Inn he suddenly found Frances Wilmot at the edge of the little cove where his father's old dory was pulled high upon the sand. The girl was standing with wind-tossed hair driven back from her forehead, and her golf cape blown from her shoulders with a motion that resembled the flutter of wings. Joy of the passion of the sea was strong upon her, as was shown by the look of her face when the spray touched it, and by the eyes that watched the inky purple of the far water, the great green curling waves, and the gray gulls far and near. She stood, braced with tense muscles against the wind, unconscious of him, unconscious of everything save the stormy beauty and the thunder of ocean.

As he saw her, he stopped for a moment and stood rigid, with his hands clenched tightly at his sides. Then a quiver went through him, and he shook with something that was not the might of the wind; an evil look came to the bright blue eyes as he went to her down the shore path where fern and golden-rod lay beaten low by the past fury of the storm. When he spoke to her, it was with a voice that trembled through his effort to appear entirely self-controlled.

"Miss Wilmot," he said eagerly, "I am going to ask a very great service of you."

She turned to him, smiling through the spray.

"Yes?"

The rush of the wind and the roar of the breakers almost drowned his voice, and he came close to her before he spoke again.

"My sister Alice," he said quickly, and as he spoke she no longer wondered at his uncontrollable agitation, "is out yonder on the point beyond Storm Cove. She went out early this afternoon, mistaking the tide; it must have surprised her there and cut her off from the mainland. There

is but one way to save her, and there is no one else near. Will you help? I think that the Rocket will weather the waves; I'm a fairly good sailor, you know, and there is no such sea on as there was yesterday."

She marveled at the length and the carefulness of his explanation, and answered before his last word was said.

"Alice in danger? Of course I will come! Quick! Push out the dory, and I will help!"

She looked at the raging water and the long, white streaks of foam, knowing no fear in the excitement of the moment and the sudden call of need. The man's hands grasped the boat, and, with strength that was not all of muscle, dragged it to the water, then, when he had bade her leap in, pulled out into the waves with vehement will. Admiration for his courage and his skill stung her with sudden penitence as she realized that she had misjudged in the past the man whose love for his sister could nerve him to deeds so great.

"Could n't we go on in the dory?" she asked, as they drew near the Rocket, which was tugging at her buoy as she rode the waves, now on the crest, now plunging into the trough.

"No, no!" he shouted back. "There, I have her. Jump!"

Obedient to his bidding, yet now half afraid, she sprang into the boat and crawled to the helm; the man leaped after her, and, with a shout that had a ring of exultation in it, ran up the sail, tugging at the wet halyards with fingers that trembled in strong excitement, then slipped his mooring, and they were away.

"So much sail in this sea?" asked Frances Wilmot; courage like this man's was a splendid thing, she said nervously to herself.

"She 'll carry it!" he cried back. "Fine, is n't it?"

The Rocket leaped and plunged and rose again, lay almost on her beam ends, and went out on the great rolling waves. The strain on the girl's muscles as she clung to the tiller was almost unbearable, yet with it came the joy of struggle, and a feeling of triumph as one breaker after another, crashing against the bow, dashed the spray from stem to stern and went seething past. Across the wash of wave and of spray she saw with wonder the look of delight in her companion's eyes, and the brilliant spots of red that stained the pallor of his cheeks. A dull feeling of alarm paralyzed her hands, and the boat swayed and tossed as a great wave struck her almost abeam. When, with straining timbers, the Rocket had righted herself, Frances was horrified to see that the man, with insane exultation, was making ready to run up the jib.

"I cannot hold her," she called quickly. "You must take my place."

He did her bidding, grasping tiller and sheet, and the girl, creeping cautiously toward the bow, faced the shore and saw that they were heading, in a course that led past the Inn and past the Warren place, toward a point that jutted into the water toward the south. Suddenly she cried aloud, —

"But, Mr. Bevanne — you are mistaken, we need not go! There is Alice running along the rocks."

He looked at her, and for the first time spoke calmly.

"I am not mistaken; I have lied."

"Is n't Alice in danger?"

"I judge not, from what I see."

"Why have you done this thing?"

Her scorn stung him as wind and spray could not sting.

"Because it is the only thing left to do," he said dully. "If we may not live together, we must die together; there is no other way. If we upset, and I pray we may, there will be an end of my misery; that is all."

Even in her moment of supreme danger, when she saw the reckless motions of his hands, and knew that every inch of the mainsail was spread to the storm wind, pity touched the woman's heart for this man who was as a bit of driftwood in the great tide of passion that carried him whither it would. She knew his purpose

now; he had made all ready for the disaster which he knew might any minute come.

Meanwhile, Alice Bevanne was running over the winding shore path toward the Warren house, running as she had never run before, yet with speed that seemed to her but a snail's pace. Wet grass caught at her damp skirts and stayed her steps; scrub-pine and juniper reached out detaining fingers to hold her back. Here was the high rock where Paul Warren and she had sat enthroned as king and queen when she was six years old, with Alec for retainer or for rival monarch, as the occasion demanded, in those sweet hours of stolen play of which nothing was ever said at home; and just beyond was the cove where, the haughty footsteps of the retreating queen having led her too near the edge, she had fallen into the water, Paul Warren plunging to the rescue. These and myriad other pictures came back to her as the swift feet sped over root and pebble, bringing to the swifter spirit only a nightmare consciousness of standing still.

Near the boathouse in the cove she found Paul Warren, who was examining wharf and shore in order to see what damage had been done by the great storm. He lifted his head and looked at her in amazement, wondering what alarm could so transform the quietest face he knew.

"Mr. Warren," gasped the girl breathlessly, "something is wrong, — there is danger, — you must go out" —

Dumb with wonder he looked over the waste of water, following the direction in which her finger pointed.

"It is Alec, — he is not himself any longer, and he has taken Miss Wilmot out in the Rocket. I do not understand, but see!"

Out on the water, rocking, sinking, rising again, Paul Warren saw a white rag of sail, forlorn and far as a lost hope.

"In a sea like this!" he cried.

"Go quickly! I will come with you, for you know that I can row. The wind is beating them in toward shore, you see. Alec — Alec does not know what he is doing."

At his side, inspiring, suggesting, calming, the girl worked as one to whom the magic vision has been granted of the one right thing to do. The oars were close at hand in the boathouse; as he pushed out the dory, the woman stepped into the water at his side.

"I dare not let you go!" he panted.

"I dare not stay," she answered.

There was a quick breath on his hand; a head was laid upon it in the old affectionate way of Robin Hood's earlier years. With a joyous bark the dog leaped into the waves after his master, and, as if the sense of coming danger, working along the delicate nerves of the beast, had at last brought him conviction of something supremely right to be done, he tried to follow, but was driven back by the might of the breakers. Wild with excitement, he ran along the shore, leaping and barking, as the dory fought its way toward the south, cutting across the path of the Rocket, until, plunging in again, he was carried out by a retreating wave, and swam out bravely over the stormy water.

Paul Warren did not see this, nor did he see, in the face of Alice Bevanne, her fierce joy at sharing the danger of the beings whom she loved. Even when she spoke, he hardly heard her, though he mechanically obeyed the voice full of the quiet courage and self-possession of the girl's daily life: —

"Head up a little! You can save her; the Rocket has n't capsized."

An awful energy of passion lent to the arms of the man a strength as the strength of ten, for, as they met and breasted the waves, rising, gliding over, sinking in the trough of the next, fury such as he had never known descended upon him. It was a moment when all the inheritances of his life met and clashed, and the fire smouldering for generations blazed up all the more fiercely for the protecting ashes that had covered it. To reach this coward and fling him into the sea, to rescue the woman he loved, ridding the earth of the

presence of this vile creature before it could again be fit for the tread of her feet, this was the one swelling desire of his heart. He was not thinking, the tempest within him was too strong for that; but through his mind, borne as dead leaves are borne by a furious gale, were drifting old words, old memories, old pictured scenes. His father's death had come back to him, and, like a cry in his ears, more vivid to sense than the scream of the gulls as they followed the trough of the waves hunting their prey, came the words which had bade him fight out the Bevanne brood. The elder Bevanne's pitifully weak love-letter came to him as a call to action, for each phrase recalled some look upon the face of the son when his eyes had rested on Frances Wilmot; and Paul Warren cursed himself that he, who had known the strength of the man's hopeless love, had not measured by it the extent of the woman's danger. So old passions hunted like unleashed hounds within his soul, and the memory of love's sweetness and its hope were driven out by elemental fury.

It was no easy task set that day for the strong arms of the man, as he battled with the irresistible might of the sea. Nearer and nearer came the black hull on the water, driven shoreward by the strong east wind, while the dipping white sail more than once seemed to disappear. A thing of nerve and muscle, with no sense save that of vision, Paul Warren strained toward that white rag whose rising and falling on the waves meant cruel Tantalus hope. Each time he lost it his heart dragged down as with the weight of chains, down to the depths of the sea, of whose glories this woman had told him with laughter. The memory of her words brought him only pictures of her pale face and tangled hair lying among those dim, rich things of shadowy green and gold.

Now they were near enough to discern clearly the figures in the boat, and, as the possibility of rescuing the woman he loved became more strong, the white anger within him burned higher in uncontrollable quiet. Ah, his father had been right, and he, in his ignorance, had not known. Between him and the tossing, careening Rocket he plainly saw his father's face, and he heard him say, "Young rattlesnakes are as poisonous as old ones." Surely the heel of man was meant to crush out venomous things.

Paul Warren's motions were slower as the supreme moment drew near. Masterfully, with deep breaths, he took mighty strokes, and the dory crept closer and closer to the wild sailboat as she wallowed to leeward. The eyes of the madman at the helm were fortunately turned away, but Frances Wilmot, facing the greatness of death, yet full of the certainty that wind nor wave could wrest her from her place at the heart of life, looked and saw her lover coming to her over the waves. It was the face of one who felt himself able to wrestle with death itself, and pluck back the life he loved. The girl bent toward him, and her eyes were full of joy that omnipotent love should come to her thus on the tide of the sea.

Then the sea which had wrought her danger offered her a slender chance of safety, for, more through a fortunate accident of wind and wave than by the strength of Paul Warren's arms, the dory touched for a brief moment the side of the Rocket.

"Spring!" cried Paul; and Frances, with a movement too quick for fear, did his bidding. The appealing touch of the girl's wet hair as the wind blew it across his face tingled through him, and he found the angry ocean less hard to fight than was his desire to take her only for an instant in his arms. Then he saw that Alec Bevanne had turned and was facing him, the blue eyes all alight with anger. A madman's frenzy came upon the man left alone in the Rocket; and, with the skilled swiftness of a cat, he leaped into the dory, almost capsizing it by his sudden weight. He laid his hand upon Frances Wilmot's golf cape, and his headlong motion betrayed the insane hope of upsetting the

boat, dragging her with him to the depths. To Paul Warren came a sudden access of fury that was all compact of strength; in an instant's time he had lifted the slender form of the intruder in his arms, and had flung him into the sea. A horrified cry rose from the two women, and Alice Bevanne's hold upon the oars loosened as she made a swift movement to follow to her brother's rescue, or to claim his fate.

"Stop!" cried Paul Warren, taking the oars from her. "You cannot help him; there was nothing else to do."

The girl sank upon the bottom of the boat, covering her face with her hands, and Frances, taking the vacant seat, rowed stroke for stroke with Paul, glad that there was no time to realize the full horror of the moment. Back to the cove, over the tossing water, up on the great waves, and down again into the depths, rowed Paul Warren, stern vengeance sitting on his forehead. With fierce passion of which he had never dreamed, he exulted that he had rid the earth of that creature, as he exulted that this woman of all the world was safe, almost safe. A few more strokes, and then —

A great wave dashed them upon the sand of the cove by the Warren house, and with hands that trembled he helped the two drenched figures to alight from the dory.

"Go to my mother," he said hoarsely.

But they turned away, and he watched them as they went toward the Inn, trembling as he looked at Frances Wilmot's dark head, then marveling at the light on Alice Bevanne's face. It brought him a dim feeling that this girl's heroic nature had more than expiated the sins of both father and brother, and with this, as he looked out over the waste of waters, came a realization of his own deed.

"I have killed that man," he said simply, as if a mechanical statement of the fact should be offered to the encompassing universe.

He dragged the dory higher on the sand, the strain on his muscles relieving the tension of the mind.

"It had to be done," said Paul Warren sternly, throwing back his head and brushing the wet hair from his forehead; "the lives of two women were at stake."

But something in his heart spoke silently on as he scanned shore and water to see if perchance some incoming wave might not save the drowning man. It was less the deed than the motive for the deed that was in question. Spent passion left his mind free for his old cruelly ironic sense of things. He, whose impossibly high ideals had kept him from sharing the simplest phases of human life, had exulted in flinging a man to his death. He turned and walked down the storm-strewn shore, watching for some sign that it was not too late to help, full of a sense of tumult, before his eyes a feeling as of darkness unlighted, and in his ears the scream of the sea gulls which seemed to mingle with the scream of evil things in his soul.

XXIV

"But where is Paul?" asked Mrs. Warren anxiously of Uncle Peter, as the old man brought her her letters at breakfast.

"I don't know," said Uncle Peter. "In bed, I presume."

"No, he must have gone out very early, for I stopped at his room just now to speak to him. I did not see him last night."

"He must be in the city," suggested Uncle Peter.

"But he never goes without telling me."

"Where's Robin Hood?" demanded Uncle Peter suddenly.

Together they waited, lingering long at the table in the hope that Paul might join them, but he did not come. Aunt Belinda appeared as often as possible from the kitchen, torn between a desire to comfort away the worried look from Mrs. Warren's face, and a determination not to recognize its cause. Uncle Peter chattered amiably of everything he could think of, his nervous cheerfulness increasing the mother's agitation at every word; and

then searched house and garden and nearer shore with an incidental air, as if ordered by his doctor to take a zigzag constitutional in every direction. Alone, at the window or on the veranda, stood Mrs. Warren, looking out over the water which was clearing after the storm, and stretched, incredibly blue, dark, with white foam at its edge, to the clear horizon line where it lay in hard relief against the pale blue of the sky. It was a day of no gentleness of mood, but of pitiless beauty and of shrill, unheeding wind.

The Sea Gull was riding up and down unhurt upon the waves; the dory was pulled high and dry upon the sand. Of that wild journey out over the storm-tossed sea of yesterday no traces remained, and neither Mrs. Warren nor Uncle Peter knew of it. Aunt Belinda, however, had watched from the kitchen window the launching of the dory and the strange return with the Southern girl who had not gone forth with the other two, and she kept her own counsel, with much inarticulate muttering to herself among her pots and pans, aware, with that fine animal sensitiveness of her race, of the unspoken trouble in the air. The three waited in vain for note or telegram which would explain for them Paul's absence; but none came, and with every passing minute of the day the current of foreboding grew more strong. As the afternoon wore on, the color died out of the sea, the life died out of the air, and sky and water stretched away, a dull, gray, leaden waste.

Late in the day the third Andrew Lane, driver at the Emerson Inn, strolled down the road and paused at his grandfather's house, where the old man sat smoking in a splint-bottomed chair tipped comfortably back.

"Folks all right?" asked young Andrew.

Old Andrew grunted assent, and silently held out his pipe to give the visitor a light. They had puffed on speechlessly for several minutes before young Andrew ventured a further remark.

"I see young Warren up the shore this mornin', and I thought he looked kind of queer."

Old Andrew listened sharply, and the wreaths of smoke ceased coming from his mouth.

"Acted like he was half crazy," ventured young Andrew, who was suffering more agitation than he was willing to express; "went searchin' round behind the rocks and lookin' over the edge as if he'd lost somethin'."

"Fishin', likely," said the grandfather, nor could the bearer of ill tidings get any further expression of opinion from the old man, who asked a single question in regard to his young master's whereabouts and then lapsed into smoky silence. It was not until young Andrew had gone home that old Andrew picked up his battered straw hat, refilled his pipe, and ambled down to the Warren house, where he had a long conference with Aunt Belinda.

Another morning dawned on sea and shore with a pallor that was not light; Paul Warren had come home at midnight, wan, distraught, and speechless. At the first glimmer in the east he was up again and away on his search, returning later for a morsel of food, but going out again immediately without explaining his strange conduct. The next day, Mrs. Warren, unable to endure longer the look of silent misery on her son's face, begged Alice Bevanne to tell Frances Wilmot of this mysterious trouble, and she performed her task as she did all others, unflinchingly. The Southern girl listened with a face grown pale as the morning; then the two gazed at each other in silence, eyes and hearts full of the memory of that terrible moment when the avenger had stood upright in the dory and the head of Alec Bevanne had sunk under the waves.

"Your brother?" asked Frances, with lips that feared the answer.

"He is much better," said Alice, "only still very stiff and bruised; but of course I could not explain to Mrs. Warren, and Mr. Warren, who does not know that Alec came safely home, is not to be found.

He must have been searching farther up the coast when Alec was brought to shore by the waves."

Courage had come back to the heart of Frances.

"I will find him," she said simply; "he is somewhere by the sea."

She rose and passed from the Inn, down the slippery path, past the nodding grasses wet with mist, past tangled beds of wild rose bushes, where red haws showed, and here and there a delicate, belated rose. Alice Bevanne stood watching her as she went farther and farther away, her dark hair and white gown breaking the encompassing gray; then turned and went slowly home, alone.

It was a day of the passing of things, as of an Avalon to which life had not come, or to which memories of life past had floated in shapes of mist. Out of the gray the slight waves broke in lines of white; spectral pines stood on near height or far, as at the end of the world. Pale-green willow and tall poplar tree beckoned in the moving fog to the very heart of mystery, and white road and grassy path alike seemed to end in cloud on hill or in hollow. As the girl wandered close by the shore or on the country roads where Paul and she had walked together, eye and ear were strained, but she did not find him. Far or near the murmur of the ocean came to her, and the answering murmur of the wind in the pines with the immemorial music. Again and again the mist half lifted over a sea of pearly blue, then closed in again, floating, breaking, a soft, palpable grayness everywhere.

Once, as the mist parted, before her on the wet sand she saw stretched out the lifeless form of Robin Hood, one paw flung across his eyes as the careless tide had left him there; she bent and patted the brave dark head.

But she could not stay, and went on searching by rocky bluff and sheltered cove, the fog again inclosing her, swift as the falling of a veil. The old paths were gone; familiar landmarks of pine and of cedar were wiped away as by obliterating fingers; and she stopped with a sudden sense of hopeless weariness. Passion had died out of the sea, and there was nothing left but its gray moan.

Then the will of the woman rose above the will of sky and of sea: somewhere he was waiting for her; of that her assurance was perfect. Somewhere he was listening for her voice which he so loved; her voice should find him. Across the mist she sent it, the cry of the bird to its wounded mate. It broke into her song of the tide, and, as it quivered on the air, it seemed to glow with golden light and color, and to break into iridescent beauty against the gray. Passion and love and faith were set free in the wonderful notes, high and low; the dropping of human tears was there, ripples of human laughter, and the supreme joy that touches pain. Far off across the mist the man heard it, and knew this woman's deep sense of the melody at the heart of things, beneath the discord and the strife and sin, and he waited, the notes falling on his ear as cool drops of rain might fall on parched lips dying of thirst. She found him at last, exhausted by his fruitless search, leaning against a sheer wall of rock with the white quiet of despair on his face. As she came toward him with outstretched hands, her song died on her lips, for he shrank away.

"Don't touch me," he said sternly.

She paid no heed, but, with her old smile, drew him to a seat on the rocks, and half fearfully touched the disordered hair on his forehead, then laid cool fingers on his eyelids, closing them over the tired eyes.

"Frances, I have sent a man to his death," he said brokenly.

"Mr. Bevanne came safely home," she whispered.

Something like a sob broke from him, and the pale lips quivered.

"I am unspeakably glad for Alice and for her mother, but it does not alter what I did, or tried to do."

She broke into her song again, and the man at her side, with closed eyes, drank it thirstily in; then, watching the changing

expression on his face, she seized her moment and said coaxingly, —

"Come home! What do you mean by frightening us all nearly to death? I have been waiting and waiting for you."

"I did not realize — anything," he said hoarsely. "I was searching, at first, for Bevanne. Frances, it is all true, all the old fear that darkened my boyhood, of hands waiting in the dark, clutching you out of the past, making you do their will."

"It is not true," said the woman bravely; and, drawing nearer, she kissed his eyes and his brow with indescribable tenderness.

"That passion like that could master one unaware!"

She broke the tragic measure of his voice with a little light, joyous laugh.

"All that you needed to make you perfect was a little primitive passion!"

He stretched out a warning hand to ward her off, and paused, gazing at her with steady eyes.

"I shall never claim you, beloved, for I am not fit. There is nothing in human life but failure and misery and despair. It is only a pitfall set for our feet."

Her soft hand lay across his eyes as she whispered, —

"There is nothing anywhere but love!"

"Ah, but you were afraid before," he said.

"That was long ago," she whispered, "before I knew."

"But you don't understand," said the man's voice, breaking. "In that moment I did not know what I was doing, and I committed a crime. Think how awful the possibilities of things are! To all intents I killed that man, and, dear, it might be you."

With a sudden fierce sense of pity and of possession she drew his head to her bosom.

"Then I should say, as Sir Gawaine said of Lancelot, 'Of a more nobler man might I not be slain.'"

(*The end.*)

THE ROMANCE OF THE MILKY WAY

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

Among the many charming festivals celebrated by Old Japan, the most romantic was the festival of Tanabata-Sama, the Weaving-Lady of the Milky Way. In the chief cities her holiday is now little observed; and in Tōkyō it is almost forgotten. But in many country districts, and even in villages near the capital, it is still celebrated in a small way. If you happen to visit an old-fashioned country town or village, on the seventh day of the seventh month (by the ancient calendar), you will probably notice many freshly-cut bamboos fixed upon the roofs of the houses, or planted in the ground beside them, every bamboo having attached to it a number of strips of colored paper. In some very poor villages you might find that these papers are white, or of one color only; but the general rule is that the papers should be of five or seven different colors. Blue, green, red, yellow, and white, are the tints commonly displayed. All these papers are inscribed with short poems, written in praise of Tanabata and her husband Hikoboshi. After the festival the bamboos are taken down and thrown into the nearest stream, together with the poems attached to them.

To understand the romance of this old festival, you must know the legend of those astral divinities to whom offerings

used to be made, even by the Imperial Household, on the seventh day of the seventh month. The legend is Chinese. This is the Japanese popular version of it: —

The great god of the firmament had a lovely daughter, Tanabata-tsumé, who passed her days in weaving garments for her august parent. She rejoiced in her work, and thought that there was no greater pleasure than the pleasure of weaving. But one day, as she sat before her loom at the door of her heavenly dwelling, she saw a handsome peasant-lad pass by, leading an ox; and she fell in love with him. Her august father, divining her secret wish, gave her the youth for a husband. But the wedded lovers became too fond of each other, and neglected their duty to the god of the firmament; — the sound of the shuttle was no longer heard, and the ox wandered, unheeded, over the plains of heaven. Therefore the great god was displeased, and he separated the pair. They were sentenced to live thereafter apart, with the Celestial River between them; but it was permitted them to see each other once a year, on the seventh night of the seventh moon. On that night — providing the skies be clear — the birds of heaven make, with their bodies and wings, a bridge over the stream; and by means of that bridge the lovers can meet. But if there be rain, the River of Heaven rises, and becomes so wide that the bridge cannot be formed. So the husband and wife cannot always meet, even on the seventh night of the seventh month: it may happen, by reason of bad weather, that they cannot meet for three or four years at a time. But their love remains immortally young and eternally patient; and they continue to fulfill their respective duties each day without fault, — happy in their hope of being able to meet on the seventh night of the next seventh month.

To ancient Chinese fancy, the Milky Way was a luminous river, — the River of Heaven, — the Silver Stream. It has been stated by Western writers that Tanabata, the Weaving-Lady, is a star in Lyra; and the Herdsman, her beloved, a star in Aquila, on the opposite side of the galaxy. But it were more correct to say that both are represented, to Far-Eastern imagination, by groups of stars. An old Japanese book puts the matter thus plainly: "Kengyū (the Ox-Leader) is on the west side of the Heavenly River, and is represented by three stars in a row, and looks like a man leading an ox. Shokujo (the Weaving-Lady) is on the east side of the Heavenly River: three stars so placed as to appear like the figure of a woman seated at her loom. . . . The former presides over all things relating to agriculture; the latter, over all that relates to women's work."

In an old book called Zatsuwa-Shin, it is said that these deities were of earthly origin. Once in this world they were man and wife, and lived in China; and the husband was called Isshi, and the wife Hakuyō. They especially and most devoutly reverenced the Moon. Every clear evening, after sundown, they waited with eagerness to see her rise. And when she began to sink towards the horizon, they would climb to the top of a hill near their house, so that they might be able to gaze upon her face as long as possible. Then, when she at last disappeared from view, they would mourn together. At the age of ninety and nine, the wife died; and her spirit rode up to heaven on a magpie, and there became a star. The husband, who was then one hundred and three years old, sought consolation for his bereavement in looking at the Moon; and when he welcomed her rising and mourned her setting, it seemed to him as if his wife were still beside him.

One summer night, Hakuyō — now immortally beautiful and young — descended from heaven upon her magpie, to visit her husband; and he was made very happy by that visit. But from that time he could think of nothing but the bliss of becoming a star, and joining Hakuyō

beyond the River of Heaven. At last he also ascended to the sky, riding upon a crow; and there he became a star-god. But he could not join Hakuyō at once, as he had hoped, for between his allotted place and hers flowed the River of Heaven; and it was not permitted for either star to cross the stream, because the Master of Heaven (*Ten-Tei*) daily bathed in its waters. Moreover, there was no bridge. But on one day every year — the seventh day of the seventh month — they were allowed to see each other. The Master of Heaven goes always on that day to the Zenhōdo, to hear the preaching of the law of Buddha; and then the magpies and the crows make, with their hovering bodies and outspread wings, a bridge over the Celestial Stream; and Hakuyō crosses that bridge to meet her husband.

There can be little doubt that the Japanese festival called Tanabata was originally identical with the festival of the Chinese Weaving-Goddess, Tchi-Niu; the Japanese holiday seems to have been especially a woman's holiday, from the earliest times; and the characters with which the word Tanabata is written signify a weaving-girl. But as both of the star-deities were worshiped on the seventh day of the seventh month, some Japanese scholars have not been satisfied with the common explanation of the name, and have stated that it was originally composed with the word *tané* (seed, or grain), and the word *hata* (loom). Those who accept this etymology make the appellation, Tanabata-Sama, plural instead of singular, and render it as "the deities of grain and of the loom," — that is to say, those presiding over agriculture and weaving. In old Japanese pictures the star-gods are represented according to this conception of their respective attributes, — Hikoboshi being figured as a peasant-lad leading an ox to drink of the Heavenly River, on the farther side of which Orihimé (Tanabata) appears, weaving at her loom. The garb of both is Chinese; and the first Japanese pictures of these divinities were probably copied from some Chinese original.

In the oldest collection of Japanese poetry extant — the Manyōshū, dating from 760 A. D. — the male divinity is usually called Hikoboshi, and the female Tanabata-tsumé; but in later times both have been called Tanabata. In Izumo the male deity is popularly termed O-Tanabata Sama, and the female Mé-Tanabata Sama. Both are still known by many names. The male is called Kaiboshi as well as Hikoboshi and Kengyū; while the female is called Asagao-himé ("Morning Glory Princess"),[1] Ito-ori-himé ("Thread-Weaving Princess"), Momoko-himé ("Peach-Child Princess"), Takimono-himé ("Incense Princess"), and Sasagani-himé ("Spider Princess"). Some of these names are difficult to explain, — especially the last, which reminds us of the Greek legend of Arachne. Probably the Greek myth and the Chinese story have nothing whatever in common; but in old Chinese books there is recorded a curious fact which might well suggest a relationship. In the time of the Chinese Emperor Ming-Hwang (whom the Japanese call Gensō), it was customary for the ladies of the court, on the seventh day of the seventh month, to catch spiders and put them into an incense-box for purposes of divination. On the morning of the eighth day the box was opened; and, if the spiders had spun thick webs during the night, the omen was good. But if they had remained idle, the omen was bad.

There is a story that, many ages ago, a beautiful woman visited the dwelling of a farmer in the mountains of Izumo, and taught to the only daughter of the household an art of weaving never before known. One evening the beautiful stranger vanished; and the people knew that they had seen the Weaving-Lady of Heaven. The daughter of the farmer became renowned

[1] Asagao (lit., "morning-face") is the Japanese name for the beautiful climbing plant which we call "morning glory."

for her skill in weaving. But she would never marry, — because she had been the companion of Tanabata Sama.

Then there is a Chinese story — delightfully vague — about a man who once made a visit, unawares, to the Heavenly Land. He had observed that every year, during the eighth month, a raft of precious wood came floating to the shore on which he lived; and he wanted to know where that wood grew. So he loaded a boat with provisions for a two years' voyage, and sailed away in the direction from which the rafts used to drift. For months and months he sailed on, over an always placid sea; and at last he arrived at a pleasant shore, where wonderful trees were growing. He moored his boat, and proceeded alone into the unknown land, until he came to the bank of a river whose waters were bright as silver. On the opposite shore he saw a pavilion; and in the pavilion a beautiful woman sat weaving; she was white like moonshine, and made a radiance all about her. Presently he saw a handsome young peasant approaching, leading an ox to the water; and he asked the young peasant to tell him the name of the place and the country. But the youth seemed to be displeased by the question, and answered in a severe tone: "If you want to know the name of this place, go back to where you came from, and ask Gen-Kum-Pei."[1] So the voyager, feeling afraid, hastened to his boat, and returned to China. There he sought out the sage Gen-Kum-Pei, to whom he related the adventure. Gen-Kum-Pei clapped his hands for wonder, and exclaimed, "So it was you! . . . On the seventh day of the seventh month I was gazing at the heavens, and I saw that the Herdsman and the Weaver were about to meet; — but between them was a new Star, which I took to be a Guest-Star. Fortunate man! you have been to the River of Heaven, and have looked upon the face of the Weaving-Lady!"

[1] This is the Japanese reading of the Chinese name.

It is said that the meeting of the Herdsman and the Weaver can be observed by any one with good eyes; for, whenever it occurs, those stars burn with five different colors. That is why offerings of five colors are made to the Tanabata divinities, and why the poems composed in their praise are written upon paper of five different tints.

But, as I have said before, the pair can meet only in fair weather. If there be the least rain upon the seventh night, the River of Heaven will rise, and the lovers must wait another whole year. Therefore the rain that happens to fall on Tanabata night is called *Namida no Amé*, "The Rain of Tears."

When the sky is clear on the seventh night, the lovers are fortunate; and their stars can be seen to sparkle with delight. If the star Kengyū then shine very brightly, there will be great rice crops in the autumn. If the star Shokujo looks brighter than usual, there will be a prosperous time for weavers, and for every kind of female industry.

In old Japan it was generally supposed that the meeting of the pair signified good fortune to mortals. Even to-day, in many parts of the country, children sing a little song on the evening of the Tanabata festival, — *Tenki ni nari!* ("O weather, be clear!") In the province of Iga the young folks also sing a jesting song at the supposed hours of the lovers' meeting: —

Tanabata ya!
Amari isogaba,
Korobubéshi![2]

But in the province of Izumo, which is a very rainy district, the contrary belief prevails; and it is thought that if the sky be clear on the seventh day of the seventh month, misfortune will follow. The local explanation of this belief is that if the stars can meet, there will be born from their union many evil deities who will afflict the country with drought and other calamities.

[2] "Ho! Tanabata! if you hurry too much you will tumble down!"

The festival of Tanabata was first celebrated in Japan on the seventh day of the seventh month of Tembyō Shōhō (A. D. 755). Perhaps the Chinese origin of the Tanabata divinities accounts for the fact that their public worship was at no time represented by many temples. I have been able to find record of only one temple to them, called Tanabata-jinja, which was situated at a village called Hoshiai-mura, in the province of Owari, and surrounded by a grove called Tanabata-mori.[1]

Even before Tembyō Shōhō, however, the legend of the Weaving-Maiden seems to have been well known in Japan; for it is recorded that on the seventh night of the seventh year of Yōrō (A. D. 723) the poet Yamagami no Okura composed the song:—

Amanogawa,
Ai-muki tachité,
Waga koïshi
Kimi kimasu nari —
Himo-toki makéna![2]

It would seem that the Tanabata festival was first established in Japan, eleven hundred and fifty years ago, as an Imperial court-festival only, in accordance with Chinese precedent. Subsequently the nobility and the military classes everywhere followed Imperial example; and the custom of celebrating the Hoshi-matsuri, or Star-Festival, — as it was popularly called, — spread gradually downwards, until at last the seventh day of the seventh month became, in the full sense of the term, a national holiday. But the fashion of its observance varied considerably at different eras and in different provinces.

The ceremonies at the Imperial Court were of the most elaborate character: a full account of them is given in the *Kōji Kongen*, — with explanatory illustrations. On the evening of the seventh day of the seventh month, mattings were laid down on the east side of that portion of the Imperial Palace called the Seiryōden; and upon these mattings were placed four tables of offerings to the star-deities. Besides the customary food-offerings, there were placed upon these tables rice-wine, incense, vases of red lacquer containing flowers, a harp and flute, and a needle with five eyes, threaded with threads of five different colors. Black-lacquered oil-lamps were placed beside the tables, to illuminate the feast. In another part of the grounds a tub of water was so placed as to reflect the light of the Tanabata-stars; and the ladies of the Imperial Household attempted to thread a needle by the reflection. She who succeeded was to be fortunate during the following year.

The court-nobility (*Kugé*) were obliged to make certain offerings to the Imperial House on the day of the festival. The character of these offerings, and the manner of their presentation, were fixed by decree. They were conveyed to the palace upon a tray, by a veiled lady of rank, in ceremonial dress. Above her, as she walked, a great red umbrella was borne by an attendant. On the tray were placed seven *tanzaku* (longilateral slips of fine tinted paper for the writing of poems); seven *yudzu*-leaves;[3] seven inkstones; seven strings of *sōmen* (a kind of vermicelli); fourteen writing-brushes; and a bunch of yam-leaves gathered at night, and thickly sprinkled with dew. In the palace-grounds the ceremony began at the hour of the Tiger, — 4 A. M. Then the inkstones were carefully washed, — prior to preparing the ink for the writing of poems in praise of the star-deities, — and each one set upon a *yudzu*-leaf. One bunch of bedewed yam-leaves was then laid upon every inkstone; and with this dew, instead of water, the writing-ink was prepared. All the ceremonies appear to have been copied from those in vogue at the Chinese court in the time of the Emperor Ming-Hwang.

[1] There is no mention, however, of any such village in any modern directory.

[2] For a translation and explanation of this song, see p. 245.

[3] *Pueraria Thunbergiana.*

It was not until the time of the Tokugawa Shōgunate that the Tanabata festival became really a national holiday; and the popular custom of attaching *tanzaku* of different colors to freshly-cut bamboos, in celebration of the occasion, dates only from the era of Bunseï (1818). Previously the *tanzaku* had been made of a very costly quality of paper; and the old aristocratic ceremonies had been not less expensive than elaborate. But in the time of the Tokugawa Shōgunate a very cheap paper of various colors was manufactured; and the holiday ceremonies were suffered to assume an inexpensive form, in which even the poorest classes could indulge.

The popular customs relating to the festival differed according to locality. Those of Izumo — where all classes of society, *samurai* or common folk, celebrated the holiday in much the same way — used to be particularly interesting; and a brief account of them will suggest something of the happy aspects of life in feudal times. At the Hour of the Tiger, on the seventh night of the seventh month, everybody was up; and the work of washing the inkstones and writing-brushes was performed. Then, in the household-garden, dew was collected upon yam-leaves. This dew was called *Amanogawa no suzuki* ("drops from the River of Heaven"); and it was used to make fresh ink for writing the poems which were to be suspended to bamboos planted in the garden. It was usual for friends to present each other with new inkstones at the time of the Tanabata festival; and if there were any new inkstones in the house, the fresh ink was prepared in these. Each member of the family then wrote poems. The adults composed verses, according to their ability, in praise of the star-deities; and the children either wrote dictation, or tried to improvise. Little folk too young to use the writing-brush without help had their small hands guided, by parent or elder sister or elder brother, so as to shape on a *tanzaku* the character of some single word or phrase relating to the festival, — such as "Amanogawa," or "Tanabata," or "Kasasagi no Hashi" (the Bridge of Magpies). In the garden were planted two freshly-cut bamboos, with branches and leaves entire, — a male bamboo (*otoko-daké*), and a female bamboo (*onna-daké*). They were set up about six feet apart; and to a cord extended between them were suspended paper-cuttings of five colors, and skeins of dyed thread of five colors. The paper-cuttings represented upper-robes, — *kimono*. To the leaves and branches of the bamboos were tied the *tanzaku* on which poems had been written by the members of the family. And upon a table, set between the bamboos, or immediately before them, were placed vessels containing various offerings to the star-deities, — fruits, *sōmen*, rice-wine, and vegetables of different kinds, such as cucumbers and watermelons.

But the most curious Izumo custom relating to the festival was the *Nému-nagashi*, or "Sleep-wash-away" ceremony. Before daybreak the young folks used to go to some stream, carrying with them bunches composed of *némuri*-leaves and bean-leaves mixed together. On reaching the stream, they would fling their bunches of leaves into the current, and sing a little song: —

Nému wa, nagaré yo!
Mamé no ha wa, tomaré!

These verses might be rendered in two ways; because the word *nému* can be taken in the meaning either of *némuri* (sleep), or of *némuri-gi* or *némunoki*, the "sleep-plant" (mimosa), — while the syllables *mamé*, as written in *kana*, can signify either "bean," or "activity," or "strength," "vigor," "health," and the like. But the ceremony was symbolical; and the intended meaning of the song was: —

Drowsiness, drift away!
Leaves of vigor, remain!

After this, all the young folk would jump into the water, to bathe or swim, in token of their resolve to shed all laziness

for the coming year, and to maintain a vigorous spirit of endeavor.

Yet it was probably in Yédo (now Tōkyō) that the Tanabata festival assumed its most picturesque aspects. During the two days that the celebration lasted — the sixth and seventh of the seventh month — the city used to present the appearance of one vast bamboo grove; fresh bamboos, with poems attached to them, being erected upon the roofs of the houses. Peasants were in those days able to do a great business in bamboos, which were brought into town by hundreds of wagonloads for holiday use. Another feature of the Yédo festival was the children's procession, in which bamboos, with poems attached to them, were carried about the city. To each such bamboo there was also fastened a red plaque on which were painted, in Chinese characters, the names of the Tanabata stars.

But almost everywhere, under the Tokugawa régime, the Tanabata festival used to be a merry holiday for the young people of all classes, — a holiday beginning with lantern displays before sunrise, and lasting well into the following night. Boys and girls on that day were dressed in their best, and paid visits of ceremony to friends and neighbors.

The moon of the seventh month used to be called *Tanabata-tsuki*, or "The Moon of Tanabata." And it was also called *Fumi-tsuki*, or "The Literary Moon," because during the seventh month poems were everywhere composed in praise of the Celestial Lovers.

I think that my readers ought to be interested in the following selection of ancient Japanese poems, treating of the Tanabata legend. All are from the *Manyōshū*. The *Manyōshū*, or "Gathering of a Myriad Leaves," is a vast collection of poems composed before the middle of the eighth century. It was compiled by Imperial order, and completed early in the ninth century. The number of the poems which it contains is upwards of four thousand; some being "long poems" (*nagauta*), but the great majority *tanka*, or compositions limited to thirty-one syllables; and the authors were courtiers or high officials. The first eleven *tanka* hereafter translated were composed by Yamagami no Okura, Governor of the province of Chikuzen, more than eleven hundred years ago. His fame as a poet is well deserved; for not a little of his work will bear comparison with some of the finer epigrams of the Greek Anthology. The following verses, upon the death of his little son Furubi, will serve as an example: —

Wakakéréba
Michi-yuki shiraji:
Mahi wa sému,
Shitabé no tsukahi
Ohité-tohorasé.

"As he is so young, he cannot know the way. . . . To the messenger of the Underworld I will give a bribe, and entreat him, saying: 'Do thou kindly take the little one upon thy back along the road.' "

Eight hundred years earlier, the Greek poet Diodorus Zonas of Sardis had written: —

"Do thou, who rowest the boat of the dead in the water of this reedy lake, for Hades, stretch out thy hand, dark Charon, to the son of Kinyras, as he mounts the ladder by the gangway, and receive him. For his sandals will cause the lad to slip, and he fears to set his feet naked on the sand of the shore."

But the charming epigram of Diodorus was inspired only by a myth, — for the "son of Kinyras" was no other than Adonis, — whereas the verses of Okura express for us the yearning of a father's heart.

Though the legend of Tanabata was indeed borrowed from China, the reader will find nothing Chinese in the following compositions. They represent the old classic poetry at its purest, free from alien influence; and they offer us many

suggestions as to the condition of Japanese life and thought twelve hundred years ago. Remembering that they were written before any modern European literature had yet taken form, one is startled to find how little the Japanese written language has changed in the course of so many centuries. Allowing for a few obsolete words, and sundry slight changes of pronunciation, the ordinary Japanese reader to-day can enjoy these early productions of his native muse with about as little difficulty as the English reader finds in studying the poets of the Elizabethan era. Moreover, the refinement and the simple charm of the *Manyōshū* compositions have never been surpassed and seldom equaled, by later Japanese poets.

As for the forty-odd *tanka* which I have translated, their chief attraction lies, I think, in what they reveal to us of the human nature of their authors. Tanabata-tsumé still represents for us the Japanese wife, worshipfully loving; — Hikoboshi appears to us with none of the luminosity of the god, but as the young Japanese husband of the sixth or seventh century, before Chinese ethical convention had begun to exercise its restraints upon life and literature. Also these poems interest us by their expression of the early feeling for natural beauty. In them we find the scenery and the seasons of Japan transported to the Blue Plain of High Heaven; — the Celestial Stream with its rapids and shallows, its sudden risings and clamorings within its stony bed, and its water-grasses bending in the autumn wind, might well be the Kamogawa; — and the mists that haunt its shores are the very mists of Arashiyama. The boat of Hikoboshi, impelled by a single oar working upon a wooden peg, is not yet obsolete; and at many a country ferry you may still see the *hiki-funé* in which Tanabata-tsumé prayed her husband to cross in a night of storm, — a flat broad barge pulled over the river by cables. And maids and wives still sit at their doors in country villages, on pleasant autumn days, to weave, as Tanabata-tsumé wove for the sake of her lord and lover.

It will be observed that, in most of these verses, it is not the wife who dutifully crosses the Celestial River to meet her husband, but the husband who rows over the stream to meet the wife; and there is no reference to the Bridge of Birds. As for my renderings, those readers who know by experience the difficulty of translating Japanese verse will be the most indulgent, I fancy. The Romaji system of spelling has been followed (except in one or two cases where I thought it better to indicate the ancient syllabication after the method adopted by Aston); and words or phrases necessarily supplied have been enclosed in parentheses.

Amanogawa
Ai-muki tachité,
Waga koïshi
Kimi kimasu nari —
Himo-toki makéna!

"He is coming, my long-desired lord, whom I have been waiting to meet here, on the banks of the River of Heaven. . . . The moment of loosening my girdle is nigh!"[1]

Hisakata-no[2]
Ama no kawasé ni,
Funé ukété,
Koyoï ka kimi ga
Agari kimasan?

"Over the Rapids of the Everlasting Heaven, floating in his boat, my lord will doubtless deign to come to me this very night."

[1] The last line alludes to a charming custom of which mention is made in the most ancient Japanese literature. Lovers, ere parting, were wont to tie each other's inner girdle (*himo*) and pledge themselves to leave the knot untouched until the time of their next meeting. This poem is said to have been composed in the seventh year of Yōrō, — A. D. 723, — eleven hundred and eighty-two years ago.

[2] *Hisakata-no* is a "pillow-word" used by the old poets in relation to celestial objects; and it is often difficult to translate. Mr. Aston thinks that the literal meaning of *hisakata* is

Kazé kumo wa
Futatsu no kishi ni
Kayoëdomo,
Waga toho-tsuma no
Koto zo kayowanu!

"Though winds and clouds to either bank may freely come or go, between myself and my far-away spouse no message whatever may pass."

Tsubuté[1] ni mo
Nagé koshitsu-béki,
Amanogawa
Hédatéréba ka mo,
Amata subé-naki!

"To the opposite bank one might easily fling a pebble; yet, being separated from him by the River of Heaven, alas! to hope for a meeting (except in autumn) is utterly useless."

Aki-kazé no
Fukinishi hi yori
"Itsushika" to —
Waga machi koïshi
Kimi zo kimaséru.

"From the day that the autumn-wind began to blow (I kept saying to myself), 'Ah! when shall we meet?' — but now my beloved, for whom I waited and longed, has come indeed!"

Amanogawa
Ito kawa-nami wa
Tatanédomo,
Samorai gatashi —
Chikaki kono sé wo.

"Though the waters of the River of Heaven have not greatly risen (yet, to cross) this near stream and to wait upon (my lord and lover), remains impossible."

Sodé furaba
Mi mo kawashitsu-béku
Chika-kerédo,
Wataru subé nashi,
Aki nishi aranéba.

"Though she is so near that the waving of her (long) sleeves can be distinctly seen, yet there is no way to cross the stream before the season of autumn."

Kagéroï no
Honoka ni miété
Wakarénaba; —
Motonaya koïn
Aü-toki madé wa!

"When we were separated, I had seen her for a moment only, — and dimly, as one sees a flying midge;[2] now I must vainly long for her as before, until the time of our next meeting!"

Hikoboshi no
Tsuma mukaë-buné
Kogizurashi, —
Ama-no-kawara ni
Kiri no tatéru wa.

"Methinks that Hikoboshi must be rowing his boat to meet his wife, — for a mist (as of oar-spray) is rising over the course of the Heavenly Stream."

Kasumi tatsu
Ama-no-kawara ni,
Kimi matsu to, —
Ikayō hodo ni
Mono-suso nurénu.

"While awaiting my lord on the misty shore of the River of Heaven, the skirts of my robe have somehow become wet."

Amanogawa,
Mi-tsu no nami oto
Sawagu-nari:
Waga matsu-kimi no
Funadé-surashi mo.

"On the River of Heaven at the place of the august ferry, the sound of the water has become loud: perhaps my long-awaited lord will soon be coming in his boat."

Tanabata no
Sodé maku yoï no
Akatoki wa,
Kawasé no tazu wa
Nakazu to mo yoshi.

simply "long-hard," in the sense of long-enduring, — *hisa* (long), *katai* (hard, or firm), — so that *hisakata-no* would have the meaning of "firmamental." Japanese commentators, however, say that the term is composed with the three words, *hi* (sun), *sasu* (shine), and *kata* (side); — and this etymology would justify the rendering of *hisakata-no* by some such expression as "light-shedding," "radiance-giving." On the subject of pillow-words, see Aston's *Grammar of the Japanese Written Language*.

[1] The old text has *tabuté*.

[2] *Kagéroï* is an obsolete form of *kagérō*, meaning an ephemera.

"As Tanabata (slumbers) with her long sleeves rolled up, until the reddening of the dawn, do not, O storks of the river-shallows, awaken her by your cries."[1]

Amanogawa
Kiri-tachi-wataru :
Kyō, kyō, to —
Waga matsu-koïshi
Funadé-surashi !

("She sees that) a mist is spreading across the River of Heaven. . . . 'To-day, to-day,' she thinks, 'my long-awaited lord will probably come over in his boat.'"

Amanogawa,
Yasu no watari ni,
Funé ukété ; —
Waga tachi-matsu to
Imo ni tsugé koso.

"By the ferry of Yasu, on the River of Heaven, the boat is floating. I pray you tell my younger-sister[2] that I stand here and wait."

Yachihoko no
Kami no mi-yo yori
Tomoshi-zuma ; —
Hito-shiri ni keri
Tsugitéshi omoëba.

"From the august Age of the God of Eight-Thousand-Spears,[3] she had been my spouse in secret[4] only; yet now, because of my constant longing for her, our relation has become known to men."

O-sora yo
Kayō waré sura,
Na ga yué ni,
Amanogawa-ji no
Nazumité zo koshi.

"Though I (being a star-god) can pass freely to and fro, through the great sky, — yet to cross over the River of Heaven, for your sake, was weary work indeed!"

Amé tsuchi to
Wakaréshi toki yo
Onoga tsuma ;
Shika zo té ni aru
Aki matsu aré wa.

"From the time when heaven and earth were parted, she has been my own wife; yet, to be with her, I must always wait till autumn."[5]

Waga kōru
Niho no omo wa
Koyoï mo ka
Ama-no-kawara ni
Ishi-makura makan.

"With my beloved, of the ruddy-tinted cheeks,[6] this night indeed will I descend into the bed of the River of Heaven, to sleep on a pillow of stone."

Amanogawa
Mikomori-gusa no
Aki-kazé ni
Nabikafu miréba,
Toki kitarurashi.

"When I see the water-grasses of the River of Heaven bend in the autumn wind (I think to myself): 'The time (for our meeting) seems to have come.'"

Waga séko ni
Ura-koi oréba,
Amanogawa
Yo-funé kogi-toyomu
Kaji no 'to kikoyu.

"When I feel in my heart a sudden longing for my husband,[7] then on the

[1] Lit., "not to cry out (will be) good" — but a literal translation of the poem is scarcely possible.

[2] That is to say, "wife." In archaic Japanese the word *imo* signified both "wife" and "younger sister." The term might also be rendered "darling," or "beloved."

[3] Yachihoko-no-Kami, who has many other names, is the great god of Izumo, and is commonly known by his appellation Oho-yunushi-no-Kami, or the "Deity-Master-of-the-Great-Land." He is locally worshiped also as the god of marriage, — for which reason, perhaps, the poet thus refers to him.

[4] Or, "my seldom-visited spouse." The word *tsuma* (*zuma*), in ancient Japanese, signified either wife or husband; and this poem might be rendered so as to express either the wife's or the husband's thoughts.

[5] By the ancient calendar, the seventh day of the seventh month would fall in the autumn season.

[6] The literal meaning is "béni-tinted face," — that is to say, a face of which the cheeks and lips have been tinted with béni, a kind of rouge.

[7] In ancient Japanese the word *séko* signified either husband or elder brother. The beginning of the poem might also be rendered thus: — "When I feel a secret longing for my husband," etc.

River of Heaven the sound of the rowing of the night-boat is heard, and the plash of the oar resounds."

Tō-zuma to
Tamakura kawashi
Nétaru yo wa,
Tori-gané na naki
Akéba aku to mo!

"In the night when I am reposing with my (now) far-away spouse, having exchanged jewel-pillows [1] with her, let not the cock crow, even though the day should dawn."

Yorozu-yo ni
Tazusawari ité
Ai mi-domo,
Omoi-sugu-béki
Koi naranaku ni.

"Though for a myriad ages we should remain hand-in-hand and face to face, our exceeding love could never come to an end. (Why then should Heaven deem it necessary to part us?")

Aki saréba
Kawagiri tatéru
Amanogawa,
Kawa ni muki-ité
Kōru [2] yo zo ōki!

"When autumn comes, and the river-mists spread over the Heavenly Stream, I turn toward the river (and long); and the nights of my longing are many!"

Hito-tosé ni
Nanuka no yo nomi
Aï-hito no —
Koï mo tsuki-néba
Sayo zo aké ni keru!

"But once in the whole year, and only upon the seventh night (of the seventh month), to meet the beloved person — and lo! the day has dawned before our mutual love could express itself!" [3]

Waga tamé to,
Tanabata-tsumé no,
Sono yado ni,
Oréru shirotai
Nuïté ken kamo?

"The white cloth which Tanabata has woven for my sake, in that dwelling of hers, is now, I think, being made into a robe for me."

Shirakumo no
I-ho é kakurité
Tō-kédomo,
Yoï-sarazu min
Imo ga atari wa.

"Though she be far-away, and hidden from me by five hundred layers of white cloud, still shall I turn my gaze each night toward the dwelling-place of my younger sister (wife)."

Toshi no koï
Koyoï tsukushité,
Asu yori wa,
Tsuné no gotoku ya
Waga koï oran.

"The love-longing of one whole year having ended to-night, every day from to-morrow I must again pine for him as before!"

Aki-kazé no
Fuki tadayowasu
Shirakumo wa,
Tanabata-tsumé no
Amatsu hiré kamo?

"Oh! that white cloud driven by the autumn wind — can it be the heavenly *hiré* [4] of Tanabata-tsumé?"

Hikoboshi to
Tanabata-tsumé to
Koyoï aü; —
Ama-no-Kawa to ni
Nami tatsu-na yumé!

[1] "To exchange jewel-pillows" signifies to use each other's arms for pillows. This poetical phrase is often used in the earliest Japanese literature. The word for jewel, *tama*, often appears in compounds as an equivalent of "precious," "dear," etc.

[2] For *kofuru*.

[3] Or "satisfy itself." A literal rendering is difficult.

[4] At different times, in the history of Japanese female costume, different articles of dress were called by this name. In the present instance, the *hiré* referred to was probably a white scarf, worn about the neck and carried over the shoulders to the breast, where its ends were either allowed to hang loose, or were tied into an ornamental knot. The *hiré* was often used to make signals with, much as handkerchiefs are waved to-day for the same purpose; — and the question uttered in the poem seems to signify: "Can that be Tanabata waving her scarf — to call me?" In very early times, the ordinary costumes worn were white.

"Hikoboshi and Tanabata-tsumé are to meet each other to-night; ye waves of the River of Heaven, take heed that ye do not rise!"

Shiba-shiba mo
Ai minu kimi wo,
Amanogawa
Funa-dé haya séyo
Yo no fukénu ma ni.

"Because he is my not-often-to-be-met beloved, hasten to row the boat across the River of Heaven ere the night be advanced."

Amanogawa
Kiri tachi-watari
Hikoboshi no
Kaji no 'to kikoyu
Yo no fuké-yukéba.

"Late in the night, a mist spreads over the River of Heaven; and the sound of the oar [1] of Hikoboshi is heard."

Kono yūbé
Furikuru amé wa,
Hikoboshi no
Haya kogu funé no
Kaï no chiri ka mo.

"Perhaps this evening shower is but the spray (flung down) from the oar of Hikoboshi, rowing his boat in haste."

Kazé fukité,
Kawa-nami tachinu ; —
Hiki-funé ni
Watari mo kimasé
Yo no fukénu ma ni.

"The wind having risen, the waves of the river have become high; this night cross over in a towboat,[2] I pray thee, before the hour be late!"

Asu yori wa
Waga tama-doko wo
Uchi haraï,
Kimi to inézuté
Hitorï ka mo nen!

"From to-morrow, alas! after having put my jewel-bed in order, no longer reposing with my lord, I must sleep alone!"

Amanogawa
Kawa 'to sayakéshi :
Hikoboshi no
Haya kogu funé no
Nami no sawagi ka?

"On the River of Heaven a sound of plashing can be distinctly heard: is it the sound of the rippling made by Hikoboshi quickly rowing his boat?"

Amanogawa
Nami wa tatsutomo,
Waga funé wa
Iza kogi iden
Yo no fukénu ma ni.

"Even though the waves of the River of Heaven run high, I must row over quickly, before it becomes late in the night."

Inishié ni
Oritéshi hata wo ;
Kono yūbé
Koromo ni nuïté —
Kimi matsu aré wo!

"Long ago I finished weaving the material; and, this evening, having finished sewing the garment for him — (why must) I still wait for my lord?"

Amanogawa
Sé wo hayami ka mo?
Nubatama no
Yo wa fuké ni tsutsu,
Awanu Hikoboshi!

"Is it that the current of the River of Heaven (has become too) rapid? The jet-black [3] night advances — and Hikoboshi has not come!"

Watashi-mori,
Funé haya watasé ; —
Hito-tosé ni
Futatabi kayō
Kimi naranaku ni!

[1] Or, "the creaking of the oar." (The word *kaji* to-day means "helm"; — the single oar, or scull, working upon a pivot, and serving at once for rudder and oar, being now called *ro*.) The mist passing across the Amanogawa is, according to commentators, the spray from the Star-god's oar.

[2] Lit. "pull-boat" (*hiki-funé*), — a barge or boat pulled by a rope.

[3] *Nubatama no yo* might better be rendered by some such phrase as "the berry-black night," — but the intended effect would be thus lost in translation. *Nubatama-no* (a "pillow-word") is written with characters signifying, "like the black fruits of *Karasu-ogi*"; and the ancient phrase "*nubatama no yo*" therefore may be said to have the same meaning as our expressions "jet-black night," or "pitch-dark night."

"Oh, ferryman, make speed across the stream! my lord is not one who can come and go twice in a year!"

Aki kazé no
Fukinishi hi yori,
Amanogawa
Kawasé ni dédachi; —
Matsu to tsugé koso!

"On the very day that the autumn wind began to blow, I set out for the shallows of the River of Heaven; — I pray you, tell my lord that I am waiting here still!"

Tanabata no
Funanori surashi, —
Maso-kagami,
Kiyoki tsuki-yo ni
Kumo tachi-wataru.

"Methinks Tanabata must be coming in her boat; for a cloud is even now passing across the clear face of the moon." [1]

— And yet it has been gravely asserted that the old Japanese poets could find no beauty in starry skies!

Perhaps the legend of Tanabata, as it was understood by those old poets, can make but a faint appeal to Western minds. Nevertheless, in the silence of transparent nights, before the rising of the moon, the charm of the ancient tale sometimes descends upon me, out of the scintillant sky, — to make me forget the monstrous facts of science, and the stupendous horror of Space. Then I no longer behold the Milky Way as that awful Ring of the Cosmos, whose hundred million suns are powerless to lighten the Abyss, but as the very Amanogawa itself, — the River Celestial. I see the thrill of its shining stream, and the mists that hover along its verge, and the water-grasses that bend in the winds of autumn. While Orihimé I see at her starry loom, and the Ox that grazes on the farther shore; — and I know that the falling dew is the spray from the Herdsman's oar. And the heaven seems very near and warm and human; and the silence about me is filled with the dream of a love unchanging, immortal, — forever yearning and forever young, and forever left unsatisfied by the paternal wisdom of the gods.

[1] Composed by the famous poet Otomo no Sukuné Yakamochi, while gazing at the Milky Way, on the seventh night of the seventh month of the tenth year of Tempyō (A. D. 738). The pillow-word in the third line (*maso-kagami*) is untranslatable.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS AT METEQUI

BY ANNA SEATON SCHMIDT

"I DID not know such beauty existed in the world!"

"Be careful, Mademoiselle, do not look back — the path is very narrow, the rolling stones may make you slip," warned Reine, who was acting as guide and porter.

We had been climbing steadily since dawn through an enchanted forest whose fairy flowers were bathed in the green reflected light of the pines; giant sentinels that raised their stately heads and shook their glistening golden cones in the very depths of the azure heavens. All sight and sound of the world about us had been shut away. Now, as we emerged upon the first plateau, there rose before us range after range of the Oberland Mountains, enveloped in hazy mists of pink and purple, blue and green. Thousands of feet below, the houses in our little village gleamed and sparkled in the noonday light, and from the valley beyond, fleecy clouds of rose and white drifted lazily toward us.

"Is that Metéqui perched high against those rocks?" we asked in dismay. "And must we climb up the face of that mountain?"

"Oh, that is not so bad as it looks," responded our cheerful guide. "Just put a little stone in your mouths to keep you from feeling thirsty, and also from talking; you will need all your breath for the last steep pull. Take my hand and shut your eyes, Mademoiselle Margaret. It is looking down that gives you *vertige;* you will be all right as soon as we are over this ledge; there is really no danger."

Suddenly the giddy ascent ended. We could open our eyes and enjoy the beauty of the undulating grassy slope on which stood the picturesque chalet of Metéqui. In the doorway, smiling and rosy, the mother of Reine was waiting to welcome us.

"How good of you to want to stay with me, mes chères demoiselles! My only fear is that I cannot make you comfortable. But come right in and have some hot coffee, that will rest you after your long climb."

We followed her into the smoke-darkened kitchen, or *fireplace,* for the entire room converged into one huge chimney with a square opening at the top. Through this opening a pole extended into the outer air, and to it was attached a board which could be drawn over the aperture when it rained or snowed. If the smoke became too dense, the board was removed for a few moments. The crane hung higher than our heads, and a man might easily have hidden in the suspended cheese kettle, under which the blazing logs now roared and crackled. Although the walls were blackened with smoke, the utensils for butter and cheese making were white as snow, and in the adjoining living-room the broad, low window-seat, table, and benches, were clean as scrubbing could make them. This was to be our dining-room when driven indoors by rain or snow. Felix had partitioned off the beds, making a tiny bedroom for us; a luxury seldom indulged in by the peasants.

"But what will you and your son do, Rosalie, if we occupy your room?"

"Oh, we are to sleep in the loft on the hay."

"Why not put us in the loft? we have never slept on hay; it would be too lovely!"

"But you *are* to sleep on hay, Mademoiselle," laughed Rosalie. "*Voilà!*" and stooping down, she pulled from under the bed an immense drawer[1] filled with sweet-smelling hay.

[1] In this part of Switzerland the beds are built in tiers, the lower ones pulling out like bureau drawers.

Never were beds more comfortable, more sleep-compelling. We did not open our eyes until the pale white dawn shone in our windows. The cattle were already astir. We heard their bells clinking dreamily as they moved to and fro. When, some hours later, we really awakened, we found that Felix, assisted by the small shepherd boy, had driven them into the forest. Rosalie, her crimson kerchief knotted round her head, her peasant dress discarded for the more practical trousers and jacket worn by the mountain women, was singing gaily as she worked.

"It is so hard to look after the cows in a dress," she apologized, "and you know that is the woman's work in our valley. Felix is very good to his old mother; he always does the hardest part. But you won't find many like my Felix. As a rule, the men leave the cattle to their women folks, and besides that, they make a deal of work about the house, having meals cooked at all hours, and hot coffee every afternoon! I tell Reine that a man is all well enough in his way, but that I hope she won't marry one!"

While Rosalie trotted busily to and fro preparing breakfast, we sat on the little porch and watched the sun creep over the Dent du Midi, whose snowy summits rose clear and sharp against the blue sky. The air was like a strong tonic, and we were most unpoetically hungry.

"Can we have some eggs for breakfast, Rosalie?"

"Indeed you can, Mademoiselle; all the hens are laying. You shall have them right out of the nest." And she scrambled over the wood stacked against the house, and disappeared under the rafters.

We could hear her talking to the chickens under the eaves. "I know I spoil my hens," she said, as she climbed carefully down, four fresh eggs in each hand, "but they do love to make their nests up there, and I enjoy seeing them so happy. And now, if you have all you need, my dears, I'll go back to my churning."

Her drum-shaped churn swung on a pivot close by the outside door, and in no way interfered with conversation as she sent it flying round and round. "It is so exciting watching for the butter to arrive, and then gathering up the golden pats and washing them in the clear, cold water that le Bon Dieu sends us, straight from his mountains of snow. He is very good to us poor peasants. He makes us so strong and well, and then gives us plenty of work to keep us happy. The days would seem very long without our work — when I am busy they fly like the wind! Sometimes I don't even have time to look down on my children, and that is what I love most to do. When they first left home to work in the valley, I was very lonely. It seemed as though I could not live without them. One day I was in the village, and a gentleman loaned me his fieldglass. I could see Metéqui! Felix was on the hill with the cows. *I recognized each one!* That night I could n't sleep. I kept thinking about that glass, and how if I had one it would be like having my children with me, for I could see them every day. Before dawn I had started down the mountain. I could n't afford to buy a new glass, so Emile Théodmir sold me his. It was never quite perfect, but if you are patient and keep your hand very steady as it turns around, there comes a place where you can see nicely."

Dear old Rosalie, how many hours I have spent perched beside her on the steep hillside, gazing down into the valley!

"Look, look, Mademoiselle! I see Camille — he's leading a cow across his field — ah — the glass dropped just as I was about to discover whether he had Violet or Bouquet;" or, "There, Mademoiselle, those are my grandchildren on the road. They are going to church; I know each one by the color of the kerchief which she wears about her neck. Over in the open field beyond Adeline's I can see my other son making hay. Take the glass, Mademoiselle, be careful, hold it so that little piece won't drop. Now you can watch them while I get dinner." And

she would trot contentedly away, followed by her faithful cat.

Meanwhile I would sit and dream, gazing idly at the feathery clouds of pink and gold and misty white that floated up from the valley. Oh, the ecstatic delight of those first few weeks, when we seemed to have discovered a new world, a new life! — Or was it a very old one, that had not changed since the patriarchs fed their flocks on the mountain slopes of Hebron? Even the long rainy spell which followed could not dampen our enthusiasm, though thick mists obscured the mountains, and the water fell in torrents. We would lie on our beds of sweet-smelling hay and read by the feeble light that penetrated our tiny windows, or sit around the blazing fire in the dark kitchen while Rosalie whirled her spinning wheel and told us tales of the good old times when she was a girl.

"The strangers are changing our valley — the young people are no longer the same. Of course I believe in progress, we must move with the times. I am not one of those who wish to keep to the old ways — there are some who will not speak French. Patois is all well enough for us old folks, but when our children go to school and know not one word of French, they are laughed at by those who have been there and learned it but a few months earlier. When one has children, one must progress with the times."

"Then you believe in adopting the European dress?"

"No, no, we must keep our own costume," and her voice vibrated with pride. "Monsieur le Curé says that it is much better for us to wear our own clothes than to try and copy those of strangers, which do not suit our occupations. My little granddaughter is only nine, but I had her hat made last year. She cannot wear it until she makes her first communion, but two years soon pass, and I was afraid Agathe would die. She's very old, — she made my mother's hats."

"But has no one else learned to make them?"

"There's a young woman who *says* she can make them, but they'll never be the same as Agathe's. I wanted Mélaine to have the prettiest I could buy. Thirteen francs was a good deal of money to lay out at one time, but a well-made hat lasts your lifetime. Of course you must have it cleaned once in two years — that's some expense."

"Why, I thought Mariettane charged only twenty-five centimes (five cents)."

"And Mademoiselle thinks that is nothing? But to us it seems dear, — we mountain women have but little ready money. Then there's the ribbon, which must be renewed every few years, and only the best quality can be used on our Sunday hats. My mother gave me mine when I was married forty years ago — it's as good as new. I keep it in the village with my Sunday clothes."

Then she explained that the peasants who live in the high mountains build tiny houses in the village solely for the purpose of holding their good clothes. These houses are partitioned off into two small rooms, one for the men, one for the women. There are no windows, they are lighted only from the open doorways, — cravats are tied and hats adjusted on the piazzas which surround even these miniature chalets. Sunday morning the peasants descend the mountains in their working clothes, changing them before going to church. Those who come fasting to receive holy communion return and eat their breakfasts in these small quarters, that they may assist at the late service. Few care to remain all day in the village.

"I cannot breathe down there, Mademoiselle," she said, "there's no air, and it is so hot! I don't understand why so many strangers come there for the summer."

"Oh, *they* think that they are in the high mountains, and that the air is delicious! We did, too, before we came to Metéqui."

No superfluous clothes or furniture are carried up the steep mountains. When we first learned that these peasants moved

five times each year, visions of furniture carts, cheerless rooms, and an army of upholsterers, rose before us.

"How terrible to spend so much of one's life in such confusion, Rosalie."

"But it's not so very bad, Mademoiselle. When I go down to Emos in the fall, I leave everything exactly as you see it, pots and pans and bedclothes, ready for next season. When Felix and I arrive, all that we have to do is to make our beds and wind up the clock, *et voilà!* We are settled for the summer! It is the same when we leave Emos for Plançon. Our only trouble is with the chickens. We have to tie them up in big bags and haul them down on sleds."

"But why do you move so often?"

"And how could the cattle be fed if we did not, Mademoiselle? As soon as the hay is exhausted here we must go down to Emos, and when the hay loft there is empty we change to Plançon."

"Why not move the hay?"

"Does Mademoiselle think that so very easy? Besides, if we lived always at Plançon or Emos, how could we fertilize this soil? It is the cattle that keep our land so rich, that give us such fine crops of grass. We neither sow nor dig — all that is required of us is to gather in the harvest that the good God sends."

"Monsieur le Curé has come to bless our fields and cattle; would Mademoiselle care to be present?"

The sun was sinking behind the western mountains, the snowy heights of the Dent du Midi flamed crimson in its glowing light, as I crossed the field where Rosalie had hastily prepared a little altar. Before it stood a priest in white vestments. The rude table, the queer little candlesticks and artificial flowers, were transfigured for me, as God's minister implored Him to bless the earth, to bring forth its fruits for his children, to hold all living creatures within his care. Felix knelt on the ground beside his mother; their faces shone with the light of a perfect faith. Living close to the most stupendous mysteries of nature, these peasants realize their absolute dependence on Him who created it. When winter snows shut them away from the world, and they have for companionship only the vast mountains, from whose rocky heights the glacial torrents thunder, the avalanches crush down upon them, their sublime faith lifts their souls to the heavens above, where dwells their all-loving Father. They do not fear death; it but opens the door of his kingdom.

"Why should we be afraid of death, Mademoiselle, when it leads us to God?" asked a pretty young peasant. "We all die young because of our hard lives, especially we women. That is the reason that so many of us remain unmarried. You know in Le Valais it has never been the custom for girls to marry before twenty, — it is considered too young, — they must work awhile for their parents, in return for all they have received, before they marry. After one is twenty time flies — one is soon twenty-four, twenty-eight, and when once that old, it does not seem worth while to make a change for such a short time, — *il ne vaut pas la peine de changer.*"

"Are you not afraid of falling ill so far from a physician, of dying all alone in this great forest?" we asked old Madeleine, who lived still further up the mountain.

"But one is so seldom sick, Mademoiselle. I have had fourteen children, all born in this room,[1] and we never needed a physician. The good God took five unto Himself when they were babies, the others are married and living in the valley. I know that I am old, that I must soon die. When I feel that the end has come, I shall walk down to the village. I would not want to trouble my good neighbors to carry me in a chair, as must be done when one is dying. After death it is still more difficult, yet we must all be buried in the churchyard."

[1] The mountain peasants live in one room, opening into a tiny kitchen, where the meals, consisting of polenta, rice, potatoes, milk, and coffee, are prepared in semi-darkness.

"Then why not live now with your grandchildren in the village?"

"Ah, Mademoiselle, we mountain people love solitude. We can think more of God. He seems nearer to us when we are alone."

There was one dear old man whose smiling face always welcomed us to his little home. A born collector, he reveled in the costumes, linens, and embroideries bequeathed him by his ancestors.

"My father," he said, "was ninety-four when he died; he, too, loved the ancient costumes. I have one which he often wore. I put it on in his honor for our greatest fête days. But look at this headdress — you never saw anything quite so old, now did you, Mademoiselle? My great-great-grandmother wore it when she was married."

His face fairly beamed with joy as he took from his carved chests these treasures of the past. In many of the linens were woven the dates 1557 and 1622.

"This set is for the dying; I love it most of all. See, Mademoiselle, the whole room is hung in white for the coming of the Lord in the Blessed Sacrament;" and he held up piece after piece of exquisitely embroidered linens and laces that were to cover the walls, to be thrown over the bed, and held in the trembling hands of the dying communicant.

"When my mother and father died, it was I who made the room all white and beautiful; when my turn comes, my sister has promised to do this for me."

"And when you see this white room, and know that it is prepared for death, will it not frighten you?"

"Oh, no, that will be a happy day, a time of great joy."

Dear old Isidore. I love to think of him in that still, white room, his white soul waiting to pass into a higher life. Meanwhile he was not unhappy. There is nothing of melancholy in the religious character of these peasants. They have a keen sense of humor and a very practical turn of mind that makes them provide for this world as well as the next!

There came a wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten morning at Metéqui, when we opened our eyes on a white, cold, glistening world. The snow had come! As far as the eye could reach, all was buried beneath its spotless mantle. In the valley the giant pines bent and swayed under their burden. Suddenly the sun burst forth, and our white world was changed to pink and blue and gold and amethyst. Every branch and bough beneath us gleamed with myriad lights, while above us the still, white mountains raised their majestic heights, austere, impenetrable. We were startled by a stranger's voice.

"I wanted to see what was happening to thee, little mother. I feared thou wert buried in the snow. Here are some supplies;" and Pierre dropped the heavy bags from his shoulders.

"But thou art good to thy old mother, Pierre. However didst thou climb the mountain through all that snow? The Lord must reward thee, my son, thy mother never can. Come, warm thyself by the fire;" and with shining eyes and a happy smile Rosalie bustled about, making him a cup of coffee, the peasant's panacea for every ill.

When Pierre left us, we settled down for a quiet day, but moans and groans, and a constant knocking against our wall, made us realize for the first time the unpleasant proximity of the cattle, who rebelled against their unwonted captivity. We heard Rosalie's soft, caressing voice striving to calm them.

"There, there, Miroflé, good old cow, — dost thou not know that the snow covers the ground, and that all the grass is buried beneath it? Bouquet, I am ashamed of thee! Canst thou not wait patiently for le Bon Dieu to send the good weather? And my young ladies — what will they think of thee, knocking thy horns against their wall! Very well, Friko, since thou wilt not believe me, come and see for thyself that the snow is here."

We heard her open the door, and saw the cows file out, one by one. "That's right, Sourit, stick thy horns in the snow

and see how deep it is, now thou wilt believe me. The snow is cold to thy feet, Friko, thou dost not like it? Next time thou wilt trust thy old Rosalie. Come, now, back to thy warm stable."

Strange to say, after that there was no more trouble, the cows seeming quite content to remain indoors.

"Felix says that you must start for Evolène as soon as this snow melts. It is only a flurry, compared with what we may have in a few weeks. The diligence will not run much longer."

"Did we really think the peasants of Metéqui primitive?" asked Margaret, after our first day at Evolène. That was before we had seen Lana! A group of tiny black houses like mushrooms, clustered about a little white church. In one of them lived Monsieur le Curé. When we called we sat on high benches, as he had no chairs. He said he did not care for luxuries (!) — he was happy to work among his own people: — "They are all so good, they love le Bon Dieu, and are content in spite of their hard lives."

Here the peasants depend absolutely on their own resources, having little communication with the great world that lies beyond their snowy Alps. The women shear the sheep, spin and weave the soft brown cloth from which their picturesque dresses are made. They wear no petticoats, but a white linen chemise with a high neck and long, full sleeves. Over this a very short-waisted dress with no sleeves, the skirt falling to the ankle, just showing the white stockings and pretty, low shoes. On Sunday a quaint bolero jacket is worn. Once in three months each family has the right to bake bread in the public oven. It is then placed in the loft to dry, — fresh bread being eaten too quickly! If it becomes *too* hard, it can be soaked in milk, though this is not encouraged, as the milk must be saved for making cheese, which, with bread and potatoes, constitutes their daily food. There are no dishes in Lana. When a new baby appears, he is presented with a wooden bowl and spoon, which lasts his lifetime. After each meal you are expected to wash your bowl and spoon, hanging the latter in a little rack on the wall. The women have no time for cooking or dish-washing, they must be off to the fields, which return but a poor harvest from their rocky soil.

We met a pretty young mother carrying on her shoulder a cradle in which lay her new-born baby. By her side toddled a wee bit of a man who had left the cradle just in time for the newcomer. In the middle of his back, well out of reach of his mischievous fingers, was tied a tinkling bell, by which he could be traced, should he wander off in the mountains while his mother was absorbed with her mowing.

When we returned to our village we found the peasants overwhelmed with grief. Rosalie was dead! The day before, she had gone out with the cows. Felix was in the village. On his return he found her lying asleep in the open field, a smile of perfect peace upon her upturned face.

Once more we climbed through the solemn forest of pines that led to Metéqui. When halfway up, we saw the men descending with their burden. A rude bier had been covered with fragrant pine boughs. It was borne on the shoulders of Rosalie's four sons. On the heights of Metéqui the sunlight still lay in a golden glory, but here in the forest the shadows of evening were falling as the little procession wound in and out the crooked pathway. We knelt as it passed, then silently followed to the village. From their open doorways the peasants joined us, men, women, little children. They laid her to rest in the old churchyard under the shadow of God's altar. Early next morning we left the village, carrying with us a memory, not of loss, but of eternal gain: of a faith that lifts those mountain people above the sorrows of earth into the peace and joy of everlasting life.

THE BARITONE AND THE OFFICE BOY

BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

THE sidewalk before the brilliantly lighted entrance of the opera house was empty, save for the groups of speculators and libretto venders standing ready to break into a chorus of appeal at the appearance of the possible ticket buyer. It lacked fully an hour of the time for the evening crowd to arrive, — the homogeneous, philistine crowd that pays to be let in. But at the "back of the house," the stage door was briskly opening and shutting upon the crowd that is paid to come, — a heterogeneous crowd of widely different aspect.

From the little window in the blank wall that conceals the official machinery from the opener of that door, the office boy stood watching the passing show with an accustomed but not indifferent eye. It is a motley throng that proffers grievance or request at that window, or passes it on the way to the inner mysteries. In that small anteroom, where the office boy is the mouthpiece of fate, the three operatic nations that reign upon alternate nights meet and mingle in a veritable tower of Babel. There German despair, French frenzy, Italian hysteria, American impatience, and Irish invective meet on a common ground of suffering and hope deferred. There the office boy listens to complaints in English of unfamiliar sound, and administers fragmentary and unsentimental consolation in German with an Irish accent. Although young and untraveled, the opera house office boy has formulated generalizations upon types and nationalities.

There are several of him, but he is generic, — a well-defined deviation from the type office boy. He has the facial immobility of the diplomat. Swift to gauge his visitor and decide upon the exact amount of attention necessary, he is yet not discourteous if courteously treated. His manner is not ornamental; he deals with facts. You would call him democratic if he were not slightly addicted to the vice of patronage. Also his Americanism is perceptibly tainted by foreign contact. To the Teutonic inquirer for an absent official he can answer "nick da," which, if not soul-satisfying, is at least conclusive. If social interchange is what the occasion demands, he can say, "We gates," or "Bon swore," as if it were his habitual form of address. He has a sympathetic interest in the foreign mail, and likes to ask the not too inaccessible minor prima donna if she got her letter, although he may brush carelessly aside an unobtrusive masculine star of the first magnitude. All this is in the daytime. At night the social side of his duties becomes lost in the official.

Upon the evening in question, it was one Willie Jenkins, a youth giving a general impression of blondness and pinkness emphasized by blue uniform, who held the post at the window of communication. The elements shortly to compose the evening performance were beginning to arrive in inverted order of importance.

An innocent, freshly imported German chorus girl was for an idle moment occupying the office boy's attention. He was amusing himself to her confusion with "fake" German which sounded sufficiently plausible to commend itself to her attention. An occasional chorus of laughter from within broke into the duo of question and answer. It was interrupted by the arrival of a basket of roses of assorted hues.

"*Ausgezeignet!*" murmured Willie Jenkins, as he opened the door to receive it. The office boy takes a warm interest in the destination of flowers, and has also

a Sherlock Holmes-like intuition about them. With a quick glance at the naïve parti-colored arrangement, he commented, "For Madame Bergmann," without glancing at the card.

"Good guesser," was the tribute of the messenger.

"That's easy," responded the office boy, unmoved by flattery. "*Ganz Deutsch*," he added, with a head gesture toward the garish floral offering.

As the outer door opened to let out the florist's boy, it admitted a short, thick-set gentleman in a fur-collared overcoat, the removal of whose hat revealed a virile black pompadour. The office boy stared a perceptible instant before greeting him carelessly.

"Good-evening, Mr. Repeti. I did n't know you without your moustache."

"Ah, terribla, terribla," Mr. Repeti responded tragically. More linguistically ambitious than most of his operatic countrymen, he had been at some pains to acquire the colloquial in English. "What time he grow out they tell me cutta him off. In your country you like what you call lightening changea artist." He raised gloved hands to an unaccountably silent heaven. He reflected, sighed, then with a change of tempo and expression continued, "To-night I singa the count. You giva me the dressing-room of Madame Brunzola."

Willie Jenkins's eye glanced in silent consultation to an invisible associate. "I don't think, Mr. Repeti. That's Madame Bergmann's dressing-room to-night."

The Italian's eye flashed stiletto-like. His chest heaved. "I singa the count," he reiterated in a tone in which the crescendo was immediate.

"Ladies first in this country," responded Willie briefly. He disliked "Dagoes," and always enjoyed, as he frequently confided to his associate Tommy Ryan, to "get a rise" out of them.

"The Tadesca, she is littla girl," the baritone responded loftily. "To-night I 'ave the dressing-room."

"She's prima donna to-night all right," returned Willie. Although his face was blank, he was enjoying himself hugely. "Moran sings Suzanna." His manner of mentioning this singer, although not disrespectful, subtly defined her artistic caste.

"I tell you I singa the count, I" — the baritone insisted passionately, striking his chest.

"It ain't often a baritone gets a show. Don't blame him for working it for all it's worth," said a voice from within, apostrophizing, rather than addressing, the injured count.

"And Madame Bergmann she sings the countess," returned Willie Jenkins. "Count against countess," he added frivolously, permitting himself the brief relaxation of a grin.

"Signor Quinby he tella me I am star to-night. I have a bad throat, but I sing."

At this dark allusion the office boy's hilarity subsided, and he was seen to consult more gravely with his adviser within. Another head appeared at the window, as if to gauge the seriousness of the count's symptoms, but "Ask Quinby" was his only suggestion.

"He ain't here yet, I tell you." A faint irritation growing out of the consciousness of responsibility was discernible in Willie's tones.

There was a short silence, during which alarming visions of an "indisposition" notice, possibly an eleventh hour change of opera, passed before the mental vision of the two youthful diagnosticians. Then the consultant said in a low voice: —

"Let him have it. He'll throw a fit in another minute. Little Bergmann won't care."

"Go ahead," Willie consented briefly.

The door of the inner mysteries had scarcely closed upon the appeased but still vibrating form of the baritone, when a dilapidated, indifferent person with a wall eye sauntered in, bearing in his hand a large, fluttering paper.

"I got to get this O. K.'d," he remarked to the window.

"Quinby ain't here yet," a voice answered him. "What you got there?" The office boy tried to decipher the ominous black words upside down. "Who's out now?"

"Moran."

"Gosh! Another shuffle! Who'll they get in her place, I'd like to know? They'll have to change the opera. And Repeti 's here dressing already."

"Brunzola sings," returned the casual one. He had not the office boy's esprit de corps.

"Gee!" The office boys exchanged glances and laughed. "Brunzola singing substitute! That's a good stunt," exclaimed Willie Jenkins.

"I'd like to know how that come about," the other boy wondered. "She was mad 'cause they called Moran out the last *Figaro*. That's why she would n't sing to-night."

"Doin' the gracious act," observed the intermittently visible youth within. "Bet it says so." He appeared again to scan the notice. "Yes, 'Madame Brunzola has graciously consented to sing.' Bet she wrote that herself."

"Brunzola's all right," said a third voice, from the telephone desk, "She ain't stingy."

"Neither is Bergmann," contributed Willie Jenkins irrelevantly. "And she don't get half Brunzola's salary."

"Oh, Bergmann's all right, who said she was n't?" returned the telephone boy.

Willie Jenkins carried the subject no further, a terrible thought had turned his pink cheek pale. "That dressing-room!" he gasped. "Brunzola's all right if you don't strike her on her chippy side. But she'll never stand for that."

"Signor Push Cart'll have to get out," returned the other boy, grasping the situation instantly.

"An' Quinby ain't here yet."

"Ask Schultz."

Willie turned nervously as the outer door opened and shut again. "Who's that?"

"Bergmann's maid."

"If this ain't the worst ever. I'll be darned if I know " —

"Ask Schultz."

Willie Jenkins turned irritably upon his associate. "You know well enough it's Quinby's business, an' it ain't good for our health to ask Schultz about Quinby's business."

The inner door opened again, and a female form, wide and capable, stood in the opening. It spoke deliberately.

"In the dressing-room of Madame Bergmann is ein man. He haf his black coat off, und he puts his red coat on. He vill not go, und he lets me not in, und Madame Bergmann she is here in five minutes."

"That's all right, Frowline, you just slow up a bit. It ain't my fault. Can't Madame Bergmann go in the next dressing-room, —in Madame Oestreicher's?"

"But her dress it is in the room of the Italienischer already, so early it is sent; und he let me not in."

A despairing "Gosh " was her only answer. The sound of the outer door opening again jarred upon the harassed nerves of the office boys. Both visibly changed color as they saw before them the ample form of the Brunzola herself, gracious, imposing, in her wake a small, nervous French maid.

"Oh, Madame Brunzola," Willie faltered, for once deprived of words, "Madame Brunzola" —

"Yes, Tommy," the Brunzola paused condescendingly. "You have some message for me?"

"Oh, Madame Brunzola, I don't know what to do — Mr. Quinby he ain't here yet, an' it ain't Mr. Schultz's business" — In his agitation Willie completely lost his fine diplomatic grasp of essentials and was reduced to the level of the anecdotal.

"I don't understand, Tommy. What is the trouble?" There was more than a touch of royal impatience in the Brunzola's amiable patronage.

Willie blurted it out like a novice.

"Mr. Repeti he come early, an' he took your dressing-room. We did n't know you was to sing."

There was a brief and dreadful silence. The eyes of both boys sought the ground. When the diva spoke it was slowly, and Willie Jenkins's blood was chilled in his veins.

"Signor Repeti is in *my* dressing-room, do I understand?"

"Yez'm."

"And why — " the *why* was large and terrible — "why, if you please, is Signor Repeti in my dressing-room? If I had not sung the room belonged to Madame Bergmann."

"It is true," fervently assented the maid, clasping her hands. "Und the dress of Madame Bergmann it is in that room already! *Ach, lieber Gott!*"

The Brunzola turned to the German woman. "Where is Madame Bergmann?"

"She is not yet here. Alas, she is late! The *Kindlein* it is sick. *Ach Gott!* und the clothes of Madame they are in the dressing-room of" —

The Brunzola cut short lament and explanation. "Is any one in Madame Oestreicher's dressing-room? No? Very well, then I will go there for the present. You may send Mr. Schultz to me there *at once*. Also telephone Mr. Quinby. I will wait, you understand, in Madame Oestreicher's room. And no more mistakes, please." With ponderous and regal movement the Brunzola swept through the inner door.

It had scarcely closed upon her when the outer door opened to admit a slight, fur-wrapped figure that entered quickly. The distracted Willie caught a glimpse of golden hair.

"Oh, Madame Bergmann," he gasped.

"Yes,"— Hilda Bergmann paused with a little smile that might have brought balm even to so troubled a spirit as that of the office boy.

"Oh, Madame Bergmann, I'm so sorry, Mr. Repeti he's in your dressing-room, and your costume 's in there, an' he won't let your maid in to get it, an' Madame Brunzola she 's come to sing in place of Mademoiselle Moran, and she wants the dressing-room, and Mr. Quinby he ain't here, an' Madame Brunzola she 's mad, an' Signor Repeti he's mad, an' Mr. Quinby he'll be mad, an' Madame Brunzola's sent for Mr. Schultz, an' I don't know what to do, I swear I don't."

The office boy could not have explained why he delivered himself of his perplexities in this unreserved fashion to Hilda Bergmann. He never spoke of her with the easy familiarity with which he referred to many of the other singers.

Hilda could not at once grasp all the factors of the situation, English being as yet a foreign tongue to her. She assimilated them in fragments in the order of their importance.

"Madame Brunzola sings to-night, you say. She vish the dressing-room that was mine? But she may haf it. Oh, the Signor Repeti he is in there. *So!* Then I go to another room. Is the dressing-room of Madame Oestreicher occupied?"

"Madame Brunzola she's in there already." In his anguish Willie's language took on a Teutonic coloring. "An' she's awful mad," he added fearfully.

Hilda looked troubled. "Mad with me? But I do not know she is to sing."

"No, no, — mad at Mr. Repeti, mad at me. Nobody don't get mad at you, Madame Bergmann."

Hilda smiled perplexedly. "But vere then do I go, Villie?"

But Willie being temporarily deprived of all resource, she found herself obliged to solve the difficulty for him.

"I go also to the dressing-room of Madame Oestreicher und vait until you send me message. Hedwig she vill vait here, und you tell her ven she can bring to me my costume." At the door she turned to say, "It's all right, Villie. It is not your fault. I say so to Madame Brunzola."

Brought nearly to the verge of tears by the introduction of this emotional element

into the drama, it was in the last stage of mental disintegration that Willie came face to face with the disastrously late Mr. Quinby.

"What's all this row about the dressing-rooms? Don't you know any better than to put that crazy Spaghetti into Brunzola's dressing-room? It may cost us her contract."

"Mr. Repeti" — Willie began.

"Repeti! Repeti!" Quinby snatched the name from Willie's mouth. "Are n't the woods full of Repetis? There's only one Brunzola for this town."

Under the spur of attack, the office boy began to recover himself. "*I* did n't know what to do. *He* said *you* said he was to go there. *I* did n't know Brunzola was coming. Moran was down to sing. It was seven o'clock. It ain't reasonable."

"*Reasonable!*" thundered Quinby, in a tone eloquent of a condensed lifetime of sophistication. "Good God, what has that got to do with it! Little Moran got suddenly hoarse and could n't sing a note. Brunzola heard of it and kindly" — the familiar phraseology came out oddly — "consented to sing in her place."

"Good business," grumbled the office boy, his technical appreciation rising for the moment above merely personal considerations.

"Exceedingly good business," agreed his superior official, "if you have n't spoiled it all by letting that damned Dago into her dressing-room."

After a dismal silence Willie repeated, in a voice closely approximating a whine: "*I* could n't help it, Mr. Quinby, honest, I could n't. Madame Bergmann she said I was n't to blame."

"Oh, Bergmann!" exclaimed Quinby, in a tone in which relief and patronage were equally mingled. "What does she know about it!" His tone changed and became authoritative. "Go at once to Repeti and tell him he must get out at once. Tell him I said so. But mind you tell him civilly, or there won't be any opera. It's too late to get any one else."

The office boy went. What passed between them was never divulged except as it came out in resentful reflective fragments. Questioned by his associate, Willie was reserved. "Monkey talk," he mumbled. "But he went, all right, an' he says I'm goin', too, and I am."

"Aw, get out," responded his friend.

"That's exactly what I'm goin' to do," replied Willie intensely. "I've been in this here office five years, an' I ain't had no trouble with no one, an' I don't wait fer no dirty Dago to lose me my job."

"Aw, *they* won't fire you! He's only a baritone. He ain't so sum. Did n't you hear Quinby say the woods was full of 'em?"

"A baritone may n't be much, but this here is an opera company, an' I guess he's more count than an office boy," returned Willie with legal impersonality. "An' if he wants me fired, I guess he gets it all right. But," he added fiercely, "he don't get the chance. I send in my resignation to-night. See?"

With these ominous words Willie Jenkins relapsed into a silent gloom, from which he refused to be roused for the rest of the evening.

In "the dressing-room of Madame Oestreicher" another scene had been enacted. Hilda, smiling and propitiatory, went in to Brunzola the outraged, who sat tapping a high-heeled French slipper upon the floor of the contralto's inferior dressing-room. She looked up to give the young German singer a brief smile of welcome.

"You were late, love."

"It vas the little Max," explained Hilda. "He is much sick. He has vat you call group, is it?"

"Oh, yes, that's nothing. All children have it." Generalizations were the Brunzola's panacea for the troubles of others. "Don't worry, child."

Hilda's face lightened, then clouded again. "I am vorried, Madame, he cannot draw vell his breaths. But Max say he vill stay, that I must not disappoint."

"Don't think any more about it, carissima. He will be all right to-morrow." Then, having permitted her mind to dwell

for an extraordinarily long period upon the affairs of another, the Brunzola reverted to the indignity she was suffering as the reward of her unprecedented graciousness. "Such impudence, my dear! Did you ever hear anything like it? A man — a baritone, and a second-rate baritone at that — in *my* dressing-room! It was the chance of his life, I suppose."

"Yes," agreed Hilda, looking troubled. She felt an unfounded sympathy for the scorned baritone.

"I suppose one ought really to feel sorry for the baritones and bassos, poor things! They so seldom have a chance."

"In *Der Fliegende Holländer*," suggested Hilda, whose mind had the Teutonic accuracy. "Und Herr Schmidt — surely he is greadt, Madame. *Ach*, but I love to sing Senta to his Holländer! Even if basso, I think he is altogether vat you call star."

"Oh, yes, Herr Schmidt is a fine artist," Brunzola assented of the remote basso. "But this miserable little garlicky baritone who bleats like a lamb — I have always detested him!"

"You were so good to sing for Mademoiselle Moran," suggested Hilda sweetly.

"Silly little thing! What they can see in her! And yet, my dear, if you will believe it, they actually called her out last time she sang Suzanna, when I had that nervous headache. Wretched, hard little voice, and she sings sharp!"

"Yes, it is not so beautiful a voice," Hilda admitted reluctantly. "But she is pretty, do you not think, Madame? It is that, perhaps, that they like. They do not compare her with a great artist like yourself."

"I had supposed," the Brunzola philosophized icily, "that in opera one required a voice, not a face. But very likely they like her little *café chantant* grimaces. As you say, they have no taste, this American audience. They are cabbage heads. True art is wasted on them. But I will show them to-night," she went on, a trifle inconsistently, "how Mozart should be sung. They have perhaps forgotten." A moment later she added, "But you, child, sing it sweetly. It is truly a wonder, for one trained in Germany."

"You are very good, Madame" —

"But Moran," with a return to her former tone, "with her miserable little French scream — she can no more sing it than a cat."

At that very moment a delighted and astounded audience, passing through the lobby, were trying to grasp the astonishing contents of the printed notice which confronted them: —

"Owing to the sudden indisposition of Mademoiselle Moran, Madame Brunzola has graciously consented to sing in her place."

It was not long before Willie Jenkins, reserved, as becomes the misunderstood, came to the contralto's dressing-room bearing the olive branch. "Your room is empty now." He spoke to Madame Brunzola, but his eye glanced uncertainly toward Hilda Bergmann.

The Brunzola rose, then had an unusual compunction. "But your clothes are in there, child" —

Hilda protested, "*Nein, nein*, Madame. They are not yet unpacked; I stay here. It is your dressing-room when you sing. I have no vish to take it. I stay here."

The Brunzola smiled. "Sweet child! You really don't mind?"

"*Ach, nein* — no — indeed, Madame. I stay here. I vould not think to take your room."

The diva paused in the deliberate act of departure — for what to her was a waiting audience! "You Germans are so much more amiable and *simpatica* — I should say *sympatisch*, should I not, *liebes Kind?* I can't bear Italians. They are so sudden. My first husband was an Italian, — a Neapolitan, — and I always said my life then was like living on the side of Vesuvius. Well — adieu, contessa. When we meet again I shall be your humble servant Suzanna." And with a premonitory touch of the prima donna run, the Brunzola tripped away

The Brunzola might have considered that retributive justice overtook the unchivalrous baritone, for he had no individual recall, while Suzanna's *Deh vieni* and the letter duo received applause unlimited. The diva was all graciousness as she received her recalls, and every time but one dragged with her the reluctant Hilda, who, unconscious and spontaneous in the opera, was childishly shy before the curtain.

It was a complete triumph for the Brunzola. She went home wreathed in smiles, the disquieting prelude to her triumph forgotten save as further evidence against the Italian character. But by accident an echo of the afterclap reached her ears in the shape of the humble tragedy of the office boy.

"Where is the boy that usually calls me?" she happened to ask the next evening, not liking the manner of the Mercury who summoned her. The question was merely intended to convey an impression of his inadequacy to the youth addressed, but his answer caught her attention.

" He's resigned, 'm."

"*Resigned!*"

"He gives up his job when his month's up. He just answers the phone now. He won't give no more messages since his fuss with Mr. Repeti. He wanted to go next day, but Mr. Quinby he ask him to stay till I got to know the work, so he squared it with him that way." The new boy took pride in the recitation.

"His trouble with Mr. Repeti," the diva repeated vaguely. Then a gleam came in her eye. "The night of *Figaro*, you mean?"

"Yez'm, I guess so."

"H'm. I must see to that. Tommy's a nice boy; we must keep him."

"It ain't Tommy, it's Willie."

"Well, Willie, then. I will speak to Mr. Quinby about it."

"Mr. Quinby ain't firing him; he asked him to stay. It's Willie his self. He won't stay."

"Very well, then," the prima donna adjusted herself gravely, "I will speak to Willie. I am accustomed to Willie, and I don't wish him to go. Send him to me after the performance."

This conversation, repeated, produced some grim chuckles of delight from Willie, but failed to move his determination. He was inwardly hilarious and outwardly decorous as he went to the Brunzola's dressing-room after her final exit.

She glanced up pleasantly as the maid answered his knock, and threw him a careless, "Oh, come in, Tommy." She spoke looking into the mirror, while her maid extricated a diamond tiara from a mighty structure of blonde wig. "I hear that you are going, Tommy. I should be very sorry to have you go. I don't like that other boy. He has such a disagreeable husky voice. I hope you will change your mind."

"No'm, thank you, very much, Miss Brunzola, but I can't stay after that row with Mr. Repeti."

The Brunzola's eye flashed sympathetically. "Yes, I know. Italians are annoying, but you must n't go away on his account. You stay, Tommy. I want you to stay." Never doubting that she had settled the matter, the Brunzola took out a crumpled bill and handed it to the office boy without looking at it. Then, as the nervous maid had packed the tiara in the case, and was holding out a fur-lined wrap, she smiled a condescending dismissal to Willie Jenkins.

He went back to the office and exhibited the bill to his comrades.

"A fiver! You'll stay now, won't you?" exclaimed his intimate (the real Tommy, by the way).

But Willie Jenkins shook his head. "Not on your life!"

The next evening another summons came to him at the latter part of the performance, which was *Tannhäuser*. Elizabeth, who had just disappeared over the hill to die, and was obliged to wait some forty minutes before reappearing upon her bier, sat in her white nun-like robes resting in her dressing-room. It was Hilda

Bergmann. As Willie entered she looked up with a smile.

"Good evening, Villie. You get my message? Vat is this I hear that you go avay?"

"Yez'm," returned Willie awkwardly, "I'm goin'."

Hilda looked distressed. "Vat for you go avay? Don't go, Villie. I miss you if you go."

Willie the self-possessed was dumb.

Hilda went on: "You are so guick. You keep so vell my flowers. You are so good to the little Max that day he is outside in the carriage. You gif him one little ball, und he hold it all the vay home."

Willie blushed to the ears, grinned foolishly, and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "Oh, that's nothin'," he replied hastily.

"You vill stay, then?" she urged.

Willie hesitated, coughed, then mumbled almost inaudibly, "I did n't suppose it made no difference. If I'd of known you cared" —

"Und Madame Brunzola vishes also that you stay." Giving him a moment to consider, she turned to a bunch of pink roses on her dressing-table, and, selecting one with care, drew it out. "Vould you like a rose, Villie? I think you are fond of flowers."

Willie received the rose in a red hand, with a gulp of thanks; then, as he still lingered uncertainly, she said again coaxingly, —

"You stay, then, Villie?"

And without another thought to the forsworn glory of his dramatic exit, Willie consented.

"Yez'm, of course, if it makes any difference."

Back in the office again he made use of another idiom.

"I did n't suppose it ud cut any ice with her — with either of 'em, but she ask me to stay, so I stay."

"Good work," agreed his friend heartily.

"She's got eyes like a kid," Willie volunteered a few minutes later, "an' you can't refuse her nothin', any more'n you can a nice kid. My sister has one like that, an' nobody can't refuse her nothin'."

And this was the only apology or explanation that Willie Jenkins ever vouchsafed for his abrupt change of heart.

But Tommy, his associate, student of human nature, observed shrewdly, "I guess you got a crush on little Bergmann."

To which Willie replied fiercely, "Say, just cut that out, will you!"

An armed neutrality, occasionally giving place to guerilla warfare, which was carried on between Willie and Signor Repeti for the rest of the season, furnished much amusement to the habitués of the ante-room. But upon the subject of Willie's adoration for Hilda Bergmann few even of his intimates ever dared to jest.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE COUNTRY

BY ARTHUR COLTON

I

In La Bruyère's *Characters of Theophrastus*, there is a sketch of the country gentleman as he appeared to the Athenian civilian of the fourth century B. C. Your countryman, says Theosphrastus, talks in a loud, unrestrained voice, wears heavy shoes, eats not daintily, but voraciously,—he cares not what,—is eccentrically familiar with his servants, and likes to contemplate oxen,—surely a dull occupation. He will carelessly interrupt his dinner to go feed his cattle or to chat with any one who knocks at his door,—surely, to a civilian's mind, a great disrespect to the function of dining, that gastronomic ceremony, the climax of the day and cynosure of its ordered proprieties. Again, continues Theophrastus, when your countryman comes to town, he is always asking prices and testing the money paid him to see if it is honest weight; he buys a piece of meat, and carries it in his hand about the streets, to the embarrassment of his friends; he sings out loud in the public baths; he lifts his robe most indecorously high, and remarks, apropos of nothing, that it is time for a new moon and that he intends to get shaved.

Theophrastus was a pupil of Aristotle, and though he never so attained the exquisite urbane accent but that the Athenian market women knew him for an alien, still he was an Athenian civilian in point of view. This eccentric countryman of his, is he not like Sir Roger de Coverley?

Civilian Theophrastus of Athens and Civilian La Bruyère of Paris thought that character absurd whose angles were unground in the social mill. Civilian Addison of London, contemporary of La Bruyère, and fellow observer of human types, thought him odd, but attractive. He smiled, but he liked him; and this liking was the most gracious thing that came out of Addison.

On country matters the civilian has mainly had his say unchallenged and unanswered. He has recorded his opinion and his prejudice even in the language: in "pagan" and "heathen," country derivatives, "memorials more enduring than brass" of the new faith's long delay this side of outlying villages and waste places, until "villager" and "heath man" on urban tongues became reproachful synonyms for the unconverted and those still in the night of their idolatry; in "boor," who was merely a farmer, a Bauer, a tiller of the soil, until his civilian fellow man decided that his manners were not good. In the meanwhile how does your etymology compliment your cities with "civil," "civilized," "urbane," "polite," "polished," and only in "bourgeois" and "policy" venture to hint a criticism! Not that language has shaded its connotations so unkindly to the countryside itself; "natural" is a word of praise, and "rural" a word of good liking; but with the countryman it has been so severe that "country matters" in Hamlet's usage meant mere coarse obscenity. Only in "citified" and "countrified" do the two seem to have clinched and parted with even honors, leaving the balance of derogation about equal. Mainly language has behaved badly in this matter. Mainly the city has spoken and the country not replied. The satire which jibes at the close-fisted farmer has seldom been answered, though the answer is plain. There is a misleading circumstance in the case. The countryman, in proportion to his income, probably is and

always has been more open-handed than the civilian. Between the farmer or planter, and the factory hand or merchant, the farmer or planter is less liberal of his cash, but not of his income, for the reason that, while the whole of the wage earner's or merchant's income is in cash, or something readily convertible, only a part of the farmer's or planter's is such. The other and larger part goes, with no cash intermediate, directly to his consumption, or in barter at the village store. He does not handle so many dollars to the same income as the wage earner or merchant, and the cash dollar looks greater to his imagination. We associate miserliness with cash, a misleading circumstance. But of his resources at large, his produce, his hospitality, and his time, the countryman is probably more liberal than the civilian, for the balance in tendency to liberal-handedness is in favor of the man whose neighbors are not too close to his elbows. Hospitality varies inversely with the population per square mile.

Some one, in describing his idea of "a gentleman," speaks of "a certain indifference to small things." It is to dislike penny wisdom, to be not busy and minute, not careful and troubled about odds and ends, to be able to spoil one's clothes without regret, to spend one's money without watching it go, to have no haunting horror of wasting or throwing away. But this is not only a tendency in attitude of your affluent aristocrat, your gentry of birth with whom wealth has passed under the skin and become a characteristic, but it is a tendency in attitude of those who have found a roomy place on the earth, and a wealth of possibilities in wide new lands. The Westerner thinks he detects a certain pettiness in an Easterner of his own class; the American is less saving than the European of similar worldly conditions; the European is this side of the Chinaman. This indifference, this freedom from the petty, might be called the gift of fortune to your aristocrat, and the gift of nature to your frontiersman. The one gains his view and free air by being lifted above, and more or less upon, the shoulders of his neighbors; the other by having his neighbors too few and far to trouble his view and free air. Through lack of space it comes that one's horizons are narrow, outlets meagre, and choices anxious. The soul is cramped and moulded by the elbows of one's neighbors. The "bourgeois" attitude is primarily a question of elbows.

Yet out of this close competitive herding it has come in part that we have any souls at all. First civilizations were social growths. Moral standards were tribal rather than private. South European civilization was mainly a city affair, of city states and conversing philosophers. In Northern Europe life was longer uncentralized, and the country spirit moved mightily. The peril of the city is pettiness and conformity. The peril of the country is a certain numbness and vacuity. So witness those literatures where the spirit of ages is "preserved and stored up." In South European literature there is more liveliness and more conformity, in North European, more dullness and more daring. The Mediterranean poet does not long that "the desert were his dwelling place," or

> "for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade,"

or for

> "A book of verses underneath a bough,
> A jug of wine, a loaf of bread," —

and only one companion to sing beside him in the wilderness. He longs for "a day in the city square," where there is "something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear at least," church-bells and news, the Pulcinello, the latest play, the stirring procession: "*Bang-whang-whang*, goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle*, the fife." And in higher mood he conceives the reward of the faithful and just, not in a restoration to that lost wild Eden, but as a citizenship in that celestial capital, whose priceless gates, lustrous pavement, and supreme society satisfy better the vision of his inward eye than mountains, moonlit rivers, and the beauty of Eden

loneliness. A favorite theme of the Parisian novelist, Amiel observes, is the *vie de province*, a dreary, narrow, soul-hungry, and unfed existence. But to Amiel, as to Marcus Aurelius before him, it is the same hungry life we all live, dreaming of the city of God and metropolis of the soul.

They are ancient educational rivals, the country and the city. In educational rivalry there is apt to be some ill-feeling. The rivalry was for the charge, discipline, and culture of mankind. The original question was: Are the habits of this promising species to be gregarious or solitary? Shall it feed and breed in flocks, shoals, and herds, like the crow, the herring, and the deer? or independently, like the hawk, the trout, and the panther? In more modern form: Is it better for a man to walk like Dr. Johnson by Charing Cross where his fellows throng, or like Isaac Walton by some stream apart, and practice the liberties of angling? Johnson was a thorough civilian in his likings, but not in his nature, which was angular and individual. His nature tended to solitude, his likings to company, and between the two he was melancholy. He had no love for bucolics. "'Let me smile with the simple and feed with the poor!' What folly is this!" he cried. "No. No. Let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich." "A fishing rod," he said, "is a stick with a hook at one end and a fool at the other." Whereas Walton maintained with some force that to go fishing was almost in itself to travel the path of wisdom.

The issue has remained an issue. The educational system adopted has been a conflict and a compromise. Man is both social and solitary. He hungers for fellowship and for independence, for conversation and for peace. He has a destiny both racial and personal. He is of the flood of the generations, and yet feels that he has a private goal which is not with them. He insists that "The proper study of mankind is man," and then lifts up his eyes unto the hills for help. He is a Charles Lamb in his love for city streets, the "prints, pictures all the glittering and sudden accession of knacks and gewgaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen — bookstalls — busy faces ever passing by;" and he is an Emerson, whose nature feeds on solitude, brooding in his "little sandy village," which "not the smallest event enlivens," where "if I look out of the window there is perhaps a cow; if I go into the garden there are cucumbers; if I look into the brook there is a mud turtle. In the sleep of the great heats there is nothing for me but to read the Vedas, the Bible of the tropics, — sublime as heat and night and a breathless ocean. If I trust myself in the woods or in a boat upon the pond, nature makes a Brahmin of me presently — eternal necessity, eternal compensation, unfathomable power, unbroken silence, this is her creed."

II

There are two cross currents of migration at the present day, the one a stream from the country to the city, swelling the latter to monstrous size and causing some indigestion. The other, from the city to the country, is more like tides, rains, or mists, than like the current of a river: tides with spring floods and autumn ebbs, showers of holidays and vacations, or else a mere moist and drizzling condition, a suburban compromise. Both movements are at the bidding of a common instinct to seek the other half of that race inheritance of a mixed culture, in protestation that man is neither a hawk nor a herring, but a composite in nature.

It was probably a countryman who first discovered that there is a solitude of cities, that it is not the presence of other people which banishes solitude, but the presence of other people with whom we are communicant. A multitude incommunicant emphasizes solitude. Solitude is a condition of the mind. The ticking clock and the wind across the uplands are company enough for conversations — with the clock about its courageous busi-

ness of measuring the immeasurable, cutting off minute sections of infinite time, and with the wind about its admirable method of traveling. But whatever may be the countryman's discoveries or gains, his migration is already at flood. It needs no promoter. His thirst for the city, his motives for gregarious flocking, have suffered some unjust reproach, but no discouragement. The civilian's counter migration is smaller, and intermittent in action. A discovery in turn lies before him, so far as he has not made it yet, that there is a society of the woods and fields, that in certain respects, for company, for observation, and for comment, this society is more practicable than civilian society. It is more practicable, for example, in three respects: first, because its social arrangements are more distinct; second, because its dramas, spectacles, panoramas, and contrasts are for that reason more intelligible; and third, because they generally are more convenient and at hand. For this field and forest society is an immense caste system.

It is a drawback in American life for purposes of observation and comment that we are a people indistinguished to the eye, unclassified to the understanding. Your casual stranger may be a bank president or a floor-walker, a bishop or a broker, a Presbyterian or a Christian Scientist, or be by birth of Iowa or Maine, or live in a hall bedroom or a mansion with a park front. He bears few marks of his opinions or beliefs, political or religious. You can make but broad generalizations about him. Moreover his opinions and beliefs are not of a piece. It is likely that he was born into one set of conditions, passed through others, and has come out a mixture, his make-up composite, his outline indistinct. Our clergy are mainly unfrocked, our officials ununiformed. We have no kings. Our beggars are unsatisfactory. You cannot tell a governor from a congressman. Your collision with a package-carrying youth may be a right contact with a student of the schools, an academic rebuttal, or but "an illiterate encounter" with some mercantile adolescence, some conveyer of parcels. There is nothing absolute about his garb, countenance, or motions. Society moves before us disorderly, and our eyes are bemused with the clutter.

"That nation is happiest whose annals are tiresome." That nation is most democratic whose society has least structure. Then your happy democracy has its drawbacks for the purposes of observation and comment. Those are not the main purposes of society, but they are the purposes of which we are speaking.

But what even is Hindoo society to the society of the woods and fields? What is the caste system of Brahmin and Sudra to the caste system of species? Every bird has its caste marks, its garb, habits and habitat, its song, — save as your catbird or mocking bird, chartered libertines, practice their loose talents of imitation, — its generic manner and motion, its style in respect to eggs. Every creature is a rigid conservative to the caste lines of its species, the law of its kind, the tradition of its race. Cross-breeding and grafting of collaterals are not unknown, but no apple tree shocks creation by bearing a maple leaf. Its sense of propriety is too strong, its pride of species too ingrained, its prejudices too rooted in antiquity. The social system of the woods and fields is older than Egypt. Its customs were venerable when a mummy was an innovation. The bees had their hive cities, their queens and palace tragedies, before ever a human creature wattled a roof.

Kipling's McIntosh Jellaludin hinted that he could tell a woman's antecedents of caste and race by the way she rinsed a jug. It were a shrewd inference in humanity, but a commonplace in nature.

The book of humanity is written in obscure language and confused style. The book of nature is perhaps less subtle, but it is more readable. In respect to its contrasts and panoramas, if not more dramatic, they are more convenient. The craft, cruelty, and ceremony of war is a strong effect, but difficult to obtain; but

almost any electric spring day one may watch the swallows twittering before the vanguard of the storm, and the black battle climb the sky, with plunge and stab of jagged swords, with power and pomp and hate, with rattling volleys and boom of artillery. Or, on one of those days called of George Herbert "the bridal of the earth and sky," when the bridegroom world wears his festival garments, green and red and purple and gold, and has riot in his blood, and reverence in his heart for the garmented and veiled bride above him, in blue and white, and pure and soft as the down within a dove's wing, — on such days peace is overhead, but there is struggle and tumult always in the grass. Whoever lies close with shaded eyes looks into a populous community, a tropical forest, a jungle ruled by jungle laws, the swarming, caste-cleaved India of the grass.

"A child said, 'What is grass?' fetching it to me with full hands," — so Whitman begins one of his singular monologues. "How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he." He goes on to call it the flag of his own disposition, hopeful and green, and like a child among more grown-up vegetations; or, again, it was a uniform hieroglyphic which being interpreted would say something about universal democracy. "And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves," somehow showing that the dear buried people were not dead, "for the smallest sprout shows that there really is no death." And so, by taking note of the grass, he becomes sure of his foothold, and leaps suddenly to a "knowledge of the amplitude of time," meaning that, instead of *ars longa, vita brevis*, both art and life are, on the contrary, limitless, that there is no end of time, and an abundance with which to fill it. This seems no very strict deduction from the premise of the grass.

Still, nearly any form of meditation can start up from the grass and grow greenly. But for myself, I find symbols of such far ideas more in the overbending sky and its population of vapors; and in the grass rather symbols of immediate daily living, its detail and its multitude. To peer closely into the grass is to come down upon a busy subverdant world, a thronged stage, a scene of plots, of comic and tragic event, of fury and of quiet, of more "characters" than there are in La Bruyère's *Theophrastus*, and each caste-marked and distinguishable. Here are the sluggard and the parasite, — their primal types; the gauzy frivoler, the sober family drudge; the patient and politic bug who waits in ambush of his cave for his meat to walk into his mouth in due season, and the anxious and troubled bug who is convinced that something is going to prevent his dinner presently. Alas! I am no entomologist. I know not your names, my brethren. But I look down on your labors and ambitions, and find your proceedings not unintelligible. I notice that the gregarious civilian bug seems active but fussy, a something petty, a something bourgeois about him; and about him who feeds and breeds apart from his fellows a certain fixed and vacuous manner, a certain dullness. I hear a council of municipal crows talking business in green chambers of the trees. A hawk rests on his spread wings alone in the sky. There is much to be said for crows; in fact, they say it; they are no hesitant talkers; but by contemplation of the self-captained hawk I pass to the opinion that a man is in possession of but half his race inheritance who has no liking for loneliness. It was once somewhere "highly resolved" for him that his education should be duplex, that he should hunger for his fellows and for himself, and that, as he should find his fellows in company, so he should find himself in solitude. "In solitude, in a remote village, the ardent youth loiters and mourns." The civilian takes the Saturday afternoon train with a happy sigh. Each feels the tug of a faithful instinct, bidding him act after his kind and minister to the starved half of his nature.

"WE"

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

AMELIA was going to read it to me. And as it was so important and mysterious, she gave it a preparatory perusal.

"Well! Do they feed the bulls on *cake* in England?" she inquired.

"Read me the context," I said.

She read. "'You've sixty-seven, and you don't cake. You've broken the lease in that respect. You're dragging the heart out of the farm.'"

"In England," I said, opening my eyes, "they feed the bulls largely on oilcake made of cotton seed in the United States, — after we have used it to make the patent lard and the soap that floats."

"Humph!"

She continued to scan the literary score; and while she was preparing herself I put my feet up, and resumed my train of thought, to wit:—

A figure of speech unites the strong and obvious with the coy and hidden, and everybody is joyed in the marriage and the child, especially if the union be properly done in the monogamic way. To meet approval it must bear the author's stamp of consent; it must be a plain, open, two-sided comparison. But as for a triple allusion, *that* is something that may not be formally encompassed. The third dimension must be subtly apprehended by the reader, and the solid substance of it must be mentioned discreetly, — else everybody will rise *en masse* to protest. (As if the full measure of meaning robbed the primal matter of its beauty.) But it arouses suspicion, and it is more culpable to steal a meaning into something than to filch one out of it. So we are down on it. Our honest, straightforward minds will not brook such triplicity.

I was going on in that vein till I should have put myself asleep, had not Amelia started up.

"Do you know what the Egg Itself is? There is n't any context, except dashes and things."

"Nothing? no clue at all?" I inquired.

"No. The blind woman draws the figure of the Egg Itself with her finger as she names the lot of colors of — the picture. It must be important, because it is capitalized and named twice. And that's all. I suppose that is one of the parts that everybody is wondering about."

"Maybe it's an Easter egg," I offered.

"Silly!" she said, and kept on with her perusal. And I kept on with my thinking.

There are three sorts of people: those whose life is simply the living of it; those who yearn for expression but have not the gift; and those who can write. The first may be said to feel; the second may be said to feel and hear, but not to see. Theirs is only the rumor and shadow of joy wantoning in the wood. But to say a thing is like catching it alive. Such trappers must have sharp sight. — Hearing does not exactly locate. A thing expressed belongs to you for the first time, and there is the joy of seeing it.

"I guess I might as well begin. I don't catch the meaning of half of it at all. Nobody does. But it is very beautiful."

"Is it a detective story, then?"

"They always come out in the end, and this does n't. The first part I like, though. Listen."

She read at first rhythmically, intimately, as in pure enjoyment; and then toward the middle I noticed that she had gone into the constrained, reverend tone. I opened my eyes. Her brows drew together, with an enigma between them, as when she sometimes sticks slightly on a matter of literary faith, but makes herself say it as it is printed. I had begun to

smile just at the impressive part; and as for the hidden meanings, they kept me in a constant titillation. But I kept myself from laughing *viva voce*, despite their aptness in hitting the thing off. When she arrived at the place where the author's signature used to be on all writings, her arms dropped. And the magazine, which had all the time been trying to shut up, slapped itself together. Her eyes lifted, rather vacantly, and she sat a moment in quandary. Then looking my way she saw what was left of a smile and heard a chuckle, — just as she was about to take me into the problem.

Myself had evidently become the conundrum now. She straightened up with her eyes set open as if she were making a photographic exposure on my dark interior, — looking in a purely optical way through the windows of my soul down into the obscurity where the strange sound had come from.

"Why, what is there funny about that to laugh about!"

"Funny! Why, it's just good. I was just laughing at the way he hit off those two fellows. And the whole business. That's them."

"It is They," she corrected. "But I am sure most people would not laugh at it."

"That kind," I rejoined, "cannot laugh at anything that is not in their own earnest lives. I was just laughing at the rap he took at those fellows. He was kind to the Editor, though."

"What fellows? Where?"

"There where he came to in his automobile. He comes cross-country on his machine and unknowingly runs into the Garden of Literature, — all set about with trees trimmed to the form of jousting knights and peacocks, and smooth maids of honor, — inanimate things vivified, things of common day invested with imagery. Not mere trees, and therefore only realistic, nor yet purely artificial and therefore tawdry and romantic, but the real thing in a livelier guise. That is 'Literature.' Not only in a new form, but formal — classical. Literature is really horticultural. The showing of the romantic in the real is what it *is*. Literature is a combination."

"Oh, you are pleased with your figure of speech, — the symbolism you saw."

"*My* figure of speech," I exclaimed. Did she not catch the drift of it at all? "In that garden you have been reading about," I continued calmly, "is the house of Imagination, with the coy little sprites, Children of the Imagination, running roundabout and in and out; and here in the House of Imagination with its curved mirrors transforming even straight edges into lines of beauty is the fantastic Fire of Imagination lighting and warming it."

"But he does n't say they are that," she protested.

"No? And the way he has laid it over those fellows, the editor and the publisher!"

"What! The Butler and the Tenant Farmer? Do you mean to say that" —

"Are n't they the only two men on the estate? Look at the story."

"Go on. I don't know anything about it," she said.

"This Madden, the Butler, is a member of the Household proper — as an editor really is. But the Tenant Farmer, Turpin — shades of the highway robber! — is only commercially interested. He is always scheming a way to drag the heart out of the land, and wanting more on his overstocked back acres. A greedy man, she calls him; and the author says he is a ginger-headed giant. She says he is quite a new man — not the kind that were before him. Indeed he is; quite a modern production. But Madden is given more of a character. He is solicitous for the honor of the house, — which he is, of course. He has more than the mercenary impulse. Let's see how it says it. 'Evidently a butler, solicitous for the honor of the house, and interested, probably through a maid, in the nursery.' Only evidently a butler. Inevidently, on the other hand, he is an editor, solicitous for literature and tending the nursery of liter-

ary young hopefuls through his maid, the stenographer. Ho, ho! He makes him more vivid every time he mentions him. The fellow accompanied the automobile to the crossroads, and having pointed the way he immediately 'retired into the armor-plated conning-tower of his castle and walked away.'"

"I thought that was just a description of an English butler, but a rather queer one."

"So it is, too," I replied. "Any one who has sent him a little poem must recognize the armor-platedness of his personal position. And as to the editorial watch-tower, I hope I do not have to explain that — it being so much to the point. This author represents himself in the story as coming out of the East" —

"Of England. The trip was in England," said Amelia.

"True enough. But did you ever see any 'fig trees of the lower coast' in England? Such a thing in the very first paragraph ought to give any one a hint of the way in which it is all to be taken."

"Go on."

"I say this writer came out of the East, suddenly, in a literary vehicle that was a very automobile of modernity — a lively Pegasus of style. And he ran all unaware, so it seems, into the Garden of Literature, where lives the woman, — the beautiful blind woman who made the children come with her yearning, but cannot see them. She only feels and hears."

"Now," said Amelia promptly, with the air of making a thorough test of the matter, "how about those colors? He thinks something while he is trying to fix his automobile, and she tells him to stop because those colors hurt. Is there any sense in all that talk about the blind woman seeing 'black streaks and jags across the purple,' and 'purple and black,' and all that when he thinks?"

"That," said I, "is good — the philosophy of style. Style is the submonition one gets of a writer without being able to exactly locate the reason for it — much as this woman senses the 'colors' she cannot be said to see. You know it is said that a man cannot put pen to paper without telling on himself; the printed page will somehow take on the hue of his mind, even though he thinks himself artfully silent in some ways and declarative in others. This writer, or automobilist, was silent of what he said inwardly about the machine. A man can see and say only himself. As the woman says, 'They are not in the world at all. They are in *you*.' That is Style — the colors we show to the insight. I suppose you recognize that this is the best possible symbolism of Style."

While Amelia hesitated to admit what she saw, I had to smile — or grin — again.

"Now you are thinking of something funny," she ventured.

"How did you know? Well, yes — I was. I was thinking of his mentioning a hue 'like port wine mixed with ink.' I wonder whether some of the English writers get the local color of self entirely from those fluids. Possibly that is what makes the 'black streaks and jags across the purple.'"

Amelia looked at me dubiously, wondering whether there were not more of me, possibly, than she had become acquainted with. But she immediately placed her finger on another lot of the black streaks and read them: — "'I was silent, reviewing that inexhaustible matter, the more than inherited (since it is also carefully taught) brutality of the Christian peoples, beside which the mere heathendom of the West Coast nigger is cleanly restraint. It led me a long distance into myself.'

"He does n't give any clue to that, either. What is it?"

"That 's Criticism — and more."

"And now," said Amelia, "what does that queer part mean, — her tracing the figure of the Egg Itself, and naming all those colors when he asked her to describe the 'picture' as she saw it? And then he speaks of it again as 'the Egg which it is given to very few of us to see.' What is it? Can't you and I see it — if it is so important? Why?"

"I will try and convey it. The colors she mentioned are the spectroscopic colors into which sunlight decomposes, — the colors of the rainbow. And all together, mixed or fused, they make the white light, or Truth — which literature attempts but never accomplishes. The Egg Itself is the Sun, from which the light and these colors emanate, and from which the world itself was hatched. I daresay you never saw the Sun, did you, — or Truth? Now do you begin to see a few things? Now you see why he describes Style, which is no more or less than the substance of literature, as being made of colors that are 'separate — all broken.' That is the way she saw his thoughts. None of us speak the white light of the whole truth, but only strange patterns of the decomposed light, vagaries of color. Some of us see more of one and some more of another."

Amelia had, I thought, begun to believe. But now she looked at me in doubt. I had probably become overconvincing. There is such a thing as being too right. It is not popular.

"But what of it?" she inquired.

"I don't know. They are just figures of speech."

"I thought you might be twitting me. Tell me, then, about those tallies."

"Ah — the old English tallies — that kept the Fire of Imagination going," I said musingly. I resolved to attack her by the intellect no longer; I would appeal to the woman in her. I stepped into the next room. I brought back our publisher's statement of the sales up to a certain day.

"There," I said, "take it in your hand. An English tally, as you certainly know, was a notched stick for the purpose of keeping accounts. You could cast up your reckoning by feeling, as this blind woman did the 'milk record.' We know our publishers are honest, do we not?"

"Oh, I know they are."

"You feel that they are honest," I said. "So it is that they keep accounts with us. We never see them, we feel that they are correct. Such tallies, then, are the fagots that keep the Fire of Imagination going; they make it leap and play and cast its distorted vagaries abroad. But of course it never brought forth the Truth, or deepened the impassioned Insight."

Amelia arose and strolled up and down the room. Now and then I could feel a glimmer of admiration and approval.

"Now," I said, "I might as well prepare you for the deeper waters. You see plainly enough, as everybody does, that this childless woman has a longing for children. The children are those of imagination, of yearning, for she 'made them come.' But she cannot see them; she is both childless and blind. All that is plain. Now, outside of this ideal place is the busy world, pictured in all its worriment. Inside the garden is a place of fantastic, distorted imagery, — what we call beautiful. And in this woman is only what she feels and knows by intuition. So there is the world of mere Experience, the world of Imagination, and the world of Insight, — of living, dreaming, and really knowing. This woman is a childless one yearning for expression, progeny — just as one who cannot write yearns to bring forth children of his fancy and see them in expression — just as all of us in the world, 'us blindies,' long to know the truth, but never do except we look within and abide by the longings of our nature, whole and unbroken. We cannot work it out in an arithmetic of words; it would be a shame if we had to. The three worlds are here depicted separately and apart from one another — but in mutual comment — a triple figure of speech, and triplicate. And along comes a writer. So it is principally an allegory shedding its trinity of hue and uniting in a white light on the literary life, which is the main thing illumined. The woman is principally one who yearns for expression. In the narrower sense she is literary, but in the larger sense human. She cannot write; she has no children."

"But here is something I am curious about," said Amelia. "What I want to know is this. Why did those little sprites,

that had been avoiding him all through the story, come to him toward the end?"

"Don't you understand? They came to him when he stopped tapping on the leather screen, in which way he had been calculating the cost of Turpin's new shed. Finally he ceased his tapping and sat forgetful; and right at that point the little children that had been so coy came and made friends with him. The Inspirations came when he was not thoughtful of money. Love is the reward of unselfishness. And these little ones were the children of Love."

"What! These sprites! I thought"—

"Yes, she just imagined them. But there is more to it. You notice that the girl depicted outside of the garden had a child that died. And the child was what? There was not the usual bargain beforehand, the mercenary prearrangement. It is made of that kind and put in that part of the story as a parallel to the literary children, which are the product of love and passion, not mercenary. And the poor woman of the Garden says passionately, 'We must bear or lose.' That is, if we do not bear we lose. It is a great bereavement not to be able to express one's self."

"But here is something I would rather know about," said Amelia. "The Butler's wife saw one of these sprites, and then it seems it was not the Blind Woman's at all any more. She was very much surprised and grieved, it seems. She exclaims, 'Hers! Not for me?' Now I see no sense in that."

"Listen," I said. "These little children of the Imagination, these conceptions, run all over, out of the house and roundabout in the wood. They are anybody's and everybody's, a common property of the race, yours and mine. We send one to the Butler's wife, the magazine. And then we sometimes find it is not ours at all, for it has been printed; some one has seen it. And what a loss it is! And with what sore bereavement we exclaim, 'Hers! Not for me?' And then there is nothing to do again but go 'walking in the wood,' to see if we can catch another."

"That is hard," she mused.

"Yes," I said. "See how it was with the automobilist. One time his machine broke down on his way thither; he was stalled. So he spread a rug, and he arranged on it pieces of his machine, which he explains are 'superfluous parts'—toys. With these he tries to coax the little children to him. But the Inspirations, the thing we have to say, will not come from fussing with our art — the technic — the poetesque uses of words, gaudy mannerisms of speech. Superfluous parts indeed. That is what they are; the ornaments and toys. Many of us have felt like this automobilist, 'I really do not need all these things.' They are not the essential."

Amelia sat on the couch, thinking deeply.

"Don't you see it all?" I inquired.

"Yes, it is the whole—business. Maybe it is all just a co—"

"I have never seen one that tended to business so thoroughly," I remarked.

"And what of it all, anyway?" she said suddenly. "Why was there anything in it that — could n't be understood?"

"I don't know. They're just the facts in the case."

"Hidden. Is that a writer's business, to go and hide things? And I knew them all, anyway. It's just"—

"Yes. It *is* a detective story, I admit that. They are just figures of speech."

"I would rather talk to you about — anything. I know all that, except when I read it. How did you figure it out so easily?"

"You know my motto; the way I find everything out, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. It is, Inquire Within."

"That is one of the best things to do in the first place. I had done that before I read this."

Amelia rose from the couch.

"Come," she said, drawing up a chair. "Let us sit together and look out of the window."

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

BY HENRY W. BOYNTON

A WELL-KNOWN English Review has recently entered a proper enough protest against the unnecessary multiplication of short biographies. The past decade, not, so far as we can see, overfruitful in strong creative work, has achieved a great deal of grubbing in the old dust-heaps; and much turning over of material already unearthed and in some way sorted. In certain instances this work has been done perfunctorily, or, with whatever zeal, by hands naturally fitted for other tasks; but the number of valuable finds, major and minor, has been remarkable. The growing popularity of the brief biographical study is not undeserved. It aims not to supplant but to supplement the fuller and more formal type of biography. Its brevity does, of course, give it a chance with readers who shrink from anything in two volumes octavo; and the serial method of publication, bestowing a kind of cumulative dignity upon each succeeding number, secures a wide circulation among conventionally bookish persons. The established success of the English Men of Letters Series has led to a repetition of the experiment by other publishers. Naturally there is much to choose in point of quality among these compact studies, by whomever published; but the present commentator, who has chanced to read many of them, has found very few of them merely impertinent.

I

The original English series it has been judged proper to extend to the treatment of distinctly minor figures in English letters, and of the greater Americans. Sydney Smith and Bryant are among the latest inclusions; there is little doubt as to which of them has the better right to a place of dignity among producers of literature in English.[1] Mr. Bradley's study, as the work of an American critic of the younger generation, may be taken to represent, in a way, the opinion of an early posterity. He treats Bryant "not merely as the earliest American poet, but as one of the more considerable luminaries of our small constellation,—the most imaginative, perhaps, of all our poets save Poe." There is, as the passage suggests, no spread-eagling done in this volume; the author has too real a respect for his subject, and for the critical office, to be in any danger from local pride. The result is what seems a perfectly reasonable estimate of Bryant as a poet who, if he did not achieve greatness, achieved distinction. As for his specific service to American literature, Mr. Bradley seems to say all that can be said: "Our racial consciousness is necessarily lacking in a reminiscence of that remote past when faith in things eternal first took form in beautiful mythologies and legends of gods and heroes. But in Bryant there is present something of the mood out of which such things spring, and he supplies, in his feeling toward nature, a little of that freshness of delight in all created things, and even more of that pristine poignancy of regret at the briefness of their span, which is needed to give spiritual perspective to our literature." With so clear a recognition of the "elemental quality" of Bryant's poetry, it is a little odd that the critic should not couple a recognition of the inevitable brevity of

[1] *William Cullen Bryant.* By WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Sydney Smith. By GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

its expression. If Bryant's precocity was as remarkable as that of a Shelley or a Keats, its exercise was even more short-lived. It hardly suffices to say that the poet "even in his most productive period devoted only a small portion of his energies to the writing of poetry." There were, no doubt, in Bryant's youth, obstacles to the adoption of "literature as a profession" which, using the word literature in a vague sense, no longer obtain in America. But to live by poetry has always been the most painful of enterprises and the most precarious; apparently a professional "career" in poetry was forbidden Bryant by the conditions of his natural endowment as well as by "the exigencies of his situation in life." At his poetical best he was one of the most remarkable of youthful prodigies; and it would be as reasonable to regret his subsequent activity and usefulness in affairs as to lament the narrowness of his range and the paucity of his product in poetry. For what we have received let us be duly thankful. Bryant's long-continued and deep-grounded effectiveness as a public character is an aspect of his career upon which Mr. Bradley by no means fails to cast due emphasis. But why go back of the facts to surmise that if the man had not put himself in the way of a life of varied activities, he might have produced more, or better, poetry?

Mr. Russell's study of Sydney Smith pretends to offer nothing particularly fresh in matter or treatment; he has admittedly been "working in a field where a succession of diligent gleaners had preceded him." He has had a few new letters at his command, and that is all. Yet the book has been undertaken seriously, and the labor by no means wasted. Those "diligent gleaners" had been content with a more or less fragmentary and inaccurate method of presentation: Mr. Russell has assembled, corrected, and verified these scattered data, and made them the basis for an independent interpretation of the work and character of his subject. He seems, in short, pretty thoroughly to have summed up the Sydney Smith question; no more elaborate study of him is likely to be needed. That is to say, the biographer's task was in many respects easier than that of Mr. Bradley. Mystery hangs about a poet, but a wit, whatever his stature, belongs to our common world. It must be said that there is nothing in the present study to convince us that Sydney Smith was not rather a wit than a man of letters. Of the famous but now somewhat faded Sydney jokes our biographer is, on the whole, commendably continent. Such things rarely stand the test of even a generation of years; and it is the penalty which a joker has to pay to posterity that innumerable verbal jests with a counterfeited water-mark should be saddled upon his memory. But Sydney Smith was a wit in the older and larger sense, a *bel esprit*, a keen intellect united to a genial fancy.

Mr. Russell shows our wit to have been, if not a great writer, a man of much practical zeal and influence. "What is the conclusion of the whole matter? It is, in my judgment, that Sydney Smith was a patriot of the purest and noblest type; a genuinely religious man according to his light and opportunity; and the happy possessor of a rich and singular talent which he employed through a long life in the willing service of the helpless, the persecuted, the poor. To use his own fine phrase, the interests of humanity 'got into his heart and circulated with his blood.' His playful speech was the vehicle of a passionate purpose. From his earliest manhood he was ready to sacrifice all that the sordid world thinks precious for Religious Equality and Rational Freedom." Not so far from Bryant, the American Poet and Editor, one sees, was this English wit and publicist, leaving the mere question of literary classification out of account. Bryant himself was capable of saying, shortly after the beginning of his connection, destined to last for half a century, with the New York *Evening Post*, "Politics and a bellyful are better than poetry and

starvation." Politics and questions of reform were later on to become of much more importance to him than a bellyful; but his utterances were always calm, judicial, a little rigid. Sydney Smith, on the contrary, though not far from a contemporary, belonged, as an Edinburgh reviewer, and in other capacities, to the robust English school of letters, and was, after Swift, one of the greatest English masters of satirical invective. So he imagines himself saying to "a regular Tory Lord, whose members regularly vote against the Catholic question: 'To bring on a civil war for No Popery is a very foolish proceeding in a man who has two courses and a remove. As you value your side-board of plate, your broad riband, your pier-glasses, — if obsequious domestics and large rooms are dear to you, — if you love ease and flattery, titles and coats of arms, — if the labor of the French cook, the dedication of the expecting poet, can move you, — if you hope for a long life of side-dishes, — if you are not insensible to the arrival of the turtle-fleets, — emancipate the Catholics! Do it for your ease, do it for your indolence, do it for your safety — emancipate and eat, emancipate and drink — emancipate and preserve the rent-roll and the family estate!'" Nowadays we are inclined to model our diatribes rather upon the style of the *Evening Post;* but there was a kind of infernal virtue in those unconcealed weapons of assault and battery which Jeffrey and North and Sydney Smith used to such purpose.

There seems, on the whole, to be no reason why Frederic Harrison's *Chatham*,[1] issued by the same publishers, should not have been as fitly included in the English Men of Letters Series as the *Sydney Smith*. Both were rhetorical improvisators, though one chanced to be an orator and the other a pamphleteer. With all its brevity, Mr. Harrison's study of the elder Pitt is, as would be expected, of the most finished character. His admiration of Chatham as one of the "four great creative statesmen" whom England has produced gives warmth to his interpretation, though he quite avoids the panegyrical note of Macaulay. His style is, if less lively, and quite untouched by humor, hardly less nervous than that of the eloquent Whig. "He has been charged with being drunk with war, delighting in war for itself; but this is a gross caricature of Pitt's ambition. . . . Pitt had no love of war. He loved his country with passion, and his ambition was to make his country the first in the world, to hand on to generations to come a mighty and stable inheritance. It was the ambition of Frederick, of Marlborough, of Dupleix, of Lally and of Montcalm, of Choiseul, of Alberoni, as it was of Pitt. But of them all, Frederick and Pitt alone have founded vast empires which, after one hundred and forty years of growth, are still growing to-day." To such a man the notion of a literature detached from the practical issues of life may well have seemed vanity; the wonder is that it did not seem so to Frederick. Pitt was content to shape an empire; what we have of his writing is laborious and formal, as different as possible from those glowing fragments of his reported discourse.

[1] *Chatham.* By FREDERIC HARRISON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

II

A very different man from the witty Rector of Combe Florey was the Vicar of Morwenstow: far less a person of public affairs, far more a man of letters, — and yet he was not primarily that, either. Seldom has the parochial life, in whatever sense the term be used, produced a more interesting character. Poet, antiquarian, chronicler of Cornish legends, mystic, ecclesiastic, and (lightly his son-in-law biographer breathes it) opium-eater: a man most eccentric, most lovable. For his recluse habit — he hardly left his wild Cornish shore for a quarter-century — and for his fastidious unconventionality in dress and conduct, he strongly resembled that other literary hermit, his

contemporary FitzGerald. But while FitzGerald was solacing his somewhat aimless and self-centred existence with random, though, as it turned out, fruitful experiments in Spanish and Persian, Hawker was studying the antiquities of old Cornwall, reading Aquinas, and, above all, performing with hearty goodwill and scrupulous fidelity the thousand and one duties of a country priest who is also squire and magistrate.

Two brief, inaccurate, and incomplete memoirs appeared shortly after Hawker's death. One of them, by S. Baring-Gould, was well received, and has been twice reprinted; but the continued and growing interest in the author of *Footsteps of Former Men in Old Cornwall* has given good cause for the preparation of a full and reliable biography, such as we now have from the hand of his son-in-law.[1] The volume is a *Who's Who* for rubicundity and portliness; this being the style just now in fashion for biographies. Its contents are a product of unusual skill and discretion. Hawker was a figure which might easily have been distorted by adulation or carelessness. It appears to be presented here in its natural proportions. As master of a substantial glebe, he developed not only an excellent knowledge of crops and live-stock, but a tendency to a very human irascibility in dealing with refractory or delinquent laborers. He shared the superstitions of his Cornish parishioners: made the sign to defend from the evil eye, and had a firm belief in pixies, brownies, and demons of the sterner sort. "As I entered the Gulph between the Vallies today, a Storm leaped from the Sea, and rushed at me roaring — I recognised a Demon and put Carrow to the gallop and so escaped. But it was perilous work. There once I saw a Brownie; and thence at night the Northern Glances gleam." On another occasion he writes quite soberly to his brother: "You talk of weather. . . . My Cliff Wheat was in the Blade and we thought it would snap with the wind. So on the 8th I had two crosses made of Wood, and on the Transome of one was carved and the letters painted red — 'Imperat Ventis' from St. Luke, I. E. 'He commanded the Winds,' and on the other, 'Dixit Mari, Tace,' 'He said unto the sea, "Peace, Be still."' They were fixed and consecrated by Six O'Clock in the evening, amidst so fierce a Gale that the Carpenter could hardly hear the Service on the Cliff. But the Prince of Air heard it and obeyed. By Twelve O'Clock there was a calm, and no Storm from the S.-W. and N.-W. — the points breasted by the Crosses — has entered that field since. Could any man doubt the Power of Words . . . who saw and witnessed, as all our people have, these things?" Upon matters of superstitious belief less closely connected with his daily life he had equally firm convictions: such as that angels have no wings and dress in white ("Are you not instructed," he writes to an ignorant friend, "that the Alb of the Primal Church, girdled, was an exact copy of the usual garments worn by angels when they communed with men?"), and that the hair of the Virgin and her Son was of "a blushing brown," "that of a ripe chestnut with the sun trembling over it." Yet this man was capable of invective as bitter as that of Sydney Smith; and of such touches of keen humor as: "He appeared to me to be a Protestant devoid of intestines, a most unusual thing. Is he not some other Man's Backbone?"

To the numerous memorials of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood which have been published of late is now added, in the excellent Literary Lives Series, a study of Patmore.[2] Coventry Patmore's career was in many respects singular. Mr. Sargent chose him as model for Ezekiel in the now famous painting in the Boston Public Library; and there

[1] *The Life and Letters of R. S. Hawker*, Vicar of Morwenstow. By C. E. Byles. New York: John Lane. 1905.

[2] *Coventry Patmore.* By Edmund Gosse. Literary Lives Series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

was not a little — there was perhaps too much — of the *sæva indignatio* of the prophet in his make-up. No one of his generation, not even Carlyle or Ruskin, was equally savage in his denunciation of the political and social conditions of the age. Yet his only generally recognized success was a popular success, — an idyl of what might be called the antimacassar school, its theme of deliriously chaste middle-class wedlock mildly decorated with a commodity of curates, crinoline, croquet, red plush sofas, and tea on the lawn. To catch the fashion of the time — witness *Dora*, for a single instance of the way in which that particular fashion was able to influence better poets than the author of *The Angel in the House* — and express it to the utmost: not the natural business of an Ezekiel, one would say. And indeed, though that poem is by no means to be disposed of as merely vapid or banal, it cannot justly be said to represent the poet at his best, as some of his later work represented him, — say the *Odes*, *Amelia*, and *The Unknown Eros*. There his didactic intent failed to compromise the utterance of his pure lyrical impulse. Patmore was essentially a singer, and he never knew it. His biographer has a very clear opinion of his place among Victorian poets:—

"It is probably not very unsafe to predict what Patmore's place will be in literary history. He does not quite stand in the central stream of the age in which he lived. He will not be inevitably thought of as representative of the intellect of his time, like Tennyson, nor as a spreading human force, like Browning, nor as a universal stimulant and irritant, like Matthew Arnold. His contributions to the national mind will be far less general than theirs, mainly because of his curious limitations of sympathy. Those who do not feel broadly may have a deep, but they cannot expect to have a wide, influence. They cannot suffuse themselves into the civilization of the race. The individuality of the three poets I have named was soluble, and as a matter of fact particles of their substance flow in the veins of every cultivated man. Patmore was narrow, and he was hard; there is that in his genius which refuses to dissolve."

III

Poetry was as absolutely a profession to Patmore as to Tennyson and Browning, though he found it impossible to apply himself systematically to composition, as they did, and his product was comparatively small. He waited for his rare moments of inspiration with what was for him an excellent passivity. "No amount of idleness is wrong in a poet," he said placidly. "Idleness is the growing time of his harvest." Not, one reflects, the harvest of a Browning, which seems to have matured even as he "walked along our roads with step so active, so inquiring eye." He has never been more unmistakably "a spreading human force" than since the Browning societies became obsolete or obsolescent. The third fresh study of his life and work undertaken during the past two years has just presented itself.[1] In scale it stands midway between Mr. Chesterton's and Professor Dowden's; in quality it is to be compared rather with the latter. The style is not of the "popular" sort, and may indeed be said to verge now and then toward pedantry; but if the book bears the external stamp of a terminology whose agreeable mystifications might, a decade or two ago, have been manna to the cult, it has also the advantage, hardly then to have been appreciated, of really meaning something palpable. The study is in two parts, the first of which might by itself have made an excellent English Men of Letters number. Professor Herford has been successful in his attempt "to sift out from the picturesque loose drift" of detail and anecdote which has gathered about Browning's name "the really salient and relevant material." As little space as possible is devoted to the poet's

[1] *Robert Browning.* By C. H. Herford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1905.

forbears and childhood: as few *ex post facto* premonitions of genius noted in early pranks and babblings. Even the incidents of that memorable courtship are lightly touched upon; while full treatment is given to the fifteen years of married life and poetic heyday which followed. The whole method is critical: events are dwelt upon or slighted according as they bear upon the poet's actual productiveness. For the rest, Professor Herford is successful in the most difficult part of the Browning critic's task: in dealing with those poetic extravagances with which Browning's labors began and ended. We may not at this day be particularly eager for a new exposition of *Pippa Passes* or *The Blot in the Scutcheon*, and yet owe something to the critic who is able to make both clear and tolerable *Sordello* or *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country*.

The sixty pages on Browning's "Mind and Art" represent an extreme type of academic criticism: a method of scientific analysis which, of excellent use to a master, our young Ph.D.'s are in the way to make a public nuisance. Professor Herford is a master in this sort; yet one can hardly resist a smile or a shudder at the hard technicality of his procedure. One feels himself helplessly rung into the classroom by the very term "mind and art," — and yonder on the bulletin-board is a syllabus of the forthcoming lecture of the day, the first of its eight heads running, "1. Divergent psychical tendencies in Browning — 'romantic' temperament, 'realist' senses — blending of their *données* in his imaginative activity — shifting complexion of 'finite' and 'infinite.'" But these dry bones of discourse are clothed in due time; with what texture a sentence or two on Browning's two conceptions of reality may suggest: "His most intense consciousness, his most definite grip upon reality, was too closely bound up with the collisions and jostlings, the limits and angularities, of the world of the senses, for the belief in their illusoriness easily to hold its ground. This 'infinite soul' palpably had its fullest and richest existence in the very heart of finite things. Wordsworth had turned for intimations of immortality to the remembered intuitions of childhood; Browning found them in every pang of baffled aspiration and frustrate will. Hence there arose in the very midst of this realm of illusion a new centre of reality; the phantoms took on solid and irrefragable existence, and refused to take to flight."

Mr. Japp's book about Stevenson[1] is top-heavy with a sub-title: it is not consistently a record, an estimate, or a memorial. It contains a good deal of valuable matter presented in the most scrappy and disjointed way; as well as some matter which is not valuable at all. Mr. Japp is far too obviously laden with grievances, some of them Stevenson's, some of them merely his. He is very severe with Henley, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Symons, *et al.;* not always, it seems, upon really dignified grounds. It is easily possible to take issue, on the score of taste, with those rather too well-known remarks of Henley's, but to call them "spiteful perversions" is surely an exaggeration. Such bits of personal controversy as the chapter on Lord Rosebery are mere impertinence; our dour Scots LL.D., F. R. S. E. takes himself a grain too seriously. The fact remains that he was a cherished friend of Stevenson's, and that his book, with all its formlessness and maladroitness, gives an impression, hardly paralleled elsewhere between two covers, of the generous ardor which this toil-ridden virtuoso had to expend upon life. How he lived, this Louis the Well-Beloved! always with something harum-scarum upon the surface, a wanderer, a rebel against petty conventions, yet with a deep conformity in his heart and in his conduct. Of whom could this be said so truly, unless of Cervantes, whose name is by one of those familiar accidents of the calendar once more fresh upon our lips? He, to be sure, was a sol-

[1] *Robert Louis Stevenson*: A Record, an Estimate, and a Memorial. By ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D., F. R. S. E. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

dier of another sort, pitted against physical foes of more kinds than one; and born an age too early to obtain even in years that warming recognition which fell to Stevenson in his early prime. Mr. Calvert's timely *Life of Cervantes*[2] is, oddly enough, the first brief and satisfactory monograph to be written in English. The more elaborate *Life* by Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly is better worth owning, but it is now hard to obtain. This narrative is compact and well considered; and is admirably illustrated with portraits and title-pages.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE SECRET STORY

[While the anonymity of the Club must be strictly kept, the Editors think that the readers of *The Secret Story* may like to know that it has been written by one of the oldest and most truly original of our American writers of fiction.]

How beautiful, how true, that quiet talk of "Vision" in the May number of these pages. That talk brings out my little hidden story which has been growing for so many years.

I remember a small boy, the one I knew best of all. On a day of the springtime he was on the grass in a meadow by the river. His friend was with him, and there was a blue sky and white clouds overhead. The gentle breeze, the soft *susurrus* of the flowing stream, and the shining of the sun, became to him very beautiful, and he was suddenly conscious of a happiness beyond these, and of which he could not speak, and which he did not in the least degree know about or understand. It was nothing; it was formless as the viewless air. And yet it made his whole life broader and brighter, as it lingered with him for hours, slowly fading out in the joys of a strong, vigorous boyhood, with constant outdoor activity.

A few years later the visitation came again. It was by a waterfall. The summer day was bright as before. The nameless joy, coming so without cause or explanation, led the youth to wonder what this light might mean. It lingered for a day, and then slowly melted into the cool gray gloom of an energetic, toiling life of constant occupation.

And as time has gone by, at intervals of years this visitation has come again and again, and it has been the same silent joy under all kinds of outward experience and circumstances. And it ever leaves the life it visits broader, happier, and more beautiful than it finds it. In the wilderness, in the years of lonely living, it has come with peculiar power: in the days of toiling in crowded assemblies in the cities it has come, and the little boy, after so many years, still wonders and questions what it is. He has never mentioned it, or discussed the question with any one. He finds a few timid allusions to it in a very private journal kept in the time of his college experience. Aside from these hidden hints, no light of day has ever fallen upon this secret story. The boy always had an Achates. In his childhood and youth there were no secrets between him and this second self of his. From babyhood each read absolutely the thoughts and feelings of the other. And yet Achates never knew this secret history. That sense of happiness was nearer than Achates.

This one I have named Achates came to see me not long ago. He had been three years in the Civil War, and since that time in business, and had reared a family. I did not recognize him at first, and he

[1] *The Life of Cervantes.* By ALBERT F. CALVERT. New York: John Lane. 1905.

did not know me. There were too many years between us, — since we had parted in wartime. But we spent days together. We went down by the river, and the two little boys of so long ago came out of their hiding. The intervening time rolled away. The war and the family were gone, and we were two children, the very same as ever. The flaws of temper, the quick turns of yielding and resisting, and all the peculiarities, were so childish and so accurately the same that we were startled, shocked, amused, and driven to the conclusion that we were not a day older in our essential selves than we had been in the earliest hours of our acquaintance. And yet with all this I did not venture to ask Achates whether he had thought or known of the dream, the vision, the visitation, that had so shaped my life and made it what it is.

The little boy still questions what it was that came to him so naturally that bright day in the meadow. He questions and he muses with no better wisdom than at first. But in that secret chamber where the little chap has lived so long, and where the "I myself within me" has wondered at the man who has slowly enveloped him and grown up around him, and whom he yet knows to be but dust and ashes, — in that calm retreat a guess has long been recorded. The little chap has even dropped into poetry about it. I find the secret lines in that same hidden journal of which mention has been made. Without copying the timid lines, I may give their purport, and thereby suggest a solution of the mystery.

After questioning: —

> " What is this strange, sweet silence stealing,
> From out dim spaces, far, unknown ? "

The suggestion reads: —

> " Is it a great and gentle spirit,
> In kindly converse with my own ? "

The boy has not gone beyond this. He has been willing to assume that the great and gentle Spirit has used means. He has not thought it necessary to make biological insinuations. He has not cross-examined the molecules, nor suspected them of deceit or evil intentions of any kind whatever. On the other hand, he has been deeply grateful for the hours of vision that have been given him. He has known at such times that he has news, glorious news, of events happening he knows not where ; and there is a joy of friendship, which he feels, but comprehends not. The sunlight, the sky, the lands, and the seas have become very beautiful. All the world and the life are full of light. In the lapse of hours or days this passes, but a vague consciousness remains of a lingering power which guides in the long journey. The little chap has read with reverence the history of Jacob and the Angels, the account of little Samuel, and the long line of sacred story which ever has been, is now, and ever shall be, the hope and the light of all the earth. He has read with confidence of the dreams and premonitions of Abraham Lincoln. He has questioned the records of the Society of Psychical Research, and has considered the probable extent of those subliminal possessions, now so often mentioned. Through all this, his own hidden story has remained the same. That joy which came so quietly and so long ago has not departed. In the midst of a busy life, below the eager career, this hidden story goes on and on, unchanging in its character, through its long, intermittent history.

It is very true that it has been found possible, in every age and every land, to treat the story of the hidden life with derision. But it is equally true, always, that the story-teller can smile at Satan's rage, and it is often seen that he can face a frowning world.

When the little story-telling traveler packs up and gets ready to leave, and bids farewell to Dust-and-Ashes, who has so long enveloped him, and to this beautiful world, it is understood that he sometimes casts a longing, lingering look behind: but it is also understood by those who have vision, and so can watch him and know that his eye is not dimmed nor his force abated, that he quickly turns

from the backward view, when he is leaving this world, and with glad alacrity hastens on his journey home.

THE IRONY OF FATE

I WAS born on the day that Hawthorne died, and I have always expected to wear his mantle. But after long years of incredibly persevering industry I have barely succeeded in winning the distinction, which at one time he claimed for himself, of being "the obscurest man of letters in America." I begin to suspect that something more than industry, something more than ambition, something more than a curious coincidence in dates, goes to the making of a novelist; but I cannot help feeling that a malign fate has marked me for failure where others, no more suitably equipped, have succeeded. I have the honor of belonging to a large family, inextricably connected by ties of marriage with innumerable other large families, all instinct with reverence for the family reputation. To this widely ramified connection everything imaginable has happened. Once, inadvertently, I wrote a story about a remote cousin, which was unexpectedly accepted, bringing down upon me the wrath of more relatives than I can count, for my base treachery in revealing family secrets. Ever since that time a watch has been set upon current literature, as unremitting as that of the Russian censors, and my kinsfolk, not literary by nature, have been trained into literary ferrets. I am additionally handicapped by a keen sense of honor, which forbids my making copy of my confidential friends. In my best days I had an active imagination, but even that could not keep pace with the actual experiences of my family and friends. During my long years of industry my literary method was as follows: Having shut myself up in the seclusion of my attic-study, I would first practice deep breathing for five minutes, saying to myself with each inhalation, "I was born on the day that Hawthorne died." Feeling then through every fibre the gentle glow of well-being, I would ask myself, "What, in my place, would Hawthorne do now? Hawthorne would write." And having so said, I would set myself to four hours of concentrated effort, letting my imagination soar into the empyrean, using my best judgment for reins and literary taste for a bit. Then, little by little, I would write my story, making it as strong, as well-balanced, and as clear-cut as lay within my power. Afterward, I would go over it carefully with a magnifying glass, and cut out everything that ever happened to any one of my relatives or friends. I had been writing for the magazines for seven years without eliciting any more personal return than a printed formula of declination, when one day I received a handwritten note from a famous editor: "Why do you persist in sending us stories with the tale left out? Your style is good, but your writing lacks substance."

I saw my mistake at once. The imagination alone is insufficient, if facts be subtracted from its product, and my imagination in its widest sweep was subtended, if I may be allowed the technicality, by a common store of facts. It is a great misfortune when the family imagination is specialized in one individual, while the family memory remains a stock property. It then behooves me, I soliloquized, to abandon the use of my imagination and work out my stories on scientific principles. If Cuvier could construct an extinct monster from a solitary bone, surely I am not yet too old to learn to construct a story from an isolated fact. I had been interested in several touches that marked the work of one of our most objective and popular novelists. They had set me to wondering what manner of man he might be when he was alone with himself, and more out of curiosity than for any other reason I began to write a story which would account for and reveal the kind of person I surmised him to be. I had never heard an unpleasant word in regard to him, I had never read a word that was not highly flattering, but two or

three sentences in a widely circulated novel had painted for me a picture. Only when my study was finished did I begin to suspect that I had written a highly original story about a living and breathing man. I sent it to an editor with a psychological bent, and received from him a surprising letter full of unstinted praise. My story was a wonder of psychological analysis, but it was so literally, word for word, the private history of one of our best known writers that its publication would furnish sufficient ground for a libel suit. Alas! I had outrivaled Cuvier, for he could construct merely an extinct monster, while my monster was alive and up-to-date and dangerous!

I began, then, to brood over my fate, for it seemed, almost, that I must be demon-haunted. My wife had never approved of my writing. She thought I might much better take care of the garden and mow the lawn. She had the near-sighted look when she spoke to me that people wear when they speak to a failure. I was a failure, I knew full well, but how could I account for it? I had as good an intelligence as many of our successful writers, as great preseverance, and a better use of language; yet their stories were taken and mine were left. I have a nature in which injustice rankles, and I would always rather feel myself in the wrong than feel myself wrongfully accused. I had failed, therefore I must have deserved to fail, but how? So I set to work to construct out of my self-knowledge a character for which failure would be the only justice, a character that would bring down the roof of the temple upon its head by its own self-seeking, yet in a manner so impersonal and detached that all the region round would echo with Olympian laughter. In order to paint such a portrait of myself it was necessary to omit all my redeeming qualities and to bring out the other kind with a merciless touch. Yet I tried to relieve the shadows with humorous lights, which would unmistakably indicate that I was not a hater of the human race, but a lover who would say: "This creature have I held up to ridicule that you may see why men fail and take warning!" And then, having created out of my inner consciousness a bit of life as pitiless and as ironical as a Greek tragedy, I sent it to an editor whom I had had in mind throughout the writing; the only editor in America that I could depend upon to appreciate the subtle humor, the biting satire, the underlying truth.

I waited eagerly for his answer. It came, with a burst of confidence that astounded me. He could not speak highly enough of my story. "It is a masterpiece of narrative and portraiture," he wrote, "but by some unaccountable coincidence you have painted the portrait of my wife's brother. My wife has strong family feelings, and my brother-in-law has a fiery temper, so I dare not print it. But if you can get some other editor to publish it I will be your friend for life."

I, too, have a fiery temper, but what good does it do?

APROPOS OF FACULTY WIVES

WHILE the college professor, budget in hand, is occupying the centre of the stage for a brief moment, his wife listens to the hubbub of economic discussion, smiling merrily or maliciously, as her temperament leans to philosophy or pessimism. For, hark ye, my masters, this question of collegiate salary versus collegiate expenditure, so picturesquely presented in the May *Atlantic*, is a petticoat matter, and she knows it. The salary is earned by the head of the house, but the proportion devoted to each need, the extent of saving, the management of details, in a word, the manner of living, is left, in the majority of cases, to the wife.

The reason lies not at all in any superior ability in the "faculty wife," but simply in the circumstances. A college professor must attend to class-work, prepare his lectures, and give numberless personal interviews to students. In most institutions he has also a certain amount of administrative detail to answer for, as a

member of committees, "student adviser," et cetera, the extent and importance of this depending usually on the degree of his executive ability. Since it has been fairly well established that the profession is not, and never has been, overpaid, he presumably loves his work and puts in his evenings and any other spare hours in digging his own corner of the appallingly large field of knowledge, perhaps somewhat spurred thereto by the understanding that the faculty "must publish." His programme is manifestly full, and any digging done meantime in his suburban lot is usually directed by his wife. It is a most exceptional college man who combines with the theory of plant growth the practice of the spade and lawn mower.

In the institution with which I am most familiar, one of the larger universities of the middle West, this state of affairs has created or developed an admirable amount of practical ability among the professors' wives, but if this were all the case would present no special interest, since many hard-worked professional men have little time for domestic detail. The real complications of Mrs. Professor's existence arise from the combination of this responsibility with two other factors: the peculiar conditions of social life in a university community, and the intellectual pressure constantly at work.

In the matter of social conditions the first point which strikes the observer is the democracy of spirit and theory; the second, that in this democracy of letters, like that of politics, money does form a dividing line. I know of no other community of cultured people whose feeling is so entirely democratic as the faculty of such an institution as the one referred to above. Within its bounds every one is accepted at a certain face value of equality. Scholarship, in a broad sense, is taken for granted, everybody calls on everybody else, there are many "all-faculty" functions, and clubs of various sorts unite the women who are inclined clubward. On this general basis the first division is the inevitable one rising from personal "likability;" the second — alas, not less inevitable — is founded on differences in salary.

The wife of a young instructor who has eight hundred to a thousand dollars a year must do her own housework, and can hardly offer her friends even tea and thin bread-and-butter. She is probably gently bred, often college trained, almost always plucky and independent. Even if she could leave the baby, she will not, after the first year or so, accept a great deal of hospitality while the pleasure of returning it is entirely out of reach. Nor is there in this any commercial element of social barter. She simply knows that friendships may be spoiled by having all the favors on one side, and wisely avoids the danger. She keeps her friends, and has, probably, a pleasant neighborhood life, but that does not prevent her missing the larger opportunities. Carried on in various lines, this certainly makes a "difference," and the difference is felt the more keenly just because of the general democracy of sentiment, and because a faculty of say two hundred and fifty members may easily embrace all the degrees between a two-maid establishment with wine-cellar attachment, and a no-maid establishment with corn meal mush for dinner and salt-cellar attachment.

So much for filthy lucre! There is another phase, far worse on the whole. She is expected, nay, forced, to be intelligent. The university world is vibrant with intellectual interests. Libraries and laboratories are the tools of daily life. Every third man has just published a book or has one in drydock, and every second man is preparing a paper for a learned society. The truth or falsehood of every new theory, the value of every new discovery, is first battled over on academic ground. What woman can help responding to such influences? How many wives come to physical bankruptcy through the auxiliary arts of proofreading, stenography, or index-making! How many more stray from the happy paths of ignorance into the sinuous byways of modern thought!

It is not enough that the faculty wife combine culinary skill with the shifts and shortcuts of the home dressmaker. She must study the balanced ration, and the bases of design. Neither does it suffice that she bring up her offspring in the way she went herself. Around her stand the exponents of the latest theory of infant psychology, mostly childless, but frightfully alert, and she shakes off their baneful influence with difficulty. She may never have a new skirt and a new waist at once, but she saves money to go to Europe, that being a recognized necessity.

And the lightning changes which an hour may necessitate, — to be ready to discuss Nietzsche with a famous foreigner over the dinner she has just cooked; to spend a day putting reserved seats into her lord's tennis trousers, and yet share his joy over a "complete edition, only thirty dollars;" to play Portia in public and Cinderella in private! — Surely her mission is hardly less diversified than that of the Yale alumni, who are said to go out into the world "to preach the gospel and raise hell generally." And it's great fun, after all, — when the baby is well and the slavey decides to stay. Only at times of unusual depression does the faculty wife say with the Preacher, "Of making books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

THE DICTATORSHIP OF AN ACROBATIC MIND

A FEW months ago one laboring under the bane of deliberation queried: —

"Is it worse to be thought-less or thought-tied?"

It is neither the one nor the other. Both are merely bad.

Worse than either is the misfortune of possessing mental faculties so constructed that with the slightest pull of the intellectual string the whole equipment springs into instantaneous motion after the manner of an acrobatic jumping-jack.

This condition is the *bête noire* of my existence. The severest cudgelings have failed to keep my insubordinate thoughts under control. They have bullied and oppressed me until I feel myself the abject prey of every chance comer. The weakest gosling of an idea is as potent against me as the cannonade of an encyclopædia.

I listen to a lecture or a sermon. The orator begins to roll a ponderous period up a difficult hill. Snap! I have caught the impulse of a word or two, and off I go in leaps and bounds, hither and thither, but ever on until I arrive at the top, and find I have gathered in my jiggling flight so motley a crew of ideas they surely must begin with time and finish in eternity — yet still they continue to arrive. I am contemplating them in dismay when the conscious movement of a neighbor attracts me. A new hat! In one instant I have inspected every hat and coiffure in my vicinity, planned my next season's suit, and determined the rearrangement of my back hair. Another jump, and I am back with the speaker; he is but halfway up. By a strenuous effort of will I accompany him to the top, that I may be present when he arrives at one of the foregone conclusions I have already arrayed there. If by mischance he does not reach the end expected, impelled by the stimulus of a new view-point away I fly, and thus miss the opening of the next sentence. It is not a fair start, but no matter, the process is the same. One leap, and I have returned; another, advanced, arrived, double, turn and twist, back and forth, up and down, in and out, and alas, too frequently never touching bottom. It is arduous.

What is being thought-tied compared to this? A bann of repose, and irresponsible thoughtlessness? — an unattainable joy to a mind whose only respite is an abeyance, a waiting for a fresh pull of the string. Nor is mine that happy-go-lucky species of mind which jumps at conclusions. I jump to conclusions indeed, but it is a series of jumps, a succession of leaps from one peak to another, until arriving at the summit, afar off it may be from the one intended, but guarded by a bulwark of opinions, here I stop, breathless.

As a consequent of having stated these facts, a confession is now forced upon me: this high vaulting from one thought to another, this springboard association of ideas, has created within me a memory of which I stand in deadly awe.

It is unnecessary to recall to me the fact that psychologists consider memory of a very low order of intellect. I can substantiate the statement.

But I protest that when I was young I had no memory, that this thing has grown apace with my years, the malevolent product of my mental gymnastics, until now, full grown, the amount of material it can furnish for the hashing of thoughts is something appalling.

Overworked, my will has been dethroned and my judgment debased. But whatever the inner misery caused by these conditions, the unseemly outward manifestation is causing even my friends to regard me askance. There was a time when to me, also, the supplying of dates was something uncanny, the recalling of long buried facts positively gruesome, and the quick application of quotations a decided bore. The finding of a word for which a friend appears to be searching — if by ill-luck it happens to be of a slightly different meaning and thus throws him off the track from what he was intending to say — is not often considered a friendly act. To see too quickly the point of a story and then forget to laugh at the proper time, or to insert a missing detail and with it a chance insinuation that you have heard the story before, does not enhance one's popularity. Undertake the telling for one's self and quickly one's auditors are swamped in a sea of suggested ideas, and the climax is presented to submerged ears. Then in desperation one tries another tactic, one or two bold strokes, and the point appears so quickly that it passes for a mere detail. You are sure to be left speechless, with your audience politely waiting for the dénouement.

Poets pray for man the gift of a strong athletic brain, most especially the unhappy possessor of the acrobatic mind. Such a one, guided by the uncertain conduct of a mind which moves in spasmodic leaps and jumps, stimulated by any chance word or expression, can never travel up the road of Parnassus in the good fellowship of comrades. He can never scale the heights in the company of the elect.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AND THE EUROPEAN SIGHT

All my life I have read stories of Americans abroad and have refused to believe most of them. But I have returned from my own first trip across the Atlantic a convert to Charles Battell Loomis and to the theory that the American tourist is among the most interesting sights to be found on the continent of Europe.

A New England business man crossed on the steamer with me; as soon as he landed, the Italian air seemed to bring out all over him, like a measles rash, the most rampant Americanism I ever saw. He gave himself the greatest inconvenience to procure three cigars in order to smuggle them into Naples, a thing which he afterwards discovered was within the law; in Rome he boasted that he had "sneaked" his kodak into St. Peter's against the regulations, although he did not want to photograph anything. In short, his one object in life seemed to be to cheat the Italian government and the Italian shopkeepers, whose acknowledged prerogative it is, as all right-minded tourists will agree, to eke out a miserable existence by cheating us.

The New Englander soon passed beyond my ken, for I was making a leisurely trip, and he, as you may easily surmise from the glimpse I have given of him, was of the class who waste no time in quiet contemplation. The next oddity I encountered was in Florence in the shape of a countrywoman from Florida, who, on being asked if she had been to Santa Croce, responded with interest, —

"No; what's that?"

"Santa Croce is the church where Galileo was buried," she was told.

"Galileo, oh yes!" Then, with the air of summoning a recollection from a long distance, "Galileo? Why, of course! *Pygmalion* and Galileo: you always hear of them together; now, who was Pygmalion?"

I see I have omitted mention of the girl in Rome who lost her luncheon because she rashly arranged to meet her party for that meal at the foot of Michael Angelo's Moses in the Vatican; I say rashly, because, had she consulted her guide-book, she would have discovered that Michael Angelo's Moses was to be found in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, at the opposite end of the city from the Vatican.

In Paris I met a party of delightful young persons, brothers and sisters from Boston. Every evening they appeared at dinner dressed to go out, and on inquiry it proved that they were testing solemnly in turn every café and vaudeville in the city made famous or infamous by fiction. One night it was the Moulin Rouge, followed by Maxim's; the next night, the Bal Bullier. I suppose I looked a little shocked at this, for they hastened to explain: "Of course we don't understand a *word*, but the dancing is good. And they are such famous places, and we may never get another chance!"

It was an unobtrusive looking American who stood in the long corridor of the Louvre before the Murillo Annunciation when a personally conducted party made its appearance. The American stood where he was when the group halted, in the hope, I suppose, of picking up a few gems in art criticism from the little French guide who succeeded, in his disquisition on painting, in making a tremendous noise. But the guide must have felt that my friend was a jarring note in his admiring audience, for he suddenly stopped, turned and fixed him with a beady eye, and shouted, —

"Are you of zis partee?"

"No, monsieur."

"Ah-h-h! Zen you must avay! Zis is a personally conducted partee."

"Pardon, monsieur," murmured my imperturbable American as he bowed himself away, "I thought it was a dog-fight." And as his sauntering departure was followed by the infuriated gesticulations of the little guide and the amused laughter of the rest, I rejoiced for the first time in Europe in an American peculiarity.

But it was not until I boarded the steamer coming home that I met a thoroughly typical American. I asked him how long he had been in England, and he told me that much to his disgust he had had to stay a week.

"I landed last Saturday, and my business ought not to have taken me but three days," he said. "But I had to interview an English board of directors, and if you ever tried that, you know it is the slowest job on record."

"Do you often make these flying trips?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he answered. "I used to. But now I come over only about four times a year."

It is curious, this question of types; we pass by ninety-nine of our fellow-countrymen who have been born and bred here, and suddenly descend upon the hundredth, and label him typical for no more obvious reason than because he differs from the others. So in meekness of spirit I recognized in this man on the steamer the typical American business man as he figures in tradition and the modern novel. Yet I have lived in America all my life and never met any one like him before.

For comment on the contributors to this number, see advertising pages 23 and 24.

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SHALL THE UNIVERSITY BECOME A BUSINESS CORPORATION[1]

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

To-day, in the United States, two radically different plans for the support and conduct of higher institutions of learning are in process of development: the one that of the private university, the other the university supported and controlled by the state. The first finds its notable examples mainly amongst the older universities of the East, the second in the universities of the Central and Western states. While these last are younger, their growth has been rapid, not only in the number of their instructors and students, but in facilities and in income. A table which follows contains in condensed form certain data concerning these two groups of universities which show how nearly comparable, so far as material considerations measure equality, these two groups of institutions have become.[2]

The comparison shows that in the six older universities of the Eastern States 1938 teachers are dealing with 18,498 students, at an annual cost of a little more than $5,000,000, while in the six Western state universities a somewhat smaller number of teachers is dealing with a student body larger by 2000, at a cost of a little more than $4,000,000. The first student group includes but few women, the second a considerable proportion of women. In number of instructors, in number of students, and in amount of annual income the second group is rapidly gaining on the first.

[1] An address before the University of Michigan.

[2] See next page.

While these two systems of institutions are growing in America contemporaneously, they rarely are able to live side by side. In the Eastern States, where the older universities have for a century and more supplied the demands of higher education, no great state institutions have grown up. In the central West, on the other hand, where the state universities were founded just as the railroads were built, to supply not a present but a future want, there are few strong and growing private universities. In fact, there are in almost every Western state private colleges and universities whose development has been practically stopped, and which must in the end become feeders to the great state universities.

There are a few notable exceptions to this rule, all of them notable because they are exceptions; as for example, the University of Chicago, Northwestern University, and Leland Stanford University. The first two are in the suburbs of Chicago. The reason that they have flourished is not far to seek. They are situated at the seat of the greatest social and industrial centre in America. They occupy an exceptional strategic situation for a great university or for a great school.

As one looks back at the rise of the great Western universities and realizes the wisdom and the far-sightedness displayed by their founders, he is surprised that they should have estimated at such low value the matter of strategic position. In nearly all cases these institutions have been placed in small and isolated villages;

TABLE.

OLDER PRIVATE UNIVERSITIES IN EASTERN STATES.

Name.	Date of Founding.	Number in Instructing Staff.	Number of Students 1904.	Annual Budget 1904.	Annual Cost to University per Student.	Annual Cost to Student.
Harvard	1636	525	5,143	$1,572,540[1]	$306	$150
Columbia	1754	551	5,017	1,438,638	270	$150 to $250
Yale	1716	343	3,138	800,000	255	100 " 150
Pennsylvania	1791	325	2,838	685,000	241	150 " 200
Princeton	1756	109	1,374	460,863	335	150 " 160
Brown	1764	85	988	180,000	192	150
Total		1,938	18,498	$5,137,041		

[1] Omitting $875,575 in special gifts.

WESTERN STATE UNIVERSITIES.

Name.	Date of Founding.	Number in Instructing Staff.	Number of Students 1904.	Annual Budget 1904.	Annual Cost to University per Student.	Annual Cost to Student.
Michigan	1837	292	4,136	$746,000	$180	$10 to $45
Illinois	1868	402	3,594	800,000	223	free
Wisconsin	1848	227	3,342	700,000	209	free
Minnesota	1868	290	3,895	497,000[1]	128	20 to 100
California	1868	283	3,400	945,000	279	free
Nebraska	1869	193	2,513	419,750	167	free
Total		1,687	20,880	$4,107,750		

[1] Omitting $400,000 for buildings.

FOREIGN UNIVERSITIES.

Name.	Date of Founding	Number in Instructing Staff.	Number of Students 1904.	Annual Budget 1904.	Annual Cost to University per Student.	Annual Cost to Student.
Berlin	1807	504	13,782	$880,500	$64	small fees
Leipsic	1409	216	4,253	716,000	170	" "
Paris	1100	420	12,985	934,000	72	" "
Vienna	1384	431	6,205	464,000	76	" "
Bonn	1818	177	2,970	361,000	123	" "
Edinburgh	1583	205	2,971	469,000	158	$10 to $20 a course
Total		1,953	43,166	$3,824,500		

rarely have they been founded in connection with the centres of the social, commercial, and industrial life of the various states. The reasoning appears to have been the same as that which governed the location of the state capitals, which were put at the most inconvenient possible points, usually near the geographic centre of the state, without regard to the commercial centre toward which all lines of transportation lead. This was done upon the theory that the innocent lawmakers must be defended from contact with the wicked people of the cities. In the same way it was believed that the student must be protected from the temptations and the distractions which the nearness of a great city might give. Both these assumptions are fallacious, and the history of the past forty years has proved their unwisdom. The legislature in the isolated town is more difficult to reach for the great body of people than if the capital were at the centre of trade and industry; but the great body of the people is honest and well-meaning, and it would be well to make access to it easy. On the other hand, I have never discovered that the wicked were deterred by considerations of travel or by the inconvenience of railroad connections. My observation has led me to believe that they generally have free passes, while the righteous have to pay fare. As a citizen of the states of Missouri and Massachusetts I have watched both plans with some care. The two states have about the same population. The one has as its capital a small city, inaccessible to the main body of citizens, the other has as its capital its oldest and greatest community, whither two thirds of the population of the state can come in an hour's ride. The result is that one legislature works under the eye of those who can pay the expenses of lobbyists to go and watch it, while the other works under the eye of the great body of citizens of the state. In this fact alone lies the chief difference between legislation in Missouri and in Massachusetts. What would have been the difference in the history of England if Parliament had sat these last hundred years at Nottingham instead of at London?

The same considerations hold good with respect to the student life and the institution which deals with it. When you isolate an institution in a remote town you may, indeed, separate from the student life certain temptations and certain distractions; but you also separate from it the opportunities for that larger knowledge of men and of affairs, that wider contact with human nature and with the world, that riper development of art and of science which one sees at its best in the communities where great masses of men are brought together. I have noticed, too, that nearly all institutions which make a specialty of the virtue of isolation have a city just near enough to make communication easy for those who wish to be tempted. The great state universities of the middle West have succeeded, not because of their isolation, but in spite of it, and no one can say how different might have been their history or how much more powerful might be their position in the future had the larger policy been adopted. What would have been to-day the University of Illinois had it been founded in the suburbs of Chicago? Who can estimate the influence and the power of the University of Missouri had its seat been fixed fifty years ago at St. Louis instead of at the end of a branch road in the centre of the state? No private university can flourish to-day in any of these great central states except by seizing the opportunities which the state universities refused and by making their seats at the centres of industry and of population. The only possible chance for success for a new university in an isolated point lies in the possession of an enormous foundation, such as that which was given by Leland Stanford, by which an institution was founded out-of-hand and with free tuition. But even here the limitations of environment will place a practical limit to what endowment may effect.

These two systems of universities rest

upon fundamentally different views as to the support of higher education. The one assumes that this support will come by the free gift of citizens of the commonwealth, the other assumes that the support of higher education no less than that of elementary education is the duty of the state. The one system appeals to the generosity of the individual citizen, the other appeals to the sense of responsibility and the patriotism of the whole mass of citizens. The one establishes a set of higher institutions which may or may not be in harmony with the elementary schools of the municipality or of the state; the other establishes a set of institutions which are an integral part of that system, and its crown. The one furnishes a system of instruction in which tuition fees are high and tending constantly to grow higher, the other furnishes a system of instruction practically free. The one had its origin in essentially aristocratic distinctions, whatever may be its present form of development, the other is essentially democratic in both its inception and its development. Will these two systems — different in ideal, different in inception, different in development, not necessarily antagonistic but contrasted — continue to flourish, if not side by side, at least in contiguous sections of the country?

As far as one can see into the future, both of these systems will continue to live and to flourish, but with few exceptions they will flourish in different sections, not side by side. No one can doubt to-day that the state university is gaining as a centre of influence in intellectual and national life. There can be no question that it is to be the seat of university education for the greater part of the whole country, including the Central, Western, and Southern states. The private university which seeks to gain power and influence in this region should set itself seriously to the problem of supplementing, not paralleling, the work of the state university. It should ask itself earnestly the question, What is the logical function of the privately endowed university in a commonwealth where higher education is supplied by the state? So far as I have been able to see, little attention has been paid to this question, which nevertheless deserves serious and careful consideration.

No one interested in education can repress a thrill of exultation as he looks forward to the future of the great state universities. They were started at a fortunate intellectual epoch. Their foundation stones were laid when the battle for scientific freedom and scientific teaching had just been won. They were dedicated by the pioneers who founded them in a spirit of intellectual and spiritual freedom. They are essentially and in the broadest and simplest way democratic, and the logical outgrowth of a democratic system of public schools. It is to this real democracy, to the fact that they were founded, not by a few men or by a single man, but by the whole people of the state, that they owe their greatest fortune, and no one looking into the future can doubt that they are to be amongst the most influential, the richest, and most democratic universities of our land, vying with the oldest and most famous institutions of our Eastern States in a rivalry which we may well hope to see the noble rivalry of the scholar rather than a rivalry of riches, of buildings, and of numbers.

Wide apart as are these two systems of universities, they are singularly alike in the form and method of administration, and singularly unlike in this respect to the universities of other lands, for example to those of Germany and of Scotland. This difference in administration is strongly reflected in the data of the table itself, in which six foreign universities are compared with the two groups of American universities.[1] To state the comparison briefly, the table shows that

[1] The figures of this table are suggestive. The data for foreign institutions are not, in every particular, comparable with those of American institutions, but they are as nearly so as it is possible to make them. For exam-

in our six older American institutions some 1950 teachers are dealing with 18,500 students at an annual cost of $5,100,000, or at the rate of $277 a student a year; while in the six foreign universities almost exactly the same number of teachers deal with 43,000 students at a cost of only $3,800,000, or at the rate of $89 a student a year. Harvard University expends (including gifts for special purposes) a larger sum annually in dealing with 5000 students than the universities of Berlin and Paris together expend in dealing with the instruction of 26,500 students.[1] Princeton University, whose work is almost wholly that of an undergraduate college without the expensive schools of law or medicine, expends as much in teaching its 1400 students as the University of Vienna spends on its 6000. It goes without saying that a part of this somewhat startling difference is due to lack of strict comparability in the data, and part to the small pay of foreign professors. But a very large part is due to the difference in administrative ideals.

The American university, whether supported by private gift or by the state, is conducted under an administrative system which approximates closer and closer as time goes on to that of a business corporation. The administrative power is lodged in a small body of trustees or regents, who are not members of the university community. Their chief point of contact with the university (that is, with its teachers, students, and alumni) is through the president, whose power is often autocratic.

In other countries, as in Germany for example, the university, so far as its internal control and administration is concerned, is a free association of teachers and scholars. Its chief executive officer is elected by the faculty itself from their own number. The question of the choice or the dismissal of professors is not brought before any outside body. The faculty and students together form a self-governing democracy, and an officer with the autocratic power of an American college president would seem to them intolerable. It is an interesting fact that in Germany, a country which is politically governed by an autocrat, the representative institution of learning is a republic, while in America, where we pride ourselves on our democracy, our representative educational institution is administered upon autocratic, not upon democratic lines.

For the sake of clearness let us sketch briefly the two systems of administration. The European university must always be considered from two standpoints, first that of a state establishment, second as a self-governing body of scholars. As a state institution the university is under the control of the ministry, which furnishes the budget, keeps account of the finances, and conducts the routine business connected with the financial side of the institution. As an institution of learn-

ple, the student lists of foreign universities contain a certain proportion of special students (Hospitanten) who may be taking a single subject. On the other hand a very considerable percentage of the numbers credited to American universities are the students of the Summer School (failure to count its students is not one of the sins of the American university). Again, the German university does not show on either side of its ledger the students' fees, for the reason that these go to the professor and not to the university. These fees are, however, small in their aggregate.

[1] The official pay of the foreign professor at first glance seems absurdly small in comparison with the pay in American institutions. In Prussia, for example, a full professor receives by law $1000 (in Berlin $1200) the first year, to be increased $100 a year every fourth year for twenty years. In addition he receives an allowance for house rent. This is, however, only the fixed part of his income. The honorarium which he receives from the fees of his students will vary greatly, depending on the subject taught and the attractive power of the teacher. Incomes of $5000 a year, and even larger sums, are received in the larger universities by certain well-known men. Taking into account the fact that the foreign professor has a life place, that his widow and minor children receive pensions, he is better off financially, and is far more free from the anxieties which come with modest income, than is his American brother whose nominal pay is higher.

ing, however, its fundamental idea is freedom: freedom of teaching, freedom of learning. The teacher has a freedom which no officer or student may invade; the student, on the other hand, has a freedom of learning which no teacher and no officer may invade. The faculty elect their own officers. When a new member of the faculty is to be elected he is nominated by the faculty, and freedom of teaching is guaranteed to him in the noble words of the German constitution: "Die Wissenschaft und ihre Lehre sind frei;" Science and its teaching are free. And that freedom is sometimes carried to a length which we in this country would consider impossible. For example, it is not an unknown thing for a university professor to stand in his place in the national parliament and attack the educational policy and the educational appropriations of the ministry. How long would a professor in a state university hold his place if as a member of the state legislature he opposed the appropriations to his own university?

A similar freedom of learning is offered to the student. He may choose not only what he will study, but also when and how he will study; and most important of all, he may have his choice, even in the same university, of the professors under whom he will study a given subject. There is no more interesting sight at the beginning of the semesters in the German university than the "lecture tasting" for ten days, when the students try this professor and that, to see whom they prefer. And the fact that the students' fees go to the professors, not to the institution, brings about in Germany a competition between men rather than between institutions.

That this freedom, whether on the part of the professors or the students, has its dangers no one can deny, least of all the German. He frankly admits that there is no theory, however absurd, which cannot find its advocate amongst German professors. He will as frankly admit that the student freedom carries with it great dangers to the student himself.

His reply is that all freedom carries with it its dangers, its sacrifices, its losses, but that only in freedom is to be found the self-control and steadfastness of character which the student must somewhere find. The abuses of this freedom and the losses which come from it are the price paid, in his judgment, for this power and this self-control.

Sir Conan Doyle defends the attitude of the Scotch university in similar words:

"The university is a great unsympathetic machine taking in a stream of raw-boned, cartilaginous youths at one end, and turning them out at the other as learned divines, astute lawyers, and skillful medical men. Of every thousand of the raw material about six hundred emerge at the other side. The remainder are taken in the process.

"The merits and faults of the Scotch system are alike evident. Left entirely to his own devices in a far from moral city, many a lad falls at the very starting point of his life's road never to rise again. Many become idlers or take to drink, while others, after wasting time and money they could ill afford, leave the college with nothing learned save vice. On the other hand, those whose manliness and good sense keep them straight have gone through a training which tests them for life. They have been tried and not found wanting. They have learned self-reliance, confidence, and in a word have become men of the world, while their confrères in England are still magnified schoolboys."

In comparison with this administration, whose watchword is freedom, the American university has tended more and more to conform in its administration to the methods of the business corporation. In the organization of a railroad the government consists of a president and a small board of directors, who choose officers, promote or dismiss them, and determine the absolute policy of the corporation. The administration of the

university has assumed practically the same type. The board of trustees, even in our older colleges and universities, is chosen almost entirely from business men and on the basis of business experience. It is no longer considered necessary that the president should be a scholar. The board of trustees, with the president as its chief executive officer, passes upon the entire policy and administration of the institution. It appoints professors, promotes them, or dismisses them, it engages them to carry out specific pieces of work at specified times, as a business corporation employs its officials; the tenure of office of the professor is at the will of the corporation, as is the tenure of office of a business employee. Under this arrangement the powers of the president are enormously increased, and the action of the corporation is in nearly all cases his action. He possesses an autocratic power which would not for a moment be tolerated in an European institution. From him the same administrative system reaches down through the institution. Professors employ their assistants for specific duties at specified times; students are required to undertake specific work in a prescribed way and at a fixed time. A large share of the energy of the organization is given to ascertaining whether the work has been done at such times and in such way as the regulations prescribe. Reaching from the corporation and the president down to the student just admitted, the administration is one which partakes in its nature and in its operation of the methods and oftentimes of the spirit of the business corporation. It has the compactness and the directness of responsibility which the business organization carries with it. Its machinery is complete in prescribing for each officer and for each student his specific duty, and in bringing to bear upon him the power of the organization if he fails to carry out the implied contract under which he is employed or the implied conditions under which he is admitted. The watchword is no longer freedom, but accountability to the administration.

It is worth while to note some of the consequences of this administrative attitude upon the life and upon the work of those who make up the university. One of the most direct consequences is that the professor in the American university is charged not only with the work of a scholar, but with a large amount of routine administrative work as well. Just as the railroad official is under the pressure of his superior officers, — a pressure which he can equalize only by a similar exercise of authority upon those beneath him, — so the professor is under the pressure of the administrative system in which he works. It is fair to say that much of the difference in productive scholarship between German and American universities is due to the fact that so large a share of the energy of the American professors is by our administrative system devoted to the work of detail, not to the work of scholarship.

A part of this burden is the load which the professor carries in the effort required to take through a given course and to graduate a number of men who are indifferent or below the average capacity. America is among the few civilized nations which undertake in their higher institutions of learning to graduate whole classes of men who are indifferent to the scholar's life and to the scholarly spirit. The burden which this entails is a far greater one than most men realize. It is not too much to say that from six to twelve per cent of the entire school year is devoted to examinations whose main purpose is to spur on the laggard and the indifferent.

Furthermore, while our machinery of administration holds the student to certain forms of responsibility, these have little to do with cultivating the taste, still less the thirst of the scholar. Success for the student means adaptation to the machinery and consequent graduation; success for the institution means the same thing, but this success has little to do with

scholarship. The temptations of the student life are as great as in the Scotch or in the German university, while the tendencies which make toward good scholarship, and the prestige which goes with it are wanting. Our administration puts us somewhere between the freedom of the German university and the tutelage of Oxford and Cambridge, lacking the inspiration of the one and the individual oversight of the other.

The administrative development of the university along the lines of a corporation has had, also, a marked influence in increasing the tendency toward self-centredness on the part of our educational institutions, and in diminishing at the same time the importance and the influence of the individual teacher. Here, as in all our American life, organization has tended toward team play. The very fixity of our administrative system has brought it to pass that the great teacher is used with far less effect than in the more individualistic régime of the European institutions. There a great scholar attracts men from all parts of the country, and the administration of the university makes it easy for him to come in contact with large numbers of students. A man chooses his college in America, not for the sake of the great teacher, but because the college has a name, or has certain associations, or perchance is well known in athletics. All these considerations tend toward local pride, not toward a wider tolerance and a more sincere appreciation of truth. They are evidences of a more complete machinery, but not necessarily of a deeper scholarship or a larger intellectual life or a better training for citizenship.

To sum up the difference between the administrative systems of European and American universities, the essential contrasts between the two seem to be these: the one is democratic, the other autocratic; in the one the tendencies are toward individualistic power and influence, in the other the tendencies are toward centralized power; the one has for its watchword freedom, — freedom for the teacher, freedom for the student, — the other has for its watchword responsibility to the administration; one invites students to study, the other organizes them for graduation.

In this brief sketch I do not mean to be understood as painting in terms too glowing the tendencies of the foreign institutions, or as wishing in any way to conceal their faults and their shortcomings, which are evident enough. I am speaking not of details, but of certain broad tendencies in the foreign institutions and in ours.

Indeed the faults of administration in foreign institutions are not far to seek. For example, in a Prussian university when a professor is to be appointed, three names are nominated by the faculty, of whom one is to be chosen by the ministry. Under the law the ministry is not limited to the nominees of the faculty, and during the last seventy years in about one case out of three it has gone outside of the faculty nominations, a proceeding which has always brought bitter complaint. On the part of the faculty, disregard for their recommendation is usually assigned to distrust of their scholarly standing or to personal or political tendencies. On the other hand the ministry has not hesitated to say, in overruling the wishes of the faculty, that its members have been influenced by personal considerations in their choice, not by considerations of the highest usefulness of the man to be chosen. That political considerations do enter in many cases seems certain. The professor of political economy who teaches protection is fairly sure to get promotion faster than his colleague who sticks to free trade.

Moreover, complete intellectual freedom is impossible where political freedom is limited. It is not without significance that the great historians in Germany in the last half century are historians of the past, not of modern days. No historian in Germany would treat of the Hohenzollerns with the freedom with which our historians treat of the civil war.

There is a catch phrase in Germany that a professor may say anything he wishes about religion, but he must be careful about politics. To-day certain reactionary tendencies threaten academic freedom even in religious investigation. A strong effort is making in Prussia to compel the professors of theology to adapt their teaching to the creed and policy of the state church. On this field a battle royal is to be fought in the near future, but no one who has watched the development of German intellectual freedom can doubt its issue.

Notwithstanding these evident defects, the system as a whole — the university as a republic of scholars — has worked well. It has resulted, in the main, in the choice of the right men for the right places, which is the real object of university administration. The personal tendencies of the faculty have been held in check by the fact that their nominations must stand the scrutiny of the ministry, and on the other hand, the absolutism of the ministry has been restrained by the necessity of taking into consideration the judgment of the faculty. No system has yet been devised by which the prejudices of human nature can be eliminated. There is much to be said for a system under which a professor has so strong a place that he may teach what he will and no authority may remove him or humiliate him. And on the whole, it may be fairly reckoned that a system in which the administration rests partly on the teacher and partly on the outside administrative officer contains influences which are calculated to correct the faults of each.

It is not my purpose in making this comparison to urge the adoption in our American universities of the foreign system. Let us learn all we may from our neighbors, as the Japanese show us so well how to do, but let us grow our own tree. My wish is rather to call attention to the tendencies of the system under which we are developing. If our organization and administration is the better, by all means let us follow it; but let us see clearly whither it leads us, and let us ask ourselves frankly the question whether a centralized administration modeled on the lines of a business corporation is the one best adapted to the development of an institution of learning.

Would the American university — whether a private or a state institution — be bettered if its administration were turned over to the faculty instead of being vested, as now, in a board of trustees who do not pretend to be experts in educational methods? Would it be a step forward, for example, to intrust to the faculty the election of the president and of the professors, and to put into their hands the settlement of the larger questions of policy and of expenditure? Ought the university freedom to be extended through the faculty to the student body so as to diminish the pressure of the organization and to enlarge the sphere of freedom both for professor and student? Can scholarship of a high order be developed under pressure? Are we educating our youth away from democratic ideals, not toward them, by the form and tendency of our university administration?

These are fundamental questions. They take hold in the end of the causes which affect our national life and of the threads of influence which reach most directly our youth.

I think it may be said with certainty that a radical change of this sort would work harm, not only at the beginning, but in the outcome. Administration of experts by experts is seldom a success. Perhaps no type of man has been developed who is a wiser councilor than the business man of large sympathy and of real interest in intellectual problems, although such men are almost as difficult to find as are great teachers.

American college professors are as intelligent and high-minded a body of men as any country can point to. As a rule, however, the professor does not have the experience of give and take which the business man must learn. In his own subject in his own university, he is supreme.

No rising *privat-docent*, as in Germany, attracts his students from him. Competition under our system is between institutions, not between men. Further, the organization of the faculties is not such as to furnish any large initiative in education. Conservatism has an undue advantage when a question of policy or of appointment is to be determined by the votes of an hundred men.

To throw into our faculties as now organized the settlement of such questions would seem to open the door for the entrance of a system of academic politics which would be demoralizing. Local tendencies would probably be exaggerated, and the inbreeding, which is so noticeable a feature of all our institutions, might be increased.

Further, it can hardly be maintained that the sense of responsibility of American youth is over-developed, and one would hesitate to weaken this by a larger freedom from responsibility unless he felt absolutely sure that the conditions of such freedom lent themselves to the upbuilding of self-control, of simplicity of character, and of scholarly spirit.

In fact, any such comparison of our universities with the foreign institutions brings us sharply back to the realization of the fact that the two are not comparable. We are not in a position to try the experiment of the free scholastic life until the body of students entering the university has received a training more thorough and better adapted to arouse the scholar's interest than that which the ordinary college student has.

And yet any serious student of education must realize that this is no answer to the queries which I have just stated. The question is not whether we can change this or that detail of university life, but it is rather this: our present tendency is toward a close organization, toward a limited freedom, toward team play, which carries through to graduation great masses of men, toward a centralized government. Would it be wise to counteract these tendencies by influences in the administration which shall make toward individualistic scholarship, larger freedom, less pressure in the organization, opportunity for professors and students to deal with the larger questions of university life, coöperation between the faculty and the administrative board in the government?

I believe thoroughly that these questions are real ones and important ones, and that the sooner we have them clearly and definitely before our eyes the better it will be for university development in this country. However important it may be to have a man of affairs at the head of university administration, it seems to me clear that the first requisites are a scholarly spirit and scholarly sympathy. However we may admit that team work is a part of the régime of the day, it is surely true that the use of the principle is very different in an institution of learning from that which obtains in a manufactory. The professional coach in athletics may have his uses, but he has been a source of widespread demoralization in the schools and colleges. And yet he is no more objectionable than the professional coach in the college studies, through whose system whole regiments of graduates "win out" by a team play which means little intellectual discipline and less contact with scholarship and with scholars. Moreover, the system tends to make coaches of our professors.

In the settlement of the larger questions of administration — the choice of president and of professors, the fixing of greater questions of policy — may not some council composed of trustees and faculty jointly share the responsibility to advantage? Whatever may be said in favor of the sound judgment of the well-trained business man, I cannot doubt that he would be a wiser councilor for education if he could hear first hand the views of devoted, intelligent scholars. On the other hand, will not the scholar profit equally by such contact, and is there any surer way to widen his horizon and to give him the experience which ripens

judgment than to offer him a share in the responsibility of settling these larger questions, while relieving him at the same time of part of the pressure of the daily routine? In a word, recognition of scholarship in the choice of a president, an adjustment of duties which shall relieve the pressure upon the professor and student, a better contact between the governing body and the teaching body, with a common responsibility in the settlement of the larger questions, seem to me distinct and practical steps in the direction of development which the university administration ought to study.

For one must not forget in considering the administration of a university that there are to every form of administration two sides: the mechanical and the spiritual. The mechanical part of administration is that which provides the machinery necessary to carry out a given enterprise. The other side of administration, the spiritual side, consists in getting out of men the best there is in them. For a set of perfect men any administrative system would suffice. Good administration consists in taking men as they are, with their prejudices, their faults, their virtues, and in getting out of them the highest results of which they are capable.

Now, our attention has been given of late years, in American university life, increasingly to the mechanical side of administration, and the machinery has been made to approximate more and more closely, both in its form and in its choice of executive officers, to the practice of the business corporation. Its very closeness and compactness of organization are in some respects its chief faults. That which is mechanical is always simpler than that which is living. To-day we need, in my judgment, to concern ourselves in the university with the spiritual side of administration.

It has been my purpose rather to state questions than to argue them; not to propose a substitute for our present administration of the university, but rather to point out certain tendencies in it. To inquire whether, if the republic be the ideal system of administration, it is not also a good one for the scholar, and to ask, at least in these days when events move so rapidly, whether the administration of the university as it is now organized tends toward the development of a larger type of professor and a finer order of students; to ask whether we are developing the mechanical side of the administration at the expense of the spiritual side.

For after all, we can never too often remind ourselves that the first purpose of the university is not to further industrial development or to increase the wealth of a state, but that it is the development of the intellectual and spiritual life. This development can take place only in the air of freedom, however evident are the dangers which freedom brings with it. Wealth, power, the niceties of life, may all grow in an atmosphere of limited or of artificial freedom, but only in the air of real freedom can be grown that spirit and that intelligence which shall minister to those things which are spiritual and to those things which are eternal.

BLUE PETER

BY HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

I

"YES, it's been swum," puffed the boatman, tugging till the ashen tholepins creaked. "On'y onct, though, an' — the feller was a buster — that done it — back in '56."

He spat over the gunwale, so that a brown stain of tobacco swept astern on the heaving slant of the green wave. Archer, on the stern thwart, turned his head and looked back over the dazzling water at the mainland, a dark bank of rocks and low hills, with a few roofs and a spire against the late afternoon sun.

"He must have been," he answered. The distance to the American shore was not three miles, but the water was an arm of the icy North Atlantic, and the tide went racing out to sea through the passage.

"Trim the bo't, sir," rejoined the man at the oars, in a tone of cheerful Yankee independence. "It's mortal hard pullin' in this sea, an' if you don't keep 'er headed pooty sharp, we may run afoul o' the South Rocks, *after* all."

Archer faced the bow again. "All right," he said easily. In the last two years he had learned that "I beg your pardon" is not a gracious form with all men.

The boatman screwed his lean brown face like a monkey, as he blinked at the sunlight following them, and caught the high waves deftly with his short, tough oars. Beyond him and the pitching bow, Archer saw the tremendous cliffs of the island, a gunshot ahead, towering all pink and ruddy in the sunlight. A few gulls wheeled with forlorn cries along the face of the crags. Above, on the verge against the sky, a clump of tiny trees leaned inland as if tossed by a gale. Years of ocean storms must have blown them thus, for now so deep an autumnal calm lay over sea and island that they were startling in their suggestion of wild motion. It was like a freak in the landscape of some forgetful and bungling painter.

For an instant Archer thought he saw the figure of a man, crouched and furtive, slinking among the trees; but it might have been the gnarled trunks shifting and interweaving with the patches of sky that showed through. And the next instant he was busy with the tiller-ropes. The boat tossed laboriously, dragging as if up-hill, round the foot of the lofty broken columns of basalt, where the waves tumbled with a heavy and hollow noise as of caves.

"They's no landin' that side now, ye see," grunted the Yankee. And even as he spoke, they rounded a point of lifting seaweed, and ran into the cool shadows of the eastward cliffs. Here, though the tide was still against them, they rowed more easily, in almost a calm. Under the astounding lee of the cliffs there fell a kind of instant twilight, a melancholy evening stillness and dusk, so that Archer, turning his eyes from this dark precipice that overawed their cockle-shell boat, was surprised to find the wide ocean still aglow, and the tiny sail that nicked the horizon still white in the sun. This island was a sombre place, thought Archer, for an adventure planned so boyishly.

Northward the boat labored, sometimes making a long circuit where a weir straggled into the sea, sometimes tossing an oar's length from the giant columns and boulders, and always without a sign of human beings, and always preceded by the ominous, echoing cries of startled sea-gulls.

"Black Harbor's round this p'int," said the boatman at last.

At the point, the cliffs were split asunder into a mighty cove, across the mouth of which ran a bleak sea wall higher than a man's head, — all of gray stones as round as cannon-balls, — wave-built, impregnable, Cyclopean masonry. Through a gap midway in this wall the boat entered Black Harbor.

Letting her run in the still water, the Yankee mopped his bald forehead and grinned.

"Cheerful sort o' place, ain't it?" he asked. "Real homelike and neighborly."

It was a place where Old-World smugglers might land their brandy-kegs, or where pirates might put in and share alike. Instead of these, two or three dismantled sloops and pinkies lay moored in a half circle of dark water still as a mill-pond. Archer could barely descry, landward, a steep black gulch of fir-tops that ran widening down in the darkness, a glacier in evergreen. On either side jutted a headland, both wooded, one scarred with landslides. On the bar, close astern, a solitary figure in yellow oilskins moved along, stooping to gather up wine-colored rags of dulse that had lain drying in the brief sunlight.

To him, the first man they had found on this sombre island, — unless the furtive shadow on the cliff had been a man, — Archer raised his hand in salute. The dulse-gatherer made no response, but stood sullen or apathetic, watching them pull shoreward.

"Go to hell, then," growled the Yankee under his breath. After a few strokes he added, "Won't git much out o' these fellers. Ye better not try a night's lodgin' among them, specially if you've got money on ye. Ol' man Powell might put ye up. He's queer, they say, but he might. I would n't ast them. I'm a-goin' to sleep in this bo't an' go back in the mornin'. But by Godfrey!" he broke out with fervor, "'fore bunkin' in with that crowd, I'd ruther resk the whirlpools a-goin' back in the dark."

"Listen, though," said Archer.

The boat was surrounded by the darkness of the looming headlands. A single light from the shore pierced the pool deeply before them, a long, wavering blade of brightness in the still water. The silence had been suddenly broken by a small, sharp, metallic voice singing, — a phonograph squealing out the *Handicap March*. "We've got money to booyin!" it cried nasally. In this dark, forlorn harbor it seemed incredible. Strange echo of cheap New York, thought Archer, it told that rusticity and simple merriment were no more.

"They seem gay enough," he said aloud. The boatman, however, only gave a skeptical grunt.

On the beach, where the good salt air was lost in a stink of fish, the two men parted, — the Yankee, with his fee in his pocket, to pull stolidly out of this harbor which he hated; Archer, to go scrambling up a footpath which, littered with broken fish-flakes, wound upward among a few unlighted, silent, and malodorous huts. In one of these, through the open door, he saw men and boys plying bloody knives by lantern-light; but to his "Good-evening," the fishermen replied only with churlish stares. Plainly, it was an inhospitable shore. Even the phonograph had ceased. The place lay stifled in such a profound silence that he felt the oppression of the headlands towering in the dark. Also he felt himself an ass to have left his decent quarters aboard ship in the mainland town, for the childish whim of visiting an island that had loomed offshore so high and so romantic.

Suddenly, turning the corner of a hut, he halted in a stream of lamplight from another open door. It was very smoky lamplight, and there was a powerful smell of tobacco and stale beer. On the doorstep he nearly fell over a man who lay sprawled and speechless, — a white face with eyes staring upward, apparently in drunken communion with the stars.

"Well," thought Archer, looking into this hillside barroom, where through the gray smoke-layers the figures of men moved tipsily, "I've found plenty of it."

His entrance no one noticed. A snarled group swayed in midfloor, three men pawing one another's shoulders, in an effort to light their pipes from a single match. There was no talk, no sound but the shifting of feet. Other men, ill-favored, sprawled in a half-stupor on a bench that edged the room. On the bar, in the light of the tin reflector behind the lamp, stood the phonograph, silent, its conical throat yawning. A mean little man in a dirty shirt — evidently bartender — had stooped to pitch something out of a window into the yellow grass that waved flush with the window-sill and rose on the abrupt slope of the hillside: an easy exit in the event of a raid.

"Where'd the city guy blow in frum?" mumbled a voice. "Look at ut, would ye? Say, this ain't Camperbeller ner Baw Hawber." Mischief was in the voice and the thick laughter.

The attention of the drunken roomful focused itself in silence on Archer, who turned sharply toward the speaker, a red-faced young fellow in hip-boots, leaning unsteadily against the bar. He had evil little eyes, bad teeth widely spaced, and a squash nose that showed the nostrils in front.

Archer was a young man of sudden likes and dislikes, who did not calculate his retorts. The "city guy" could not have appeared in his six feet of solid build, or in the heavy sea clothes, which failed to obscure the convex lines of strength. It must have been suggested in his face, which was of the dark, clear brown that only a very blond man takes from long weathering, and which, though at once impetuous and resolute, showed a fineness of line. He lowered his great, rough, shining head as he answered, —

"You would n't look half so much like a kid's jack-o'-lantern if you'd keep your mouth shut."

Two years of seafaring had taught him the advantages of bluntness. They had also taught him to stand by the swiftest disadvantage. He warded off the heavy tumbler with his elbow, leaped forward at him who had thrown it, and pinioned him against the bar. Next instant an ill-smelling half-ton scrimmage of drunken men had surged upon them both.

"Leggo — hell — soak 'im, Beaky — stop that, ye damn fool!" came in smothered fierceness from the swaying, punching, tugging knot of men. Archer, braced mightily, and straining all his muscles, had just cracked two heads together, and was being pulled down, when he was aware that his assailants had slowly fallen apart and stood about, flushed, breathless, and speechless. Some one was knocking at the door masterfully.

Archer followed their drunken eyes. A door at the end of the counter silently came ajar, and a hand was thrust in, — a great, red, freckled hand, fat, but powerful in every joint. Steady as a rock, it held itself there, waiting. The bartender swiftly poured out and passed to it a tumbler brimful of gin. It withdrew with this monstrous drink, while the whole company stood as if bulldozed into silence. Almost instantly the glass was tossed in empty, the door closed, and heavy footsteps departed.

So strange was the episode that Archer had almost forgotten his own predicament. He turned to find his enemies dispersed, — part of them, led by the young man of the jack-o'-lantern mouth, already slinking into corners.

Tardy and timid, the bartender piped up: —

"No more o' this, boys. The Old Man 's round. He don't stand fer no rows, some nights."

Needless enough the warning seemed, for the men sat cowed. Silence fell again, except for a hiccough or two from the bench. Archer found himself once more the centre of hostile eyes, glowering through the smoke.

"There's no need of any rows," he spoke out. "I did n't come in here to start one. This man here," he said, nodding toward his broad-faced antagonist, "this man here got no worse than he gave me. If he wants it to go farther, all right;

if he does n't, all right. I don't bear any grudge. And all I came in for was to ask if any of you would put me up for the night."

No one volunteered.

"If any one will," — the boatman's warning about money checked and changed his speech, — "why, it 'll be better than sleeping out these cold nights."

The silence remained discouraging.

"I was told that Mr. Powell might," he persevered. "Can you tell me where he lives?"

The young man in hip-boots broke out angrily.

"Old man Powell!" he sneered, lurching in his seat. "Ho, yes, I guess he will! I see him doin' it! An' I guess" — He spat out obscenity which showed that Powell had a daughter.

"That 'll do for you, Lehane," called a clear voice from the farthest corner, behind the stove. A tall man stepped out from the shadows, and fixed on the young drunkard a pair of stern eyes. Taller than Archer, and very dark, he was lithe as a cat, with a grace that would have been courtly had it not been wholly native. "That 'll do for you," he repeated, in a voice strangely clear and deep.

Young Lehane seemed to shrink before the steady brightness of his look. The speaker turned to Archer and scrutinized him as steadily. Without ceremony, yet without offense, he took Archer by the arm and wheeled him about toward the light. The two men stood looking each other in the eye. Archer saw before him a man of his own age, entirely sober, with the face of a thinker, — a face swarthy but clear. The searching eyes, that seemed almost to emit light, were wide-set and very blue. Three big veins scored the broad forehead with irregular lines as blue as the eyes, or as the jersey that clung to the sinewy frame. Intellect, and a kind of grave passion, shone in the whole countenance: the man might have been Hamlet in the rough, but Hamlet with the will of Fortinbras, sad but strong.

"My name's Peter," he declared simply. "I'd like to have yours."

It was as if he had forced a reply that he might study a face out of repose. Archer felt that this young fisherman was weighing his character. But he answered without resentment.

"Mine's Hugh Archer. I'd be obliged to you if you 'd tell me of a night's lodging somewhere. These other men won't. As for Powell's daughter" — he was going on half jocosely —

"Never mind what Beaky said," the other cut in, with severity. "He's full o' smut. It 's best forgotten." Then after a long silence, during which the sharp blue eyes studied further, and seemed to look through Archer into futurity and consequences, Peter added, "Yes, Powell may take ye in. It 's just as well, after all, I should n't wonder."

The tone, unmistakably sad, was one of final decision. The eyebrows under the blue-veined forehead unbent.

"My brother 'll show you the way."

And with this, stepping to the open door, he whistled into the darkness. Presently there came a patter of bare feet, and a small, ragged boy, bounding up the steps, stood and peered in with sharp, mischievous eyes.

"Hippolyte," said his elder brother, "show this man over the hill."

Thanking his strange helper, who only nodded in reply, Archer went out, followed by the stares of the silent company. In the dark on the hillside, he found it difficult to keep within view of the white patch that was the shirt of his little guide. The boy ducked under fir trees, scaled ledges, dove into underbrush, and clambered always upward, nimble as a goat. Once Archer, though he too was nimble, called a halt, halfway up the steep bank of the gulch. As they rested a moment under the firs, he could see a host of stars, large and bright in the chill air of early autumn, and even larger when seen thus from the depth of the black pass.

"Who is Mr. Powell?" he suddenly asked.

The boy gave an odd chuckle.

"Powell?" he said, in a little dry voice like a satirical old man. "Oh, he owns the island."

"Really!" said Archer in astonishment. "And so," he continued, after a pause, "you're all his tenants, I suppose."

"I s'pose so," replied the boy, breaking out into impish laughter. When they had started climbing again, he threw back, "'Specially the Old Man — Matt Lehane — oh, yes!" And for some distance up the rocky path under the brushing firs, the child laughed to himself in a kind of pert irony.

At last, gaining the summit, they found themselves high in the open, on a bare ledge. Over this landward side of the island there still lay a twilight in which the stars looked pale, and which showed the gleam of water far below, and the land sloping downward in long, hollow fields.

"See that light?" said the boy. "That's Powell's. Did Peter say he'd take ye in? Then p'raps he will. I never seen no one there." Instantly he had slipped out of sight among the firs, through which Archer heard him brushing his way down to Black Harbor again.

As no reply came to his shout of thanks, Archer began the long descent toward the lighted window. In the west still glimmered a strip of afterglow, brownish red, as if the evening had been hot on the mainland. Still, too, a thread of bright water outlined the shore; and farther out, in the dark, lay vaguely the deeper blackness of the whirlpools. North and south loomed the colossal cliffs of the island. But his way toward the cove led through a gentle, pastoral country, — concave slopes, with short, dry grass, still warm as in early evening. By crossing the ridge above the harbor, he had been transported into a different region, of Thessalian rocks and Arcadian fields.

When at last he rounded the corner of Powell's house, he was surprised to find it an apparently civilized dwelling. About the door the leaves of a vine stirred faintly in the air. A stone doorstep sounded grittily beneath his feet; and just as his hand was raised to knock, he saw through the open window a room lined with books, a flickering fire, and the dim figure of a little elderly man sitting by a yellow-shaded lamp. From beyond the lamp came the clear voice of a girl reading aloud; but he could see only one arm of the chair, and the white skirt flowing down over her knees.

The man raised his gray head to interrupt the reader.

"That's not so good as the original," he said, in a tone of fretful resignation.

Archer let his hand fall, and instinctively turned to go back toward Black Harbor.

II

The instinct was that of the social rebel. The house seemed too plainly the comfortable summer cottage of sophisticated people. He had not been in that atmosphere since the days when his uncle and aunt had dragged him to the seashore, to dress, and eat, and talk, and — among rich women growing fat and rich men growing bald — to plan trivial monotonies beside the moving eternity of the ocean. It was to escape just this that he had turned sailor, and set his own naked character to wrestle with life. So now he turned to go away.

But the girl's ears must have been sharp.

"There's some one at the door, father," he heard her say. Instantly perceiving that it would not do to disappear and leave them alarmed, he stood where he was on the doorstep. But he afterwards remembered that the girl's voice showed merely surprise, and no trace of fear.

The figures disappeared from the room, he heard the scratch of a match, and presently footsteps approached the door. It opened to show the light of a shaking candle, the little man's peering

face, smooth-shaven but lined with years, and over his narrow shoulders the face of the girl, alert, clear, large-eyed, in a dusky radiance of brown hair that glimmered in the uncertain light. Their shadows leaped and swung on the walls behind them. Dim eyes and bright, sharpened brows and serene, both fixed their sight on the burly young sailor - man before them.

"Who is it?" said the man, in a gentle voice.

Archer, who had easily met the hostile looks of the revelers in Black Harbor, was abashed before this girl.

"Never mind," he said confusedly, "that is — I was looking for a night's lodging, — and they — over in the harbor — they told me that Mr. Powell — But of course," he floundered, "I did n't know what you were like — or your house — I beg your pardon."

The little man laughed quietly, as one not given to laughter. The girl's eyes shone with encouraging merriment.

"What am I like, then?" asked Mr. Powell, holding up the candle, so that the girl's head disappeared in his shadow. It was a sad face, long, thin, very pale, with black eyes. He was bald over the temples, and a triangle of gray hair ran to a point midway above a forehead engraved with parallel lines. "I had hoped to seem no worse than other men," he continued, with an irony not unkind. "And as for my house, if you will come in, you will find it tolerable."

"Why, sir," replied Archer, somewhat nettled, "of course I did n't mean that. The others seemed a rough lot, and I expected — Your house is too good, sir, — too good for a sailor. I would n't have disturbed you " —

"My dear young man," said the owner of the island soberly, "there 's no place but this fit for you to sleep in. Besides that, I'd be heartily glad to have you here. We have no visitors year in and out." He shifted his candle, so that the girl's face reappeared, shining with undisguised interest in the situation. "But you 'll be able to sleep here, — better than I, at least. A sailor — and of your age — you 're doubly welcome. Come in." With the stiffness of courtesy in disuse, he stepped back to make room. The girl retreated into the shadows.

"You 're very kind, sir," said Archer, entering. As the man set his candle down on a low table, the light revealed a little hall and staircase of brown butternut wood. The absence of ornament might have made the place severe, had it not been for candle-light and soft shadows, and the presence of the girl, a slim white figure against the dark panels.

"You called yourself a sailor," the man continued; "the navy, perhaps?"

"Tramp sailing vessels, mostly, sir," Archer replied with some stiffness.

"Ah, — English, I should say?"

"American."

His host's face fell somewhat. It brightened as he ventured: —

"Did you ever chance to be in Eastern ports with any of Her Majesty's ships?" And when Archer, wondering, gave a negative answer, there was silence for a time.

"It is a pity," the little man reflected. "It was a foolish hope, of course, — but we like to reach out after all the little fragments — glimpses" — he ended with something like a sigh. This time the silence grew embarrassing.

"Father," said the girl quietly, "don't you think" —

The large eyes of the pale little man came back sadly, as from a distance. "Your pardon, Helen," he said. "I have long since forgotten my manners. This is my daughter, Mr." —

Archer, supplying the name, spoke to the girl for the first time face to face. Her words were as conventional as his, but something in voice and manner, something frank, bright, and simple, made them her own. The girls among whom his aunt had so carefully brought him he had known at first glance for natural enemies and strategists. This one seemed as naturally a direct and wholesome char-

acter. He liked her brown face, her speech, and above all the light, free motion of her walk as she crossed the hall and led them into the lighted room where he had first seen them sitting.

Here there was comfort, — the soft radiance of the yellow-shaded lamp, the warmth of a fire that tempered the fresh evening air from the open windows. The rows of books that lined the walls from floor to ceiling gave out a faint, pleasant smell, indefinable. Over the fireplace, in the only space left vacant of books, looked forth the white cast of a head, the tragic beauty of Meleager.

After a few questions and answers as to Archer's presence on the island, "You will pardon me," said the prim little man, motioning him to an armchair by the fire, "if we continue our reading and finish the chapter. I have perhaps become too methodical in my habits. It is not a merry book, but you can warm yourself meanwhile."

The girl said nothing, though she looked possibly a little disappointed. As they took their places, she became once more for Archer a voice from behind the lamp, and a white skirt flowing down beyond the edge of the table. But the sound of her was, in a way, as good as the sight; and the voice was filled with reality, with the meaning of the words: —

"And finally, the first night that followed that day! . . .

"Lying in the 'Arabian room,' I felt constantly through my weary half sleep the haunting impression, infinitely sad, of the unaccustomed silence that had fallen on the other side of the wall — and forever — in the room of Aunt Claire. Oh! the dear voices and the dear protecting sounds that I had heard there for so many years through this wall, when the quiet of night had come in the house! Aunt Claire opening her great closet that creaked in a peculiar fashion (the closet where they had put away forever the *Ours aux pralines*); Aunt Claire exchanging a few words, which I could just hear, with my mother who lay in the room beyond: 'Are you asleep, sister?' And her great clock on the wall — now stopped — that used to strike so loud; the clock which made so much noise when it was wound, and which, to our great amusement, she used sometimes to wind on the stroke of midnight, — so that it had become a traditional pleasantry in the house, whenever we heard any noise at night, to lay the blame on Aunt Claire and her clock. . . . Ended, all this, ended. Gone to her place of burial, Aunt Claire, — and my mother, doubtless, will prefer not to return to the room next to hers; silence, then, has fallen there forever. For so many years, it was my joy and my peace to hear them both, to recognize their dear, good old voices that came clearly through the wall in the stillness of the night. . . . Ended, now; never, never shall I hear them more."

Archer was happily ignorant of what the book might be. But when the girl's voice had ceased, he was aware that her father, forgetful of guest and daughter, was staring into the fire, lost in remote thoughts; that Helen herself had risen, and stood looking on them doubtfully; and that the silence in the room was insufferably mournful. At last, as he was about to make a rough attempt at breaking it, his host rose, picked up the book, and crossing to the inmost corner of the library, copied out something upon the broad page of another book that lay open on a desk. "A bad rendering, but it will do," he said. Then, stooping, he carefully took from against the bookshelves a violoncello which had stood gleaming soft and brown in the lamplight.

The girl turned and smiled at Archer, as if reassured, and yet appealing.

"Now you will have better entertainment," she said, with a gayety that seemed not quite so natural as the rest of her ways. "Perhaps you would rather have something to eat," she added, as her father tuned the strings. "I'll get it for you when he has played."

Archer smiled in return, but only shook his head, for her father was already waiting, and now formally announced, —

"Bach — Suite for violoncello — *præludium*."

The fervent voice of the 'cello filled the room. Archer, who knew good playing, listened in delight; but presently his eyes wandered to the girl, as she now sat looking into the fire in her turn, and to the sad, pale face of her father, bending over, rapt in his music. Strange entertainers; yet stranger still was the calm, unconscious egotism of sorrow in this host who had forgotten him. Through *præludium* the music ran, through *sarabande*, and into *bourrée*, when of a sudden it stopped lamely.

"I've not the heart for it to-night," said the player, as he restored the violoncello to its place. "This young man from the sea has set me thinking about Arthur."

"He must be hungry, father," the girl suggested, with something like timidity. "Shall I get" —

"No," he decided. "Tell Barbara to come here."

The girl's face darkened, and she went out with visible reluctance. Presently came a shuffle of feet, and through curtains at the back of the room there entered a tall old woman, bent but strong, who at the sight of Archer spread apart her clumsy hands in surprise.

"Barbara," said her master, "please bring us something to eat and drink."

When the old woman had disappeared, the girl looked in again at the door of the hall, mystically bright once more above the candle flame.

"Good-night to you both," she called. Once more the cheeriness of her voice was troubled. "I'll show you about the island in the morning, Mr. Archer. You will like it, I hope." She stood for a moment undecided, then slowly went up the stairs, a shining figure against the brown panels.

Archer, replying with some commonplace, was conscious that she had stolen the brightness from the room. Though hungry after his wandering, he hardly noticed what the old servant left on the table before him. While he nibbled at something, and slowly drank the whiskey-and-water that Mr. Powell had poured out, his interest, for the time, became merely polite. And his host, though helping himself rather freely from the fat-bellied bottle, was calmly distant in his own thoughts.

"Do you come here every summer, Mr. Powell?" asked Hugh, after an interval.

The sad, prophetic eyes returned to the present, and as they studied the young man anew, their melancholy look was modified by a smile that was essentially kind.

"Every summer?" the little man repeated. "My boy, we live here all the year round, and have lived here since — for the last fourteen years. You look astonished. But why is not this island as good to live and die on as the mainland? They send us over clothing, and food, and books. You see for yourself how comfortable" — and he waved his hand about.

"And your daughter is always with you here?" asked the visitor, amazed at this new aspect of the case.

"Yes, indeed — like the best of daughters," was the calm reply.

Archer meditated, with thoughts unfriendly. There was some hidden malice in his next words, —

"Why, sir, you're like Prospero and Miranda."

The other started in his chair, suddenly wide awake. But the hint was lost.

"Prodigiously apt!" he exclaimed, all in a flutter. "So simple, but so good. It holds closely. And I had never once thought of it! — Young man," he cried, almost beaming, "why did n't you tell me you were no common sailor?" In his joy, he poured for himself from the bottle. "A boy who has read, in these days!" He drained his glass and refilled it. "You must stay with me — a week at least — and we shall have good talk, I foresee. — This parallel of yours — I am ashamed

never to have seen it — showing that an outsider has the better perspective of one's life." He got up and walked about nervously before the fire. "I am Prospero, to be sure, — and my book — and as for Trinculos and Stephanos, Black Harbor is lousy with them. Here is my cell — and Helen is Miranda — and luckily there are no Ferdinands" —

Suddenly he stopped, glanced at Archer's broad shoulders and shining head, and then stared into the fire.

"Hm!" he said, his enthusiasm gone. After a silence, his voice was sad again. "Yes, though I am Prospero, I have no magic." And he sighed. "But you shall see my book. No one else has read it, not even Helen."

Stepping to the desk in the corner, he brought over and laid in the lamplight a large book in black leather, — the same into which he had been copying. Archer, looking on over his shoulder, could see in his movements a tremulous pride.

On the first page they read the title, — "This Bank and Shoal of Time."

"You see," said the little man, already transformed into the explanatory author, "the title is naturally suggested to one living, as I do, on an island surrounded by the eternal sea. But I must explain that you will find here not so much my own thoughts as those of other men in all ages and countries, — their most serious thoughts, and far-reaching. I have not yet connected them with my own interpretation, or indeed arranged them in any orderly fashion."

Archer could hardly forbear to smile. But he had no such difficulty when he had once begun to read. Under the title stood a quotation, —

> "So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
> And death once dead, there 's no more dying then."

The other pages were a kind of nightmare hodge-podge, in neat manuscript, of mortuary fragments. A few he could recognize, many he could not. He read rapidly, with the assistance of his host, who turned the pages eagerly.

"*Sancti Ambrosii: de Excessu Fratris Sui, Satyris, lib. i,* 18. — Habeo plane pignus meum, quod nulla mihi peregrinatio jam possit avellere: habeo quas complectar, reliquias: habeo tumulum, quem corpore tegam: habeo sepulcrum, super quod jaceam."

"Life is like traveling backward in a cart; we see only what has passed and is moving away from us."

"*Meleager, fragm.* 532. — All men, once dead, are nothing more than earth and shadow. Nought returns to nought."

"*Von Hartmann: Philosophy of the Unconscious, ii, p.* 480. — After a serious consideration we have been obliged to reply that all existence in this world brings with it more pain than pleasure; that consequently it would be preferable that the world should not exist."

"That was a fine euphemism of the Greeks', to call the dead 'the tired ones.'"

"The prophet Silenus answered in these words the question of Midas, king of Phrygia: 'Children of a day, of a race doomed to pain and hard trials, why do you force me to say things that it were better for you not to know? For it is for those who are ignorant of their misfortunes that life has the least sorrow. — Of all things the best for man is not to live, even though he have an excellent nature; what is best for all men and for all women is not to be born.' *Aristotle: on the Soul.*"

"All this lamentable mockery: to love with all our heart beings and things which each day, each hour sets itself to wear away, to weaken, to carry off piecemeal; — and after having struggled, struggled with anguish, to keep some few bits of all this which passes away, to pass in our turn."

Archer could read no more with patience.

"It is a remarkable book," he commented with sincerity, and drew away from the table.

"Remarkable! You may venture as much," retorted the scholar, still bent

over the melancholy pages, on which he seemed to batten. Then, slowly straightening himself, he closed the book and put it away in the desk. "The only book of its kind, and the deepest, the truest — These are only the crude material, but you shall see." He took a sip from his glass, wandered thoughtfully to the window, — which the old servant had closed, — and stood looking out. "It must be a calm night. The stars and the lights from the town — the reflections are very clear. It would be beautiful, but it is a symbol. Ah, 'this bank and shoal of time!' Out there in the dark are the whirlpools — and the channel" — he broke into muttered quotation: —

> "Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
> Quicumque terrae munere vescimur,
> Enaviganda."

"Enaviganda," he repeated, and was silent for a long time.

Archer was moved to question him: —

"Are n't those fellows in Black Harbor dangerous neighbors, sir?"

The scholar turned on him his long, pale face, showing eyes dull with indifference. "I hardly ever see them, even," he said.

"And your daughter?" the young man could not help persisting. But the answer missed his point surprisingly.

"Helen? — oh, you mean that it is lonely here? — Perhaps. But then, she is well and healthy, as you see. And she has lived here since a child. When my wife died, I came to this island, to retire for a time, as I thought. But when the news came that Arthur was gone, too — it was impossible to think of going back among men and cities. It is better here. — As for Helen, — why, after all, you know —

> "The summer's flower is to the summer as sweet
> Though to itself it only live and die."

Archer could have struck the man. He held his peace with difficulty, until, after pacing up and down, smiling faintly at the aptness of his quotation, Mr. Powell came to himself again to say: —

"Here comes Barbara to show you your room. Good-night, sir, and I hope you will sleep well."

Archer followed the servant and her candle, up the stairs to a landing and into a plain but pleasant little bedchamber, warmed by an open fire, and overlooking the cove, the water, and the long reflected lights of the town. The tall old woman hesitated as she said good-night.

"It's good to have you here, sir," she ventured, in her timorous voice. "It is, indeed." And her face, brown and wrinkled as a walnut, shone with kindness.

Left to himself, he stood thinking over this strange landfall. The black glacier of firs over the hill had been gloomy enough, the inhabitants like the place; but this pastoral slope of the island — was it better? Pity for the girl was his uppermost thought, — a pity to which his rough, working life had rendered him unfamiliar. Sometimes in his youthful melancholy he had thought his own lot hard, — an orphan, too rich, among worldly relatives who could neither inspire nor direct a right ambition. But this girl, living alone here —

> "The summer's flower is to the summer as sweet, —

"Odious!" he almost cried aloud. He could not wait till morning to see her and talk to her. At least he could not sleep: for an hour or more he must have sat on the edge of his bed, thinking over this philosopher of charnel fragments, this vague egotist who could quote so inhumanly, and survey with such mournful gusto the transiency of things. At times a faint stir in the house showed that others were still awake.

His windows were open. So, apparently, were those on the landing of the staircase; for suddenly he heard a voice near at hand speaking into the night, — a muddled voice that ran the words together thickly: —

"Fair-ss-a-scar — when-on'y-one — is-s — shining-in-the-sty" —

Then collected, and very precise: "Dis-

gusting metathesis! — No, that is not the word" —

"Come along, please, sir," whispered the old woman's voice plaintively.

III

The pillow and the counterpane were damp when he awoke, late, after a night of worried tossing. Fog, white and cold, filled the chamber as with smoke, and drifted so thickly past the window that he could see only the dim outlines of a little garden below; a few shrubs, a soft colored tangle of sweet peas, and the high heads of golden glow shining through the white obscurity. Out of the fog came the smell of seaweed and the faint noise of waves.

Quickly putting on his damp clothes, he hurried downstairs, in some disquietude as to the time of day. No one met him in the little hall of the butternut paneling. A breakfast-table still waited, white and shining, beside a fire that roared in the wide chimney; and in the corner a tall clock beat heavily toward the hour of ten. He waited, glad of the chance to warm himself before the crackling birch logs.

At last a little door opened under the stairs, and the tall old woman looked in, smiling, to wish him a good-morning.

"Miss Helen said," she announced, "that you must n't mind eating alone, sir. She and Mr. Powell won't be down till later." Something in the situation had fluttered and embarrassed this good creature, who nearly spilled the coffee when she brought it in.

So at an excellent breakfast he found himself alone, and vastly disappointed. All the morning he sat about, watching by turns the fire within doors, the white void without, and fidgeting more than he had ever believed possible. At one time a voice overhead somewhere continued steadily as in reading aloud; he could only hope that if Helen was helping her father to pass the forenoon, she did not do it too willingly. When the voice stopped, and still no one came downstairs, he flung outdoors in disgust, and wandered down the little path in a misty profusion of bright flowers. Smoking his pipe, he watched the sun burn away the fog, which lifted enough to show that the house, a comfortable building of the native red stone, faced the shore from a beautiful hollow field which curved as wide and graceful as the long arc of pink sand-beach below. Headlands north and south were blotted out, but the base of the great red walls stretched along between the green, heaving water and the white, slow-rising mist. The voice of the sea, vague, widespread, and hushing; the heavy air, a tepid mingling of fog and sunshine; the sense of lonely heights obscured: and this was the island where a young girl, radiantly alive, must wear out her years with a tippler who studied the crumbling of time!

When he returned to the house, the sunshine had already conquered; and in the hall, father and daughter were awaiting him, — the former very white and evasive, the latter a little tired, and not beautiful as by candle-light, but brown-eyed, winning, a gracious young white-robed mistress of the house.

"Good-morning," she cried, with honest gladness, and came quickly forward to meet him. Her hand was a funny little tanned thing to be shaking his hard paw.

Just what happened during lunch he could never recall, except that his host's hands trembled slightly, and that he himself could look at Helen over a bowl of poppies, — "astonishing how late they lingered in this salt air," remarked the scholar, — and that he willingly did most of the talking, when he found that to a pair of shining eyes his two years of sordid knocking about appeared rich as an Odyssey. Once, when he happened to speak of a burial at sea, the eyes were troubled; but Mr. Powell, pricking up his ears, demanded particulars. Then came a tedium of sitting about while the scholar talked, kindly but feebly. At last, however, he declared: —

"Helen has promised to show you about. I'll not spoil your young enjoyment by going. — No, no," he chirped, as Archer would have feigned to protest, "I'm not well to-day. And to tell the truth, Mr. Archer, I cannot care so much for nature as I did. I see the changing of the seasons, rather than the seasons themselves. But go you on, you two."

And so Archer found himself outdoors in the sunshine with the girl, talking and laughing, while her father, from the door, looked mournfully after them down the little flowering path.

Their escape led them southward along the curve of the hollow field, high above the shining water, and toward the steep ascent of the southern cliffs. The short, yellow-bleached grass of autumn was already dry and slippery underfoot, its tiny spears quivering in the warm breeze that had sprung up since the vanishing of the fog.

"I'm glad you came here," she said, looking up happily. Walking beside him, brown-faced, bareheaded, she had changed into a creature of the sunlight and sea air, a light-footed huntress of the island heights.

"There is our vegetable garden," she said, pointing to some green rows behind the house. "My father and I work there a great deal." — He laughed to hear the young huntress deliver such prosaic words. — "If you do that to things I'm proud of, perhaps you won't think much of what I was going to show you," she threatened. "I forgot — such a traveler as you are" —

"No, indeed," he laughed. "I never saw anything I liked better." He had been looking down at the back of her head, and her hair, wind-blown, that gleamed like newly weathered bronze. "Show me everything. That's a landing-pier down on your beach. Do you sail?"

"No," she confessed. "My father won't go on the water. We had a rowboat, but it went adrift last spring."

"But in case of sickness or anything?" he wondered. "Can you telephone to the mainland?"

"Why, no," replied the girl, in surprise. "I don't believe he ever thought of that. The boat brings us over all we need, every Saturday. Oh, and in such weather! In winter it's larks to wade down through the snow and help them land. And sometimes there's a letter from my uncle Morgan. And sometimes it's too rough for the men to go back, and they stay and talk. I like them very much, though my father does n't."

Her happiness was truth itself. She had forgotten whatever troubles the night before or the morning might have contained.

Far below in the cove lay the long red curve of the beach, with a thin black line of dead seaweed drawn as if by a compass along the high-water mark. The tide was beginning to ebb, but near the shore a "back eddy" moved toward them, and with it a strange multitudinous plashing, like continual waves among myriads of tiny rocks.

"Oh, look!" she cried, plucking him by the sleeve. "See the herring!" Familiarity could have made the sight no less beautiful to her.

Where the spurs of the cliff sprang upward from the cove, the turmoil was working toward them over the water. Countless tongues of silver flame leapt up, fell, leapt, and advanced with the same continuous plashing; here and there the curved flash of little bodies wove swiftly in and out of water, pliant threads of white fire. It was like a squall of silver pieces blown along the surface of the tide, with the noise and the upward-leaping drops of a ponderous, concentrated, and invisible shower.

"There'll be good fishing to-night for those poor fellows over the hill," said Helen, "if these greedy herring-gulls don't eat it all."

Sure enough, a white flock of the lesser terns came wheeling, on bent, sickle wings, along the red face of the crags, and with mournful cat-calls pursued the shoal, poising, swerving, diving under

water, to stagger into the air again, each with a glitter in its bill and a sprinkling of bright spray from its wings.

"I never liked them very much," she said, "since I read a fairy story, when I was a little girl, where they were persons transformed by a wicked queen. They've always seemed uncanny. Is n't it queer? But they are really very white and clean; and, poor creatures, they live round these cold rocks, and their cries are so lonely."

The two had stood close together, frankly sharing their happiness in the sight, frankly glad of each other's company, like old friends. Shyness and constraint were beneath the nature of this girl, who had the clear self-possession which comes from a life lived rightly alone, or which a young person receives from association with an old one.

"Did you have any playmates here when you were a little girl?" he asked.

"No," was the answer, possibly with a tinge of sadness. "Arthur was so much older" — She paused, looking absently after the wheeling gulls, and the shoal now black in the distance. Then, as she started walking again: "But I had many games," she said brightly. "You would think them silly. Why, this field that we're crossing: I used to walk from end to end of it all day, alone and perfectly happy, tapping the ground with a forked hazel stick my father cut for me, and playing I was a witch, divining. It was the happiest day in my life when I came tapping along into this — see" —

The rise of the hill had become more abrupt, as they neared the ascent to the high land above the cliffs. In the deepest of the slope, smooth-curved as an amphitheatre, sheltered, and facing the warmth of the southwest, the grass lay greener than elsewhere, and there grew a clump of alders. Toward this she led him, and pointed proudly to a tiny spring of clear water, with a bottom of pink sand. A song-sparrow, surprised in his bath, flitted into the bushes, leaving the water all a-quiver.

"Was n't that good divining for an inexperienced witch?" she asked, elated. "I found it the first day. Afterwards I tried to find gold and silver, but never did; and so I played more round this spring, and made up things about it. Some of them I made up so hard that I believe them even now, — like this, that whoever drinks of it must come back to the island before he dies."

Archer flung himself down, bent his shining head, and drank deep of the cool water. He rose, laughing, but more than half in earnest.

"I'm glad you did that," said Helen, in the same spirit. And they moved away, silent, along the slope of the amphitheatre.

"Now here," she suddenly declared, stopping, "here I'm going to ask you two questions. You'll never guess them. The second depends on the first. It's a test. You can't ever guess them. But if you don't," she laughed, "I shall be disappointed and shan't like you."

Archer forbore to make the complimentary retort. With her, it would have been silly. "I'll try my best," he replied.

"Now, first," she said, with a pretty air of pedagogy, "my father and I call this hollow the Marathon field, sometimes. Why is that?"

Archer rubbed his brows and frowned.

"Now it is n't Byron. I hate him," said his examiner. "I'll give you a clue. What is this underfoot? You'll never find it growing so far north again."

They were standing in a little patch of feathery green stuff, with a few belated yellow flowers. A faint aromatic smell came to the aid of his memory.

"Fennel!" he cried joyfully. "I know — it's what old Pan gave to what-was-his-name? — the runner: and the Greeks fought in a field of it."

"Good, good!" she cried, in unconcealed astonishment. "I never expected you to. But you won't answer the second right. What is the happiest kind of death?"

His honest brown face clouded. Here,

he thought, the poison of her father's spirit worked in her. Yet her bright eyes showed only interest in the game.

"Of course you can't. I'll give you another clue," said this Ariadne. "The second answer is in the same story, and it is n't about fighting the Persians. Now what is it?"

"What is the happiest kind"—he reflected. This time he really gave thought to the question. "Why," he said at last, with conviction, "the way this same fellow in the poem died, running into Athens with the news of the victory, among them all — still young" —

The slim white-gowned figure almost danced in the patch of fennel. "You 're wonderful!" she cried, clapping her hands. "That was it —

'Like wine through clay,
Joy bursting his heart, he died — the bliss!'

Now you know just what this place always makes me think of, and you thought of it, too, nearly all by yourself."

It was idle to pretend that this simple game had not established a bond between them. The world might have been young again, or they might have known each other since Marathon itself. For a moment they stood in the warm sunlight, with faces shining on each other, undisguised; then they began to climb toward the bare skyline of the heights, slipping on the yellow grass, scrambling, helping each other up the steep bank, happy as the encircling sunshine. The warm breeze followed them, sweet with pennyroyal crushed underfoot.

(To be continued.)

A THEORY OF POETRY

BY HENRY TIMROD

[The bulk of Timrod's prose papers are scattered through the newspapers he was associated with, and have never been collected. The present paper has had an existence even more obscure. His immediate friends did not even know of it until it was read in public. Pressed to take part in some public occasion in Columbia, S. C., in the winter of 1863–64, he read this essay; upon leaving the platform he handed the manuscript to the lady who later became his wife, and it remained in her keeping thirty-five years. In 1899 she presented it to Hon. William A. Courtenay, LL. D. From a copy of this original manuscript it is printed here.]

It is so familiar a topic, and to be familiar is in the opinion of so many to be commonplace, that I may well distrust my ability to give it interest, yet after all, it is not quite so old as the stars, which the knowledge that they have shone for thousands of centuries has not made commonplace to those who look at them right. I encourage myself by the reflection that the freshness of my theme is not less eternal; moreover as I design to discuss the subject with a special purpose, in regard to which I have some sincere and not carelessly digested opinions, I may hope perhaps to elicit so much attention, at least, as usually honest thought, however weakly embodied, and earnest convictions, however inadequately maintained, receive.

I desire to arrive, if possible, at a comprehensive and satisfactory theory of poetry, but more especially to examine and to enter my protest against certain narrow creeds which seem to me to be growing into fashion, to expose the falsity of that taste which is formed by particular schools, and which leads necessarily to a narrow and limited culture, and to assist, as far as it lies in my power, in the establishment of a generous and catholic criticism.

I must premise that in the first portion

of my essay I shall use the word poetry in accordance with common usage, synonymous with poetical literature, or the embodiment of poetry, rhythmical language. As I proceed, however, I shall endeavor to show that it ought to be employed in a more restricted and less material sense. I will add that in whatever illustrations I may use I shall confine myself to English poetry, as amply sufficient for my purpose.

There have been few poetical eras without their peculiar theories of poetry. But no age was ever so rich in poetical creeds as the first half of the present century. The expositions of some of these creeds are not without some value; one or two, indeed, though incomplete, are profound and philosophical, but the majority are utterly worthless. Every little poet "Spins, toiling out his own cocoon," and wrapping himself snugly in it, to the exclusion of others, hopes to go down thus warmly protected to posterity.

I shall pass most of these theories to consider only two, one of which I shall discuss at some length. The first is that definition of poetry which represents it simply as the expression in verse of thought, sentiment, or passion, and which measures the difference between the poet and versifier only by the depth, power, and vivacity of their several productions. This definition was ably advocated not long ago in a well-known Southern periodical by one of the most acute of Southern writers. It would not be difficult to prove its total inadequacy, but I do not think it necessary to do so, except so far as the truth of that inadequacy may be involved in the establishment of a theory altogether opposed to it. I am the less inclined to give it a minute examination because though the idea is an old one and in strict accordance with the common usage of the word poetry, it has never become popular, nor is it likely to become so, as it fails to satisfy even those who, displeased, they do not know why, and dimly conscious of the true faith, are yet unable to discover in their undefined emotions a logical refutation of the heresy. The genuine lovers of poetry feel that its essential characteristics underlie the various forms which it assumes, however dim and shadowy those characteristics may seem to them, and notwithstanding that they elude the search, like the jar of gold which is fabled to be buried at the foot of the rainbow.

The second theory which I desire to examine critically was propounded a number of years ago by the most exquisite poetical genius to which America has yet given birth.

Poe begins his disquisition with the dogma that a long poem does not exist; that the phrase "a long poem" is simply a flat contradiction in terms. He proceeds: "A poem deserves its title only insomuch as it excites by elevating the soul. The value of a poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement. But all excitements are, by a psychical necessity, transient. That degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be called so at all cannot be sustained throughout a composition of great length. After the lapse of half an hour at the very utmost, it flags, fails; a revulsion ensues, and then the poem is in effect and in fact no longer such."

I am disposed to think that the young lady who pores over the metrical novels of Scott till midnight and wakes up the next morning with her bright eyes dimmed and a little swollen, or the young poet who follows for the first time the steps of Dante and his guide down to the spiral abysses of his imaginary hell, could not be easily induced to assent to these assertions. The declaration made with such cool metaphysical dogmatism "that all excitements are, through a psychical necessity, transient," needs considerable qualification. All violent excitements are, indeed, transient; but that moderate and chastened excitement which accompanies the perusal of the noblest poetry, of such poetry as is characterized, not by a spasmodic vehemency and the short-lived power imparted by excessive passion, but

by a thoughtful sublimity and the matured and almost inexhaustible strength of a healthy intellect, may be sustained, and often is, during a much longer period than the space of thirty minutes. I am willing to grant, however, that this excitement has also its limit, and that this limit is too narrow to permit the perusal, with any pleasure, at one sitting, of more than a fraction of a poem of the length of *Paradise Lost*. I shall quote another paragraph and then proceed to show that such acknowledgment leads to no deduction that justifies the theory Poe has built upon it.

"There are, no doubt, many who find it difficult to reconcile the critical dictum, that the *Paradise Lost* is to be devoutly admired throughout, with the absolute impossibility of maintaining for it, during perusal, the amount of enthusiasm which the critical dictum would demand. This great work, in fact, is to be regarded as poetical only when, losing sight of that vital requisite in all works of art, unity, we view it merely as a series of minor poems. If, to preserve its unity, we read it, as would be necessary, at a single sitting, the result is but constant alternation of excitement and depression. After a passage of platitude, which no critical prejudgment can force us to admire, there follows inevitably a passage of what we feel to be true poetry. But if, on completing the work, we read it again, omitting the first book — that is to say, commencing with the second — we shall be surprised at finding admirable that which we before condemned. It follows from all this that the ultimate or absolute effect of even the best epic under the sun is a nullity — and this is precisely the fact."

Let me call attention to the fact that, even if the argument I have just read prove all it assumes to prove, it amounts only to this: it shows, not that a long poem does not exist, or may not exist, but that, if there should be such a thing as a long poem, its effect, except as a series of short poems, would be null and void. This fact, however, if properly established, would be an almost sufficient justification of Poe's theory; and I only mention it by way of causing it to be remembered that the demonstration is not quite so direct and positive as appears at first sight, or as it might appear if the author had analyzed the work of which he speaks and shown at what point the first poem ends and the second begins.

But I deny boldly and without reservation the truth of that assertion upon which the whole argument hinges: that in order to preserve in effect the unity of a great poem, it should be read through at a single sitting. And to substantiate my denial, I shall not fear to examine the effect of that very poem to which Poe appealed. I suppose, then, that the reader who takes up *Paradise Lost* begins its perusal in a spirit not unbecoming that divine production and with the reverence of one who enters on holy ground. He must have "docile thoughts and purged ears." A poem, the aim of which is to "justify the ways of God to man," is not to be entered on at any season; and never when our only wish is to beguile a vacant moment. The time and even the place should be in harmony with the lofty theme. Charles Lamb, in a spirit of proper appreciation, says that Milton almost needs a solemn service of music to be played before we approach him. I can understand the earnest reader opening the book with feelings of devotion not much inferior to that which inspired the great bard himself in his sublime invocation to the third person of the Trinity:

> And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
> Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
> Assist me, for thou know'st, thou from the first
> Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
> Dove-like sat'st brooding o'er the vast abyss
> And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark
> Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
> That to the height of this great argument,
> I may assert Eternal Providence
> And justify the ways of God to Man.

I affirm that he who takes up *Paradise Lost* in this spirit will lay it down at the

completion of the first book, or — if, as is not unlikely, he should have been beguiled further — at the completion of the second book, not simply with an impression of satisfaction, but in a state of mind in which awe and delight are blended together in a deep though sober rapture. I say, too, that upon resuming the book at some future time, if he come to it with the same reverential precautions, and not as one who must finish a book to-night simply because he began it yesterday, there will occur no such utter disconnection between his perusal of the first and his perusal of the second part of the poem as will produce an effect at all similar to that which is produced by the perusal of two distinct poems. I say that no hiatus of platitude, whether real or the result of mere jaded attention, is sufficient so to separate two parts of an artistically constructed poem, like *Paradise Lost*, as to disturb the general harmony of its effect. And the thoughtful reader, instead of sitting down to the study of the third book as to a new poem, brings with him all the impressions of his former reading to heighten the color and deepen the effect of that which is before him. The continuation of the poem seems all the more beautiful because he is familiar with the beginning, and necessarily so from the roundness and completeness of a structure the parts of which add alike to the strength and grace of the whole and of each other. It has been correctly remarked of the extracts that go by the name of *The Beauties of Shakespeare* that those passages lose more by being torn from the context than the dramas themselves would lose by being deprived of those passages altogether. This is true also, though doubtless not to so great an extent, of *Paradise Lost*, and it could not be true if each book or part of a book, when considered merely as portions of a series of poems, could so strongly affect us as they do when regarded as the fractions of a harmonious whole. For instance the situation of the happy pair in Paradise is rendered a thousand times more pathetic than it would have been otherwise by our knowledge of the power of the tempter who is plotting their destruction without; and of that power we could have no adequate conception if we had not seen the mighty Archdemon, his form not yet deprived of all its original brightness, his face intrenched with the deep scars of thunder, treading in unconquerable fortitude the burning marl; or if we had not beheld him in the mighty council assembled under the roof of Pandemonium, opening, in haughty preëminence of courage and hatred, the bold adventure of scouting with hostile purpose the universe of God Omnipotent; if we had not followed him in his dusky flight through hell and his encounter with the grim though kingly shadow; in his painful voyage through Chaos, and his meeting — in which the mean but profound subtlety of his genius is brought distinctly into action — with the Archangel Uriel; and so on, down to the moment when he alights upon the summit of Niphates and turns to reproach the Sun and blaspheme the Creator; in fine, if we had not from all these sources derived an indelible impression of the cunning, the ferocity, the indomitable pride and daring recklessness of his character.

Again, the fate of the guilty but repentant lovers touches us infinitely more deeply because we have been made familiar with the beauty of the home from which their sin had expelled them, that vast garden which, with the eternal bloom of forests, abounds with fruits more precious than those of the Hesperides, amid undulations of hill and valley, with grottoes, fountains and crisped brooks, "rolling on Orient pearl and sands of gold," and feeding with nectar "Flowers of all hues and without thorn the rose;" — a garden which with all this variety seemed almost as extensive as a kingdom, and yet is compact enough to occupy only the champaign head of a steep and imperious wildness that surrounds it as with a protecting wall. But of course, that which affects us most profoundly, and that which the poet meant to affect us most pro-

foundly, is not the loss of Eden, but the difference between the primal condition of innocence from which they fell (and which is described with a softness and purity no merely amatory poet has ever equaled) and the state of mind in which, after dismissal by the angel, they look back to behold the Eastern Gate, "With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms," and then turning, with the world before them, but with slow and wandering steps, "Through Eden take their solitary way."

I might go on and by minuter examination show still subtler connections between the several parts of the poem, but it is not necessary. I am satisfied to reaffirm my position that every portion of *Paradise Lost* is bound together by the closest relations, each helping to give force to all; and just as the light about us is not produced solely by the rays of the sun, but is composed of millions of atmospherical and other reflections, so the ultimate and aggregate effect of this truly great creation is made up of the innumerable lights and cross-lights that each book sheds upon the others. Hence, as day by day the reader — such a reader at least as I have described — moves onward through the varied beauties and sublimities of the poem, its grand purport and harmonious proportions become more and more clearly apparent; it is "vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize, all musical in its immensities;" and when, at the conclusion, he lays the book reverently aside, he does this with the feelings, not of one who has passed through a series of noble, transient excitements, but rather of one whose spirit, filled with a long train of lofty thought and unsurpassable imagery, has expanded almost to the size of that which it has been contemplating. To such a reader it would not seem too much to inscribe on the title-page of *Paradise Lost*, as an invitation to all those yet unacquainted with it, the fine stanza applied by a later bard to the most magnificent of earthly temples: —

> Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
> And why? It is not lessened, but thy mind,
> Expanded by the genius of the spot,
> Has grown colossal, and can only find
> A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
> Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
> Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
> See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
> His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

I shall not notice the sarcasms which Poe directs against those who measure the merit of a book by its length, since I have said nothing from which it could be inferred that I regard mere size as a criterion of excellence. It is one thing to say that a poem of twelve books may be good, and another thing to say that a poem is good because it contains twelve books. I am not going to deny, however, that a poem may be so extended as to preclude the possibility of its operating on our feelings with unity of effect; witness the *Faërie Queene*. Yet it now should be observed, in justice to Spenser, that his production is in fact what Poe maintains the epic of Milton to be, a succession of poems having no real connection with each other. Perhaps the same may be said of the Iliad of Homer. I do not refer to the *Columbiad*, because, if that ponderous production could be crushed into a space no bigger than that occupied by an epigram, not a drop of genuine poetry could be forced from it. If I should be asked to fix a limit beyond which a poem should not be extended, I can only answer that this must be left to the taste and judgment of the poet, based upon a careful and appreciative study of the few great masters. The ordeal of criticism will settle afterward how far unity has been preserved or violated. In general it should be remembered that the plot of a poem should be so compact as not to involve scenes and subjects of too great diversity. As a consequence of this principle I have always considered *The Divine Comedy* of Dante in its progress through hell, purgatory, and heaven, as three distinct poems.

I do not wish it to be supposed that I look at *Paradise Lost* as a perfect poem. It has many of the faults inseparable from all human productions. Indeed, I so far

agree with Poe as to concede that by no possibility can a poem so long as *Paradise Lost* be all poetry (and Coleridge, the profoundest poetical critic of any age, says: It "ought not to be all poetry") from beginning to end. However noble the theme, there will be parts and aspects which do not admit of the presence of genuine poetry. Herein, however, I differ with Poe; inasmuch as I maintain that these parts may be raised so far above the ordinary level of prose by skillful verse as to preserve the general harmony of the poem and materially to insure its unity as a work of art. And in the distinction between poetry and the poem, between the spirit and its body, which Poe recognizes when he comes to develop his theory, but which he blinks or ignores altogether in his remarks upon *Paradise Lost*, I shall look for the justification of my position. I hold that the confusion of these terms, of the subjective essence with the objective form, is the source of most of the errors and contradictions of opinion prevalent upon this theme. The two should be carefully distinguished and should never in any critical discussion be allowed to mean the same thing.

What, then, is poetry? In the last century, if one had asked the question, one would have been answered readily enough; and the answer would have been the definition which I dismissed a little while ago as unworthy of minute examination. But the deeper philosophical criticism of the present century will not remain satisfied with such a surface view of poetry. Its aim is to penetrate to the essence, to analyze and comprehend those impressions and operations of the mind, acting upon and being acted upon by mental or physical phenomena, which when incarnated in language all recognize as the utterance of poetry and which affect us like the music of angels. That this is the aim of present criticism I need not attempt to show by quotation, since it looks out from the pages of the most popular writers of the day. Indeed, so very general has the feeling become that it is not of the forms of poetry that we need a description, that if you ask any man of common intelligence, who is not merely a creature of facts and figures, to define poetry, he will endeavor to convey to you his idea, vague, doubtless, and shadowy, of that which in his imagination constitutes its spirit. The poets who attempt to solve the question look rather into themselves than into the poems they have written. One, very characteristically, when his own poems are considered, defines it as "emotions recollected in tranquillity;" and another as "the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." These definitions, if definitions they can be called, are unsatisfactory enough, but they indicate correctly the direction in which the distinctive principle of poetry is to be sought.

I think that Poe in his eloquent description of the poetical sentiment as the sense of the beautiful, and, in its loftiest action as a struggle to apprehend a supernal loveliness, a wild effort to reach a beauty above that which is about us, has certainly fixed with some definiteness one phase of its merely subjective manifestation. It is, indeed, to the inspiration which lies in the ethereal, the remote and the unknown, that the world owes some of its sweetest poems; and the poetry of words has never so strange a fascination as when it seems to suggest more than it utters; to call up by implication rather than by expression those thoughts which refuse to be embodied in language; to hint at something ineffable and mysterious of which the mind can attain but partial glimpses. But in making this feeling and this feeling only constitute the poetic sentiment, Poe simply verifies the remark of one of the most luminous critics of this century, that we must look as little to men of peculiar and original genius as to the multitude for broad and comprehensive critical theories. Such men have usually one faculty developed at the expense of the others; and the very clearness of their perception of one kind of excellence impairs their perception of other kinds.

Their theories, being drawn from their own particular tastes and talents, just suffice to cover themselves and those who resemble them. The theory of Poe leads directly to the conclusion, and this he boldly avows, that Tennyson is the noblest poet that ever lived, since no other poet that ever lived has possessed so much of that ethereality and dim suggestiveness which Poe regards, if not the sole, at least as the highest characteristic of poetry. I am constrained to add, too, that while the theory leads to the conclusion that Tennyson is the noblest of poets, it leads equally to the conclusion that Poe is the next. At the same time I must do Poe the justice to acquit him of the petty vanity of wishing to lead his readers to such a conclusion. His theory I regard as the natural and logical result evolved from his own beautiful and very peculiar genius. Like the fabled Narcissus, he fell in love unconsciously with his own shadow in the water. I yield to few, and only to that extravagant few who would put him over the head of Milton himself, in my admiration of Poe, and I yield to none in a love which is almost a worship of Tennyson, with whose poems I have been familiar from boyhood, and whom I yet continue to study with ceaseless profit and pleasure. But I can by no means consent to regard him as the First of Poets, and I am sure that Tennyson himself would repudiate the compliment and the theory that seems to justify it. The very merit that theory mainly insists upon is not characteristic of more than one third part of the poems of Tennyson, who as a poet possesses what Poe had not, — other qualities besides his intense spiritualism; qualities of a more human and earthly tendency, which could not fail to bring him into affinity with other tastes and constrain him to demand a broader creed.

In order to perceive the real narrowness of Poe's theory, it is but necessary to examine the list of those elements which he says induce in the poet the true poetical effect, and to mark how carefully he selects only such appearances as are simply beautiful or simply mysterious, and how sedulously he excludes all of the sublime and terrible in the phenomena of nature.

"The poet," he says, "recognizes the ambrosia that nourishes his soul in the bright orbs of heaven, in the volutes of the flower, in the low clustering of the shrubberies, in the slanting of tall Eastern trees, in the blue distance of mountains, in the grouping of clouds, in the gleaming of silver rivers, in the repose of sequestered lakes. He perceives it in the songs of birds, in the harp of Æolus, in the sighing of the night-wind, in the perfume of the violet, and in the suggestive odors that come to him at eventide over dim oceans from far distant and undiscovered lands."

I have not enumerated all the influences to which he refers, but every one of them will be found upon examination to bear the same general character of quiet and gentle beauty. Let me ask in my turn whether there be no excitement of the poetical faculty in the clouded night as well as in the bright one; in the wrack of clouds by which the stars are driven in as well as in the purple islands and crimson archipelagoes of sunset; in the terror-stricken rain fleeing before the tempest as well as in the gentle and refreshing showers of April; in the craggy dangers as well as in the blue distances on mountains; in the rush of the tornado which opens a road through deep untraveled and illimitable forests, as well as in the faint and fragrant sigh of the zephyr; in the lightning that shatters "some great admiral," doomed never again to be heard of; in the ear-splitting crash of the thunder, the stricken pine, the blasted heath; in the tiger-haunted jungles of the Orient; in the vast Sahara, over which the sirocco sweeps like the breath of hell; in the barren and lonely cape strewn with wrecks and the precipitous promontory which refuses to preserve even a single plank of the ships that have been crushed against it; in the fearful tale suggested by the discovery of a human skeleton upon a desert island; in the march of the pestilence; in

the bloody battles of freedom, and in the strange noises and wild risks of an Arctic night, when the Great Pack is broken up and an Arctic storm is grinding and hurling the floes in thunder against each other.

In the same manner, when the eloquent poet comes to seek the mental or moral stimulants of poetry, he finds them "in all unworldly motives, in all holy impulses, in all chivalrous and self-sacrificing deeds;" but he does not, like the profounder Wordsworth, find them in the tranquil comforts of home, in the dignity of honest labor, in the charities of the beggar, and in those every-day virtues over which the human soul of Wordsworth's Muse broods in pleased contemplation. He sees no appeal to the faculties in the "common things that around us lie," in the fairy tales of science, in the magic of machinery, in the pen that writes and the types that immortalize his argument, in truth as truth merely, and in the lessons in which nature is so bountiful that they may be gathered from the very dust we tread beneath our feet. I think when we recall the many and varied sources of poetry, we must perforce confess that it is wholly impossible to reduce them all to the simple element of beauty. Two other elements at least must be added ; and these are power, when it is developed in some noble shape, and truth, whether abstract or not, when it affects the common heart of mankind. For the suggestion of these two additional principles, I suppose I ought to say that I am indebted to Leigh Hunt; but I cannot help adding that I had fixed upon the same trinity of elements long before I became acquainted with his delightful book on *Imagination and Fancy*.

It is then in the feelings awakened by certain moods of the mind, when we stand in the presence of Truth, Beauty, and Power, that I recognize what we all agree to call poetry. To analyze the nature of these feelings, inextricably tangled as they are with the different faculties of the mind, and especially with that great faculty which is the prime minister of poetry, imagination, is not absolutely necessary to the present purpose. Let us be satisfied with having ascertained the elements which excite in us the sentiment of poetry; and having thus in a measure fixed its boundaries, let us proceed to consider it as it appears when embodied in language. Of course, I hold with those who maintain that poetry may be developed in various moods, — in painting, sculpture, architecture, music, as well as in words. Indeed, there is no divining in what quarter this subtle and ethereal spirit may not make its appearance. The verse is its most natural garment; it sometimes looks out upon mankind in the guise of prose where

> its delights
> Are dolphin-like, and show themselves above
> The element they sport in.

We are talking with a lovely, intelligent woman, who assures us that she has no expression for the poetry that is in her, and afterward proceeds to recount the story of some noble martyrdom, when behold! in the proud flush that mantles her forehead and the smile that comes up from the depths of her beautiful eyes, the visible presence of poetry itself! Our present business, however, is only with the development of poetry in words.

I look upon every poem strictly as a work of art, and on the poet, in the act of putting poetry into verse, simply as an artist. If the poet have his hour of inspiration, though I am so sick of the cant of which this word has been the fruitful source that I dislike to use it, this hour is not at all during the work of composition. A distinction must be made between the moment when the great thought strikes for the first time along the brain and flushes the cheek with the sudden revelation of beauty or grandeur and the hour of patient, elaborate execution. The soul of the poet, though constrained to utter itself at some time or other, does not burst into song as readily as a maiden of sixteen bursts into musical laughter. Many poets have written of grief, but no poet in the first agony of his heart ever sat

down to strain that grief through iambics. Many poets have given expression to the first raptures of successful love, but no poet in the delirium of joy has ever bubbled it in anapests. Could this have been possible the poet would have been the most wonderful of improvisers; and perhaps a poem would be no better than what improvisations always are. It would be easy to prove the truth of these few general remarks by the confessions of the poets themselves. Poe has described to the world how he slowly built up the poem of *The Raven*. A greater poet than Poe speaks of himself as

> not used to make
> A present joy the matter of his song,

and of his poems, which the "Muse accepts, deliberately pleased," as very thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre. The labor through which Tennyson has obtained that perfection of style which is characteristic of his poems must have been almost infinite. And Matthew Arnold, a poet not widely known in this country, but one who, in the estimation of the English critical public, sits not very far below Tennyson, separates, as I have separated, the hours of insight from the hours of labor.

> We cannot kindle when we will
> The fire that in the heart resides;
> The spirit bloweth and is still;
> In mystery our soul abides;
> But tasks in hours of insight willed
> May be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

Does this fact lessen the merit of the poet or the charm of the poem? I do not see why it should, any more than because the Eve in your library was once but a beautiful idea in the mind of its creator, was slowly chiseled from a block of shapeless marble, it should deprive the sculptor of his glory, or mar for a single instant the effect of the faultless symmetry and suggestive countenance of the statue. It must not be forgotten that my present aim is to show that a poem, without being all poetry from beginning to end, may be complete as a work of art. Now, there are two classes of poets, differing essentially in their several characters. The one class desires only to utter musically its own peculiar thoughts, feelings, sentiments, or passions, without regard to their truth or falsehood, their morality or want of morality, but in simple reference to their poetical effect. The other class, with more poetry at its command than the first, regards poetry simply as the minister, the highest minister indeed, but still only the minister, of Truth, and refuses to address itself to the sense of the beautiful alone. The former class is content simply to create beauty, and writes such poems as *The Raven* of Poe or *The Corsair* of Byron. The latter class aims to create beauty also, but it desires at the same time to mould this beauty into the shape of a temple dedicated to Truth. It is to this class that we owe the authorship of such poems as the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, the Lines at Tintern Abbey and the *Excursion* of Wordsworth, and the *In Memoriam* of Tennyson.

The former class can afford to write brief and faultless poems, because its end is a narrow one; the second class is forced to demand an ampler field, because it is influenced by a vaster purpose.

Take a poet of the last mentioned class at the commencement of his work. Imbued with a love of truth, conscious of the noble character of his mission as a poet, convinced that a poem should, to use the words of Bacon, "help and confer to magnanimity and morality as well as to delectation," he chooses a subject the beauty of which may be so well developed as to serve an ulterior and loftier end. The end of Milton's poem is the glory of God and a justification of his ways toward man. The end of the poem of Wordsworth is to involve the spiritual meanings that lie behind phenomena of nature, and to show that the materials of poetry may be gathered from the common and familiar things of existence. The end of the poems of Tennyson, who in his large nature touches Poe on the one side and Wordsworth on the other, is at times as purely the creation of beauty as Poe could

desire it to be. But it is not less often to inculcate the profoundest lessons of a human philosophy; and to do this he sounds in one poem the remotest metaphysical depths, he embodies the whole history of a sorrow in another, and in a third he converts into magnificent verse the doubts, fears, and perplexities through which the soul attains at last a ground on which to rest its hopes of immortality.

The poet who has such ends as these in view is not likely to measure the length of his poem by the rules of Poe's theory. If his subject be in the main poetical, he is careless whether its complete development involve the treatment here and there of a prosaic type and necessitate the composition of a few thousand instead of one hundred and fourteen lines. But at the same time, in the development of this subject, he will not forget that he is an artist, and that he is bound to produce, as far as possible, a harmonious work of art. He will take care that all his topics have reference to the general purpose of the poem; and when they are unpoetical he may not seldom use them as the musician uses discords, or the painter shadows, to strengthen by contrast the effect of that which is genuinely poetical. He will endeavor also, by every artifice of verse and language, to raise these necessarily unpoetical portions as near as may be to the height of the loftier portions of his creation. Thus Milton has contrived by a melodious arrangement to impart a wonderful charm to a mere list of geographical names. And thus Tennyson, by clearness and sometimes picturesqueness of expression, and by the unequaled perfection of his rhythm, has succeeded in giving a poetical air to thoughts which in any other hands would have been the baldest and most prosaic abstractions.

It seems to me that I have now made plain what I mean, when I say that a poem may be complete without being in the highest and most legitimate sense poetical in all its parts. If a poem have one purpose and the materials of which it is composed are so selected and arranged as to help enforce it, we have no right to regard it as a series of minor poems merely because there may occur an occasional flaw in the structure. And he who persists in reading such a poem as so many short ones, besides losing the pleasure of contemplating the symmetrical development of a work of art, will fail to grasp the central purpose of the poet.

It seems to me that I may strengthen still further my theory that truth as much as beauty is the source of poetry by reference to the works of a poet who always refused to separate them. When Poe speaks of the impossibility of "reconciling the obstinate oils and waters of poetry and truth," he is, unconsciously to himself, confounding truth with science and matter of fact. It is, of course, impossible to see poetry in the dry facts and details of business, or in the arguments and commonplaces of politicians, or in the fact that the three angles of any triangle are equal to two right angles. But there is poetry in the truths of the mind and heart, in the truths that affect us in our daily relations with men, and even in the grand general truths of science, when they become familiar to us and help us to understand and appreciate the beauties of the universe. This is what Coleridge meant in part, when he said that poetry was "the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language;" and what Wordsworth meant, when he, not less eloquently, described it "as the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." But a few specimens from those poems, the source of whose inspiration is truth, will do more than any remarks of mine to establish my opinion. The poet who first taught the few simple but grand and impressive truths which have blossomed into the poetic harvest of the nineteenth century was Wordsworth. The poetic literature of the age which preceded the appearance of Wordsworth was, in general, wholly artificial and conventional. In saying this

I do not mean to condemn it; on the contrary, I am grateful to those poets who gave expression to the very little poetry that was to be found in the forms, fashions, and sentiments of an age which, in face of the materialism about us, I believe to have been infinitely more material than the present one. But the moment these poets wandered away from society into the domain of nature, they became blind; or if they saw at all, it was through a haze of falsehood. The descriptive poems of Pope are below contempt. I need not call to mind his translation of the famous moonlight scene in the Iliad which Coleridge, De Quincey, and Macaulay have shown to be full of the most absurd inaccuracies. Passages equally inaccurate might be taken from *Windsor Forest*. It is to Wordsworth mainly that we owe that couching of the poetic eye which enables it to observe truly the appearances of nature and to describe them correctly.

I have already said something as to the aims of the poetry of Wordsworth. When he began to write, it was with the purpose of embodying in all the poetic forms at his command the two truths of which the poets and readers of his time seemed to him completely incognizant. These were, first, that the materials and stimulants of poetry might be found in the commonest things about us; and second, behind the sights, sounds, and hues of external nature there is "something more than meets the senses, something undefined and unutterable which must be felt and perceived by the soul" in its moments of rapt contemplation. This latter feeling it is that constitutes the chief originality of Wordsworth. It is not to be found in Shakespeare or his contemporaries. It is not to be found in Milton, and of course, not in Milton's successors; not in Dryden or Pope; not in Thomson or Cowper. It appeared for the first time in literature in the lines of Wordsworth written near Tintern Abbey. Since then it has been caught up and shadowed forth by every poet from Byron to the present English Laureate. I cannot understand how any one can read that profound poem and then remain satisfied with the dictum of Poe that the sole office of a poem should be the development of beauty alone. I shall not apologize for quoting an extract from it. After describing the mere animal pleasure with which the appearance of nature affected his youth, the poet proceeds to speak of the moods in which he has looked behind those appearances to detect the spirit of which they were but the varied expression: —

> I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colors and their forms were then to me
> An appetite; a feeling and a love
> That had no need of a remoter charm
> By thought supplied, or any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye. That time is passed
> And all its aching joys are now no more,
> And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
> Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
> Have followed; for such loss I would believe
> Abundant recompense. For I have learned
> To look on nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
> The still, sad music of humanity;
> Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
> To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round Ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky and in the mind of man,
> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

In the prefatory verses to the *Excursion* he announces his doctrine that the domain of poetry lies in the familiar as well as in the remote: —

> Beauty — a living presence of the earth,
> Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
> Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed
> From Earth's materials — waits upon my steps;
> Pitches her tent before me as I move,
> An hourly neighbor. Paradise and groves
> Elysian, fortunate fields, like those of old,
> Sought in the Atlantic main, why should they be
> A history only of departed things,
> Or a mere fiction of what never was?

> For the discerning intellect of man,
> When wedded to this goodly universe
> In love and holy passion, shall find there
> A simple produce of the common day.

Wordsworth, indeed, always regarded the poet as a teacher, and in the elucidation in various modes of the ideas conveyed in the passages which I have quoted he recognizes the business of his life. And in sooth, if he had done nothing more than give these truths to the world, he would be entitled to our lasting gratitude. In his many exemplifications of them in his poems, he has opened new and unexplored regions of loveliness; he has shown us how it is possible by the mere act of pressing a spade into the earth to bring it up rich in poetic lore; and he has taught us how the soul may detect, not only in the changing clouds and the succession of the flowers, but in the fixed and steady lineaments of rock and mountain, an expression ever varying. And as if he had given us another sense, though in reality he has only roused us to the knowledge of one which we must often have used unconsciously, but whose revelations we had, in our ignorance, interpreted wrongly, he has enabled us to see, even in the material universe about us, the actual presence of the power of the invisible. But it is not the revelation alone of the two cardinal doctrines of his poetic creed that we owe to Wordsworth. We are indebted to him for the inculcation of a love of nature which in the passionate extent to which it was carried by Wordsworth, had never before found expression in the literature of any age or people. We are indebted to him for hundreds of single lines which in their brief compass enshrine more beauty and wisdom than are to be found in many whole poems, and which have stamped themselves like proverbs on the common memory. In the two books of the *Excursion* entitled "A Churchyard among the Mountains," and which, following out my theory, I have always separated in my mind from the body of the work as composing a complete poem in themselves, he has described with exquisite pathos the heart-histories of the humble; and in the Prelude, —

> An Orphic song, indeed;
> A song divine of high and passionate thoughts,
> To their own music chanted, —

he has given us, with as much metaphysical truth as poetic power, an account of the gradual growth and formation of a poetic mind; while, in the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*, which, if we except perhaps Milton's *Hymn of the Nativity*, is undoubtedly the noblest ode in the language, he has flung a new and sacred light over the life of infancy.

In this brief summary I have by no means gone over all the ground upon which Wordsworth has built the immortal structure of his fame. I have said enough, however, to show how profoundly he recognizes the inspiration of Truth. But I cannot help calling attention further to the manner in which the element of truth appears in his descriptions of the feminine character. No other poet, save Tennyson and the great bard who depicted Cordelia and Miranda, Ophelia and Imogen, has ever depicted that character with the purity, tenderness, and fidelity of Wordsworth. There are no amatory poems in Wordsworth; at least, none of the sort Moore and Byron made popular, in which a woman is in the same breath addressed as an angel and wooed as the frailest of sinners. It is usually only in her relations of wife, mother, or friend that Wordsworth alludes to woman; and he speaks of her always with the respect, and at the same time with the gentle and courteous freedom, of an affectionate husband or brother. Familiar as they probably are to all, I cannot resist the temptation of quoting the lines in which the interesting wife of the poet will go down to posterity: —

> She was a phantom of delight,
> When first she gleamed across my sight;
> A lovely apparition sent
> To be a moment's ornament;
> Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
> Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too,
With household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet, a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light.

Wordsworth could never have been brought to agree with Poe that a true poem is written for the poem's sake alone. The theory which Poe very naturally evolved from his own genius Wordsworth quite as naturally would have thought incompatible with the high office of the poet as a teacher, thinker, and bard. On the other hand, the broader vision of Tennyson has enabled him to detect the truth that lies on the side of Poe and the truth that lies on the side of Wordsworth. The proof that a poet may aim at beauty alone, without an ulterior purpose, he sees in every daisy and buttercup of an English meadow.

Oh, to what uses shall we put
The wildwood flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?

Nevertheless does he recognize the right of the poet to make his art the vehicle of great moral and philosophical lessons; nevertheless does he see his right to grapple with the darkest problems of man's destiny, to discuss the fears and perplexities of the spirit and the faith that triumphs over them; and even to drop now and then a silken line in the dim sea of metaphysics.

I have been induced to undertake a refutation of Poe's theory, while attempting to establish another, not because I believe Poe's the one most prevalently adopted, but because I regard it as the one most artfully put and at the same time most likely to excite interest in an American audience. There is an admirably written essay prefixed to the second edition of the poems of Matthew Arnold, in which that poet endeavors to show that all the poets of the present century have been working on mistaken principles, and that the ancients were the only true masters of the poetic art. A theory to the full as true as Poe's might also be drawn from the works of the Brownings, which would lead to the exclusion of Poe from the roll of great poets as surely as the theory of Poe leads to the exclusion of the Brownings. I do not regret, however, the necessity of passing over the many plausible half truths which go to make up the creed of this or that poet, since the principal object I proposed to myself in this essay was to call attention to the narrowness of them all. A very little examination will generally prove that they have grown out of the idiosyncrasies of the poets themselves, and so, necessarily, seldom attain a greater breadth than suffices to shelter the theorist and the models from which he has drawn his arguments and his inspiration.

Yet every one of these creeds has its disciples, and the consequence is the growth of particular schools, in the study of which the taste becomes limited and the poetic vision, except in one direction, deprived of all its clearness.

I am not protesting against an evil existing only in my imagination. I have known more than one young lover of poetry who read nothing but Browning, and there are hundreds who have drowned all the poets of the past and present in the deep music of Tennyson. But is it not possible, with the whole wealth of litera-

ture at our command, to attain views broad enough to enable us to do justice to genius of every class and character? That certainly can be no true poetical creed that leads directly to the neglect of those masterpieces which, though wrought hundreds of thousands of years ago, still preserve the freshness of perennial youth. It is not from gratitude simply, though we owe them much, to the many poets whose "thoughts have made rich the blood of the world" that I desire to press their claims upon attention. In the possession of a fame as immortal as Truth and Nature, they can afford to look with indifference upon a temporary suspension of admiration. The injury falls only on such as slight them, and the penalty they pay is a contracted and a contracting insight, the shutting on them forever of many glorious vistas of mind and the loss of thousands of images of grace and beauty and grandeur. Oh! rest assured that there are no stereotyped forms of poetry. It is a vital power and may assume any guise and take any shape, at one time towering like an alp in the darkness, and at another sunning itself in the bell of a tulip or the cup of a lily; and until one shall have learned to recognize it in all its various developments he has no right to echo back the benison of Wordsworth,

> Blessings be on them and eternal praise,
> The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of Truth and pure delight in heavenly lays.

THE LESSER CHILDREN

A THRENODY AT THE HUNTING SEASON

BY RIDGELY TORRENCE

In the middle of August when the southwest wind
Blows after sunset through the leisuring air,
And on the sky nightly the mythic hind
Leads down the sullen dog star to his lair,
After the feverous vigil of July,
When the loud pageant of the year's high noon
Passed up the ways of time to sing and part,
Grief also wandered by
From out the lovers and the leaves of June,
And by the wizard spices of his hair
I knew his heart was very Love's own heart.
Deep within dreams he led me out of doors
As from the upper vault the night outpours,
And when I saw that to him all the skies
Yearned as a sea asleep yearns to its shores,
He took a little clay and touched my eyes.

What saw I then, what heard?
Multitudes, multitudes, under the moon they stirred!
The weaker brothers of our earthly breed;
Watchmen of whom our safety takes no heed;
Swift helpers of the wind that sowed the seed

Before the first field was or any fruit;
Warriors against the bivouac of the weed;
Earth's earliest ploughmen for the tender root,
All came about my head and at my feet
A thousand, thousand sweet,
With starry eyes not even raised to plead;
Bewildered, driven, hiding, fluttering, mute!

And I beheld and saw them one by one
Pass and become as nothing in the night.
Clothed on with red they were who once were white;
Drooping, who once led armies to the sun,
Of whom the lowly grass now topped the flight:
In scarlet faint who once were brave in brown;
Climbers and builders of the silent town,
Creepers and burrowers all in crimson dye,
Winged mysteries of song that from the sky
Once dashed long music down.

O who would take away music from the earth?
Have we so much? Or love upon the hearth?
No more — they faded;
The great trees bending between birth and birth
Sighed for them, and the night wind's hoarse rebuff
Shouted the shame of which I was persuaded.
Shall Nature's only pausing be by men invaded?
Or shall we lay grief's faggots on her shoulders bare?
Has she not borne enough?
Soon will the mirroring woodland pools begin to con her,
And her sad immemorial passion come upon her;
Lo, would you add despair unto despair?
Shall not the Spring be answer to her prayer?
Must her uncomforted heavens overhead,
Weeping, look down on tears and still behold
Only wings broken or a fledgeling dead,
Or underfoot the meadows that wore gold
Die, and the leaves go mourning to the mould
Beneath poor dead and desperate feet
Of folk who in next summer's meadows shall not meet?

Who has not seen in the high gulf of light
What, lower, was a bird, but now
Is moored and altered quite
Into an island of unshaded joy?
To whom the mate below upon the bough
Shouts once and brings him from his high employ.
Yet speeding he forgot not of the cloud
Where he from glory sprang and burned aloud,
But took a little of the day,
A little of the coloured sky,
And of the joy that would not stay

He wove a song that cannot die.
Then, then — the unfathomable shame;
The one last wrong arose from out the flame,
The ravening hate that hated not was hurled
Bidding the radiant love once more beware,
Bringing one more loneliness on the world,
And one more blindness in the unseen air.
Nor may the smooth regret, the pitying oath
Shed on such utter bitter any leaven.
Only the pleading flowers that knew them both
Hold all their bloody petals up to heaven.

Winds of the fall that all year to and fro
Somewhere upon the earth go wandering,
You saw, you moaned, you know:
Withhold not then unto all time to tell
Lest unborn others of us see this thing.
Bring our sleek, comfortable reason low:
Recount how souls grown tremulous as a bell
Came forth each other and the day to greet
In morning air all Indian Summer-sweet,
And crept upstream, through wood or field or brake,
Most tremblingly to take
What crumbs that from the Master's table fell.
Cry with what thronging thunders they were met,
And hide not how the least leaf was made wet.
Cry till no watcher says that all is well
With raucous discord through the leaning spheres.
But tell
With tears, with tears
How the last man is harmed even as they
Who on these dawns are fire, at dusk are clay.
Record the dumb and wise,
No less than those who lived in singing guise,
Whose choric hearts lit each wild green arcade.
Make men to see their eyes,
Forced to suspect behind each reed or rose
The thorn of lurking foes.
And O, before the daylight goes,
After, after the deed against the skies,
After the last belief and longing dies,
Make men again to see their eyes
Whose piteous casements now all unafraid
Peer out to that far verge where evermore,
Beyond all woe for which a tear atones,
The likeness of our own dishonor moans,
A sea that has no bottom and no shore.

What shall be done
By you, shy folk who cease thus heart by heart?
You for whose fate such fate forever hovers?

O little lovers,
If you would still have nests beneath the sun
Gather your broods about you and depart,
Before the stony forward-pressing faces
Into the lands bereft of any sound;
The solemn and compassionate desert places.
Give unto men no more the strong delight
To know that underneath the frozen ground
Dwells the warm life and all the quick, pure lore.
Take from our eyes the glory of great flight.
Let us behold no more
People untroubled by a Fate's veiled eyes.
Leave us upon an earth of faith forlorn.
No more wild tidings from the sweet far skies
Of love's long utmost heavenward endeavor.
So shall the silence pour on us for ever
The streaming arrows of unutterable scorn.

Nor shall the cry of famine be a shield
The altar of a brutish mood to hide.
Stains, stains upon the lintels of our doors
Wail to be justified.
Shall there be mutterings at the seasons' yield?
Has eye of man seen bared the granary floors?
Are the fields wasted? Spilled the oil and wine?
Is the fat seed under the clod decayed?
Does ever the fig tree languish or the vine?
Who has beheld the harvest promise fade?
Or any orchard heavy with fruit asway
Withered away?
No, not these things, but grosser things than these
Are the dim parents of a guilt not dim;
Ancestral urges out of old caves blowing,
When Fear watched at our coming and our going
The horror of the chattering face of Whim.
Hates, cruelties new fallen from the trees
Whereto we clung with impulse sad for love,
Shames we have had all time to rid us of,
Disgraces cold and sorrows long bewept,
Recalled, revived, and kept,
Unmeaning quarrels, blood-compelling lust,
And snarling woes from our old home, the dust.

Yet even of these one saving shape may rise;
Fear may unveil our eyes.
For know you not what curse of blight would fall
Upon a land lorn of the sweet shy races
Who day and night keep ward and seneschal
Upon the treasury of the planted spaces?
Then would the locust have his fill,
And the blind worm lay tithe,

The unfed stones rot in the listless mill,
The sound of grinding cease.
No yearning gold would whisper to the scythe,
Hunger at last would prove us of one blood,
The shores of dream be drowned in tides of need,
Horribly would the whole earth be at peace,
The burden of the grasshopper indeed
Weigh down the green corn and the tender bud,
The plague of Egypt fall upon the wheat,
And the shrill nit would batten in the heat.

But you, O poor of deeds and rich of breath,
Whose eyes have made our eyes a hue abhorred,
Red, eager aids of aid-unneeding Death,
Hunters before the Lord,
If on the flinted marge about your souls
In vain the heaving tide of mourning rolls,
If from your trails unto the crimson goals
The weeper and the weeping must depart,
If lust of blood come on you like a fiery dart
And darken all the dark autumnal air,
Then, then — be fair.
Pluck a young ash tree or a sapling yew
And at the root end fix an iron thorn,
Then forth with rocking laughter of the horn
And passing, with no belling retinue,
All timorous, lesser sippers of the dew,
Seek out some burly guardian of the hills
And set your urgent thew against his thew.
Then shall the hidden wisdoms and the wills
Strive, and bear witness to the trees and clods
How one has dumb lore of the rocks and swales
And one has reason like unto the gods.
Then shall the lagging righteousness ensue,
The powers at last be equal in the scales,
And the man's club and the beast's claw be flails
To winnow the unworthy of the two.
Then on the earth, in the sky and the heavenly court
That broods behind it,
Justice shall be awakened and aware,
Then those who go forth greatly, seeking sport,
Shall doubtless find it,
And all things be fair.

THE PROBLEM OF FEDERAL PRINTING

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER[1]

In 1904 the expenditure of the United States government for all classes of printing amounted to $7,080,906.73. This heavy expenditure reflects the amount and variety of printed matter now used in the conduct of the federal government and also suggests the possibility of overliberality. Nearly half a century has elapsed since the last radical change in the printing policy of the government. During this long period, changing conditions, carelessness, or adherence to tradition may have opened the door to some unnecessary expenditures, either in the operation of the Government Printing Office or in the amount of printing required by Congress and the departments.

Twice President Roosevelt, in annual messages to Congress, has sounded a note of warning. Partly as the result of this, near the close of the last session of Congress, a joint committee was appointed to investigate the whole subject of official printing. This committee confronts problems of greater magnitude than ever have existed before in connection with federal printing.

The printing industry has not yielded to the tendency of the period toward combination of capital: there are no commercial printing offices in the United States worthy of comparison, in extent of plant and amount of investment, with leading concerns in other and less important industries. It has remained for the United States government to equip and operate a printing office which, in capital invested, extent of plant, variety and value of product, and number of employees, compares favorably with the principal establishments in other industries, and far surpasses any other printing office in the world. So great is the capacity of this office that entire books have been produced in a night; and when emergencies arise in the government service, it is necessary to specify only the requirement and the time available, and the work is done.

[1] Chief Clerk United States Census Bureau, and Expert Special Agent for Printing and Publishing the Twelfth Census.

Growth of Federal Printing.

The necessity for federal printing began with the First Congress, which assembled in New York in 1789. Proposals were then invited by joint resolution for the printing of six hundred copies of the Acts of Congress, and seven hundred copies of the journal. The early requirements in New York and Philadelphia, and later in Washington, to which place the government was removed in 1800, were, however, very insignificant. For the first half century of national existence, and especially during the first two decades, the bills, documents, and journals of the two Houses of Congress represented much the greater part of the official printing of the government.

The statutes relating to federal printing have been completely made over or amended in important particulars five times during the past century. By the joint resolution of 1819 a scale of prices was established, and each body balloted for its printer. With minor changes this method continued for twenty-seven years. Under the law of 1846 the clerks of the Senate and House were directed to secure bids annually for the printing needed. These bids were to be opened in the presence of the Vice-President and Speaker. This plan remained in operation for six years. It was expensive and unsatisfactory to the government, and ruinous to the contractors.

In 1852 the contract system was abolished and the office of Superintendent of Public Printing was created, to be filled through appointment by the President. The superintendent was to take charge of all public printing and advertise annually for bids for paper, but Congress returned to the custom of establishing a fixed scale of compensation and electing a printer for each body. By this time the limited facilities of Washington began to be severely felt. No one office was sufficient to handle the entire volume of federal printing, and dissatisfaction and inconvenience were general. Moreover, the scale system proved very expensive.

The next and inevitable change came in 1860, when Congress, by joint resolution, authorized the purchase of the principal plant in the city, building and all, for $135,000. This building still forms part of the old Government Printing Office and adjoins the new building. When purchased in 1860 it contained twenty-three Adams presses, three rotary presses, and about twenty tons of type. The job department was stated to consist of eighty-two cases of job type and nineteen "spittoons."

Operation of the plant thus acquired began in the following March, but although new type and machinery were added at frequent intervals it was necessary for the Congressional printer to invoke the assistance of private concerns until 1866.

The Government Printing Office as now operated is therefore the result of years of slow and continuous growth. It is doubtful whether the present building and contents could be duplicated for less than $10,000,000. The principal building in which this great office is housed was completed two years ago at a cost of $2,500,000. It is 408 feet long by 175 feet wide, and is seven stories high; it is equipped with fifteen elevators, a refrigerator plant, a filtration plant, eight 300-horse-power boilers, and three engines. The entire plant, including the old building, contains nearly sixteen acres of floor space. The equipment includes 300 tons of type, 60 typesetting machines, nearly 150 printing presses of all sizes, 600 individual electric motors, and ruling, folding, and binding machinery of bewildering variety and vast capacity. Connected with the establishment is an electrotype foundry said to have no equal in size in the world. It is capable of turning out 2000 electrotypes daily. Under the sidewalk is located a large storage vault for plates, with a capacity for 2,000,000 electrotypes.

The total number of persons employed in the Government Printing Office varies from 4000 to 4500, and the fortnightly disbursement for wages now amounts to nearly $100,000. The compositors alone number about 1200; they are divided into eight divisions, each of which by itself would be considered a large composing force. A distinct line of work is assigned to each of these divisions as follows: —

First division (day and night shifts), Congressional bills.
Second division, special catalogue and library work.
Third division, statistics and directory work (Census, Blue Book, etc.).
Fourth division, legal composition (Supreme Court, etc.).
Fifth division, technical composition (Naval Observatory, Coast Survey, Nautical Almanac, etc.).
Sixth division, Congressional Record.
Specifications division (Patent Office Gazette, Trade-Marks, etc.).
Job division.

The job work of the office requires a separate department employing about 150 compositors and including nearly 40 presses. Attached to the Printing Office are seven branch offices located in the Government departments. Each branch is fully equipped with type and presses. In two of these branches there are also complete binderies.

The immense quantity of material of all kinds consumed by the Government Printing Office in the course of a year is indicated by a few of the larger items.

During the last fiscal year there were purchased 6,366,955 pounds of machine book paper, costing $216,486.43; approximately 41,000 reams of supercalendered paper of varying sizes and 5000 reams of coated or "cut" paper, together costing about $150,000; 57,660 reams of writing and ledger paper, costing approximately $106,000; 39,270 pounds of printing ink, costing $23,008.68; 216,161 feet of leather, and 9423 dozen skins, costing $97,904.99; 8015 pieces of book cloth, costing $46,683.41; 5975 packs and rolls of gold leaf, costing $33,689.93; 1,393,350 pounds of binder's board, costing $42,086.17; while the lithographs, engravings, and cuts purchased by the Public Printer from private contractors, for use in publications printed and bound in the government plant, cost $272,243.06.

Official Printing in other Countries.

The United States government has always been liberal in its use of printed matter, a trait it may be observed that is characteristic of American people generally. The rapid increase in the volume of official printing appears to have compelled the federal government to face and solve the problem of production by establishing a government plant long before a similar requirement arose in other countries.

Government-operated printing offices and binderies now exist in France, Austria, and Holland; in some other countries, as for example, Russia, official printing offices supply certain classes of work and serve only certain bureaus.

In France the Imprimerie Nationale, a bureau under the Ministry of Justice, meets the printing and most of the binding requirements of the French government. By a decree issued in 1889, French officials are compelled to place their orders for printing and binding with this office. Vouchers drawn by officials in favor of commercial printers are not honored by the treasury, except in connection with certain classes of stationery and binding which may be ordered of private contractors, although the national printing office will supply either when called upon to do so.

In Austria, the entire official printing and binding is produced by a bureau of the Imperial government known as the Austrian Court and Printing Office.

In Holland, the state printing office is under the control of the Ministry of the Interior, and meets the requirements of the Dutch government.

More than half of the printing and binding required by the Russian government is produced by private contracts, as it has been found that the expense is less when the work is done by contract than when the official printing offices are employed. The ministries of War, Interior, Finance, and Ways and Communications operate individual printing offices. The difference, however, between Russian official and private printing offices is not clearly marked. For example, the printing office connected with the Ministry of Finance, whenever not fully employed upon government work, accepts orders for private printing on the same basis as commercial establishments. So unsystematic is the method followed in Russia that it is impossible even to approximate the cost of Imperial printing. It may be observed in this connection that all the financial records of the Imperial government are about two years behind the current date.

Great Britain pursues a totally different policy in connection with official printing, and no material change has been made for many years. The British government employs Harrison and Company, St. Martin's Lane, of which the famous firm of Ayre and Spottiswoode is a part, to produce the printing and binding for that government. The concern supplies the foreign office with a printer, who is known as a confidential man, and under whom are employed about thirty compositors sworn to secrecy.

The German Empire does not operate an official printing office. Such printing

and binding as is required is supplied by private contractors, but one firm, that which prints the *Official Gazette* and the *North German Gazette*, secures most of the government work, and is therefore regarded in a general way as the official printer of the Empire. When bureaus or ministries require printing, they are at liberty to ask for estimates from private firms in Berlin or elsewhere, and to place the order as the results of the bids may indicate, or to disregard the bids, and for reasons of public expediency, or in order to secure rapid or careful work, to place the order with the printers of the *Official Gazette*.

In no country of Europe does the printing approach, in volume or in cost, the requirement of the United States, and in general the material used in American official printing is far superior to that used by foreign governments.

The Cost of Federal Printing.

No record of the expenditures for official printing during the earlier years of the federal government is to be found in the published transactions of Congress. It is possible that the items of payments for printing are on record in the Treasury, but if such details exist they are not accessible. Printing, first mentioned in the appropriations for 1792, was generally included in contingent funds, and thus buried in the odds and ends of official expenses.

In the following table the figures for the early decades have been compiled by the use of known proportions, but it is believed they closely approximate actual expenditures. Moreover, the total amount expended during the first forty-three years of the government, the period for which exact figures are lacking, forms but an insignificant part of the aggregate expenditure to 1904.

The expenditure from 1890 to 1899 inclusive was 243 times as great as that for the corresponding decade one hundred years earlier. If the present rate of increase in outlay for printing continues during the current decade, the total for the ten years from 1900 to 1909 will exceed $60,000,000, a greater sum than was expended for all federal printing from 1790 to 1880.

EXPENDITURES FOR PUBLIC PRINTING, BY DECADES, WITH PERCENTAGE OF INCREASE: 1790 TO 1904.

Decade.	Total for each Decade.	Per cent. of Increase.
1790–1799	$154,885	
1800–1809	295,246	91
1810–1819	544,816	85
1820–1829	770,320	41
1830–1839	2,445,248	217
1840–1849	3,111,203	27
1850–1859	8,307,073	167
1860–1869	13,178,706	59
1870–1879	16,552,277	26
1880–1889	26,369,992	59
1890–1899	37,602,102	43
(1900–1904)	29,136,580	
Total,	$138,468,448	

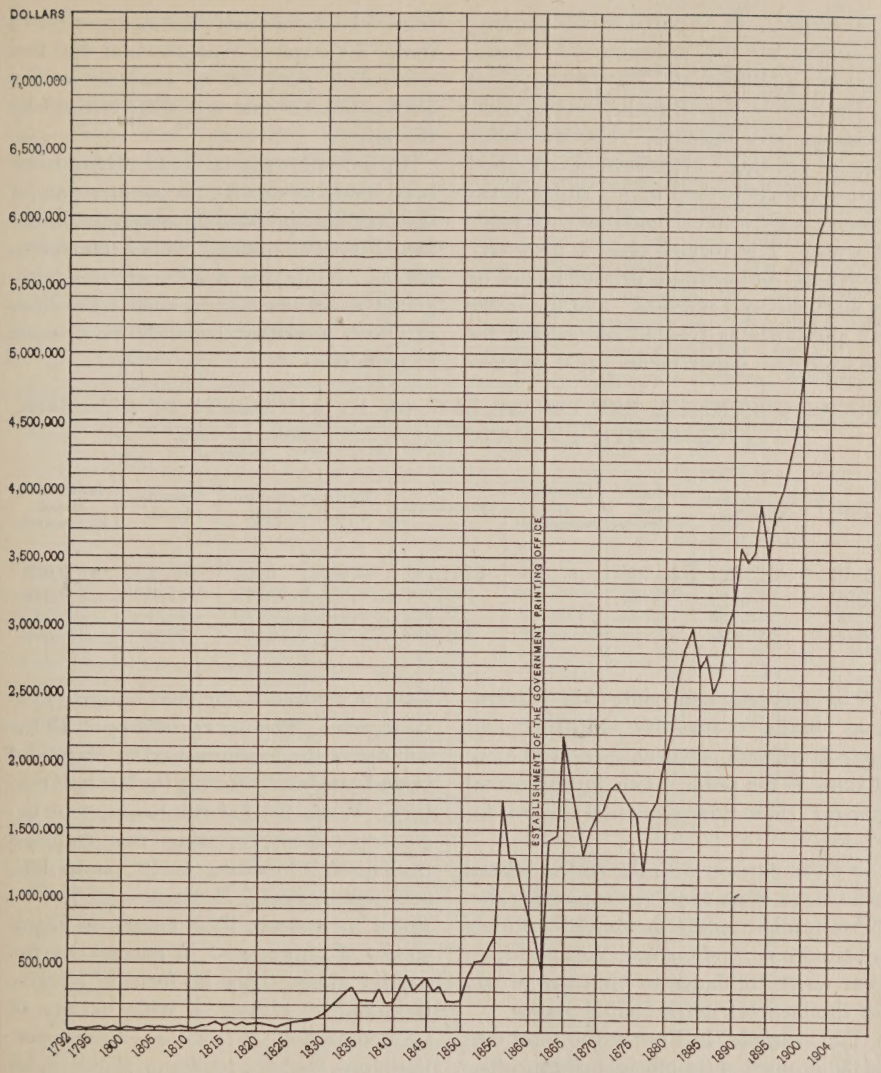
The increase in the cost of official printing during the century is somewhat more vividly shown by noting the increase in the per capita cost.

PER CAPITA COST OF PRINTING, IN CENSUS YEARS, 1790 TO 1900 AND IN 1904.

Year.	Population.	Cost of Printing.	Per capita Cost.
1790	3,929,214	$8,785	$0.002
1800	5,308,483	20,322	.003
1810	7,239,881	31,675	.004
1820	9,638,453	71,723	.007
1830	12,866,020	141,144	.01
1840	17,069,453	207,238	.012
1850	23,191,876	344,831	.015
1860	31,443,321	866,868	.027
1870	38,558,371	1,609,859	.041
1880	50,155,783	2,034,750	.04
1890	62,622,250	3,124,462	.05
1900	75,994,575	4,905,881	.065
1904	81,213,321[1]	7,080,906	.087

From this analysis it is evident that the per capita cost of federal printing has increased steadily during the century, and is now an item of considerable consequence. The accompanying chart shows the increase graphically by years since 1792. It will be observed that until the last decade the sharp advances occur about the

[1] Estimated.



GROWTH OF FEDERAL PRINTING FROM 1792 TO 1904.

first third, or at least in the first half of each ten-year period, and doubtless reflect the periodical expenditures for census reports. The most marked depressions coincide roughly with, or follow, periods of financial depression, thus suggesting the influence of general retrenchment.

It is important to fix clearly in mind at the outset the fact that the printing required by the national government is comprised in two general classes, — legislative and executive (departmental), — between which the total annual expenditures are about equally divided.

Legislative printing includes not only the great volume of journals, documents, bills, and reports connected with the movement of Congressional business, but also reports of the President and the heads of departments, and a great number of scientific, statistical, and historical publications authorized by Congress, most of which are annual and possess permanent value.

Executive, or departmental, printing comprises all the miscellaneous books, reports, pamphlets, and job work required by the various departments, courts, commissions, and bureaus. For the latter class of printing Congress allots specified sums annually to the Public Printer, upon whom a requisition is made for each piece of work. The former class is generally known as "publications printed by law or by authority of Congress," and the latter as "publications printed or ordered by the executive departments upon requisition." Unfortunately, it is not possible to make a complete separation of the two classes for purposes of analysis, as the publications of one are often utilized by the other.

In the following table an attempt has been made to classify the greater part of the printing and binding issued under the first of the two general classes referred to above. While the results are not altogether exact, they show clearly the lines in which increased expenditure is most pronounced.

COST OF DOCUMENTS PRINTED BY LAW, OR BY AUTHORITY OF CONGRESS, CLASSIFIED BY TOPICS: 1870, 1880, 1890, and 1900.

Year.	Reports and Messages.	Eulogies and Histories.	Scientific and Descriptive.	Agricultural.	Statistical.	Industrial.	Miscellaneous.	Senate and House Documents.
1870	$295,821	$5,569	$5,514	$151,756	$3,137	$401	$35,205	$159,088
1880	111,563	58,932	59,460	227,786	6,864	13,510	17,316	225,820
1890	274,386	11,796	175,312	203,725	8,348	36,940	43,897	598,542
1900	312,898	65,226	362,633	357,060	78,661	72,077	76,093	976,689

The increase here shown in publications relating to scientific, statistical, and agricultural subjects would be even more striking if the publications in the second general class (departmental) were included.

No comparison with the cost of official printing in other countries is possible, because foreign requirements differ widely from our own, and the wages of employees bear no resemblance to the rates of pay for similar work in the United States.

For example, in France the total cost of the product of the official printing office in 1902 was 6,878,698 francs, — equivalent to $1,375,729.60; but the rate paid by the French government for composition is only half the rate paid for such work in the United States. Moreover, it is impossible to determine the proportionate share of the total cost borne by labor and materials.

Although the increase in the volume and cost of printing required by the federal government has been shown to have been in progress on a large scale for a century, it must be remembered that continuous increase alone does not prove extravagance. The use of printing in all the callings of life has increased by leaps and bounds, especially during the last half century. When the federal government began operations, printing was confined principally to making books, pamphlets, and newspapers. Business and professional men wrote their letters on blank sheets of paper, and in general let the printer alone. Now no form of activity is complete without a wide variety of printed matter. It is natural and proper, therefore, that the tendency shown in all private business should appear in the federal government.

It is not possible to determine whether the federal government is more liberal in the use of printing than the great commercial interests, but comparisons of federal and state expenditures for this purpose possess considerable significance. State printing is generally produced under some form of contract. In Nebraska and a few other states, boards of printing exist for the purpose of placing orders; elsewhere, as in Pennsylvania, Colorado,

Ohio, and Virginia, there are salaried officials who superintend the award of contracts and production of work; California and Nevada operate state printing offices and binderies; Ohio operates a state bindery only. Opinions differ concerning the relative merits of a state-operated office and production by contract. As knowledge of this subject is local, each system is advocated by those familiar with it, and the merits of the two have never been intelligently compared.

In the following table are presented the expenditures for official printing and binding, for the years 1880, 1890, and 1900, in those states which were in existence in 1880. These figures possess much interest, although they are not exactly comparable. So many varieties of bookkeeping are employed that the items included under the terms printing and binding necessarily vary somewhat; moreover, the fiscal years are not uniform. There are but four states in which the legislature meets annually. In states having biennial legislative sessions, the average of the total printing for the legislative and next non-legislative year has been taken.

COST OF OFFICIAL PRINTING IN STATES WHICH WERE IN EXISTENCE IN 1880, FOR 1880, 1890, 1900, WITH PERCENTAGE OF INCREASE.[1]

States.	1880.	1890.	1900.	Per cent of Increase.		
				1880–1890.	1890–1900	1880–1900
Alabama	$6,025.79	$14,999.50	$17,711.95	149	18	194
Arkansas	19,642.96	21,273.57	11,470.47	8	—46	—42
California	95,891.06	134,836.72	122,432.08[2]	41	—9	28
Colorado	6,000.00	7,441.86	30,009.93	24	303	400
Connecticut	26,552.20	40,421.20	52,074.09	52	29	96
Delaware	5,750.00	6,131.15	11,910.49	7	94	107
Florida	10,000.00	11,020.42	10,453.77	10	—5	5
Georgia	16,886.91	18,467.35	24,318.89	9	32	44
Illinois	39,716.92	58,804.49	60,381.42	48	3	52
Indiana	27,512.63	35,729.02	51,457.58	30	44	87
Iowa	37,145.72	49,725.49	49,039.83	34	—1	32
Kansas	27,778.66	88,856.16	94,847.71	220	7	241
Kentucky	18,363.18	64,549.98	22,346.09	252	—65	22
Louisiana	31,803.88	36,756.23	52,989.80	16	44	67
Maine	18,500.00	35,000.00	53,000.00	89	51	187
Maryland	25,874.27	25,426.19	37,151.52	—2	46	44
Massachusetts	73,468.44	167,197.16	234,749.11	128	40	220
Michigan	72,250.48	77,253.96	89,379.23	7	16	24
Minnesota	35,030.96	56,902.59	59,915.91	62	6	71
Mississippi	23,752.28	15,430.00	11,377.08	—35	—26	—52
Missouri	46,833.16	65,039.47	79,860.89	39	23	71
Nebraska	37,500.00	42,500.00	50,000.00	13	18	33
Nevada	12,267.92	11,216.71	12,703.80	—9	13	4
New Hampshire	20,261.26	19,937.95	22,578.17	—2	13	11
New Jersey	72,311.81	95,438.39	98,478.78	32	3	36
New York	145,610.79	177,098.64	654,330.53	22	269	349
North Carolina	11,110.49	19,729.46	26,595.89	78	35	139
Ohio	124,147.46	162,853.16	140,392.22	31	—14	13
Oregon	5,738.68	20,038.72	34,927.24	249	74	509
Pennsylvania	294,823.82	293,924.00	260,565.71	(—0.3)	—11	—12
Rhode Island	11,488.44	27,347.06	52,493.49	138	92	357
South Carolina	15,377.50	23,320.23	14,349.32	52	—39	—7
Tennessee	6,042.65	7,546.28	8,136.38	25	8	35
Texas	36,000.00	58,000.00	35,000.00	61	—40	—3
Vermont	10,196.61	8,373.68	15,609.73	—18	86	53
Virginia	21,921.85	24,222.25	32,124.05	11	33	47
West Virginia	23,006.84	41,412.58	43,039.68	80	4	87
Wisconsin	48,764.51	54,531.60	62,120.30	12	14	27
Total	$1,561,350.13	$2,118,653.22	$2,740,323.13	36	29	76

[1] Supplied by state authorities, or compiled from state reports. [2] Average of 1901–2.

During the twenty-year period from 1880 to 1900, in eighteen states (nearly one half of the total number considered) the increase in the cost of official printing equaled or exceeded 50 per cent. For all the states combined the increase was 76 per cent. During the same period the cost of printing required by the federal government increased 141 per cent, or about double the increase shown for the states. If, indeed, New York be omitted, the increase from 1880 to 1900 for all the other states is only 47.3 per cent. It should be observed that from 1880 to 1900 a decrease in the cost of printing used is shown by five states, which, with one exception (Pennsylvania) are Southern states.

The use of printing is a habit, and varies greatly in different communities. This is illustrated by the great disparity in the amount of printing which the different states regard as necessary. Tennessee, for example, required printing costing a little over $8000 in 1900, while New York required printing costing in excess of $650,000; therefore the proportion of printing to population was twenty times as great in New York as in Tennessee.

From this table it is easily possible to secure percentages of increase for different sections of the country according to the generally accepted geographic divisions, from which New England shows the largest increase, followed by the Middle Atlantic states. The Southern states form the only group showing a decrease in either of the ten-year periods, and show also the smallest increase in the twenty-year period. It must be remembered that conditions vary so greatly in different states that many of the more remote or less wealthy commonwealths are not entirely comparable with the more progressive and liberal federal government. It is interesting to observe, however, that when certain states, generally conceded to be the more prominent and wealthy, are considered, the difference in percentage of increase for them, as compared with that for all the states, is not very marked. In the following table are presented the percentages for geographic divisions and for nine important states (California, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania).

Federal Government and States.	Per cent of increase in 1890 over 1880.	Per cent of increase in 1900 over 1890.	Per cent of increase in 1900 over 1880.
Federal Government	54	57	141
All the States	36	29	76
New England States	86	44	168
Middle Atlantic States	10	78	95
Southern States	47	—8	36
Western States	39	5	46
Far Western States	45	15	67
Nine Principal States	27	44	84

The increase shown for the federal government cannot be regarded as abnormal, since high ratios of increase occur in the Eastern and Middle Atlantic states. Indeed, for the twenty-year period eight states show a percentage of increase as large as, or larger than, that shown by the federal government. It is evident, however, that the cost of official printing has been increasing during the past twenty years much more rapidly in the federal government than it has in most of the states. Should the increase continue at the present rate during the remainder of this decade, the annual expenditure for federal printing will reach $10,000,000 by 1910.

Costliness of Federal Printing.

Because of high wages and other conditions, some of which are within and some beyond the control of the Public Printer, the cost of public printing and binding has long been decidedly higher than the charge for similar commercial work. Indeed, if the plant of the government office — doing a business of $7,000,000 a year — should be suddenly transformed into a private commercial establishment, the owners would discover that the charges for product, although they do not include the usual and important

items of rent, interest, and profit, are nevertheless from one and one half to ten times as high as the prices charged for similar work by printers who include the omitted items. The cost of composition and electrotyping does not much exceed the charge to customers made by the larger or higher priced commercial printing offices in New York, Boston, and Chicago; but the cost of presswork, ruling, and the folding and binding of books and pamphlets, is much higher in the government office than the commercial charges for similar items which include cost and profit combined.

It is practically impossible to secure from government employees the work — clerical or manual — that is expected and exacted from employees of private concerns. Many factors contribute to this result; it is quite apart from administration and politics, and probably never will be eradicated. The climate of Washington and the lack of commercial excitement — of the rush and bustle which key up the workers in the great industrial centres — contribute also to lessened product and thus to proportionately increased expense. This statement applies to every government office, but obviously for most of them there is no exact standard of comparison with commercial cost of production for similar work, such as exists for the Printing Office.

Within his field the Public Printer has a complete monopoly, for the law compels every official who requires printing, and has an appropriation to pay for it, to patronize him. He supplies estimates on work as a matter of information, but finally charges for each job whatever his records show it to have cost. This, of course, is ideal manufacturing, since with a perfect system of accounting it is possible to distribute against jobs every hour of productive labor. Generally a margin, sometimes large, must be allowed by a commercial printer for waste or unproductive time; but with every hour of labor accounted for there can be no waste time, and general expense is therefore the only item to be met from surplus. Yet the Public Printer uniformly charges his official patrons 40 per cent profit on composition, a royalty of 10 per cent on all illustrations and paper, and a round advance over cost of labor on presswork and on all other classes of product. Unreduced by rent, bad debts, losses on unprofitable jobs, and waste time, which so torment the commercial printer, it is clear that the aggregate of surplus over cost of labor and material which goes toward the liquidation of general expense must be a large sum.

It is doubtful if there can be found in the United States a manufacturing plant employing one tenth of the number of persons employed in the Government Printing Office, in which the two highest officials are paid as little as the government pays the Public Printer and his Chief Clerk. The salary of the Public Printer (unchanged for twenty years) is $4500, or $84.54 per week. That of the Chief Clerk is $2750, or $52.28 per week. They are, therefore, probably the worst underpaid manufacturers in the country. A commercial enterprise of magnitude which thus neglected its president and general manager would invite failure.

With the exception of compositors and binding operatives, the wage-earners employed in the Government Printing Office receive in actual compensation little more than the average wages paid in commercial offices; but the additional expense of annual leave and liberality in the number of workers result in a higher rate of pay if considered from the employer's standpoint. At the present time there is no piecework composition in the Government Printing Office; every compositor is paid fifty cents per hour for an eight-hour day. For several years prior to the establishment of the Government Printing Office, in 1861, the wages of "time" compositors and pressmen were established by their "society" at $14 per week, for a ten-hour day. In February, 1863, the rate was advanced to $16; in December, 1863, to $18; in June, 1864, to $21; and in No-

vember of the same year to $24.[1] The rate for compositors has varied somewhat since 1864, but for some years has been fixed at the rate mentioned. The contrast between the government scale for composition and the commercial scale is best illustrated by comparing the rate paid at the Government Printing Office for time work (which is practically the same operation all over the world) with the scale established in representative cities by the Typographical Union.

SCALE OF WAGES ESTABLISHED BY THE TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, WITH NUMBER OF WORKING HOURS, AND RATE PER HOUR, FOR REPRESENTATIVE CITIES: 1904.

City.	Weekly Wages.	Total working Hours in Week.	Rate per Hour.
New York	$19.50	54	$0.36
Chicago	19.50	54	.36
Philadelphia	18.00	54	.33
Boston	16.50	54	.31
St. Louis	18.00	54	.33
San Francisco	19.00	51	.37
Baltimore	15.40	54	.28
New Orleans	18.00	54	.33
Washington	18.00	54	.33
Government Printing Office	24.00	48	.50
Carson City, Nev. (State Office)	27.96	48	.58

While the annual leave with pay, allowed by the government office, cannot be counted as a definite asset by the recipient, it is assuredly definite liability to the employer. If this item be included, composition costs the government approximately $26 per week. Hand composition in the Government Printing Office costs the customer 70 cents per hour; the maximum charge which the state of Pennsylvania allows its contractor to make is 40 cents per thousand ems, — about equal to an hour's work. Although little more than half the federal charge, this low figure includes the contractor's profit.

The scale of wages for composition in other countries is much less than the scale paid by either official or commercial employers in the United States. This fact simplifies somewhat the problem of the cost of official printing in foreign countries. It should be remembered that the scale of wages for composition abroad is not a uniform rate in each locality, as in the United States, but varies according to the skill of the compositor. The rates paid in 1903 in representative foreign cities, including Toronto, Canada, for the most skillful typesetters were as follows:

WEEKLY SCALE OF WAGES FOR MOST PROFICIENT COMPOSITORS IN REPRESENTATIVE FOREIGN CITIES, WITH WEEKLY HOURS OF LABOR, AND HOURLY RATE: 1903.

City.	Weekly Wages.	Hours of Labor in Week.	Rate per Hour.
London	$12.00	50	$0.28
Paris			
Commercial	7.80	60	.13
Imprimerie Nationale	14.00	60	.23
Berlin	7.80	54	.14½
Vienna	12.00	54	.22
Lisbon	10.00	60	.16⅔
Toronto, Canada (scale)	13.25	54	.24½

The year 1862 was the first in which the Government Printing Office was in operation during the entire year. The general average hourly wage for all employees on time work was 20.1 cents. Computing the average for each tenth year thereafter from the reports of the Public Printer, an increase of over 100 per cent is shown in 1902, the figures being as follows: 1872, 42.8 cents; 1882, 33.2 cents; 1892, 36.5 cents; 1902, 44 cents.

It should be observed, however, that part of the increase in 1902 was due to placing all compositors on time work.

The proportionate cost of labor and the cost of paper have greatly changed during the life of the government office. Paper for the reports of the Seventh Census (1850) represented 50 per cent of the total cost; for the Twelfth Census (1900) 16 per cent. During the first eight years of the existence of the Government Printing Office the aggregate cost of paper was approximately as great as the aggre-

[1] Report of Congressional Printer, 1864.

gate cost of labor. The changes in relative importance of the items of cost are shown in the following percentages: —

PERCENTAGE OF THE TOTAL COST OF PRINTING AND BINDING FORMED BY LABOR, PAPER, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND OTHER MATERIALS, AT FIVE-YEAR INTERVALS: 1860–1900.

Years.	Labor.	Paper.	Illustrations.	Miscellaneous Material.
1860–1864	44	46	10	
1865–1869	51	42	7	
1870–1874	71	27	2	
1875–1879	78	21	1	
1880–1884	72	19	9	
1885–1889	72	15	5	8
1890–1894	71	16	3	10
1895–1899	70	13	3	14
1900–1904	71	13	4	12

In 1860–64 the cost of labor formed less than half of the total expense, while paper and illustrations together formed more than half; in 1900–4 labor consumed more than two thirds of the total, and paper, illustrations, and all other supplies less than one third.

These interesting proportions clearly indicate the changes that have been in progress: the increased remuneration to, and probably more liberal employment of, labor; the decline in the price of paper; and the increasing volume and variety of supplies required to complete an expanding product.

It is not intended to suggest, even indirectly, that the compensation of employees in the Government Printing Office is too high. Whatever the arrangements and relations of labor may be with private enterprise, all will agree that if the government embarks in manufacturing, the wages paid should be high enough to provide comfortable support, regardless of what the scale for similar work may be elsewhere. Exceptionally high wages must necessarily result in higher cost of production, but it is reasonable to expect that this advance should be met out of the margin which the commercial printer allows for rent, interest, and profit.

The past decade has witnessed a marvelous advance in the printing industry. Every progressive concern constantly studies to secure the most artistic combination of types, paper, cuts, and colors. In this movement the great government plant has not participated until recently. Long after the leaders in printing had realized the artistic side of their historic calling and returned to simplicity and beauty of typography, the Government Printing Office remained in company with the cheap jobbers of the side streets, filling its pages with Noah's-ark combinations of type. The mere fact that a publication was a public document doomed it to a cheap and homely typographical presentation. Happily this is now being remedied to some extent, but it is only within two years that modern faces of type and a few ornaments have been added to the government plant.

In mechanical excellence the government should be the leader, not the tardy follower of private enterprise, for the United States is perhaps the most extensive publisher in the world. In 1904, for example, it issued fourteen periodicals, — three daily, three weekly, one bi-monthly, and seven monthly. It published volumes and pamphlets discussing almost a thousand different topics. This great range of subjects included history, diplomacy, biography, and military and naval operations in the United States and elsewhere ; statistics of all kinds, laws, finance, and the tariff; education; mineral resources, fisheries, and agriculture in all its branches, including the farmers' habits, welfare, reading and prospects, the crops, insects, animals, and soil, the trees and plants of the United States and those of other countries adapted to growth here; medicine, ethnology, geology, and astronomy; coast and interior surveys, geographical research, and the progress of foreign nations in industries, arts, and sciences.

Many of these volumes are the product of divisions or of carefully organized and equipped bureaus, which have been created for the purpose of making research to be recorded in printed pages. The Department of Agriculture alone treats

of approximately four hundred different topics annually.

The present system is the growth of nearly half a century, during which time publications of the executive and legislative branches have become interwoven, — the former acts as author and producer, and the latter provides the money and goes shares for the product. Readjustments are thus doubly hard to devise. The sundry civil appropriation bill annually appropriates an aggregate amount of money to be expended by the Public Printer, as it may be drawn upon by Congress, the departments and the various bureaus specified in the act, to the amounts allotted to each.

Under the last bill the specified "customers" of the Government Printing Office numbered twenty-one, as follows: —

Congress	$3,035,645.82
State Department	35,000.00
Treasury Department	320,000.00
War Department	239,500.00
Navy Department	145,000.00
Interior Department	422,000.00
Smithsonian Institution	25,000.00
Geological Survey	215,000.00
Department of Justice	20,000.00
Post Office Department (exclusive of Money Order Office)	350,000.00
Department of Agriculture	160,000.00
Annual Report of Secretary of Agriculture	300,000.00
Weather Bureau	25,000.00
Department of Commerce and Labor	320,000.00
Coast and Geodetic Survey	30,000.00
Census Office	150,000.00
Supreme Court of the United States	10,000.00
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia	1,500.00
Court of Claims	15,000.00
Library of Congress	185,000.00
Executive Office	2,000.00
	$6,005,645.82
Government Printing Office (annual leave to employees)	325,000.00
	$6,330,645.82

It will be observed that of the entire appropriation Congress reserved approximately half for its own requirements. This great sum is expended primarily for the Congressional Record, testimony before Committees, and bills and reports. Printing and binding of this character may be regarded as necessary features of the work of Congress, and in general not open to criticism; but a very large part of the Congressional allotment is annually applied to items prepared under the general order of Congress, but not under direct supervision, and in these abridgment or reduction might be claimed as reasonable.

Some of the items in this class for 1904 may be thus grouped: [1] —

The volumes specified in these tables are but a portion of the annual publications authorized by Congress. Their subjects, size, edition, or cost, one or all, suggest the possibility that saving in some details might be effected in connection with each of these publications without injury.

By the present system a quota of these volumes is assigned to each Senator and Member of the House of Representatives, although very few of the publications produced by the government are of interest to every section of the country. The following table, which covers the quotas of the publications "issued by authority of law" only, for the year 1904, indicates the variety of subjects treated, and the immense number and the value of volumes at the disposal annually of Members of both Houses of Congress.[1]

It is no easy task to formulate a definite policy to reduce the volume of official printing so that reduction will not cause serious irritation and embarrassment. Mistakes in existing methods really begin with the appropriations: the estimates are made up so far in advance of the date when the money becomes available (nearly a year) that accuracy is impossible and generous computations are necessary. This encourages liberal expenditure. Moreover, the form of appropriation is injudicious: the Public Printer is author-

[1] For tables, see following page.

DETAILS OF SIZE AND COST OF CERTAIN PUBLICATIONS ISSUED BY AUTHORITY OF CONGRESS: 1904.[1]

Title.	Number of Volumes.	Number of Copies.	Number of Pages.	Cost.
Report of Secretary of War	8	29,440[2]	5,810	$38,594.86
Report of Secretary of the Navy	1	3,680	1,294	8,382.29
Report of Postmaster-General	1	3,680	852	6,544.02
Report of Secretary of Agriculture	1	6,680	668	4,321.45
Report of Secretary of the Treasury	1	3,680	546	4,380.48
Report of Attorney-General	1	3,642	452	3,546.58
Report of Secretary of the Interior:				
Commissioner of Education	2	77,360	2,568	61,474.30
Commissioner of General Land Office	1	3,680	776	4,896.36
Commissioner of Indian Affairs	1	3,680	640	4,756.88
Director of the Geological Survey	1	13,680	304	12,032.98
Report of the Comptroller of the Currency	2	21,360	2,798	33,034.15
Report of Interstate Commerce Commission (and appendices)	2	38,680	1,538	19,250.55
Report of Smithsonian Institution	3	32,040	2,020	57,990.85
Report of Weather Bureau	1	4,642	352	5,416.38
Report of American Historical Association	2	12,284	1,176	7,505.02
Report of Public Printer	1	1,642	310	2,111.22
Report of Civil Service Commission	1	23,642	312	7,828.60
Memorial addresses: Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley	2	40,284	316	36,955.95
Eulogies:				
Volumes commemorating deaths of 11 Senators and Members	11	95,062[3]	866	29,517.68
Congressional Directory	4 eds.	73,408	468	26,692.58
Report of Librarian of Congress	1	5,642	600	4,883.85
Report on Diseases of the Horse	1	200,642	600	100,862.75
Report of Bureau of Animal Industries	1	30,642	656	19,833.70
Report of Division of Soils	1	17,642	842	66,524.05
Report of Director Experiment Station	1	8,642	758	8,496.17
Report on Beet Sugar Industry	1	90,642	184	11,622.95
Report of Governor of New Mexico	1	5,000	670	2,442.80
Report of Louisiana Purchase Exposition	1	15,000	60	1,768.21
Rebellion Record Atlas	1	1,350		73,362.85
Report of Bureau of Ethnology	1	8,642	462	18,497.60

CONGRESSIONAL QUOTAS OF PUBLICATIONS ISSUED BY AUTHORITY OF LAW: 1904.

Congress.	Total Volumes allotted.	Total Allotment to each Senator and Member.	Subjects treated.	Share of Total Cost represented by Allotments.	Value of Allotments to each Senator and Member.	Average Cost per Copy.
Senate	251,500	2,704	42	$163,137	$1,754	$0.65
House	496,000	1,259	42	321,733	816	0.65
Total	747,500			$484,870		

ized by Congress to honor the orders of various "customers" to the amounts specified; the balances, if any, unused at the end of the fiscal year, lapse into the Treasury, and, as one official expressed it, "are lost." Money which is never seen, which is disbursed by another and unrelated official, and over which no control exists except the power to order expenditure, is not a matter of interest, and never can be made so. Congress seems more insistent

[1] Report of the Public Printer.

[2] 3680 copies of each volume under this authorization.

[3] 8642 copies of each volume under this authorization.

in limiting the amount beyond which a department shall not go, than in encouraging the department to be as economical as possible within that limit.

To the publication of every volume issued by the commercial publisher there are two parties, — the author and the publisher. The former, with the pride of creation, considers that his manuscript is unquestionably worthy of publication. The publisher recognizes no pride of authorship, and accepts or rejects the volume upon its merits. Under the present procedure in official printing, the departments must be regarded as the author. But there is no check such as exists in the commercial world in the publisher; and the scientific bureau, organized perhaps to disseminate information, views the matter solely from the standpoint, and with the enthusiasm, of creation. Somewhere in the legislative or executive system there should be introduced a check to take the place of the cold-blooded publisher. It is obvious that Congress will not tolerate any interference with its own independence of action, yet Congress needs expert advice about every printing proposition that comes before it.

The waste in federal printing may be summed up as comprised in two general classes: that occurring from various causes in the conduct of the printing plant itself; that resulting from the publication of pamphlets and volumes either really not needed at all, or, if needed, issued too expensively or in too large numbers. Of these two classes of waste, that existing in the plant is purely a business matter, and can be remedied to some extent by following more closely the best commercial methods. That occurring in connection with the character and amount of product can probably be met permanently only by some form of supervision dealing especially with the three questions which should be considered with every proposed publication: the question of publishing at all, the question of economy in mechanical presentation, and the question of restricting the size of the edition so as not to exceed the number of copies required by a wise distribution. Distribution, indeed, forms a perplexing problem by itself. The commercial publisher catering to a definite demand avoids dead stock by reprinting. With federal publications the tendency is toward only one edition and that a liberal one. Herein is the possibility of serious waste: people are always to be found who will accept any kind of a book if it costs nothing. Therefore distribution is limited solely by the number of copies Congress or government officials are willing to issue. The object of most federal publications could be attained at a very small part of the present cost if they were sent free only to libraries and public institutions, and certain important newspapers which agree to review them, and sold for a nominal sum to all others. Such a policy would be a radical departure from present procedure, — especially in the case of Congress, for little by little Senators and Representatives have become distributing centres and official book agents for literature on all subjects.

These are some features of the problem Congress must confront at the next session, when the joint committee makes its report. The present system dates in many particulars from 1861. Requirements, methods, and plant have all changed since that date. Unquestionably great saving is possible and spasms of economy may occur, but it is very doubtful if any large or permanent saving will be effected by ordinary legislation. The federal government is a vast machine; quite apart from waste, its legitimate requirements must annually increase. Indeed, the same general tendency has been shown to exist in the states. Close supervision of the most expert character could effect large saving, but obviously that is a difficult and delicate matter; therefore retrenchment is likely to take the form of horizontal cutting, certain to cause inconvenience, and after a period of interruption and agitation the upward movement will be resumed.

EDUCATION

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

I

ONCE before, many years ago, I sat down at my desk and wrote the caption *Education* large at the head of my page. I was then sixteen years old, and I should probably have called that humble sheet of paper my "virgin page" had I found it necessary to give it a local habitation and a name.

The master spirit who was at that time directing the trials and experiences of the Hallowell High School had the kindly habit of furnishing as a gift the subjects for our fortnightly "compositions;" delightfully easy, obvious subjects such as "The Pleasures of Memory," "The Advantages of History," and kindred topics suited to the capacity of youthful minds. At sixteen one naturally knows a good deal about the pleasures of memory; the advantages of history unfold themselves to the most casual observer, and Education — with a large E — has already begun to rasp itself in indelible lines upon the tender imagination.

I am pleased to know, by reference to the battered old "composition book" which lies open before me, that even at that period of soaring ambition, that halcyon period when I "woke in the morning with an appetite that could eat the solar system like a cake," there was something about the all-pervading and all-comprehending nature of this latter topic which made me hesitate.

"Education is a boundless subject," thus the theme opens, "and so wide is the field which spreads itself before me, that I hardly know where to begin." Once started, however, all obstacles were triumphantly swept away and the whole question brought to such a triumphant conclusion that I have never, until this fateful morning, felt it necessary to tackle it again. Alas, I know beforehand just how lamely, illogically, and inconsistently I am going to conduct this second excursion into that spreading field!

My past reticence, fortunately, has not been shared by other writers, better qualified to pursue the problems of education into their fastnesses than I can ever hope to be, and I have read their pregnant and instructive pages with deep and ever-growing interest. The meaning of the word; the methods of interpreting that meaning; who shall be educated; when, where, how, and why it shall be done; the question of discrimination between sexes, between classes, between tweedledum and tweedledee, — all these, variously and eloquently and interminably set forth, have passed in an endless phantasmagoria before my mental vision, only to leave my stubborn mind set like a rock on one conclusion: the wisdom of educating every living creature, man, woman, child, fish, flesh, fowl, to the limit of individual capacity; and to this conclusion I should add the conviction that there is no danger whatever that any creature will ever know — really and absolutely *know* — too much.

It is true that I have not yet removed the beam from my own eye, but I am still able to discover the mote which obscures my brother's vision. I realize — or I dimly dream that I realize — the deficiencies of my own education, but much more plainly I perceive that my cook would be benefited by a knowledge of the higher mathematics, classical literature, and the philosophy of history. It may be argued that if she possessed these acquirements my kitchen would not contain her; but even if the scheme of universal education were carried out,

there must still be cooks, and what sane, sanitary, hygienic, æsthetic, reasoning and reasonable possibilities might be looked for from a race of enlightened queens of the kitchen, — central suns, around which the whole domestic system must revolve.

The typical cook of the average New England town lives, moves, and has her being entrenched behind one axiom of precedent: the thing which, in her experience, has been done, can be done again. After this, the deluge.

It may be, for instance, that the domestic goddess in question served her first apprenticeship in a family of ten. For the consumption of such a family she was in the daily habit of preparing twenty potatoes in one or another form. When, during her subsequent peregrinations, she condescends to minister to my modest home circle of three persons, I sometimes assure myself that if to a knowledge of elementary arithmetic she could add a thorough understanding of higher algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and then superadd some slight acquaintance with differential and integral calculus, she might in time be able to discover that if ten persons require twenty potatoes, by the same ratio of allotment three persons might be satisfied with six.

In the present fragmentary state of domestic education, however, the situation is a hopeless one. It is in vain that I present myself periodically before the dispenser of vegetables to suggest that but three consumers of potatoes sit at our festal board, that no one of the three is afflicted with an inordinate appetite for that starch-laden esculent, that a wise economy prohibits waste. Arithmetic and political economy are alike thrown away upon one who has but a single formula, unchangeable as the decrees of the Medes and Persians, by which to regulate the conduct of life.

I suggest six potatoes, a modest and satisfying half dozen. The arbiter of fate replies, "You see, ma'am, I've always been accustomed to cookin' twenty" — and twenty it is!

Hence it comes that there have been few periods during my housekeeping career when I have not been provided with a sufficient number of cold potatoes to answer any sudden demand upon hospitality. No friend ever needed to pass potatoless from my door.

Yet if it fell to my lot to prepare a civil service examination for aspiring domestics there is only one point on which I should insist. I would not require any candidate to know beyond a peradventure why Bedreddin Hassan did or did not put pepper in his cream tarts, but on him whose comprehending soul could grasp the idea that the problem of satisfactorily adding pepper to cream tarts need not be an insoluble one, I would without hesitation confer a degree.

Pepper tarts do not appeal to me, but the instinctive realization that to genius all things are possible does appeal. It opens flowery visions of a domestic possessing no fixed standards on the subject of potatoes, an "expedientful" person to whom the mixing of a cake with three eggs when the recipe calls for four would not present insurmountable difficulties.

It is true that no amount of education will cause wings to sprout on those who are born absolutely wingless, but the most unpromising grub may conceal within its ugly breast the possibility of transformation, and surely no harm can result from seeking everywhere the hidden spark of divinity. Imagination helps to season the soup and decorate the salad, and one may weave the banquets of Lucullus, Nero's roses dropping from the ceiling, the magic pitcher from which Baucis and Philemon drew their never-failing fount, John the Baptist's locusts and wild honey, Charles Lamb's roast pig, the red wine which Omar's nightingale cries unto the rose, and that draught of clear water from the well of Bethlehem for which David thirsted, into a background that expands the narrowest kitchen wall into a vista of memory and romance.

II

We have become so accustomed to shouting at the top of our lungs the assertion that this is an age of progress that most of us have come to an unquestioning belief in the reality of what we announce. It is, indeed, true that there never were so many schools, so many colleges, so many facilities for doing special work, such opportunities for learning made easy as exist in our day; but the test of what any system of education is doing for its age lies rather in what it has accomplished for the mass than for the individual.

If the progress of the last century has given us better domestic service, better mechanics, better teachers, more thorough and practical scholars, better and wiser all-round men and women than those who played their part in former generations, if the trend of the race has been genuinely upward, then it must be acknowledged that we can with clear consciences continue to vociferate our claims to advancement.

I hope I am neither a pessimist nor a cynic in regard to the achievements of latter-day civilization; I am ready, as a rule, to hurrah for my own side, but I am not prepared to profess an unqualified surety that the progress of the last century has been wholly in the right direction.

In this matter of domestic service, for example, it would not be a difficult business to collect a sheaf of testimonies from housekeepers who are able to remember the changes of the last fifty years, certifying that the thrifty, capable, and reliable "hired girl," with whose virtues and usefulness so many New England households have in former days been happily familiar, no longer exists except in infrequent and sporadic instances.

The younger class of girls who, under the old régime, went out to service, now employ themselves in the shops, factories, and similar establishments where their time, after working hours, is their own. Like Yankee Doodle they have "put feathers in their caps," and to this adornment have added whatever stands, in the vogue of the day, for the "rings on their fingers and bells on their toes" of Mother Goose memory. They know the sweets of independence and the proud, if imaginary, satisfaction of being "just as good as anybody." The domestic ranks in the New England towns of to-day are largely recruited from a wandering tribe of more mature women who vary the serial of matrimony by divergences into the field of "working out." Some of them belong to the variety known as "grass widows," some of them have either just "got a bill" or are just about to get a bill from their husbands, some have husbands who appear spasmodically and then pass once more into obscuration. During the intervals of these interrupted romances the heroines of them bestow a somewhat intermittent and perfunctory attention on households whose need is so urgent that the members therefore are willing to suffer and be strong.

"I don't need to work out," one of these culinary heroines was wont to murmur pensively; "ever since I parted from William there's been plenty o' men willin' to marry me any mornin' before breakfast," — and this statement represents the strongest kind of willingness, since many a man who could easily be beguiled into wedding after supper would in the clearness of morning judgment hesitate about delivering himself over to the chains of Hymen!

The old-fashioned semi-patriarchal system, which permitted the "help" to become an integral part of the family, presents many objectionable features, yet the natural and logical result of such relations between employer and employed was to secure a better and more intelligent class of service.

There was a certain neat, spare, gauntly decorous, middle-aged woman who, during my girlhood, always spent a part of each year "helping out" in our crowded household, whose memory retains for

me an abiding fascination. She exemplified a type which had in those days many representatives, a type of woman strong both in mind and body, with an untutored intelligence born of necessity and experience. These women were apt to be sharp-cornered, full of individuality, incisive of speech and act, — a surface ungraciousness which did not long conceal a repressed sweetness of nature, often the outgrowth of deep and conscientious religious feeling. It was always a gala day to me when "Aunt Sophia" came to abide with us. It meant that there would be things doing, fresh interests added to life, interests more or less piquantly flavored with the newcomer's individuality. Aunt Sophia's sharp sayings, her idiomatic stories gathered from experiences in many households, the very unexpectedness of her standpoints, all helped to flavor the commonplaceness of daily living; and though I have spoken of her and her class as creatures of untutored intelligence, in comparison with many of the flippant and shallow beings who inhabit our kitchens to-day, these old-fashioned domestics were admirably educated. Sophia drew her intellectual sustenance from a fount of classical English, pure and richly varied literature, and deep spiritual information. She read her Bible as eagerly as her prototype of to-day reads Bertha M. Clay's novels, and from it she gained the knowledge of those mysteries which God has hidden "from ages and generations," but makes manifest unto his saints.

It often seems to me that the world of my girlhood was a simpler, more dignified, more genuine world than that to which our age of progress has advanced us to-day. It was a striving world then as now, a faulty, narrow-minded world, yet many of its common people were less radically common than the same class of the present generation, simply because they were more diligent students of the Bible, because they built and founded themselves more broadly on the influences and inspirations of that wonderful classic.

It may be that in my recollections I somewhat idealize the virtues of that former generation, but I do not idealize the simple homes which made no pretense of being what they were not, the homes where a narrow income was not a thing to be ashamed of, where thrift and economy were held as praiseworthy virtues, where a good many daily joys were somehow compatible with a rather strenuous notion that life was duty.

I have said, and I repeat, that I would be willing to educate every human and inhuman creature up to the limit of what is to be known; but if a man cannot know all about Confucius and Aristotle and Shakespeare and Darwin, the Zend Avesta and the Nibelungenlied, if his literary and ethical study is to be limited to the assimilation of the contents of one volume, I would place in his hands that one which in Scotland used piously to be referred to as "the Book" and feel that, after all, I had given him material for a liberal education. He might search its pages for the building up of creeds, for the confirmation of prejudice, for the foundation of dogma; but if he continued to search with any right-minded desire to discover the truth of things, in spite of creeds, in spite of prejudices, in spite of dogmas, he would find himself broadening and sweetening, and breathing the air of purer horizons.

It is rather the fashion nowadays to pride one's self on knowing little about the Bible, just as it is the fashion for men to shake their heads with dissimulated pride while they aver that they do not profess to be religious. Many people seem to feel that to disclaim all pretensions to the knowledge of any but the material side of life serves in some mysterious fashion to rid them of moral responsibility. There are some men who apparently have the idea that to mention the name of God, except by way of oath or adjuration, is an uncalled-for exhibition of pious priggishness; yet the most untutored pagan, however primitive his creed may be, who is so far from being ashamed of his religion that he would

rather be ashamed of not possessing one, has a deeper hold on the foundation structure of all education than such men as these. He at least recognizes something which binds him morally, however mistaken his conception of morals may be, and the recognition of moral boundaries is the corner stone of the highest civilization.

III

A group of bright young fellows discussed in my presence not long ago the accepted standpoint, according to twentieth-century ideals, from which a man should pursue his chosen profession. From this conversation it appeared that the aim in view was to secure the largest possible income in the shortest possible time.

Talent, application, strenuous work, all had their value in the struggle, as enabling the aspirant more speedily to obtain recognition in an up-to-date generation which gives prizes only to the concrete.

As I listened I learned that a political career is a mistake because, unless a man gets hold of, and is willing to profit by, a graft of some description, his honors bring him more outlay than income. The judge's bench is tabooed for the truly ambitious because of the straitened salary which restricts its emolument. To accept a position, however flattering, in any branch of the teaching profession, is to limit one's chances for making money. To enter the ministry is an absurd proposition for a man who is capable of gaining a competency in any other profession, since the best-paid clergyman cannot, according to modern standards of wealth, hope to become a rich man.

I confess that it surprised me to find these clean, well-balanced, carefully trained youths turning their backs so doughtily on the record of past values as estimated by what the ages have found vital enough to preserve, to seek the choicest rewards of life in things that perish with the using. They *were* young, these prematurely wise boys; I doubt if any one of their number wholly meant what he said, and some of them, I am very sure, cherish in their hearts higher ideals than their careless speech revealed. The significance of their talk lies in its expression of the spirit of the age, a spirit which one finds only too frequently embodied in both the speech and act of older and riper men who have, it would seem, lived long enough and deeply enough to know something about what life can take away, as well as what it can give.

Religion and patriotism and good sense and good government and final profit are all against this sort of thinking which makes only for ultimate rottenness. A cloud of witnesses, giants of the past, who have known alike the life of soul and sense, protest against it. As an expression of the spirit of a century which claims to have opened the doors of enlightenment to rich and poor alike, such standards are utterly trivial and uneducated.

I found last year in an old chest, which had been long hidden away in my father's attic, a bundle of letters written to a young man who entered upon student life in Bowdoin College about the year 1830. The young scholar was evidently an open-hearted and versatile-minded fellow, of a temperament which opened to him a large circle of friends. These friends all wrote letters, and as they lived in a day when transportation was difficult and postage high, their epistles were generally lengthy ones. Although the student himself was a struggling youth whose college career was prolonged by the necessity of earning money to pay his expenses, he represented a prominent family, well known and much respected throughout the county which is now thickly sown with descendants from its various branches.

I know from household tradition something about the circle of young friends whose faded letters made up the treasure-trove of the old chest. They, too, were scions of eminently worthy families in a day when hard work and struggle were regarded as a necessary and to-be-expected portion of every-day life, and when it

was no disgrace to acknowledge an habitual scarcity of available cash.

The Bowdoin student was the only college man in his circle, much envied and much felicitated for his position and opportunities. It was universally expected that he would, as a result of much learning, rise to a lofty rank in life; but when his companions set before him examples for his emulation, they most frequently selected the triumphs of Webster and Clay, or suggested the name of some eminent divine. To urge him on in mere money-making was far from their thoughts.

The young men whose letters were thus preserved represented varying occupations. One, according to his own definition, was "a wielder of the yardstick," two were post-office clerks, several were teachers of country schools, one a farmer lad who during the winter helped his father to manufacture shingles. The young women also taught school, did sewing, or even, in emergency, assisted in housework.

After the fashion of their century the young creatures poured forth their sentiments, their reflections, their aspirations, without stint. They described sunsets and moonrises; they philosophized regarding everything that pertained to life; they referred darkly to hidden griefs; quoted from Byron, Moore, and kindred poets; analyzed the passion of love from depths of profound experience; gave synopses of sermons and political addresses; and by and by, when these mighty topics had been exhausted, devoted a page or two to local gossip and the discussion of social functions. It was a humble epistle indeed that did not glitter with classical allusions. But through all their commonplaces and crudenesses, these letters revealed in strong light the standpoint of aspiration held by the youth of that period, a standpoint based on the conviction that knowledge is power.

In the evenings, in the odd moments between other avocations, they were all taking courses of study. The young man of the yardstick was translating Cicero and Sallust and studying astronomy; the post-office clerks were writing lyceum lectures on abstruse topics; one of the teaching young men was studying moral philosophy and different systems of theology, "not with any idea of entering the ministry, but because he had a natural bent for such pursuits;" the farmer lad was dividing his leisure between church-going, village festivities, "back-lot dances," and reading the English poets and essayists during otherwise unoccupied winter evenings.

He tells his correspondent that "making shingles in the sunny corner of the old workshop is an occupation that lends itself readily to the weaving of many dreams," and as one reads the faded sentences one feels how the tides and the yearnings of youth flooded that sunny workshop corner. I remember this writer, the intimate picture of whose daily life is an especially graphic one, as a tall old man of stern face and erect military bearing. As a child I often visited in his home, but I never dreamed of him as capable of such a record of ardent young manhood as his letters reveal.

The girls were studying too; going to school at the "Academy" between periods of teaching; "keeping up their Latin" while the teaching was going on. The sewing girl "went on with French whenever she could borrow a dictionary," and rejoiced greatly at unexpectedly securing several odd volumes of Shakespeare.

In the same paper-covered chest I found also the records of The Franklin Debating Society, formed in 1822 by the printers' boys of a New England town. The membership of this society was later augmented by the addition of a number of clerks and mechanics.

One of the debaters, who shared in the benefits of this club, says of it in relating the story of his life: —

"We got leave to occupy the second story of the Old South schoolhouse. We furnished our own wood and lights. We wrote compositions, we declaimed, de-

bated questions of importance, and enacted dialogues. Our compositions were corrected by an educated man. This society, with a succession of members, continued for four or five years, meeting once a week. With two or three exceptions all of us have closed our earthly career, but if none of us ever rose to be great men, not one became vicious or dissipated."

The society records, kept in an eminently neat and businesslike manner, give account of one hundred and eighteen meetings, with debates, addresses, essays, and reports of committees on all sorts of topics, civil, religious, literary, etc.

I copy a few of the questions for discussion to show what these youths, hardly past the age of boyhood, were voluntarily thinking and talking about: —

What are the advantages of a free republic over a hereditary kingdom?

Should deistical and atheistical writings be prohibited by law? Answer: No.

Should imprisonment for debt be abolished? Answer: No.

Which is most essential in the representative of a free people, integrity or talents? Discussion continued during two meetings; final answer: Integrity.

Can any measure be taken to rid America of slaves? Majority vote: Yes.

It is interesting to note that the reply to the question: In what capacity is a woman useful? was indefinitely postponed, also that the votes were divided about evenly in answering the inquiry: Should the sexes receive education in common?

The eleventh chapter of the first book of Chronicles is one which I often read because of its epic flavor. It is, indeed, an epic and a lyric in one, this story of David's "mighty men." Thirty of them there were, all captains, all doers of deeds; but twenty-seven of these heroes, although they had honorable mention among the thirty, "attained not to the first three."

Some of these second-rank men were rather capable fellows, — Abishai the brother of Joab, for instance, who lifted up his spear against three hundred and slew them; Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, too, who slew two lionlike men of Moab: also he went down and slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day.

"And he slew an Egyptian, a man of great stature, five cubits high; and in the Egyptian's hand was a spear like a weaver's beam."

Benaiah and Abishai were evidently men of aspirations, and so also were those "valiant men of the armies" whose names follow in the list. If their deeds differed from those of the "three mighties" it was rather in kind than in degree of prowess.

We have vaunted a "Big Four" in the history of our own country, and their deeds differed from those of David's First Three in kind and degree also. For this was the story of the three mighty captains: —

"Now three of the thirty captains went down to the rock to David, into the cave of Adullam; and the host of the Philistines encamped in the valley of Rephaim.

"And David was then in the hold, and the Philistines' garrison was then at Bethlehem.

"And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Beth-lehem, that is at the gate!

"And the three brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Beth-lehem, that was by the gate, and brought it to David: but David would not drink of it, but poured it out to the Lord,

"And said, My God forbid it me, that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it. Therefore he would not drink it. These things did these three mightiest."

According to latter-day standards this episode was very foolishly managed. David was a king, and a rich man. He had flocks and herds, gold, silver, and jewels. He was perfectly well able to pay the

three captains "big money" for risking their lives to gratify his longings, and if, knowing the peril, they still chose to jeopardize themselves, that was their own affair. When the adventure was safely ended, the three captains could perhaps have retired on their earnings and purchased for themselves purple and fine linen and horses and chariots and the like, just as we moderns buy changes of raiment and automobiles and steam yachts with the blood money for which we put ourselves in jeopardy.

As for David, he could have enjoyed his cooling draught with a clear conscience. Why not, since he had made a business contract and "delivered the goods"? There was doubtless water to be had nearer at hand than that of the well of Beth-lehem, but if a man has an especial kind of thirst, he does have it; and having paid for its gratification, to waste the liquor is senseless deprivation.

It was the Puritan conscience, we are told, which "put rock foundations under this republic;" in the minds of some old-fashioned people the belief still obtains that courage and loyalty and self-control and self-sacrifice lie at the foundation of both national and individual character, and that the nation or the individual who forsakes these ideals will, in spite of all the opportunities and training of schools and colleges and universities, remain radically uneducated.

THE FACE OF THE POOR

BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM

Mr. Anthony attached a memorandum to the letter he was reading, and put his hand on the bell.

"Confound them!" he said under his breath, "what do they think I'm made of!"

A negro opened the door, and came into the room with exaggerated decorum.

"Rufus, take this to Mr. Whitwell, and tell him to get the answer off at once. Is any one waiting?"

"Yes, suh, several. One man 's been there some time. Says his name 's Busson, suh."

"Send him in."

The man gave his head a tilt forward which seemed to close his eyes, turned pivotally about, and walked out of the room in his most luxurious manner. Rufus never imitated his employer, but he often regretted that his employer did not imitate him.

Mr. Anthony's face resumed its look of prosperous annoyance. The door opened, and a small, roughly dressed man came toward the desk.

"Well, here I am at last," he said in a tone of gentle apology; "I suppose you think it 's about time."

The annoyance faded out of Mr. Anthony's face, and left it blank. The visitor put out a work-calloused hand.

"I guess you don't remember me; my name 's Burson. I was up once before, but you were busy. I hope you 're well; you look hearty."

Mr. Anthony shook the proffered hand, and then shrank back, with the distrust of geniality which is one of the cruel hardships of wealth.

"I am well, thank you. What can I do for you, Mr. Burson?"

The little man sat down and wiped the back of his neck with his handkerchief. He was bearded almost to the eyes, and his bushy brows stood out in a thatch. As he bent his gaze upon Mr. Anthony it

was like some gentle creature peering out of a brushy covert.

"I guess the question 's what I can do for you, Mr. Anthony," he said, smiling wistfully on the millionaire. "I hain't done much this far, sure."

"Well?" Mr. Anthony's voice was dryly interrogative.

"When Edmonson told me he'd sold the mortgage to you, I thought certain I'd be able to keep up the interest, but I have n't made out to do even that; you've been kept out of your money a long time, and to tell the truth I don't see much chance for you to get it. I thought I 'd come in and talk with you about it, and see what we could agree on."

Mr. Anthony leaned back rather wearily.

"I might foreclose," he said.

The visitor looked troubled. "Yes, you could foreclose, but that would n't fix it up. To tell the truth, Mr. Anthony, I don't feel right about it. I have n't kep' up the place as I'd ought; it's been running down for more 'n a year. I don't believe it's worth the mortgage to-day."

Some of the weariness disappeared from Mr. Anthony's face. He laid his arms on the desk and leaned forward.

"You don't think it's worth the mortgage?" he asked.

"Not the mortgage and interest. You see there's over three hundred dollars interest due. I don't believe you could get more 'n a thousand dollars cash for the place."

"There would be a deficiency judgment, then," said the millionaire.

"Well, that's what I wanted to ask you about. I supposed the law was arranged some way so you'd get your money. It 's no more 'n right. But it seems a kind of a pity for you and me to go to law. There ain't nothing between us. I had the money and you the same as loaned it to me. It was money you'd saved up again old age, and you'd ought to have it. If I'd worked the place and kep' it up right, it would be worth more, though of course property 's gone down a good deal. But mother and the girls got kind of discouraged and wanted me to go to peddlin' fruit, and of course you can't do more 'n one thing at a time, and do it justice. Now if you had the place I expect you could afford to keep it up, and I would n't wonder if you could sell it; but you 'd have to put some ready money into it first, I'm afraid."

Mr. Anthony pushed a pencil up and down between his thumb and forefinger, and watched the process with an inscrutable face. His visitor went on:—

"I was thinking if we could agree on a price, I might deed it to you and give you a note for the balance of what I owe you. I'm getting on kind of slow, but I don't believe but what I could pay the note after a while."

Mr. Anthony kept his eyes on his lead pencil with a strange, whimsical smile. "Edmonson owed me two thousand dollars," he said; "the mortgage really cost me that; at least it was all I got on the debt."

The visitor made a regretful sound with his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

"You don't say so! Well, that is too bad."

The thatch above the speaker's eyes stood out straight as he reflected.

"You're worse off than I thought," he went on slowly, "but it don't quite seem as if I ought to be held responsible for that. I had the thousand dollars, and used it, and I'd ought to pay it; but the other — it was a kind of a trade you made — I can't see — you don't think" —

Mr. Anthony broke into his hesitation with a short laugh.

"No, I don't think you're responsible for my blunders," he said soberly. "You say property has gone down a good deal," he went on, fixing his shrewd eyes on his listener. "A good many other things have gone down. If my money will buy more than it would when it was loaned, some people would say I should n't have so much of it. Perhaps I'm not entitled to more than the place will bring. What do

you think about that?" There was a quizzical note in the rich man's voice.

Burson wiped the back of his neck with his handkerchief, dropped it into his hat, and shook the hat slowly and reflectively, keeping time with his head.

"If you'd kep' your money by you, allowin' that you loaned it to me, — because you the same as did, — if you'd kep' it by you, or put it in the bank and let it lay idle, you'd 'a' had it. It would n't 'a' gone down any. You had n't ought to lose anything, that I can see, — except of course for your mistake about Edmonson. That kind of hurts me about Edmonson. I would n't 'a' thought it of him. He always seemed a clever sort of fellow."

"Oh, Edmonson 's all right," said Mr. Anthony; "he went into some things too heavily, and broke up. I guess he'll make it yet."

Burson looked relieved. "Then he'll straighten this up with you, after all," he said.

Mr. Anthony whistled noiselessly. "Well, hardly. He considers it straightened."

Burson turned his old hat slowly around between his knees.

"He's a fair-spoken man, Edmonson; I kind of think he'll square it up, after all," he said hopefully. "Anyway, it does n't become me to throw stones till I've paid my own debts."

The hair that covered the speaker's mouth twitched a little in its effort to smile. He glanced at his companion expectantly.

"Could you come out and take a look at the place?" he asked.

Mr. Anthony slid down in his chair, and clasped his hands across his portliness.

"I believe I'll take your valuation, Burson," he answered slowly. "If I find there's nothing against the property but my mortgage, and you'll give me a deed and your note for the interest, or, say, two hundred and fifty dollars, we'll call it square. It will take a few days to look the matter up, a week perhaps. Suppose you come in at the end of the week. Your wife will sign the deed?" he added interrogatively.

Burson had leaned forward to get up. At the question he raised his eyes with the look that Mr. Anthony remembered to have seen years ago in small creatures he had driven into corners.

"Mother did n't have to sign the mortgage," he said, halting a little before each word; "the lawyer said it was n't necessary. I don't know if she'll" —

Mr. Anthony broke into his embarrassment. "Let me see." He put his hand on the bell.

"Ask Mr. Evert to send me the mortgage from Burson to Edmonson assigned to me," he said when Rufus appeared.

The negro walked out of the room as if he were carrying the message on his head.

"Mother does n't always see things just as I do," said Burson; "she was willing to sign the mortgage, though," he added, "only she did n't need to; she wanted me to get the money of Edmonson."

He put his hand into his pocket, and a light of discovery came into his face. "Have a peach," he said convivially, laying an enormous Late Crawford on the corner of the desk.

Mr. Anthony gave an uncomprehending glance at the gift.

"Hain't you got a knife?" asked Burson, straightening himself and drawing a bone-handled implement from his pocket. "I keep the big blade for fruit," he said kindly, as he laid it on the desk.

Mr. Anthony inspected the proffered refreshment with a queer, uncertain smile; then he took the peach from the desk, drew the wastebasket between his knees, opened the big blade of the knife, and began to remove the red velvet skin. The juice ran down his wrists and threatened his immaculate cuffs. He fished a spotless handkerchief from his pocket with his pencil and mopped up the eneroaching rivulets. His companion smiled upon him with amiable relish as the dripping sections disappeared.

"I errigated 'em more than usual this

year, and it makes 'em kind of sloppy to eat," he apologized; "it does n't help the flavor any, but most people buy for size. When you're out peddling and have n't time to cultivate, it's easy to turn on the water. It's about as bad as a milkman putting water in the milk, and I always feel mean about it. I tell mother errigating 's a lazy man's way of farming, but she says water costs so much here she does n't think it's cheating to sell it for peach juice."

Rufus came into the room, and bore down upon the pair with deferential disdain. Mr. Anthony gave his fingers a parting wipe, and took the papers from the envelope.

"It's all right, Burson," he said after a little; "you need n't mind about your wife's signature. I'll risk it. Come back in about a week, say Thursday, Thursday at ten, if that suits you. I'll have my attorney look into it."

Burson got up and started out. Then he turned and stood still an instant.

"Of course I mean to tell mother about the deed," he said; "I would n't want you to think" —

"Oh, certainly, certainly," acquiesced Mr. Anthony, with an almost violent waiving of domestic confidence. "Good-afternoon, Mr. Burson." He whirled his revolving chair toward the desk with a distinct air of dismissal, and picked up the package of papers.

After the door closed he sat still for some time, looking thoughtfully at the mortgage; then he made a memorandum in ink, with his signature in full, and attached it to the document. Rufus opened the door.

"Mr. Darnell and two other gentlemen, suh."

The millionaire set his jaws. "Show them in, Rufus. Damn it," he said softly, "damn it, why can't they be honest!"

"Do you mean to tell me, Erastus Burson, that you deeded him this place, and gave him your note for two hundred and fifty dollars you did n't owe him?"

"Why, no, mother; did n't I explain to you there 'd be a deficiency judgment?"

"Well, I should say there was. But if anybody's lackin' judgment I'd say it was you, not him. The idea! Why, he's as rich as cream, and you're as poor" —

"Well, his being rich and me being poor has n't got anything to do with it, mother; we're just two men trying to be fair with each other, don't you see? You and the girls would n't want me to be close-fisted and overreachin', even if I am poor. I think we fixed it up just as near right as a wrong thing can be fixed. Of course I don't like to feel the way I do about Edmonson, but Mr. Anthony don't seem to lay up anything again him, and he's the one that has the right to. Edmonson treated him worse than anybody ever treated me. I don't know just how I'd feel toward a man if he 'd treated me the way Edmonson treated Mr. Anthony."

Mrs. Burson laid the overalls she was mending across her knee in a suggestive attitude.

"I don't call it close-fisted or overreachin' to keep a roof over your family's head," she argued; "if the place is n't ours I suppose we'll have to leave it."

"No; Mr. Anthony wants us to stay here, and take care of the place for the rent. I feel as if I'd ought to keep it up better, but if I'm to peddle fruit and try to pay off the note I'll have to hustle. I want to do the square thing by him. He 's certainly treated me white."

Mrs. Burson fitted a patch on the seat of the overalls, and flattened it down with rather unnecessarily vigorous slaps of her large hand.

"I would n't lose any sleep over Mr. Anthony; I guess he's able to take care of himself," she said, closing her lips suddenly as if to prevent the escape of less amicable sentiments.

"Well, he does n't seem to be," urged her husband, "the way Edmonson 's overreached him. My! but I'd hate to be in that feller's shoes: doin' dirt to a man that-a-way!"

Mrs. Burson sighed audibly and gave her husband a hopelessly uncomprehending look. "You do beat all, Erastus," she said wearily. "Here 's your overalls. I guess you can be trusted with 'em. They're too much patched to give to Mr. Anthony."

Burson returned her look of uncomprehension. Fortunately the marital fog through which two pairs of eyes so often view each other is more likely to dull the outline of faults than of virtues. Mrs. Burson watched her husband not unfondly as he straddled into his overalls and left the room.

"A man does n't have to be very sharp to get the better of Erastus," she said to herself, "but he has to be awful low down; and I s'pose there 's plenty that is."

The winter came smilingly on, tantalizing the farmer with sunny indifference concerning drought, and when he was quite despondent sending great purple clouds from the southeast to wash away his fears. By Christmas the early oranges were yellowing. There had been no frost, and Burson's old spring-wagon and unshapely but well-fed sorrel team made their daily round of the valley, and now and then he dropped into Mr. Anthony's office to make small payments on his note. Pitifully small they seemed to the mortgagee, who appeared nevertheless always glad to receive them, and gave orders to Rufus, much to that dignitary's disgust, that the fruit-vender should always be admitted. The handful of coin which he so cheerfully piled on the corner of the rich man's desk always remained there until his departure, when Mr. Anthony took an envelope from the safe, swept the payment into it without counting, and returned it to its compartment, making no endorsement on the note.

"I'd feel better satisfied if you 'd drive out some time and take a look at things," said Burson to his creditor during one of these visits; "you 'd ought to get out of the office now and then for your health."

"Maybe I will, Burson," replied the capitalist. "You 're not away from home all the time?"

"Oh no, but I s'pose Sunday 's your day off; it 's mine. Mother and the girls generally go to church, but I don't. I tell 'em I'll watch and they can pray. I can't very well go," he added, making haste to counteract the possible shock from his irreverence; "there ain't but one seat in the fruit-wagon, and when the women folks get their togs on, three 's about all that can ride. Come out any Sunday, and stay for dinner. We mostly have chicken."

The following Sunday Mr. Anthony drew up his daintily stepping chestnut at the fruit-peddler's gate. Before he had descended from his shining road-wagon, his host ran down the walk, pulling on his shabby coat.

"Well, now, this is something like!" he exclaimed. "Got a hitching-strap? Just wait till I open the gate; I believe I'd better take your horse inside. There 's a post by the kitchen door. My, ain't he a beauty!"

Burson led the roadster through the gate, and Mr. Anthony walked by his side. When the horse was tied the two men went about the place, and Erastus showed his guest the poultry and fruit trees, commenting on the merits of Plymouth Rocks and White Leghorns as layers, and displaying modest pride in the condition of the orchard.

"I've kep' it up better this year. The rains come along more favorable and the weeds did n't get ahead of me the way they did last winter. Look out, there!" he cried, as Mr. Anthony laid his hand on the head of a Jersey calf that backed awkwardly from under his grasp. "Don't let her get a-hold of your coat-tail; she chawed mine to a frazzle the other day; the girls pet her so much she has no manners."

When the tour of the little farm was finished the two men came back to the veranda, and Erastus drew a rocking-chair from the front room for his guest. It was hung with patchwork cushions of

"crazy" design, but Mr. Anthony leaned his tired head against them in the sanest content.

"Now you just sit still a minute," Erastus said, "and I'm a-going to bring you something you hain't tasted for a long time."

He darted into the house, and returned with a pitcher and two glasses.

"Sweet cider!" he announced, with a triumphant smile. "I had a lot of apples in the fall, not big enough to peddle,— you know our apples ain't anything to brag of, — and I just rigged up a kind of hand-press in the back yard, and now and then I press out a pitcher of cider for Sunday. I never let it get the least bit hard; not that I don't like a little tang to it myself, but mother belongs to the W. C. T. U., and it'd worry her."

He darted into the house again, and emerged with a plate of brown twisted cakes. "Mother usually makes cookies on Saturday, but I can't find anything but these doughnuts. Maybe they won't go bad with the cider."

He poured his guest a glass, and Mr. Anthony drank it, holding a doughnut in one hand, and partaking of it with evident relish.

"It's good, Burson," he said. "May I have another glass and another doughnut?"

His host's countenance fairly shone with delighted hospitality as he replenished the empty glass. There were crumbs on the floor when the visitor left, and flies buzzed about the empty plate and pitcher as Mrs. Burson and her daughters came up the steps.

"Mr. Anthony 's been here," said Erastus cheerfully. "I'm awful sorry you missed him. We had some cider and doughnuts."

The three women stopped suddenly, and stared at the speaker.

"Why, Paw Burson!" ejaculated the elder daughter, "did you give Mr. Anthony doughnuts and cider out here on this porch?"

"Why, yes, Millie," apologized the father; "I looked for cookies, but I could n't find any. He said he liked doughnuts, and he did seem to relish 'em; he eat several."

"That awful rich man! Why, Paw Burson!"

The young woman gave an awe-stricken glance about her, as if expecting to discover some lingering traces of wealth.

"Doughnuts!" she repeated helplessly.

"Why, Millie," faltered the father, mildly aggressive, "I don't see why being rich should take away a man's appetite; I'm sure I hope I 'll never be too rich to like doughnuts and cider."

"Did n't you give him a napkin, paw?" queried the younger girl.

"No," said the father meekly, "he had his handkerchief. I coaxed him to stay to dinner, but he could n't; and I asked him to drive out some day with his wife and daughter — he has n't but one — they lost a little girl when she was seven" —

The man's voice quivered on the last word, and died away. Mrs. Burson went hurriedly into the house. She reappeared at the door in a few minutes without her bonnet.

"Erastus," she said gently, "will you split me a few sticks of kindling before you put away the team?"

Mrs. Burson was fitting a salad-green bodice on her elder daughter. That young woman's efforts to see her own spine, where her mother was distributing pins with solemn intentness, had dyed her face a somewhat unnatural red, but the hands that lay upon her downy arms were much whiter than those that hovered about her back. A dining-table, bearing the more permanent part of its outfit, was pushed into a corner of the room, and covered with a yellow mosquito-net, and from the kitchen came a sound of crockery accompanied by an occasional splash and a scraping of tin. Now and then the younger girl appeared in the doorway, and gazed in a sort of worshipful ecstasy at her sister's splendor.

"Do you think you 'll get it finished for the Fiesta, maw?" she asked, between deep breaths of admiration. Mrs. Burson nodded absently, exploring her bosom for another pin with her outspread palm.

Her husband came into the room, and seated himself on the edge of the rep lounge. His face had a strange pallor above the mask of his beard.

"You 're home early, Erastus," she said; then she looked up. "Are you sick?" she asked with anxiety.

"Mr. Anthony is dead," Burson said huskily.

"Dead! Why, Erastus!"

Mrs. Burson held a pin suspended in the air and stared at her husband.

"Yes. He dropped dead in his chair. Or rather, he had some kind of a stroke, and never came to. It happened more than a week ago. I went in to-day, and Rufus told me."

Mrs. Burson returned the pin to her bosom, and motioned her daughter toward the bedroom door.

"Go and take it off, Millie," she said soberly. She was shamefacedly conscious of something different from the grief that stirred her husband, something more sordid and personal.

"It hurt me all over," Burson went on, "the way some of them talked in town. They looked queer at me when I said what I did about him. I don't understand it."

"I guess there 's a good many things you don't understand, Erastus," ventured the wife quietly.

A carriage stopped at the gate, and a young woman alighted from it, and came up the walk. Erastus saw her first, and met her in the open doorway. She looked at him with eager intentness.

"Is this Mr. Burson?" she asked gently. "I am Mr. Anthony's daughter."

Mrs. Burson got up, holding the scraps of green silk in her apron, and offered the visitor a seat. Erastus held out his hand, and tried to speak. The two faced each other in tearful silence.

"I wanted to bring you this myself," the girl faltered, "because — because of what is written on the outside." She held a package of papers toward him. "I have heard him speak of you, I think. Any friend of my father must be a good man. We want to thank you, my mother and I" —

"To thank me?" Erastus questioned, "to thank me! You certainly don't know" —

"I know you were my father's friend," the girl interrupted; "I don't care about the rest. Possibly I could n't understand it. I know very little about business, but I knew my father."

She got up, holding her head high in grief-stricken pride, and gave her hand to her host and hostess.

The younger Burson girl emerged from the kitchen, a dish-towel and a half-wiped plate clasped to her breast, and watched the visitor as she went down the path.

"Her silk waist does n't begin to touch Millie's for style," she said pensively, "and her skirt does n't even drag; but there 's something about her."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Burson, "there is something about her."

Erastus sat on the edge of the old rep lounge, looking absently at the papers.

"In the event of my death, to be delivered to my friend Erastus Burson," was written on the package.

His wife came and stood over him.

"I don't know just what it means, mother," he said; "there 's a deed, and my note marked 'Paid,' and a lot of two-bit and four-bit pieces. I'll have to get somebody to explain it."

He sat quite still until the woman laid her large hand on his bowed head. Then he looked up, with moist, winking eyes.

"I don't feel right about it, mother," he said. "I wish now I'd a-dropped in oftener, and been more sociable. It 's a strange thing to say, but I think sometimes he was lonesome; and I'm sure I don't know why, for a kinder, genialer man I never met."

THE TENTH DECADE OF THE UNITED STATES[1]

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

IV

LINCOLN'S POLICY OF MERCY

STRANGE as it seems, not one man of all those who in the armies and in civil stations had worked and fought so resolutely to destroy the old order in the South had made out any complete scheme of what should come after it. As to the political, the social, the economic arrangements which should take the place of those based on slavery, men's ideas were vague. It had so long been felt that slavery was the source of all the trouble, to put down the Confederacy was so imperative a programme, to free the slaves so great an opportunity, that the statesmen and the captains of the North, absorbed in these tasks, had forborne to question a remoter future.

The exception was Lincoln. Though every day was filled with its own cares, importunate in their demands upon his strength, his unrelenting conscience had not granted him surcease of forethought. In the midst of war, he had not been unmindful of the problems peace would bring. His very last days, which to some lesser, happier nature might have been a time of triumph and fruition only, were filled, on the contrary, with anxious planning, darkened, even, with sad forebodings. Indeed, he could not have put by the future if he had tried. From an early period in the struggle the necessity had been upon him to lay some sort of foundation for a new order in the South. What he had done was now a great part of the situation with which his successor had to deal. If we would follow with intelligence the course of Reconstruction under Johnson and Grant, we must begin with that beginning which Lincoln had already made.

His general conception of the problem, and of his own duty, was first indicated in his first inaugural address. "In view of the Constitution and the laws," he had then said, "the Union is still unbroken." His duty, as he then saw it, was, accordingly, merely to reorganize and to restore. It was to enforce the Constitution and the laws against the individual men who were resisting them, and thus to bring the states whose governments had been usurped back into their proper relations with the other states and with the Union. For he considered that he was not making war on states, but only on disloyal men, and that a part of his duty was to protect the loyal men of the South, none of whose rights were forfeited. And all this, he held, was incumbent upon him, not upon Congress, because he was charged with the preservation of the Union and with the enforcement of the laws, and more particularly because he was commander-in-chief of all the forces. To this view he adhered with a characteristic constancy.

It was neither unnatural nor illogical that the President should treat as one the two tasks of putting down the insurrection, and of restoring what had been destroyed. In the actual course of events, the work of laying waste began from the first to pass into the work of rebuilding. The government of territory conquered from the Confederates was a necessary part of war-making; as unavoidable as the marches and the battles. Long be-

[1] Copyright, 1905, by WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN.

fore the end of the fighting, the President found himself the well-nigh absolute ruler of wide areas. Even in the North there were considerable regions under martial law,[1] and there had been a still plainer necessity to extend it over the border states. As the armies advanced into the Confederacy, they left behind them no authority that could sustain itself unaided, and in some quarters no machinery of government whatever. The actual approach to Reconstruction had to be made through an administration of military government on a great scale.

The powers which the President came thus to exercise, chiefly through subordinate commanders, were many and formidable; it is no wonder that even in the North some were soon crying out that the liberties of the whole people were in danger. At the very outbreak of hostilities, martial law being proclaimed in Maryland, the general commanding at Baltimore had found it expedient to disband the police force of the city, which was thought to be disaffected, and to set up another establishment in its stead. Measures equally arbitrary were soon common. Throughout northern Missouri, for example, local government was for a time entrusted to standing committees chosen from among the officers of the army. Congress having confirmed to the President the right to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, he took that radical course freely wherever disaffection appeared, even in quarters far remote from the scenes of the actual fighting, and Stanton's hand was heavy upon the people of the border states and of the old Northwest, where there was sympathy with the South. Nor did this régime in the North end with the fighting. It lasted until the close of 1866, when the Supreme Court ordered the discharge of one Milligan, of Indiana, who rested under a sentence of death pronounced by a military commission and approved by the commander-in-chief. In this important case, *Ex-parte Milligan*, it was decided that the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus did not deprive a citizen of his right to be tried in a regular civil court if he lived in a region where the courts were open and continued to exercise their jurisdiction. The right of trial by jury in criminal cases, it was held, persists in time of war. The decision, and the arguments of the distinguished counsel also, leaned to the view that the power to suspend the writ belonged to Congress; for the reasoning was based on the act of Congress, not on the earlier precedents made by the executive alone.

But it was in the South that military rule had the widest scope. Within a few weeks from the first outbreak of hostilities, all that part of Virginia which lay to the west of the principal Appalachian range was cleared of the Confederate arms. In Tennessee, a battleground from the first, the Union forces were in control of the western counties oftener than their adversaries, and after September, 1863, eastern Tennessee, a country of small farms and few negroes, and a Unionist stronghold, was never at any time controlled by the Confederates. With the fall of New Orleans, in April, 1862, southern Louisiana came within the Union lines. During the same spring, a considerable part of eastern North Carolina was won. Northern Arkansas, where the Unionists were strong, was also soon cleared of the Confederates, and their power in central and southern Arkansas practically ended with the fall of Vicksburg in the summer of 1863. Save that a new civil government was at once established in western Virginia, military rule in one form or another was at once extended into all these regions. From time to time, other areas were given over to the same régime. At the end, practically the entire South was governed in that way. As the permanent new order, whatever it might be, must emerge from this temporary order, the character of the

[1] This phrase, as Mr. David Dudley Field pointed out in his argument in the Milligan case, is incorrect. "Martial rule" is preferable. But the usage is fixed.

first measures to be taken was naturally determined by the actual situation, and by precedents made in time of war.

Even those measures of the President and his subordinates which affected the social and economic, as distinguished from the political problem, were adopted as accessory to the conduct of the war, and accomplished by the exercise of military powers. A careful regulation of trade and commerce was attempted. No one was permitted to buy or sell cotton, now become fabulously dear, without the consent of representatives of the government, which was made contingent on the attested loyalty of both the parties to the exchange. Special agents of the treasury were appointed to collect and sell all property captured or confiscated by the military or abandoned by its owners, and these officials found much to do; for through its plan of produce loans the Confederate government had acquired a claim to great quantities of cotton, scattered over the country. By the end of March, 1865, some eighty thousand bales had been seized, and by capture, confiscation, and abandonment much property of other sorts had come into the hands of the various commanders. Secretary McCulloch, having spent much time in investigating charges against the treasury agents, reported that they were, as a rule, without foundation. There is, however, only too good reason to believe that agents, persons pretending to be agents, licensed traders, and others, often profited in the meanest ways by the ruined fortunes of the Southern people.

The first attempts to find for the negroes a place under freedom belong also to the history of the military government of conquered territory. As the Union armies advanced, the subject quickly forced itself to the front. Many slaves were abandoned by their fleeing masters, and these and other negroes flocked into the camps. Along the coasts, many also came aboard the Union vessels. At once, a great diversity of ideas and of practices appeared. A distinction was attempted between the negroes from the border states and those from the states in insurrection, but with the latter the generals in the field dealt, for a time, according to their own differing views and inclinations. Benjamin F. Butler, commanding at Norfolk, refused to return slaves to their owners, and put his refusal on the cleverly chosen ground that the blacks might be employed on the military works of the Confederates, and were therefore contraband. Buell and Hooper, in the West, respected the owners' claims, and Attorney-General Bates instructed all the United States marshals to execute the Fugitive Slave Law. McClellan and Patterson not merely returned such fugitives as took refuge in their camps, but considered it good military policy to assure the inhabitants of their districts that the soldiers of the Union were come among them to give them security in all their rights and possessions. A little later, General Frémont was actually decreeing an emancipation of all the slaves in Missouri whose masters were disloyal to the Union; and in the spring of 1862 General Hunter attempted the same sweeping change in the three states of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. General Halleck advanced in a proclamation a plan to avoid rather than solve the problem by keeping the negroes away from the camps; but with the rapid increase of the area under military rule that escape soon became impossible. The number of negroes within the Union lines was too great, and their helplessness appealed too strongly to the commanders and to the country. Special camps were established for them. Whenever it was practicable, they were employed on government works. Many were colonized on abandoned and confiscated lands. Others were hired out to private individuals. Voluntary organizations, the Freedmen's Aid Societies, were formed to help them. Soon after the capture of Hilton Head, South Carolina (November, 1861), Edward L. Peirce, of Massachusetts, acting by authority from the Treasury Department, set to work to

organize on a basis of freedom the industry of the densely ignorant blacks of the South Carolina Sea Islands. Before the end, there were some two hundred thousand negroes enlisted in the army and navy. Finally, in March, 1865, the entire subject was by act of Congress committed to a separate Bureau of the Department of War, to be known as the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands. Major-General O. O. Howard, a conscientious and humane officer, was set at its head. Under him were assistant commissioners for all the states in insurrection. The principal duty of these officials was to divide among the blacks the lands which the government had seized, and the plan was to allot forty acres of good land to every competent male, in the hope that he might in the end become its owner. But rations and other alms were also generously distributed, and it was intended that the commissioners should exercise a kind of general guardianship over the freedmen. For some such agency as this there was indeed a clear demand. So long as its officers stuck to its original objects, the Bureau was a natural and a not unwise response to the situation which successful warfare had created.

The Northern public had shown from the first a lively interest in the fate of the negroes in the conquered territory. Frémont's proclamation in Missouri had quickened once more the abolitionist design and hope. And Congress responded warmly to the popular feeling. It enacted a forfeiture of all slaves owned by persons in insurrection and employed in aid of the Confederacy, forbade commanders in the field to employ troops to return fugitive slaves, and passed, finally, a confiscation act so sweeping in its terms that some have thought it would have worked the overthrow of slavery even if nothing more had been done. Taken with the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and then in the territories, these measures certainly went far beyond the hopes of any but the most sanguine anti-slavery men at the beginning of the war.

But meanwhile the President had been slow to act; so slow that ardent friends of the negro were bitterly disappointed. He held, apparently, to the announcement he had made so pointedly, that he did not propose to interfere with the domestic institutions of any state. Impatient with his conservatism, many accused him of indifference. When he countermanded the emancipation orders of Frémont and Hunter, the abolitionists for the most part turned against him. It was doubtless because he saw this drift of public sentiment that he wrote, in August, 1862, his famous reply to an anti-slavery open letter of Horace Greeley. "My paramount object," he said, "is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some, and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union." Yet at the end he added: "I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

The truth is that Lincoln's views on the whole subject of slavery were like those of Washington and other of our earlier statesmen. Deeply desirous of emancipation for all the slaves, he yet believed that it ought to be gradual; that it ought to be accomplished through the state governments; that the owners ought to be compensated; and that if possible the mass of the negroes ought to be deported from the country. Up to the summer of 1862, he labored earnestly and persistently with Congress, and particularly with the representatives of the border states, in favor of that programme. But the border states could not yet be brought to take any voluntary action, and

Congress, although extremists in both houses were actually proposing to abolish slavery everywhere by ordinary statute, would not appropriate the money to compensate the owners. When it became plainly necessary to decide at once the fate of the fast increasing number of negroes delivered from slavery by the progress of the Union arms, Lincoln therefore turned reluctantly away from the hope which for a hundred years the wisest Americans had cherished. Still firmly of the opinion that neither he nor Congress had any right to interfere with the domestic institutions of states, save only in the prosecution of the war, he made up his mind, after much thought, that emancipation could reasonably be considered a necessary and proper means to the supreme end of saving the Union. He accordingly decreed emancipation in those states and parts of states which on January 1, 1863, were still in insurrection against the government. He plainly stated his opinion both that the act was military, and that he could not if he would have thrown upon Congress any part of the responsibility for it. Few momentous deeds have ever been done so cautiously; yet few have been braver.

But all that he could do by military decree was to emancipate slaves. The institution of slavery persisted. Outside of the area covered by his proclamation, it had not been struck at all. Even within that area, it might conceivably be revived. The new state of West Virginia had adopted a scheme of gradual emancipation, but the other border states still declined to act. The commander-in-chief having done his utmost, the constitutional President, the anti-slavery leader, turned to the effort already making to abolish slavery everywhere and forever by an amendment to the Constitution. Lincoln supported the proposed Thirteenth Amendment against all rival schemes in Congress until, at the very end of his first administration, it passed. Notwithstanding the afterthought of the congressional leaders that it did not need his signature, he signed it. When his successor came into office, it had gone to the states for the approval of their legislatures.

It is quite clear that Lincoln considered his setting up of loyal governments in the Southern states as of a piece with the Emancipation Proclamation. This also, he held, was a means to the main end of the war. It was executing the laws. It was defending the Constitution. It was an essential part of his great obligation to save the Union — "barring the broken eggs." Holding to that simple theory of the task, he avoided the worst bewilderment American statesmen have ever encountered in their efforts to harmonize the demands of actual situations with the Constitution's mandates and restraints.

The case of western Virginia, at the very outset, had been quickly disposed of, and in a way that accorded, at least superficially, with Lincoln's view. The inhabitants of that region, a mountainous country of small farms, had no great interest in slavery, and but little sympathy with the people of the eastern parts of the state. When Virginia seceded they determined to resist. Doubtless prompted and certainly supported from without, they quickly assembled in convention, repudiated the ordinance, formed a new government for the whole state, and then proceeded to partition the old commonwealth. To recognize this convention as the government of Virginia seemed a good way to take care of these loyal people. It would be a means also to weaken the insurrection at home and abroad. Congress, as well as the President, quickly decided in favor of that course. Representatives from Virginia were at once seated in both houses of Congress.[1] At the end of 1862, West Virginia was admitted to the Union. Francis H. Peirpoint, who had been

[1] But Congress soon began to vacillate on this point. In 1863, the lower house refused to seat persons claiming to represent Virginia. The next year, when the term of one of the Senators expired, his successor was not seated. The other Senator kept his place until 1865.

chosen by the convention governor of Virginia, was also permitted to set up an establishment at Alexandria, within the Union lines, where a miniature legislature went through the forms of law-making, and whence he endeavored to extend his authority over such territory in eastern Virginia as from time to time was won from the Confederates. In May, 1863, a few votes, cast in the fringes of the state then occupied by the Federal armies, were held sufficient to reëlect him. There was actually held at Alexandria a constitutional convention, composed of sixteen members, representing five counties, which voted to abolish slavery. Federal commanders, it is true, when now and then they found Peirpoint's civil officials in their way, showed them but scant courtesy. At Norfolk, where a Union municipal government had been established, the people voted by a great majority to return to military rule. The President himself is reported to have said: "I have a government in Virginia, the Peirpoint government. It has but a small margin, and I am not disposed to increase it." But he continued to recognize and sustain it. Clearly, to his mind, the whole question of the method in restoration was but a secondary matter. The main thing was, that Virginia should somehow be restored.

All his plans to evolve out of military rule a civil order which might be permanent had, of purpose, the same tentative and flexible character. Outside of Virginia, no move was made for a permanent establishment in any state until the second year of the war. On March 3, 1862, the President appointed Andrew Johnson military governor of Tennessee, with the rank of brigadier-general; and this appointment the Senate confirmed. The duties of the office were never precisely stated. The only precedent for it was a somewhat obscure one, made in the time of the war with Mexico, when New Mexico and Upper California had been governed in this way. In all cases of conflict of authority the military governor was required to yield to the army officer in command of the district; but he was expected to discharge most of the ordinary functions of a civil governor in time of peace, and his power was restrained by none of those limitations which a state constitution usually imposes on the executive. He could not only fill existing offices and tribunals, but set up new ones; he could even suspend the privileges of the writ of habeas corpus. During the next six months, Edward Stanley, George F. Shepley, and John S. Phelps, all commissioned in the same fashion, were sent, respectively, to North Carolina, to Louisiana, and to Arkansas. Lincoln called these and other agents whom he set at work in the South "quasi-military." However they might subserve the objects of warfare, they looked toward peace. Their work was supplementary to the work of the armies; they were charged to protect loyal Southerners; but their principal business was to make an end of that very order to which they themselves belonged. To Johnson in Tennessee, who doubted if the powers of his office were adequate to this object, Lincoln gave express authority to do whatever might be necessary to enable the loyal Tennesseeans to erect a government.

But the first attempt was made in southern Louisiana. It began with the courts of law, and the method of it was thoroughly arbitrary. A provost court, organized by General Butler in June, 1862, quickly extended its jurisdiction over causes not at all related to military affairs; and Shepley, coming into office a little later, revived as many as he could of the courts that existed before the war. The President soon went farther still. In December, there arrived from New York a complete Court of Record for the State of Louisiana, — judge, marshal, clerk, and prosecuting attorney, — with jurisdiction over "all causes, civil and criminal, including cases in law, equity, revenue, and admiralty," and over all the territory held by the Union arms. Such a

ready-made judiciary did not look like a beginning of self-government; but it was not long before Judge Peabody, the head of this extraordinary court, was appointed Chief Justice of the old Supreme Court of Louisiana.

Meanwhile, the President, replying to certain remonstrances against military rule, had taken occasion to assure the people of southern Louisiana that if they disliked military and quasi-military government they could get rid of it of their own motion. "Let them" — he wrote to one correspondent — "in good faith reinaugurate the national authority, and set up a state government conforming thereto under the Constitution. . . . The army will be withdrawn so soon as such state government can dispense with its presence; and the people of the state can then, upon the old constitutional terms, govern themselves to their own liking." One very natural step toward this end would be to elect representatives in Congress; and Lincoln, warning his agents that such an election, to be of any use, must be the voluntary act of bona-fide citizens, not the sending up of a parcel of Northern men chosen "at the point of the bayonet," told them to direct and help the Union party in the movement. Shepley accordingly arranged an election in the two New Orleans districts, and it was held in December, 1862. To the qualifications which the state constitution required of electors he added merely an oath of allegiance to the Union. Though the vote was light, and in some of the precincts the polls could not be opened, the House of Representatives seated the two successful candidates.

But the President himself, by his proclamation of emancipation, had made the complete reëstablishment of the old order in Louisiana impossible. Certain parishes, including New Orleans, where the people were not held to be in insurrection on January 1, 1863, were, it is true, expressly exempted in the proclamation. But the exemption at once became of itself a source of dissension among the Union men. A strong party of radicals desired to begin with a convention which should adapt the old constitution to the new order by repealing everything in it that recognized or protected slavery. On the other hand, a conservative party was ready, and did in fact attempt, to go on at once and elect the full list of state officials required by the old constitution, leaving to the future the task of adapting laws and constitution to the great change. Shepley favored the free-state plan. Banks, in command of the department, so far differed with him as to prefer that the election of state officials should come before the convention. The President at first welcomed the suggestion of a convention, and expressed a hope that it might devise "some practical system by which the two races could gradually live themselves out of the old relation to each other," — a phrase which indicates how deeply he was already pondering the entire new phase of the problem of the races. But he would not be drawn away, by any larger hope, from that immediate and attainable purpose which he had in mind. He was willing to recognize any government which could sustain itself and become a nucleus for Union men, provided only it did not try to undo what had already been done for the negroes.

At the end of 1863, the object lesson of reëstablishment in Louisiana was still in this stage, and nowhere else could even so much progress be reported. In Tennessee, it is true, Johnson's aggressive disposition had impelled him to various activities. But as yet a permanent establishment was not feasible. In Arkansas, it was a year before a military advance permitted Governor Phelps to attempt any exercise of his powers. Nor had Stanley made any headway in North Carolina.

Nevertheless, Lincoln decided that the time was come for a formal statement of his policy. Complaints of his course were already beginning to be heard. There were signs of coöperation against it between the radical free-state party in

Louisiana and a radical anti-slavery group in Congress, and to forestall this opposition may have been a part of his design. But it was also desirable to name clearly terms of amnesty and pardon to Confederates, and Congress had by a special act empowered the President to name them. His announcement took, accordingly, the form of a proclamation of amnesty. It appeared December 8, 1863. In a message which he sent to Congress on the same day, he amplified, explained, and defended it.

To all persons who were or had been in insurrection, certain classes barred, he offered a free pardon, with restitution of all their rights in property other than slaves, save in cases where the rights of third parties had intervened. One sole condition was imposed: they must take an oath to support the Constitution and the Union, and to abide by the acts and the proclamations which bore on slavery. The excepted classes were, all the higher civil and military officers of the Confederacy, all who had left judicial places or seats in Congress or military offices in the service of the United States to aid the insurrection, and all who had treated otherwise than as prisoners of war negroes, or persons in charge of negroes, taken in the service of the United States. If, in any state which had been in insurrection, properly qualified electors should take the oath, to a number not less than one tenth of the number of votes cast in that state in the presidential election of 1860, they might set up a state government, and this would be recognized and protected under the authority of that clause of the Constitution which guarantees to each state a republican form of government. They were advised, however, to make no changes in the boundary, the name, or the laws of their state, unless the new conditions should seem to demand them. All that was asked for the freedmen was some arrangement which should recognize their freedom, provide for their education, and consist with their present condition as "a laboring, landless, and homeless class." But the President carefully pointed out that each of the two houses of Congress must decide for itself whether it would admit to seats members who should come up from a state in this way restored. The proclamation did not apply to any state in which a Union government had been all along maintained. In the earnest and reasonable concluding paragraphs of his message to Congress, Lincoln further explained that while he felt it only just to the loyal men in the South to show them one safe way to reëstablish their state governments, he was not saying that if they proceeded in some other way he would not accept their work. He closed by reminding Congress that, however the government might prefer to move toward its objects, the war power afforded the only means which in the unhappy state of the South it was as yet possible to employ. He did not add, what his acts sufficiently suggested, that the war power, in this particular use of it, belonged to the executive alone.

Here was the same cautious and deliberate courage he had shown in his other proclamation of emancipation. For he was taking on himself the initiative in a task which he foresaw to be hardly less important, and even more intricate and difficult, than waging war or freeing the slaves. In the plan he proposed, notwithstanding his willingness to consider other plans, there was a bold attempt to decide at once questions which were certainly debatable. He was in effect declaring that there ought to be no further punishment of the mass of the Confederates; and he was committing to Southerners, with no proviso but that they should be Union men and accept the fact of emancipation, the future of the negro as a freedman. On the question whether the executive or the legislature should have control of reconstruction, Congress at once took issue with him; and the whole country was soon in angry debate over the wisdom of his course with the Southerners and the negroes.

But before the opposition could stay the President's hand something had been accomplished. In Louisiana, soon after the proclamation, General Banks hit upon a way out of the controversy between the two Union parties, and the President promptly approved it. The plan was, to go on and hold an election for a legislature and state officials, treating the old constitution and laws of the state as still in force, save in so far as they related to slavery or conflicted with military arrangements. If, later, it should seem wise to form a new constitution, a convention could be called.

A state election was accordingly held on Washington's Birthday, 1864. Polls were opened in seventeen of the forty-eight parishes, and a total vote of 11,411 was cast. Part of it was cast by refugees from other parts of the state, and part by soldiers and sailors claiming to be citizens; but there is little doubt that the qualified electors who voted were more than ten per cent of the total of 1860. Michael Hahn, a conservative anti-slavery man, opposed to making citizens of the negroes, was elected governor by a clear majority over Flanders, the radical free-state candidate, and Fellows, a pro-slavery conservative. The free-state party attacked the validity of the election, declaring that it was the "mere registration of a military edict," but Hahn was promptly inaugurated; and the President, as if to insist again that the main point was to get an effective loyal government, at once invested him with all the powers which the military governor had exercised. At the same time, in a private letter, Lincoln modestly offered some advice to the new executive. "Now," he wrote, "you are about to have a convention which, among other things, will probably define the elective franchise. I barely suggest for your private consideration whether some of the colored people may not be let in, — as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks. They would probably help, in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom. But this is only a suggestion, not to the public, but to you alone." He was, as usual, thinking ahead of the passing moment and its demands; but he was also, as usual, completely mindful of actual conditions and patiently considerate of public opinion, even of prejudice, as factors in the problem.

The remaining steps were quickly taken. Against the will of a conservative minority, a convention was held. It at once passed an ordinance to emancipate all slaves, with no compensation to the owners. A new constitution was also framed and submitted to the people. Both Lincoln and Banks took extraordinary measures in support of it, and there were few who actively opposed it.[1] But the vote was very light; the conservatives, apparently, stayed away from the polls. At the same time, representatives in Congress were chosen. When the legislature met, it named two Senators and the state's quota of presidential electors.

In Arkansas, the machinery of restoration was set at work early in 1864. The President began by directing the military to proceed as in Louisiana, and hold an election as if the old constitution were for the most part still in force. But he soon learned that the Union men had already begun in a different way: in two fifths of the counties, delegates to a constitutional convention had already been elected. This initiative he promptly accepted. The convention met and carried through its part of the programme. Secession was nullified, slavery abolished, the Confederate debt repudiated. A new constitution

[1] EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, *August* 9, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS, — I have just seen the new constitution of Louisiana, and am anxious that it shall be ratified by the people. I will thank you to let the civil officers in Louisiana, holding under me, know that this is my wish, and to let me know at once who of them declare for the constitution, and who of them, if any, decline to so declare.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln's Complete Works, ii, 560.

was drawn up, and the people ratified it by a vote considerably larger than the proclamation required. When the new representatives of Louisiana arrived at Washington, Senators and Congressmen were already there demanding seats as from Arkansas; and their case was probably the strongest that any Southern state could at this time present to the two houses. But Arkansas took no part in the presidential election of 1864.

In Tennessee, the way to reëstablishment proved far rougher. Virginia excepted, no other state was the scene of so many great military operations. More than once, when a beginning in civil government was about to be made, it became suddenly necessary to abandon the field to the Confederates. Even so late as January, 1865, a convention called to meet at Nashville had to wait while a battle was fought there.

There was, moreover, a division of the people of this state which made its experience peculiar, both in war and in Reconstruction. Not only were there more Unionists in Tennessee than in any other member of the Confederacy after the partition of Virginia, but the great mass of them inhabited a region separated by natural barriers from the rest of the state, and indeed from all the country about it. The long, high, rolling valley of eastern Tennessee, drained by the Tennessee River and its earlier confluents, and shut in by great ranges of mountains, had in 1861 a population of some three hundred thousand souls, of whom an overwhelming majority opposed secession. Nor did they, like so many other Southern Unionists, content themselves with votes and protests. When the state was irregularly joined to the Confederacy, they still stood firm. So far, the situation was like that in western Virginia. But the loyalty of the Union men of western Virginia was never put to such a test as that the Union men of eastern Tennessee had now to endure. The truth is, no other community anywhere in the country suffered for its loyalty as this did. When the east Tennesseeans took their stand, there was not a Federal regiment south of the Potomac. It was two long years and more before the flag of the Union reappeared among them or a single blue-clad soldier came across the mountains.

Many of these people came, however, of a stock which for centuries had displayed an exceeding stubbornness in its religious and political convictions, and a great love of liberty. The Scotch-Irish or Covenanter strain predominated among them. It was their fathers and grandfathers who had followed Shelby and Sevier over the Great Smokies to perform at King's Mountain the most astounding exploit of the Revolutionary war; and the years since 1780 had wrought no radical changes in their ideals or their lives. Their position in the heart of the Confederacy has often been compared to that of the province of La Vendée in Revolutionary France. But to their own minds their stand may have seemed more fairly comparable to that of their ancestors at the siege of Londonderry or in the old religious wars of Scotland. They were amply true to the tradition of their race. An important factor in the war, their course in Reconstruction was scarcely less important. Lincoln, impressed with their courage, and sympathizing deeply with their sufferings, was tireless in his efforts to send them succor. Urging General Thomas to go to their rescue, he justly pronounced them "the most valuable stake we have in the South." But the project did not accord with the wider plans of the Union generals, and a relief expedition which started in the autumn of 1861 was quickly recalled. Unfortunately, however, a number of the bolder spirits among the east Tennesseeans had already attempted to coöperate with it by burning bridges along the railway which traversed their valley. Several of them were caught and hanged, and military arrests, already begun, became at once so common that thousands sought refuge in the mountains, while other thousands passed beyond the mountains

into years of exile. Of the able-bodied, from thirty to thirty-five thousand found their way into the Union armies. Some of these were with Burnside when at last, in September, 1863, he marched into Knoxville and was welcomed as no other Federal commander was ever welcomed anywhere in the South. But there were still to follow the siege of Knoxville and other military operations which brought east Tennessee close to a famine. The end of the long story of this stubborn loyalty came only with the peace.

It is not a negligible circumstance that Andrew Johnson's home was among these people. He was one of the leaders who held them firm in 1861. It was his conduct then, and the stormy experience he had later as military governor, that made him so much more conspicuous than any other Union man in the South. A contemporary eloquently described him as standing "in the furnace of treason," and the phrase went far to win for him the second place in the government. As military governor in the very midst of arms, he found, we may well suppose, the best opportunity he ever found for his unpolished integrity, his insupple strength of will. Within the changing limits which the fortunes of war had set to his authority, he had asserted it with the utmost vigor and with some severity. He had exacted an oath of allegiance of all persons charged with civil trusts. He had rigidly censored the press and the pulpit. He had raised troops from the Union population, and found them arms and supplies. He had reinstated courts and filled judicial and executive offices with Union men. He had levied taxes on the rich, fed and clothed and sheltered the poor. He had seized and operated, and even built, railroads. Cut off, however, from the main body of his supporters, he could accomplish little until near the end of the fighting. The east Tennesseeans themselves tried repeatedly to hold a convention and form a civil government; but each time some advance of the Confederates brought their plans to naught. Their principal leader, William G. Brownlow, who as "Parson" Brownlow was scarcely less well known to the country than Johnson himself, was an ardent but bigoted and violent champion of the Union and of freedom. Following his advice, a mass meeting held at Nashville in the summer of 1863 called upon Johnson to issue writs for the election of a legislature; but Johnson could not at that time see his way to proceed. Even in March, 1864, when he did try an election for county and local officers alone, the result was disappointing; the vote was inconsiderable. The oath which on this occasion the military governor required of the electors was more stringent than the President's, but Lincoln, eager as always for a reasonable beginning, yielded the point without a controversy. All that was accomplished in 1864 was to bring a presidential and congressional ticket before such of the voters as would take the test oath; and this was done against a bitter protest from the Democratic National Committee. Along with the claims of the electors from Louisiana and the representatives both from Louisiana and Arkansas, Congress had therefore to consider the claims of certain persons from Tennessee to be considered electors.

A gathering more like a party caucus than a constitutional convention, held in Nashville in January, 1865, immediately after the battle there, finally did in an irregular fashion what it was essential to do under the President's proclamation. Recognizing the old constitution as still in force, it proceeded by amendments to abolish slavery, to nullify secession, and to repudiate the Confederate debt. For the first election of state officials it made the amplest provision, actually nominating candidates for all the offices. The amended constitution was ratified in February by a sufficient vote, and in March the convention's ticket was elected. Brownlow became the first free-state governor, and the legislature, after choosing two United States Senators, passed an

act which clearly revealed the temper of the men who, after long persecution, were now in power. It disfranchised so many voters for serving the Confederacy that all political control was fixed in the hands of the original Union men. The ballot was denied, for a period of fifteen years, to three fourths of the old electorate of the state.

These things which had been done toward the ushering in of a new order in the South were all, to an astonishing extent, the work of Lincoln's hands. And they stood as long as he lived; for the opposition in Congress was not yet strong enough to undo anything that he had done. It was, however, strong enough to harass and vex him, to make a division in the party, and to keep him from achieving, in any state, the whole of his design.

Congress had not, in fact, been far behind the President in setting forth its view of Reconstruction; and it appears that at the outset the legislature and the executive were in close accord. At the special session in the summer of 1861, the venerable Crittenden, of Kentucky, who to the last had striven for a compromise like the compromises of Henry Clay, offered in the House of Representatives a resolution stating the purpose of the war. It defined the public enemy as "the disunionists of the Southern states," — not the states themselves, or the Confederacy, — and then went on to declare "that this war is not waged upon our part in any spirit of oppression, or for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, or purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those states; but to maintain and defend the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several states unimpaired." The day after the first battle of Bull Run, the whole North being in an anxious and sober mood, this resolution passed the House without debate. On each of its two clauses, only two nays were recorded. When Andrew Johnson offered in the Senate a declaration identical in all but two or three unimportant words, it provoked a heated debate; but only five Senators opposed it. While from this common point of departure the executive was advancing by such steps as the blockade, the emancipation, the various measures of military government, and the proclamation of amnesty, the advance of the legislature, though marked by no such practical commitments, was decidedly more rapid; and it was in the direction of a far more radical policy. In the list of those who voted for the Crittenden resolution the name of the leader of the House of Representatives does not appear. Even at this time, Thaddeus Stevens was opposed to pledges, opposed to any policy of conciliation. He alone, it seems, of all the men in both houses of Congress, kept in his own mind from the very beginning to the far-off end the same view and the same practical purpose. Within a fortnight, he was flatly proclaiming that the laws of war were the only laws which were any longer binding on the government in dealing with the South. In December, at the opening of the regular session, the Crittenden resolution being again proposed in a slightly altered form, he moved to table it, and by a few votes his motion carried. Thereafter, as from time to time opportunity offered, he never failed to present his own radical view; now coldly and bluntly, now passionately, now with ridicule of his associates' halting progress toward it, but always with a stern confidence that it must in the end prevail. Once, he quietly called on members to fix it in their minds against the day when they should all accede to it. The essence of it was that the Constitution no longer either guided or restrained the government in its dealings with the insurrection. The Confederacy, he held, stood to the Union in the relation of an open enemy. War was the main fact of the situation. Treaties, compacts, laws, compromises, and "everything else," were abrogated. When the insurrection should be suppressed, Congress

must deal with the Southern states as with "conquered provinces."[1]

Nor was it long before an equally powerful voice was raised in the other chamber for a theory not less radical, an even clearer purpose. In February, 1862, Charles Sumner stated his view in an elaborate series of resolutions. The central idea in them all was that the Southern states, though they had not indeed succeeded in withdrawing from the Union, had by their insurrection abdicated the powers and forfeited the rights of statehood. They were *felo de se;* and in their suicide they had killed also every institution of theirs which drew its life from their own laws. In that corollary was the practical import of his contention. Slavery, resting solely on the statutes of these states, had fallen in fact long before the President made up his mind to strike it with his military edict. It was but a step farther to Sumner's ultimate position, that all legal distinctions between the races, since they also had been erected by the same state authority, were likewise obliterated, and to his proposal of citizenship and the ballot for the blacks.

Congress, however, was as yet by no means ready to go the lengths of these two radical leaders. Both were much in advance of their own party; and the opposition never once moved in their direction. On the contrary, if the Democrats departed at all from the stand which both parties had taken in 1861, they wavered toward an even more conciliatory policy with the South. But by the time of the Amnesty Proclamation it was plain that the majority of the Republicans in Congress were following, though still with a long interval, the lead of Stevens and Sumner. They were fast growing discontented with the milder attitude of the President. The confiscation act was evidence enough that the legislature was no longer minded to keep the pledge it had given in the Crittenden resolution. Other acts, and many utterances of individual members, showed the same drift. But the breach with the President did not become open until the close of 1863, when the House of Representatives refused to seat the claimants from Louisiana and Virginia. The whole subject was then taken up, and with a clear assumption of full power to deal with it, by referring to a special committee so much of the President's message as related to the duty of the United States to guarantee to every state a republican form of government.

The chairman of this committee was Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, and he became at once, and remained throughout the session, the leader of the opposition movement in the House; for Stevens, apparently, found in the committee's moderate proposals no sign that his hour was come. The name of Davis being associated with no other remembered measure, his place in American history is like "Single-Speech Hamilton's" in the history of England. He owes it to a single bill. An impassioned Unionist from a border state, and by all accounts an eloquent orator, he was distinguished also by a jealous concern for the prerogatives of the legislature and a sensitive pride in his own personal independence. His speeches reveal how strongly Congress was coming to resent its comparative eclipse by the executive. The debate over the bill which he soon introduced also showed that the Republicans differed widely among themselves over the problems war was bringing in its train.

The bill itself can be regarded only as a fairly accurate expression of the will of the majority of the majority party in Congress at this stage of its advance. It was offered distinctly in fulfillment of the guaranty of a republican form of govern-

[1] Julian (*Political Recollections*) reports a conversation between Stevens and Secretary Stanton as early as April, 1862, in which the Secretary agreed with the Congressman. They both held "that there was no Constitution so far as the prosecution of the war is concerned; and that we should strip the rebels of all their rights and give them a reconstruction on such terms as would end treason forever."

ment to every state. Like the President's proclamation, it proceeded on the theory that the states in insurrection were still states within the meaning of the Constitution, and that their governments had been "usurped." But it assumed that Congress, not the executive, was charged with the duty to "restore" them. The word "reconstruction" was not yet used. The plan of restoration was rigid and uniform. A provisional governor, to be named by the President, was to administer the civil government of each Southern state until the insurrection should be completely suppressed within its borders. All white male citizens were then to be enrolled. Whenever, in any state, a majority should be found to have taken the oath of allegiance, they might proceed by a convention to erect a government; but the new constitution must disfranchise the leaders in the insurrection and disqualify them for holding public office, it must prohibit slavery, and it must repudiate all debts contracted in aid of the Confederacy. Not until Congress should approve the new government and the President, authorized by Congress, should formally recognize it, would the state be entitled to Senators and Representatives in Congress and membership in the electoral college.

This programme plainly annulled the President's tentative proposals. It virtually denied the authority of the President to proceed at all of his own motion. It also ingeniously found a way to attack slavery, through the contention that it had already proved itself destructive of republican institutions. The purpose thus made plain was a motive scarcely less powerful in the minds of the majority than the desire to put a check upon the President. The bill set forth the plan of Congress not merely to restore civil governments in the insurgent states, but to effect abolition as well. It covered, and more than covered, the ground of the two great proclamations; and it was a kind of substitute for the proposed Thirteenth Amendment.

All these springs and motives of the opposition appeared in the debates; for the bill was before one or the other of the two houses from February to July. In the Senate, its manager and champion was Wade, of Ohio, successor of Douglas as chairman of the committee on territories, — a veteran in anti-slavery politics, abrupt, fearless, and harshly intolerant of any tolerance of the slave power. It bears his name, as well as Davis's. Few men of any note in either house kept entirely out of the discussion. The Democrats, who about this time were committing their blunder of calling the war a failure, made for the most part undiscriminating attacks both on the President and on the diverging adversaries before them; but Pendleton, of Ohio, a sincere and strong man, in brief, passionate sentences went straight to the practical import of the bill, and convicted the majority in Congress of trying to change the objects of the war. One of the Senators from Virginia, Carlile, a Republican, attacking the constitutional grounding of the measure, effectively ridiculed it for absurdly widening the scope of the guaranty by absurdly narrowing the definition of a republican form of government. Stevens alone excepted, both sides in both houses were still looking for authority and guidance to particular clauses of the Constitution; all, apparently, still assumed that the Constitution had provided somewhere for the existing emergency. Congress would not yet embark on that wide sea of controversy over the entire theory of our national existence toward which, however, the current of debate was logically moving. The talk was still of the guaranty, and who should fulfill it, of the right of every state to be represented in the Senate, and of whether the states in insurrection ought to be considered as within or without the Union. Of the Democrats, the majority took but little heed; their heaviest fire was reserved for the President. The attack was strongest when they criticised the character and the constituencies of

the new governments in Arkansas and Louisiana. When, however, the more violent assailants of the President charged that he was governed by ambition, and was making use of these establishments to secure his own reëlection, they doubtless weakened their case. None of these men was Lincoln's match in political strategy; and Congress, with its confused voices, is usually at a disadvantage when it competes with the executive, a crowd against a man, for popular approval. Besides, the time for the contest was ill-chosen. While the bill was still under debate, Lincoln was renominated by a convention which had seated the delegates from Arkansas, Tennessee, and Louisiana.[1] Few Republicans dared to incur the charge of disloyalty to their party's chosen leader on the eve of an election which might involve the fate of the Union. Some had thought, perhaps, that he himself would yield rather than risk his nomination or cause a division among his followers before the people.

Doubtless he would have yielded if the charge had been true that his course in Louisiana was governed by ambition. Ambition he had, as indeed no human motive whatsoever was entirely alien to his nature; but it was the kind of ambition that made him fight for his convictions harder than for any office. Behind his modesty and his patience there was always a peasant-like tenacity of what was essential in his purpose. Watching every move of his adversaries, and studying its effects as carefully as he formed his own opinions or resolved upon his policies, he saw no signs that the country was taking fire from Congress. He felt that the current of public opinion was with him. It is not unreasonable to suppose that he had calculated the very moment of the final breach. The bill did not pass the Senate in its final form until Congress was within an hour of adjourning; and it was then brought immediately to the President's room at the Capitol where, according to the custom, Lincoln was awaiting the last measures of the session. He must therefore sign it within the hour, or it would fail to become a law. How great the crisis was could not then be understood; even the present generation may not fully appreciate the issues that depended on the President's decision. The course which he proposed was milder than the bill's provisions, but it now seems that by yielding to the will of Congress he might perhaps have spared the South its worst humiliation, and the whole country years of turmoil.

He laid the bill aside and went on with the others. Sumner and other Senators, unable to contain their anxiety about its fate, came into the room. Chandler, of Michigan, bluntly asked the President if he were not going to sign it. Lincoln answered that the matter was too big to be swallowed in that way. Chandler blurted out that the important part was the clause which dealt with slavery. "That," said the President, "is the point on which I doubt the authority of Congress to act." "It is no more than you yourself have done," said the Senator. "I conceive," said the President, "that I may in an emergency do things on military grounds which cannot be done constitutionally by Congress." They saw that he would not sign, and left him. But he continued to talk with the members of his Cabinet, who sat about him. He could not see, he said, how they could now admit, what they had all along denied, that Congress had power over slavery in the states. Neither could he admit that the states in insurrection had succeeded in dissolving their connection with the Union. If that were true, then he was not the President; the men who had passed the bill were not Congress. That question he had striven to avoid altogether, for it was sure to divide the friends of the Union. It was "a merely metaphysical question, and one unnecessary to be forced into discussion." He kept on in this strain until he entered his carriage. The bill remained unsigned.

[1] Delegates from Virginia were admitted to the floor, but were not allowed to vote.

But if he had made use of the pocket veto, it was not to hide his mind. On the contrary, many members of Congress had not yet reached their homes when, by an extraordinary method, he laid before the country the reasons for his course. In an executive proclamation he explained that he was unwilling to commit himself to any single, exclusive plan of restoration, and that he could not believe in the competence of Congress to abolish slavery by statute. Nor could he consent to nullify what at his suggestion loyal men had done in Louisiana and in Arkansas. But he would, he said, promise his support to the congressional plan in any state that should choose to adopt it.

Davis and Wade instantly replied with an angry remonstrance; but again they won no response from the country. On the contrary, Lincoln's popularity was now fast rising to its greatest height. Davis himself failed to win a renomination from his Republican constituents; and when the Thirty-Eighth Congress gathered for its last session, it quickly appeared that there also, as well as throughout the country, the opposition had lost ground. The bill was promptly introduced again, this time by Ashley, of Ohio; but its managers, seeing that it would not pass, tried to arrange a compromise. Their first offer was to recognize the "ten per cent" government in Louisiana, provided that in the other states the President would let them have their way. Even Sumner consented to this concession, and in an interview with Lincoln he somehow got the notion that the offer would be accepted. But it was soon widened to cover Arkansas also; and even with these changes the bill was twice tabled in the House, and by decisive votes. Its friends in the Senate did not venture to bring it forward at all. On the other hand, however, a radical faction, demanding for the negroes not merely freedom but citizenship and suffrage, was growing bolder and more outspoken. From this time forward, Sumner never again offered to accept anything short of these demands. Nor was Winter Davis a party to the attempt at compromise. On the contrary, his speeches grew more and more bitter and impassioned. When the session closed, and his own term with it, he did not give up the fight, but throughout the summer, after the death of the President, he kept on with the propaganda of resistance. He himself died in the autumn, and the next Congress, hoping to offset whatever sentimental support Andrew Johnson got from the memory of Lincoln, tried to use the taking off of Davis as a sort of countervailing martyrdom. He received the extraordinary honor of a funeral oration pronounced before both houses.

On the question of counting the electoral votes of Tennessee and Louisiana, Congress had stood firm. Both states were excluded from the college, and after some debate the exclusion was put on the ground that at the time of the election these and other Southern states were "in such a condition of rebellion" that no valid election could be held in them. On a broad view of the whole situation, this may well have been the fairest course to take. It was taken, however, by a joint resolution; and a joint resolution requires the signature of the President. Lincoln signed it, but he could not forbear to win from it a humorous advantage over his opponents. In a special message he mildly explained that he was signing only in obedience to the wish of Congress. He did not mean to claim any right to interfere in the count of the electoral vote, — a function which the Constitution assigned to Congress alone. Neither did he mean to commit himself to the reasoning in the preamble.

It is clear that his policy was at this time close to a substantial triumph. The House Committee on Elections had reported in favor of several applicants for seats from Arkansas and from Louisiana. In the Senate, the Committee on the Judiciary, holding that before the Senators from Louisiana should be seated the new government ought to be recog-

nized, reported in favor of the recognition; and test votes on the resolution showed that a majority favored it. Only a most determined fight by the radical faction kept it from passing; had not this been a short session, it would have passed. Charles Sumner, leading the opposition, spoke repeatedly, and introduced long sets of substitute resolves. One of these displayed, with perfect accuracy, the train of reasoning and sentiment by which the radicals had come to their demand of suffrage for the negroes. It declared that, as their muskets had helped to defend the nation against open rebellion, so were their ballots needed now against the subtler enemies of the Union. But to prevent a vote before adjournment Sumner was driven to plain filibustering. He announced that in this crisis he felt himself justified in employing all the weapons in the parliamentary arsenal.

Congress never again showed any willingness to accept the policy of Lincoln. When we search for the reasons why it never was accepted, it is hard to believe that the chief of them was the doubt of its being constitutional. On that score, more could be said for it than for the partition of Virginia. To some Congressmen, no doubt, it was a sufficient objection that the policy was so distinctly executive, for they believed that Reconstruction was their business, and not the President's. His powers, they thought, were already too much increased, and ought to be diminished. But a greater number probably opposed his plan because it did not promise certain very practical results which they desired. They wished to make an end of slavery at once. They wished to destroy, completely and forever, the power of the men who had formerly ruled the South, and who had made the insurrection. They wished also to build up, in the reconstructed South, a strong Union party. It is no wonder that with these ends in view more and more of them were coming to look with favor on the radical plan to give the suffrage to the blacks. In that proposal, partisanship was fast inclining to join hands with philanthropy. It is not unjust to add that the majority of these men were quite incapable of approaching the matter in that high mood which Lincoln's constant soul had kept from the beginning. They had come to think of the Southerners not as fellow countrymen, but as rebels and slave-masters. They could not forget the thousands of brave youths slain in battle for the Union, the prison-pen at Andersonville, or the maimed and halt, the widows and orphans, who were left behind.

It was, in truth, easy enough to find imperfections in the President's handiwork. His "ten per cent" governments presented abundant opportunities for criticism, for ridicule. In Louisiana, the men who sat in the convention of 1864 had been, with few exceptions, of such a character that they would never, in ordinary times, have risen to the least distinction. Many of their proceedings were absurd. Their anxiety about their own perquisites was contemptible. Their constituency was painfully scant. General Banks himself had once admitted that the city of New Orleans was for the time being the State of Louisiana; and in the city the registrar officially declared, in March, 1865, that of some seven thousand names on his rolls at least three thousand had been put there by fraud. Even among the avowed Unionists there were some who would not support the government. In the heart of many a Creole there was, after all these years, far more loyalty to France than to either of these two warring American republics. A government built up from such material, by the power and menace of the military arm, did not appeal successfully either to the American sense of the practical or to the American sense of humor. "The fact is," an observer and participant had written, "the whole civil reorganization of Louisiana is a cheat and a swindle, and everybody knows it." The Arkansas establishment, though it may perhaps have had a broader and more

genuine popular support, was also far from impressive. In personnel, it was below all ordinary standards. In Virginia, Peirpoint and his Lilliput Legislature excited nothing but amusement. In Tennessee, the implacable temper of Brownlow and his followers boded ill for any stable order, even in time of peace.

Lincoln saw and owned that these things were so; but they did not convince him that he was wrong. In the very last of all his public speeches, turning, even from the clamor of a multitude rejoicing over Lee's surrender, to the subject which absorbed him, he admitted most of what was said against the Louisiana government. But such a beginning, he contended, was better than none. "Concede," he said, "that the new government of Louisiana is only to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it." Nor would he yet forbear practical measures on any ground of theory. He still declined to argue whether the states in insurrection were inside or outside of the Union. "Finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad." He was, he admitted, considering a new announcement to the people of the South. But he could see no good reason to undo what had been done. To the hour of his death his words were all of restoration, of reconciliation, of forgiveness. To those about him who spoke of punishments, he repeated, more than once, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." At his last Cabinet meeting, the day of the assassination, he served notice on his advisers that he would be no party to any acts of revenge. He would not consent to the hanging of a single Confederate, — not the most malignant. With a comical gesture, as though he were scaring sheep, he exclaimed, "Open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off." He had found his heart's desire in the words of David to them that counseled vengeance upon Shimei: "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah, that ye should this day be adversaries unto me? Shall there any man be put to death this day in Israel?" Whatever faults there were in this his policy of mercy, there was a wisdom in it wanting to the schemes of all that stood against him: the wisdom of the knowledge of the hearts of men. Many will always believe that it would have prevailed, and have warded off countless ills, had he himself only lived to perfect it, to adapt it to changing conditions, to labor for it with his inexhaustible patience and his unequaled skill in conciliating opposition and in guiding public opinion. Incomplete as he now left it, beaten and abandoned though it was, it proves forever the greatness of his own spirit. Nothing else in his whole noble life better commends him to the love of all his countrymen.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RAILWAY POLICY

I THE PROBLEM

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

THE present agitation for an extension of public control over the carriers of the country, according to the assertions of railroad men, has no justification in point of fact. It is alleged that there is no widespread popular feeling on the subject; that whatever there may be is an artificial product, the result of a persistent campaign for enlargement of the scope of their activities by politicians at Washington. This attempt to belittle the importance of the movement, both in and out of Congress, will deceive few people acquainted with the economic situation. Conditions are neither so entirely bad, nor so supremely idyllic, as interested parties on either side would have us believe. As always in such cases, glittering generalities entirely fail to make the situation clear. It is necessary to particularize, both as to the existing abuses and as to the remedies appropriate thereto.

Aside from the evils of secret rebates and personal discrimination, — for the cure of which the law is now entirely adequate if forcibly invoked, — complaints against existing conditions may be roughly classified under the following three heads: first, as to the absolute railroad rate charged for a given service, by and of itself; secondly, that the relative adjustment of freight rates is inequitable either as between different classes of commodities or different competing localities; and thirdly, that rights concerning the conditions of transportation are denied. Concrete illustration of these real or fancied evils may serve to enliven the discussion as to remedial action. The first class, namely, rates held to be absolutely unreasonable, in and of themselves, is of infrequent occurrence and relatively slight importance, if one is willing to concede that the general level of rates the country over is not unduly high at the present time. Unless and until the railways of the country attempt another general advance of charges all along the line, as they did in 1900, this phase of the matter will not occasion widespread unrest. Freight rates, as a whole, are not unreasonably remunerative, as compared with foreign countries. The service is the best in the world. The American people recognize these facts; although they might not so willingly acquiesce in another general advance, a point which railway managers should carefully note.

Yet while the general level of rates may not be unreasonably high, cases are always possible, in which particular charges in and of themselves occasion complaint. A notable instance is the contention of live-stock dealers that a switching charge of $2 per car on cattle at the Union Stock Yards at Chicago is an unreasonable exaction. This charge was arbitrarily imposed in 1894, as an addition to the regular freight rates long imposed from Western points. Shippers' associations protested, and carried the case before the Interstate Commerce Commission. This tribunal, after full hearing, held the rate to be unreasonable, in view of the cost of service rendered, and suggested a rate of $1 per car as a proper terminal charge. Protracted litigation in the Federal courts, for enforcement of this decision, has thus far afforded no relief. The charge is still $2, and has been successfully collected without interruption for more than ten years. The quibble as to whether the terminal charge is really a part of the through rate or not, is of no

practical importance, however large it may loom up legally. The fact is that $2 is exacted and must be paid.

Another instance of dispute over the reasonableness of charges in and of themselves has just derived prominence by a decision of the United States Circuit Court in Georgia upholding the Interstate Commerce Commission. It concerns the justice of an increase of two cents per hundred pounds on lumber from Georgia points to the Ohio River. From 1894 to 1903 these rates had been already raised by three or four cents to a level of thirteen or fourteen cents; so that prosperity had been already discounted by a rise of thirty or forty per cent. On top of this, and despite an enormous increase in the tonnage, came a further raise of two cents per hundred pounds in April, 1903. This was too much. To this exaction, involving not less than $132,000 per year additional freight rates, the lumbermen of Georgia objected. The Interstate Commerce Commission upheld their contention; and in July, 1905, more than two years afterward, the Circuit Court sustained the Commission. The slow, wearisome course of litigation will probably, however, drag along until a final award by the Supreme Court of the United States. Meantime, note you, the extra two cents must be paid, or the lumber cannot be shipped. A transportation tax, which the shippers, the Interstate Commerce Commission and a United States Circuit judge alike believe to be unfair, continues to be collected. Will such issues ever be decided promptly on economic rather than legal grounds; and if so, by what tribunal? That is the open question.

Not absolute but relative freight rates constitute the most serious complaints against American railway practice. Such abuses may arise, either in respect of the relative adjustment as between commodities, or as between competing localities. That such relative freight rates constitute the main difficulty at present, is shown by the fact that of 353 cases decided by the Interstate Commerce Commission only 37, or less than 10 per cent, had to do with the unreasonableness of a rate in and of itself; while 135, or about four times as many, turned upon relative inequality as between commodities or places. See how it works in the intricate matter of classification; namely, the assignment of goods to different classes, according to value, bulk, weight, etc. The process of so grading commodities with reference to one another determines of course the freight rate. The following case is typical, as given by Gregory L. Cabot, a Boston manufacturer, in evidence before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce at its recent hearings in Washington: —

"From July 15, 1889, to January 1 of this year, the classification (of carbon black, basis of printers' ink) continued to be once and a half first class in less than carload lots, third class in carload lots, approximately twice the freight required between 1887 and 1889. Meanwhile, the price had declined. . . . On the 1st of January, the classification was again raised to class 2, rule 25, an increase of about 10 per cent in carload lots. Numerous efforts have been made by myself and others to have this commodity classified where it belongs, as dry color, but the only result has been the reverse of what we desired: and the industry has been and is in a somewhat precarious condition, as we have contracted for millions of pounds of black at prices fixed at the point of delivery, and had no notice of the raise in freight rate until subsequent to its going into operation."

Never mind whether this basic material of printers' ink is more properly "dry color" or "carbon black." That is not the question for us. We are concerned merely as to the tribunal most competent to decide this momentous matter. Shall cow peas pay freight as "vegetables, N. O. S., dried or evaporated," or as "fertilizer," being an active agent in soil regeneration? Are "iron-handled bristle

shoe-blacking daubers" machinery or toilet appliances? Are patent medicines distinguishable for purposes of transportation from other alcoholic beverages used as tonics? Is hay straw, or straw hay? Each of these is a real live case, raised in recent years. They may not appear to be vital questions to the world at large. Yet their decision may affect the welfare of great industries and populous communities.

The Spokane Chamber of Commerce, in these Senate Committee hearings, recites another illuminating instance of the exercise of arbitrary power in classification. "The Pacific Coast Pipe Co. started to manufacture wired wooden pipe in the spring of 1900. . . . There was at that time but one factory of the kind on the North Pacific coast, located at Seattle. . . . The Seattle factory, backed by the big lumber firms on the coast, finding a serious competitor in the Spokane field, got the railroads to put manufactured pipe under the lumber classification, thus reducing the rate from Seattle to Spokane from 46 to 20 cents per 100 pounds. . . . The Spokane factory at once filed a vigorous protest, with the result that the railroads put back the rate from Seattle to Spokane to 46 cents, but established a maximum rate of 50 cents for Seattle pipe, which of course shut off all territory east of Spokane from the Spokane factory. . . . The remnant of the Spokane factory. . . has been compelled to shut down, and the entire plant is being removed to Ballard." Whether these facts are true exactly as stated or not, is not at issue in this brief article. Pacific coast rates are intricate in the extreme. We cite them as a fair instance of things which have been done, here or elsewhere, are being done, and will be done until a competent tribunal is established by the government of the United States. In the United Kingdom a Parliamentary Commission sat for months and prescribed a classification, which is in force on every railway, and for all possible commodities shipped by rail, from alligators "loose or in tanks" to zylonite K. D. Few will advocate so rigid a system for our own country, although the necessity of adequate governmental supervision and control is no less imperative.

Local discrimination, or inequality as between competing cities or markets, — a second phase of the complaint about relative freight rates, — constitutes the main gravamen of the difficulty to-day. Compared with it, all the other abuses above named pale into insignificance. Those probably affected a few individual complainants or possibly trade associations. But these local discrimination cases may involve the welfare of entire states or groups of states. A simple case is illustrated by our complaint of the Spokane wooden pipe makers, above cited. Who was to pipe the Northwest, Spokane, or Seattle? And if to pipe or not to pipe, also to feed, warm, clothe, and furnish the population of that vast area. Spokane might consent to divide the field with her seaport rival; but to have goods — like the wire on this pipe perhaps — go through Spokane from the East on low "compelled" water rates to Seattle cheaper than Spokane can have it is mildly annoying at least. And then, on top of that, to have it manufactured into pipe in Seattle, come back through Spokane, and be laid down *east* of Spokane for less than that city must pay to sell in its own baliwick, is unendurable. A similar issue has been up for some years as between St. Louis and San Francisco, in competition for the trade of the intermediate territory and the Pacific Coast. It is a vastly complicated matter to adjust such issues. To accomplish it successfully, demands not only impartiality, but the possession of power to compel the acquiescence of all parties concerned as well. For a long time the principal Western cities have been demanding an equality in freight rates into the South with New York, Boston, and Philadelphia; which would enable them to compete successfully for trade in that section. If Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati are right in that

contention, no permanent settlement can result until not only every railway but every coastwise steamship line is forced into harmony by governmental authority. For any single line by refusing to coöperate can hold up all the rest in their desire to deal justly. As long as empty coast liners are seeking a return freight by water from New York to Savannah, they will cut under any rate which the Western roads may be induced to give to Chicago. On land as well there are always "scab" railways. Every territory has had at some time its Erie, its Atlantic and Western, its New York and New England, or its Chicago and Great Western, to block the way to comprehensive reform.

The evil of local discrimination is generally due to failure to pay proper attention to the element of distance in transportation. The long and short haul clause in the original Act of 1887 was intended to secure this result; but its wise provisions have been entirely nullified by interpretation of the Federal Courts. For all practical purposes the railways may now do as they please; and the consequent evils are very great, although happily localized in the main either in the Far West or in the Southern states. The disparity is often great. Recently cited, was a rate on rope from San Francisco to Kansas City in carloads for 60 cents per hundred pounds; while the rate from San Francisco to Hutchinson, Kansas, 220 miles west of Kansas City, was $1.01. The South has for a long time been a hotbed of popular discontent. An iniquitous scheme of rate-making prevails, which has been again and again condemned by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Certain cities not always on waterways are designated as "basing points." To these, low through rates are granted; while to all other places round about the freight rate is compounded by adding to the basing point rate the local tariff out. Thus on the line between New York and Montgomery, Alabama, rates from New York may progressively rise as the distance to New York becomes less. A figure recently quoted on canned goods from New York to Suwanee, thirty odd miles nearer New York than Atlanta, was 86 cents per hundred pounds; while Atlanta, miles from any waterway, got a rate of only 46 cents. Of course in so far as such low basing point rates are due to the stern necessities of water competition, they may be deplored, but must be endured. Others, however, are the mere creation of railroad favoritism. This is conceded even by so eminent an authority as Edward Baxter, Esq., of Nashville, in his brief for the railways in the celebrated Alabama Midland case before the Supreme Court of the United States. "There may be," he says, "a few mere 'railroad junctions' in the South, which, owing to the ignorance or corruption of certain railroad officials, have been arbitrarily 'called' competitive points, and which 'receive' certain arbitrary 'concessions' in rates to which they are not justly entitled. There may be also a few strictly local stations in the South, which are not even 'railroad junctions,' where arbitrary and unfair 'concessions' in rates have been made by certain corrupt railroad officials, to enhance the value of property owned at such stations by said officials, or by their relatives or friends . . . [but they] are the offspring of ignorance or corruption and should not be recognized by the courts." Now the fact is that the small towns all through this region have been clamoring in vain for years for the courts to make just such distinctions. And all that has resulted is that the Federal judges have held that wherever railroad or any other conceivable kind of competition, actual or potential, can be shown to exist, that the long and short haul clause does not apply. The evil can be cured. This is proved by the fact that several railways in the same territory have always adhered to the just principle of conceding to distance its proper importance in their tariffs. Thus at Birmingham the Alabama Southern, the K. C., M. and B., and the Southern Railway in part are said to

concede the principle in force on all our Northern trunk lines; while the Louisville and Nashville and the Central of Georgia insist upon their right to charge what, when, and where they please, regardless of distance. And it is the Louisville and Nashville Railway, and not the Pennsylvania Company with its well-ordered scheme of charges, which is vociferously protesting against legislation, on the ground that it is not needed.

Our third variety of complaints involves no monetary issues at all, but merely conflict of rights. The Orange Routing Cases against the Southern Pacific Railroad touch the right of the shipper to name the particular railways over which their fruit shall reach Eastern markets. Rates are the same by whatever route; but the railways deny the right of the shipper not only to name, but even to know, the route taken by his goods in transit. The same issue came up some years ago, concerning the right of cotton shippers at Memphis to designate the particular connecting railroads which should haul their goods. The purpose of the carriers in seeking to control this matter is obvious and may be praiseworthy. Secret rebates cannot often be secured by shippers from the initial carriers; especially if, as in California, no railway competition exists: for the Atchison and the Southern Pacific have done away with that by pooling their fruit business. Secret rebates, if secured by shippers at all, must be wrung from the connecting lines, which bid for it at the great junction points, like Kansas City and Chicago. The initial road, by reserving the right to route the freight, is able most effectively to nullify all such preferential contracts. But on the other hand, this practice denies to the owner of the goods control, or even supervision over his own. Market conditions may easily change while the goods are in transit. It may be desirable to stop them off at Chicago, or divert them to New Orleans. And moreover, damages for delay on such perishable goods as fruit are refused by the terms of the contract. The routing road exercises power without assuming responsibility. On these grounds, and in consonance with the long-established principles of common law, the Interstate Commerce Commission held that the shippers' rights were jeopardized. It was shown that freight was often diverted from one road to another in order to secure more valuable percentages of the through rate for the initial carrier. These cases have not yet proceeded to final adjudication; but the United States Circuit Court, in September, 1904, provisionally sustained the Commission. Meanwhile, be it observed, the railroads continue the practice, and popular discontent is the result.

After proving by concrete and living instances that abuses in railway operation really do exist, it may seem an unnecessary work of supererogation to prove that they can exist. Yet a favorite railway contention is that in the very nature of things injustice to the shipper cannot arise, or be long tolerated by the railways. For, so runs this threadbare argument, the welfare of both parties, railway and shipper, is indissolubly linked together. A policy which throttles trade or industry must react upon the volume of traffic and the development of the territory served. Every railway in the country fixes its freight rates by "charging what the traffic will bear." To charge more than this, it is alleged, would immediately be detrimental to tonnage and revenue. There is force in this contention, and its validity explains the prevalence of fair rate adjustment by and large throughout the country. But unfortunately as in most human affairs, the principle sometimes fails to work according to the prospectus. At such times and places abuses are bound to arise. Most of them occur because of the fact that no two competitive centres or classes of freight are equally remunerative. Upbuilding of one town or industry often jeopardizes another. Such conditions are inevitable. Hence the policy of the

railway manager involves a choice, not between two evils, but between a resultant good and a necessarily attendant evil. No sane traffic manager would naturally desire to transfer the milling of our American wheat to foreign manufacturers in Liverpool or elsewhere. Yet if his own particular railway revenues may be increased faster by the carriage of wheat in bulk relatively cheaper than flour in barrels, from the field to the seaboard, what can he do? His President and his Executive Committee are following his gross earnings day by day. His large salary depends upon his record. Can he do otherwise than deplore the results, but continue to accept the revenue?

Railway policy often involves economic situations best described in the familiar lines of Lovelace,

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more."

The St. Louis roads this spring, when they reduced their freight rates into the South, did not do so because of any desire to work harm to the thriving town of Chicago. They merely loved St. Louis more! Or when, some years ago, the railways threatened to ruin a pulp paper mill to be established at Denver, by putting in lower rates from Wisconsin, they loved not Denver less but the long haul more. Observe again how it works out in a recent concrete case before the Interstate Commerce Commission. The planters in a certain Southern territory served by the Louisville and Nashville Railway ship out their cotton to the North by various routes. It may go by way of New Orleans, via Pensacola; up the main line along the Mississippi Valley; or be hauled eastward to Savannah and other Atlantic ports, and thence go by vessel to New England. Inasmuch as the through rate is the same by all routes, no monetary issue to the planter is involved. But not so to the railway; for by the first routes it secures a long haul, while by the last it not only is limited to short carriage of the goods, but is compelled to accept an even smaller fraction of the joint through rate. In this case the Louisville and Nashville Railway — which, as we have said, has more persistently denied the existence of abuses than any other road in the country — advanced the Savannah cotton rate arbitrarily from $2.75 to $3.30 a bale. This effectually dammed up the eastern outlet and jeopardized the interests of the port of Savannah to that degree. Doubtless the Louisville and Nashville was not oblivious to the welfare of that great seaport. It could not afford to be, for Savannah's growth must indirectly accrue to its benefit. It did not love Savannah less, but it loved its own particular seaport, Pensacola, or the long haul via Louisville, more! Maybe it was better that traffic should go out this way; who knows! What the President demands for the people of the South is that an early decision in this case shall be made by some public, impartial, and competent tribunal; and not by one of the private parties directly interested in the dispute. In no other domain of commercial or industrial life is there such denial of equality of rights before the law. The President demands, and rightly, that such mediæval conditions shall cease to exist.

Supposing we concede the principle of benevolent autocracy, — which we cannot for a moment, — namely, that railway managers are the natural guardians of the territory and interests committed to their charge; who is to nominate these custodians of the public welfare? What is to insure any permanency in their policy? Or who is to guarantee that such policy shall contemplate the permanent, rather than the merely temporary and immediate, interest of one party concerned? Suppose — to continue our illustration drawn from real life — that a gang of Western speculators swoops down upon the Louisville and Nashville as it did in April, 1903. It stole the railway from those, we will assume, who as natural guardians of the territory had been developing and upbuilding it in a large way. What did these new speculators care about the permanent welfare of a large section of the

South? Their control of the system was based on borrowed money. They bought the road merely to sell it again at a higher price. Their plan was to get business here and now, regardless of the future, increase dividends, and sell out before the public learned the truth. Is any community of interest traceable between the planter, the merchant, and a set of bandits like these! Such occurrences have dotted our railway history in the past, and are always likely to occur. The public demands nothing more than that the traffic policy of such a railroad should at all times be subject to some kind of administrative review.

Are present laws adequate to provide a remedy for these evils? In theory and according to the letter of the law, in part, yes; in practice and especially for the evils of local discrimination and classification, emphatically no! Two years ago, at the instance of the railways, which were desirous of stopping large leakages of revenue due to rate cutting, Congress enacted the so-called Elkins law. This was distinctly a railway measure. Hence the ease and quiet of its passage. It roused none of the corporate watch-dogs of the Senate, ostensibly guardians of the public welfare. Nor was it a compromise. There was no need of compromise. Both railways and shippers were agreed in the wish to eliminate rebates. Section 3 of this law of 1903 recites "that whenever the Interstate Commerce Commission shall have reasonable ground for belief that any common carrier is engaged in the carriage of passenger or freight traffic between given points at less than the published rates on file, *or is committing any discriminations forbidden by law*" (our italics), it may petition any circuit judge for the issuance of an injunction summarily prohibiting the practice. Such a remedy would seem to be prompt, efficient, and adequate. It is the basis of the universal railway testimony that no further legislation on the subject is needed, but that the Interstate Commerce Commission should quit talking and get down to business.

The adequacy of this remedy hinges upon two vital points. First, what discriminations are really "forbidden by law," and hence liable to prohibition by injunction; and secondly, the entire enforcement under this law, being immediately transferred from the Commission to the Courts, are judicial processes as competent as administrative ones for affording prompt and adequate relief?

That the Elkins law adds nothing to the original statute of 1887 is indisputable. It deals with means, not ends. It provides motive power, but not intelligent direction, for the wheels of justice. The law remains absolutely unchanged, in its definition of rights and wrongs. In so far as the law of 1887 prescribes that all rates shall be "reasonable," the Elkins amendment would seem to offer a remedy, such as it is, against absolutely extortionate or unreasonably high charges. A circuit judge could summarily enjoin the railways about Chicago from exacting more than $1 *extra* for delivering live stock to the Union Stock Yards instead of $2, as they have so successfully done since 1894, in the face of protracted litigation. The imposition of a prohibitory rate against east-bound shipment of cotton via Savannah could likewise be enjoined as inherently unreasonable; and such increases as the two cents per hundred pounds on lumber from the South, cited above, could be prevented or at least retarded. These would all be complaints of rates, unreasonable by and of themselves. But is the same remedy open to those shippers who complain, not of absolute freight rates, but of their relative adjustment between different commodities, or competing localities? There is the crux of the matter. Relative rate adjustments form the burden of the complaints. All parties are agreed as to that. What does the law provide respecting them? Is it clear, positive, and just? Or is it uncertain, halting, and insufficient? Careful and disinterested examination of

the evidence apparently shows that the state of the law is most unsatisfactory. All turns again upon that fateful third section of the Elkins law. The summary process of injunction can be invoked whenever a carrier "is committing any discriminations forbidden by law." But all of our difficulties incident to unreasonable classification of commodities have never been adequately defined by law. The Act to Regulate Commerce of 1887 was strangely silent on this point. There are no discriminations "forbidden by law," except as to those rates which are "unreasonable." And who shall say that hay is straw, or straw hay? Not the Interstate Commerce Commission certainly? The Federal Courts have interdicted that, until the law makes express provision therefor. Unfortunately, also, as the law has been finally construed by the Supreme Court, no violation of the long and short haul principle constitutes such discrimination. The Alabama Midland decision established that point, and subsequent pronouncements have not materially altered it. An anomaly results. Transportation is in essence the elimination of distance; yet distance as a factor in the determination of transportation charges has been practically disregarded. The original law of 1887 contained as a vital feature a long and short haul clause, providing that on the same line, similarly circumstanced, no more distant point should enjoy lower rates than any intermediate one. That was the law then. To-day, as remodeled by the Supreme Court, dissimilarity of circumstances, justifying neglect of this clause, arises whenever the railways can establish the existence of competition either by water, foreign carriers, trade conditions, or by other railways at the more distant point. All protection for the small or the local trade centre, as against the large towns and railroad centres, has vanished. The Elkins law has provided a lever, but the fulcrum has disappeared. Unless and until the long and short haul clause is reënacted and redefined according to the just intent of the Congress of 1887, many of the worst abuses of local discrimination, now irritating the people, will continue to flourish.

The second loophole in the remedy provided by the present Elkins law is obvious. The function of the Interstate Commerce Commission becomes merely that of initiation. It is shorn of all other powers. The circuit judge to whom appeal for an injunction is made, or a new Transportation Court, if especially created for the purpose, would supplant the present administrative commission, so far as any real power is concerned. And such courts would of necessity be restricted to passing upon the reasonableness of rates or practices, after the commission of the acts. The stable door might indeed be closed, but only after the horse had been stolen. Therein lies the defect of all judicial processes. Their inadequacy is well exemplified in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company case of 1895. This corporation complained of excessive rates from Pueblo, Colorado, to San Francisco on iron and steel. The Interstate Commerce Commission ordered the rates on steel rails not to exceed 45 cents per 100 pounds, or 75 per cent of the Chicago-San Francisco rate on the same commodity, whatever that might be. The Southern Pacific, under pressure, complied with this order for about two years; and then in 1898 advanced the rate one third, to 60 cents per 100 pounds. Thereupon the Iron Company obtained an injunction from the United States Circuit Court prohibiting the violation of the Commission's order. The case went to the Circuit Court of Appeals, which reversed this decree. Meantime, proceedings before a master had fixed the amount of damages under the rate increase at $35,300. The Court held that these damages, if due, could be recovered before a jury which should establish the unreasonableness of the rates in force. But while this was being done, what would become of the California business of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company? The

Pacific coast is one of its most important markets. The price of steel rails for competitors from Pittsburg or Europe, who ship by water, would remain quite undisturbed. It would be difficult to recover trade when once lost. No damages, based upon mere increased freight rates, actually paid, would begin to measure the possible loss. And moreover, even if this sum were recovered after prolonged litigation, the situation would not be remedied. Precisely the same rates which gave rise to the damages would still be in effect. An indefinite series of litigations might result, which would harass the company and perhaps drive it from the field altogether. The outcome of this Southern Pacific case sufficiently proves, even where the shipper is a powerful corporation, the futility of seeking redress through judicial proceedings. Again and again we are forced back to the same conclusion; that the only remedy for an unjust rate is not to continue an unfair one and pay damages, but as speedily as possible to substitute a reasonable charge. How much greater force has this conclusion for the small shipper, if the remedy fails even for an industrial combination powerful enough to extort secret rebates of $1000 a day from the Atchison Company, as proved in the now celebrated Morton case!

Extraordinary efforts are being put forth by the railways in the endeavor to persuade Congress and the American people that the only railway legislation needed at the present time concerns the prevention of rebates, the supervision of private car lines, and perhaps express companies, and the control of contracts between the side tracks of industrial combinations and the great railroad companies. These reforms are all good enough in their way. To effect them will be well worth while. But only the fringe of the really great transportation problems of the country will be touched, unless the forthcoming legislation is more comprehensive than this. And it surely will not be, in view of the determined opposition of the distinguished railway counsel constituting the Senate of the United States, unless the people carefully analyze the problem, and support the President in a demand for its solution in the right way.

HISTORY IN EASY LESSONS

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

NOTHING gives to a calm observer, on the whole, more respect for children than their apparent dislike to the study of history. Nor does anything oftener impress one with the unreasonableness of parental demands than the efforts to force history by main strength into childish minds. The father comes home from his office or his workshop with a large volume done up in a parcel, and says hopefully to his little son, "Here, my boy, is the first volume of Bancroft's *History of the United States*. You will enjoy reading it very much, and when you have got through with it, there are six more just like it!" Then the father settles himself down to his daily *Herald*, and the mother to *The Smart Set*, feeling that all their parental duty is, for the moment, done. Far more just and equal was the proposal of a little girl of my acquaintance, who suggested to her favorite aunt to join her in a spelling match, and stipulated that they should "start fair." On inquiry as to her standard of fairness, she replied after a moment's reflection, "You shall spell Nebuchadnezzar, and I will spell cat; that will be starting fair."

We have discovered long since that every child is a born naturalist, but every child knew long before the arrival of Darwin that the most interesting of all animals is Man. One may see on any hillside in the country the open hole of a woodchuck, with sticks of various lengths lying round it, showing where the village children have vainly sought to explore the depths of that mysterious sheltering place. But there was never one of those boys who was not ready to leave his explorations at a moment's notice on seeing a party of two or three men coming up the other side of the hill with spades and pickaxes evidently intent to dig a larger hole for an unknown purpose, and perhaps for the cellar of some human woodchuck's abode. Never yet was a boy seen who did not enjoy the *Swiss Family Robinson*, but history written as it should be is all Swiss Family Robinson. Every girl takes pleasure in what is called at country fairs "A Centennial Teaparty," but history properly arranged is a series of just such parties. Instead of preferring fiction to truth, every child, if fairly treated, likes the truth. His dogs must actually bark, his cats actually mew. I once knew a professor's little son who had been brought up with every indulgence except the personal possession of a cat. Vainly had he pined for this crowning experience, till at last, on making a visit to a friend, he was lifted at once to the highest point of enjoyment by being introduced to a fine specimen of the feline race in full vigor. Shutting himself up in the room with it, he proceeded to try experiments in natural history, and when the cat roused the household by its wails, and a maid was sent in to hastily withdraw it, the child implored, "Ah, please, please, don't take it away; this is the most best noise I ever saw a cat do!" A similar taste for reality belongs to every youthful mind.

Is this treating the great cause of human education with too much levity? Yet its great local pioneer in the United States was Horace Mann, and the fundamental grammar of his science was to be found in his very first lecture on "The Means and Objects of Common-School Education," in 1837. In this he says, "Allow me to premise that there is one rule which in all places and in all forms of education should be held as primary, paramount, and, as far as possible, exclusive. Acquirement and pleasure should go

hand in hand. They should never part company. The pleasure of acquiring should be the incitement to acquire. . . . Nature has implanted a feeling of curiosity in the heart of every child as if to make herself certain of his activity and progress." This he elsewhere follows up by a graphic description of a boy in school drooping sleepily and hopelessly over his lesson, and the same child five minutes after, when the recess bell has rung. It is perhaps his first lesson in a new game; all his faculties are on the alert; he learns as if by magic where to stand, when to run, whither to run, when he is "in," when and where he is "out," how to count the successes or failures on his side, in short, a harder ordeal than the whole school morning has furnished indoors, and yet he calls it play. It may be truly said that the basis of the whole public school system of the United States is to be found in those early observations by Horace Mann. He it was who first pointed out that, in the active mind of a child, whatever is understood interests, and whatever interests is remembered.

It is a curious fact that Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was in his day generally regarded among English-speaking people as the supreme authority on all intellectual questions, held that "great abilities were not requisite for an historian." "In historical composition," he said, "all the greatest powers of the human mind are quiescent. He has facts ready to his hand; so there is no exercise of invention. Imagination is not required in any high degree; only about as much as is used in the lower kinds of poetry. Some penetration, accuracy, and coloring will fit a man for the task, if he can give the application which is necessary." It is hard to take seriously a dogma so whimsical, yet it is a further fact worth noticing that the famous Dr. Thomas Guthrie in Scotland, who was said to have educated more men for the Christian ministry, a hundred years ago, than any other living preceptor, divided his training into three departments somewhat analogous to Johnson's "penetration, accuracy, and coloring." These three Dr. Guthrie called "proving, painting, and persuad ing," and they were known among his pupils collectively as "the three p's." His far-off correspondents, indeed, would frequently be reminded of them by a postscript at the end of a letter from Dr. Guthrie to this effect: "N. B. Remember the three p's." Let us consider these elements of all knowledge.

1. The basis of all knowledge, historical or otherwise, consists doubtless in a sufficient number of facts, this number being of course dependent on the temperament of the person concerned. There is on one side the time-worn tradition that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." Yet I remember, on the other hand, that I met, while connected with the Massachusetts Board of Education, a teacher possessed of such remarkable knack at passing examinations that he literally never failed in the process; and on my asking him his secret, he replied that it lay in the fact that he had less of general knowledge, not more, than most of his competitors, the result being, as he said, that what he knew, he knew. Like this was, in some degree, the example of Wendell Phillips, whose use of historical allusion in public speaking was singularly effective, and who was wont to attribute it all to the fact that he had mastered one thing thoroughly in history, the period of the English Revolution. Personally, I can recall but three public speakers whose store of facts seemed to me absolutely inexhaustible, these three being John Quincy Adams, Theodore Parker, and Louis Agassiz; their treasures in this respect lying in three different directions, but seeming alike endless. With the mass of men, however, it is unquestionable that one fact drives out another, and it is doubtful if the most learned person carries in his mind more details of knowledge when fifty years old than he carried at twenty. It is only that he carries different things. The great lawyer, for

instance, obliged to retain in his memory all the minutiæ of the most complex case, with the liability of hopeless defeat should one fact drop out of place in the chart of his mental voyage, may very likely have to enter on another case by wholly forgetting the first one. He can no more carry it all with him than he can carry the knowledge by which he perhaps graduated *summa cum laude* from college ten years before, as for instance chemistry, or the differential calculus. Still less can he rival his own little girl, whom he may perhaps hear through the piazza window reciting to her mother the rules for knitting her new bedspread. "Cast on 41 stitches. 1st row, knit across plain; 2d row, slip 1, purl 19, purl 2 together, purl 17, thread over, purl 2; 3d row, slip 1, knit 19, knit 2 together, knit 17, over, knit 2; 4th row, slip 1, purl 19, purl 2 together, purl 17, over, purl 2; 5th row, slip 1, knit 19, knit 2 together, knit 17, over, knit 2;" and so on through the rest of the lesson.

2. Granting thus that history must begin with a limited number of facts, offered simply as facts, we come to Dr. Guthrie's second intellectual department, which he describes as "painting." This may offer the additional charm that it presently takes us into the department commonly called "light reading," or still lighter conversation. It is said of Sydney Smith that when visiting his parishioners in their farmhouses and taken at once into the hopeless decorum of the best parlor, he would walk to and fro flinging open the windows and exclaiming, "Glorify the room! Glorify the room!" Give the child some variety; if it be only that achieved by an old black man among the freed slaves in war times, who first taught his pupils to say the alphabet, and then, having attained to the limit of his own knowledge, taught them to say it also backwards. Every person who has had much experience with children knows that the stupidest child develops plenty of vivacity when talking about what interests him. When standing up in recitation, he may seem hopeless, but wait till recess time, and hear him describe a casual dog fight, or a glimpse into a circus, or even that historic occasion when the schoolroom stove got red-hot and singed the teacher's overshoes; and we have Homer's Iliad in a nutshell. I well remember that, when just out of college, I was entrusted with the pleasing task of showing Flaxman's Illustrations of Homer, then a novelty, to a young girl who was reputed to be fond of reading, and that I pointed out to her the inferiority of Flaxman's horses to their riders. "Such thick necks," I added critically; upon which she remarked, with the proper humility of a young woman for whom there were as yet no colleges, "But did not the Thessalian horses have those thick necks?" Upon this the pride of Harvard sank defeated. Alas, I could write verses in Greek hexameter, but I did not even know that it was in Thessaly that the Greek riding horses were bred.

Detail, the animation of detail, is what the young student needs. How inconceivably stiff and dreary seems to many a child the early Puritan life in New England, until he comes across some casual anecdote from which it suddenly flashes upon him that those formal clergymen had a human side. "Holy Mr. Cotton," for instance, how remote and unapproachable he seems, until this fact suddenly comes into view, that this good man was pacing homeward in Boston, wrapped in his Geneva cloak, pondering on his next Sunday's sermon, when some "street boys" passing by — so the legend says, but can it be that there were "street boys" in those days? — were heard to whisper among themselves, "Let's put a trick upon old Cotton." Upon which one boy, more daring than the rest, ran up behind him and shouted in his ear, "Cotton, thou art an old fool!" "I know it, I know it," shouted the old gentleman suddenly, "the Lord make both thee and me wiser," and then reverted to his meditations. Whole pages of fact committed to memory had left the life of that time still

dull and mechanical, but this single incident gives to the schoolboy a human side.

A still more striking illustration of the changed point of view in which George Washington is now regarded, is to be found in the fact that all this wider intelligence dates back to a single passage introduced by Washington Irving in a footnote in very small print at the bottom of a page in the third volume of his memoirs. Four or five biographers had preceded Irving in their narrations, Ramsay, Marshall, Weems, Sparks, and the elder Bancroft. Yet not one of them had ventured to concede for an instant that the Father of his Country was capable of laughter. Irving at last ventured to recognize this possibility, and, having once done it could not restrain himself from telling how his hero was so amused while in camp, with a story told by one of his young lieutenants, that he not only laughed, but was actually seen to roll on the grass, over and over, to get to the other end of his laughter. Fancy the situation! Six feet and three inches of Father of his Country, rolling over and over on the sod in the ineffectual effort to get to the other end of that laugh. What a trivial and almost despicable fact was this, as forming a part of that great man's career! Yet it is only since that discovery that Washington became to his fellow citizens not only the Father of his Country, but a fellow man. At the present day it would be difficult to find a country school-teacher so remote that he would think it morally wrong to admit that the first American President was capable of laughing.

3. Dr. Guthrie's third department, that of "persuading," now shows itself in the higher form of freedom of discussion, such as prevails more and more universally in all our public high schools, where Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, are encouraged to search subjects for themselves, the pupil simply looking toward the teachers as presiding officers in the debate. There could hardly, for instance, be a finer example of this than in the classes in American history which I once saw conducted by that fine teacher and large-minded author, Alice Wellington Rollins. When I said to her, "You could not, of course, go through the period of the Protestant Reformation in this way?" she replied that there was no period so interesting and successful, in her experience. Her class, she said, was about equally divided between Catholic and Protestant; the girls in succession brought out all they knew, and then, for want of ammunition, begged to have the debate adjourned until the next week, when they would come back with their cartridge boxes replenished. In answer to my inquiry "if either side converted the other," she replied, "Probably not," but that perhaps they lived all their lives holding their own view in a larger spirit, as understanding the points at which honest minds could differ. The same principle applies still more to later questions, as to those resulting from the Civil War, where it is undeniable that the children of each great party can do more justice to the others' point of view than would have seemed possible immediately after the contest. The same result is found with still earlier cases. When consulting with that gifted teacher, Jane Andrews, as to the topics that should be included in a school history I was just then writing, I hinted somewhat drearily, perhaps, at the hopelessness of making the early Colonial charters clear, or even intelligible, to very young classes, and she at once set any such fear aside, saying that there was nothing which her pupils, girls of twelve or thereabouts, followed up with more ready interest than those very charters. It was not long after when her widely famed book, *The Seven Little Sisters Who Live on the Round Ball that Floats in the Air*, reached these very sisters so thoroughly as to be translated into Japanese and Chinese.

Now it hardly needs to be pointed out, as we go farther on, that all these little rules and maxims which apply to the child apply also to the veteran historian.

Its proving, its painting, its persuading, must be the same to him. Coleridge said that the dullest writer could write an interesting book if he would but relate the events of his own life with honesty, not disguising the feelings that accompanied them.[1] All depends, after all, on the teacher, and even that teacher has his inspired moments. It is a curious fact that those men of genius who have done the most to recognize the picturesqueness of our earlier American life were the very men who at the outset were troubled by the theory that it was tame and commonplace; as in the case of Lowell, who complained that the details of New England history were essentially dry and unpoetic; and Hawthorne, who had maintained that the same period furnished only "a dull routine of commonplace prosperity; no picturesque and gloomy wrong."

The vast rapidity with which studies in history, and especially in American history, are multiplying every day can only recall to us the fact that the professional historian, like the professional lawyer or physician or poet, was only developed by degrees in our American society. In Virginia the early leaders were planters; in the New England Colonies they were clergymen; and all other intellectual leadership was done by this class or not done at all. There was no distinct class of lawyers in Massachusetts, at least, before 1701; and even then they were simply admitted as attorneys, with no examination and no study required. One favorite Boston attorney, for instance, was a quick-witted tailor, others were merchants. Attorney-General Bullivant was an apothecary. A few men had been trained to the bar in England, but even those were liable at any moment to have their plans interfered with by clergymen who came into court, expressed their minds, and often carried the day. Among others in the courts there was no courtesy and no deference. There was jury trial, but it happened sometimes, when a juryman stood out against the rest, that he was refused food and starved into compliance. The court bullied the counsel and were treated without respect by the bar. One day when a poor old woman came hobbling into the courtroom and found no seat, the lawyer who had summoned her as a witness bade her go up on the judges' bench, which she innocently proceeded to do, and the lawyer when reproved replied that he thought that place was "made for old women." The first English-bred lawyer who set himself up as an attorney, Thomas Lechford, in 1637, was allowed but one case and then forbidden to practice; and Jeremy Gridley, called "the father of the Boston bar," came to it about 1730. Out of all this chaos, order was evolved in time. But it is a remarkable fact that the three leaders most conspicuous in the early days of the Revolution, John and Samuel Adams and Oxenbridge Thacher, were all originally destined for the church, the family of Samuel Adams objecting to his becoming a lawyer because it was not considered an altogether respectable profession.

None of these careers would be likely, as we can now see, to train the historian, and when the higher training arrived it came in the purely classic form and hindered as much as it helped. The late Professor Henry W. Torrey told me that he, Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips used to learn by heart at the Boston Latin School whole books of Virgil and Homer in the original, and recite lessons from them without referring to the text. There were still cultivated families where the gentlemen of the house would cap verses, as it was called, by the evening fireside. Public oratory was measured by just such formal standards. We have in the diaries of Rev. John Peirce the precise measurement of the length of orations and poems at Harvard Φ. B. K. meetings for many years; no address, he shows us, had exceeded fifty minutes down to 1824, when Edward Everett, then in his early

[1] *Quarterly Review*, xcviii, p. 456.

glory, went up to one hour and fifty-one minutes.[1]

So vast and complex are the developments of modern history, it is quite certain that no American scholar of high standing would now treat with any respect the belittling statement of Johnson as to the gifts required of an historian. The criticism now belongs rather on the other side as to the permanence or final quality of the work. The late Justin Winsor, who was recognized by almost all as the chief among our American historians, always pointed out with sadness that even a vast specialist like Parkman — the one striking instance among us of one who chose his life career in college days and never swerved from it — would inevitably be superseded as time went on by the man of later knowledge; as we already see, indeed, in the case of Parkman that he underrated from the outset the claims of the Indians on the imaginative side, and did not keep up with the later observations. Even Rufus Choate, when he turned from his forensic triumphs, and said, "After all, a book is the only immortality," left the problem unsolved, for he did not tell what that book should be; and no one ever met the fatal possibilities of that ordeal. Voltaire perhaps solved the problem more nearly than Choate, for Voltaire laid it down as final that nothing can be more difficult than to be obscurely hanged.

ULTIMATE QUESTIONS

BY LAFCADIO HEARN

A MEMORY of long ago. . . . I am walking upon a granite pavement that rings like iron, between buildings of granite bathed in the light of a cloudless noon. Shadows are short and sharp: there is no stir in the hot bright air; and the sound of my footsteps, strangely loud, is the only sound in the street. . . . Suddenly an odd feeling comes to me, with a sort of tingling shock, — a feeling, or suspicion, of universal illusion. The pavement, the bulks of hewn stone, the iron rails, and all things visible, are dreams! Light, color, form, weight, solidity — all sensed existences — are but phantoms of being, manifestations only of one infinite ghostliness for which the language of man has not any word. . . .

This experience had been produced by study of the first volume of the *Synthetic Philosophy*, which an American friend had taught me how to read. I did not find it easy reading; partly because I am a slow thinker, but chiefly because my mind had never been trained to sustained effort in such directions. To learn the *First Principles* occupied me many months: no other volume of the series gave me equal trouble. I would read one section at a time, — rarely two, — never venturing upon a fresh section until I thought that I had made sure of the preceding. Very cautious and slow my progress was, like that of a man mounting, for the first time, a long series of ladders in darkness. Reaching the light at last, I caught a sudden new vision of things, — a momentary perception of the illusion of surfaces, — and from that time the world never again appeared to me quite the same as it had appeared before. . . .

This memory of more than twenty years ago, and the extraordinary thrill of the moment, were recently revived for me by the reading of the essay "Ultimate

[1] *Massachusetts Historical Collections*, ix, p. 119.

Questions," in the last and not least precious volume bequeathed us by the world's greatest thinker. The essay contains his final utterance about the riddle of life and death, as that riddle presented itself to his vast mind in the dusk of a lifetime of intellectual toil. Certainly the substance of what he had to tell us might have been inferred from the *Synthetic Philosophy;* but the particular interest of this last essay is made by the writer's expression of personal sentiment regarding the problem that troubles all deep thinkers. Perhaps few of us could have remained satisfied with his purely scientific position. Even while fully accepting his declaration of the identity of the power that "wells up in us under the form of consciousness" with that Power Unknowable which shapes all things, most disciples of the master must have longed for some chance to ask him directly, "But how do *you* feel in regard to the prospect of personal dissolution?" And this merely emotional question he has answered as frankly and as fully as any of us could have desired, — perhaps even more frankly. "Old people," he remarks apologetically, "must have many reflections in common. Doubtless one which I have now in mind is very familiar. For years past, when watching the unfolding buds in the Spring, there has arisen the thought, 'Shall I ever again see the buds unfold? Shall I ever again be awakened at dawn by the song of the thrush?' Now that the end is not likely to be long postponed, there results an increasing tendency to meditate upon ultimate questions." . . . Then he tells us that these ultimate questions — "of the How and the Why, of the Whence and the Whither" — occupy much more space in the minds of those who cannot accept the creed of Christendom than the current conception fills in the minds of the majority of men. The enormity of the problem of existence becomes manifest only to those who have permitted themselves to think freely and widely and deeply, with all such aids to thought as exact science can furnish; and the larger the knowledge of the thinker, the more pressing and tremendous the problem appears, and the more hopelessly unanswerable. To Herbert Spencer himself it must have assumed a vastness beyond the apprehension of the average mind; and it weighed upon him more and more inexorably the nearer he approached to death. He could not avoid the conviction — plainly suggested in his magnificent *Psychology* and in other volumes of his great work — that there exists no rational evidence for any belief in the continuance of conscious personality after death.

"After studying primitive beliefs, and finding that there is no origin for the idea of an after-life, save the conclusion which the savage draws, from the notion suggested by dreams, of a wandering double which comes back on awaking, and which goes away for an indefinite time at death; — and after contemplating the inscrutable relation between brain and consciousness, and finding that we can get no evidence of the existence of the last without the activity of the first, — we seem obliged to relinquish the thought that consciousness continues after physical organization has become inactive."

In this measured utterance there is no word of hope; but there is at least a carefully stated doubt, which those who will may try to develop into the germ of a hope. The guarded phrase, "we *seem* obliged to relinquish," certainly suggests that, although in the present state of human knowledge we have no reason to believe in the perpetuity of consciousness, some larger future knowledge might help us to a less forlorn prospect. From the prospect as it now appears even this mightiest of thinkers recoiled: —

. . . "But it seems a strange and repugnant conclusion that with the cessation of consciousness at death, there ceases to be any knowledge of having existed. With his last breath it becomes to each the same thing as though he had never lived.

"And then the consciousness itself —

what is it during the time that it continues? And what becomes of it when it ends? We can only infer that it is a specialized and individualized form of that Infinite and Eternal Energy which transcends both our knowledge and our imagination; and that at death its elements lapse into that Infinite and Eternal Energy, whence they were derived."

— *With his last breath it becomes to each the same thing as though he had never lived?* To the individual, perhaps — surely not to the humanity made wiser and better by his labors. But the world must pass away: will it thereafter be the same for the universe as if humanity had never existed? That might depend upon the possibilities of future interplanetary communication. But the whole universe of suns and planets must also perish: thereafter will it be the same as if no intelligent life had ever toiled and suffered upon those countless worlds? We have at least the certainty that the energies of life cannot be destroyed, and the strong probability that they will help to form another life and thought in universes yet to be evolved. . . . Nevertheless, allowing for all imagined possibilities, — granting even the likelihood of some inapprehensible relation between all past and all future conditioned-being, — the tremendous question remains: What signifies the whole of apparitional existence to the Unconditioned? As flickers of sheet-lightning leave no record in the night, so in that Darkness a million billion trillion universes might come and go, and leave no trace of their having been.

To every aspect of the problem Herbert Spencer must have given thought; but he has plainly declared that the human intellect, as at present constituted, can offer no solution. The greatest mind that this world has yet produced, — the mind that systematized all human knowledge, that revolutionized modern science, that dissipated materialism forever, that revealed to us the ghostly unity of all existence, that reëstablished all ethics upon an immutable and eternal foundation, — the mind that could expound with equal lucidity, and by the same universal formula, the history of a gnat or the history of a sun, — confessed itself, before the Riddle of Existence, scarcely less helpless than the mind of a child.

But for me the supreme value of this last essay is made by the fact that in its pathetic statement of uncertainties and probabilities one can discern something very much resembling a declaration of faith. Though assured that we have yet no foundation for any belief in the persistence of consciousness after the death of the brain, we are bidden to remember that the ultimate nature of consciousness remains inscrutable. Though we cannot surmise the relation of consciousness to the unseen, we are reminded that it must be considered as a manifestation of the Infinite Energy, and that its elements, if dissociated by death, will return to the timeless and measureless Source of Life. . . . Science to-day also assures us that whatever existence has been, — all individual life that ever moved in animal or plant, — all feeling and thought that ever stirred in human consciousness, — must have flashed self-record beyond the sphere of sentiency; and though we cannot know, we cannot help imagining that the best of such registration may be destined to perpetuity. On this latter subject, for obvious reasons, Herbert Spencer has remained silent; but the reader may ponder a remarkable paragraph in the final sixth edition of the *First Principles*, — a paragraph dealing with the hypothesi that consciousness may belong to the cosmic ether. This hypothesis has not been lightly dismissed by him; and even while proving its inadequacy, he seems to intimate that it may represent imperfectly some truth yet inapprehensible by the human mind: —

"The only supposition having consistency is that that in which consciousness inheres is the all-pervading ether. This we know can be affected by molecules of matter in motion, and conversely can

affect the motions of molecules; — as witness the action of light on the retina. In pursuance of this supposition we may assume that the ether, which pervades not only all space but all matter, is, under special conditions in certain parts of the nervous system, capable of being affected by the nervous changes in such way as to result in feeling, and is reciprocally capable under these conditions of affecting the nervous changes. But if we accept this explanation, we must assume that the potentiality of feeling is universal, and that the evolution of feeling in the ether takes place only under the extremely complex conditions occurring in certain nervous centres. This, however, is but a semblance of an explanation, since we know not what the ether is, and since, by confession of those most capable of judging, no hypothesis that has been framed accounts for all its powers. Such an explanation may be said to do no more than symbolize the phenomena by symbols of unknown natures."[1]

— "Inscrutable is this complex consciousness which has slowly evolved out of infantine vacuity — consciousness which, in other shapes, is manifested by animate beings at large — consciousness which, during the development of every creature, makes its appearance out of what seems unconscious matter; *suggesting the thought that consciousness, in some rudimentary form, is omnipresent.*"[2]

— Of all modern thinkers, Spencer was perhaps the most careful to avoid giving encouragement to any hypothesis unsupported by powerful evidence. Even the simple sum of his own creed is uttered only, with due reservation, as a statement of three probabilities: that consciousness represents a specialized and individualized form of the infinite Energy; that it is dissolved by death; and that its elements then return to the source of all being. As for our mental attitude toward the infinite Mystery, his advice is plain. We must resign ourselves to the eternal law, and endeavor to vanquish our ancient inheritance of superstitious terrors, remembering that, "merciless as is the Cosmic process worked out by an Unknown Power, yet vengeance is nowhere to be found in it."[3]

In the same brief essay there is another confession of singular interest, — an acknowledgment of the terror of Space. To even the ordinary mind, the notion of infinite Space, as forced upon us by those monstrous facts of astronomy which require no serious study to apprehend, is terrifying; — I mean the mere vague idea of that everlasting Night into which the blazing of millions of suns can bring neither light nor warmth. But to the intellect of Herbert Spencer the idea of Space must have presented itself after a manner incomparably more mysterious and stupendous. The mathematician alone will comprehend the full significance of the paragraph dealing with the Geometry of Position and the mystery of space-relations, — or the startling declaration that "even could we penetrate the mysteries of existence, there would remain still more transcendent mysteries." But Herbert Spencer tells us that, apart from the conception of these geometrical mysteries, the problem of naked Space itself became for him, in the twilight of his age, an obsession and a dismay: —

. . . "And then comes the thought of this universal matrix itself, anteceding alike creation or evolution, whichever be assumed, and infinitely transcending both, alike in extent and duration; since both, if conceived at all, must be conceived as having had beginnings, while Space had no beginning. The thought of this blank form of existence which, explored in all directions as far as imagination can reach, has, beyond that, an unexplored region compared with which the part which imagination has traversed is but infinitesimal, — the thought of a Space compared

[1] *First Principles*, § 71 *c*, definitive edition of 1900.

[2] *Autobiography*, vol. ii, p. 470.

[3] *Facts and Comments*, p. 201.

with which our immeasurable sidereal system dwindles to a point, is a thought too overwhelming to be dwelt upon. Of late years the consciousness that without origin or cause infinite Space has ever existed and must ever exist, produces in me a feeling from which I shrink."

How the idea of infinite Space may affect a mind incomparably more powerful than my own, I cannot know; — neither can I divine the nature of certain problems which the laws of space-relation present to the geometrician. But when I try to determine the cause of the horror which that idea evokes within my own feeble imagination, I am able to distinguish different elements of the emotion, — particular forms of terror responding to particular ideas (rational and irrational) suggested by the revelations of science. One feeling — perhaps the main element of the horror — is made by the thought of being *prisoned* forever and ever within that unutterable Viewlessness which occupies infinite Space.

Behind this feeling there is more than the thought of eternal circumscription, — there is also the idea of being perpetually penetrated, traversed, thrilled by the Nameless; — there is likewise the certainty that no least particle of innermost secret Self could shun the eternal touch of It; — there is furthermore the tremendous conviction that could the Self of me rush with the swiftness of light, — with more than the swiftness of light, — beyond all galaxies, beyond durations of time so vast that Science knows no sign by which their magnitudes might be indicated, — and still flee onward, onward, downward, upward, — always, always, — never could that Self of me reach nearer to any verge, never speed farther from any centre. For, in that Silence, all vastitude and height and depth and time and direction are swallowed up: relation therein could have no meaning but for the speck of my fleeting consciousness, — atom of terror pulsating alone through atomless, soundless, nameless, illimitable potentiality.

And the idea of that potentiality awakens another quality of horror, — the horror of infinite Possibility. For this Inscrutable that pulses through substance as if substance were not at all — so subtly that none can feel the flowing of its tides, yet so swiftly that no lifetime would suffice to count the number of the oscillations which it makes within the fraction of one second — thrills to us out of endlessness; — and the force of infinity dwells in its lightest tremor; the weight of eternity presses behind its faintest shudder. To that phantom-Touch, the tinting of a blossom or the dissipation of a universe were equally facile: here it caresses the eye with the charm and illusion of color; there it bestirs into being a cluster of giant suns. All that human mind is capable of conceiving as possible — and how much also that human mind must forever remain incapable of conceiving? — may be wrought anywhere, everywhere, by a single tremor of that Abyss. . . .

Is it true, as some would have us believe, that the fear of the extinction of self is the terror supreme? . . . For the thought of personal perpetuity in the infinite vortex is enough to evoke sudden trepidations that no tongue can utter, — fugitive instants of a horror too vast to enter wholly into consciousness: a horror that can be endured in swift black glimpsings only. And the trust that we are one with the Absolute — dim points of thrilling in the abyss of It — can prove a consoling faith only to those who find themselves obliged to think that consciousness dissolves with the crumbling of the brain. . . . It seems to me that few (or none) dare to utter frankly those stupendous doubts and fears which force mortal intelligence to recoil upon itself at every fresh attempt to pass the barrier of the Knowable. Were that barrier unexpectedly pushed back, — were knowledge to be suddenly and vastly expanded beyond its present limits, — perhaps we should find ourselves unable to endure the revelation. . . .

Mr. Percival Lowell's astonishing book *Mars* sets one to thinking about the results of being able to hold communication with the habitants of an older and a wiser world, — some race of beings more highly evolved than we, both intellectually and morally, and able to interpret a thousand mysteries that still baffle our science. Perhaps, in such event, we should not find ourselves able to comprehend the methods, even could we borrow the results, of wisdom older than all our civilization by myriads or hundreds of myriads of years. But would not the sudden advent of larger knowledge from some elder planet prove for us, by reason of the present moral condition of mankind, nothing less than a catastrophe? — might it not even result in the extinction of the human species?

The rule seems to be that the dissemination of dangerous higher knowledge, before the masses of a people are ethically prepared to receive it, will always be prevented by the conservative instinct; and we have reason to suppose (allowing for individual exceptions) that the power to gain higher knowledge is developed only as the moral ability to profit by such knowledge is evolved. I fancy that if the power of holding intellectual converse with other worlds could now serve us, we should presently obtain it. But if, by some astonishing chance — as by the discovery, let us suppose, of some method of ether-telegraphy — this power were prematurely acquired, its exercise would in all probability be prohibited. Imagine, for example, what would have happened during the Middle Ages to the person guilty of discovering means to communicate with the people of a neighboring planet! Assuredly that inventor and his apparatus and his records would have been burnt; every trace and memory of his labors would have been extirpated. Even to-day the sudden discovery of truths unsupported by human experience, the sudden revelation of facts opposed to existing convictions, might evoke some frantic revival of superstitious terrors, — some religious panic-fury that would strangle science, and replunge the world in mental darkness for a thousand years.

MARRIAGE VOWS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

We had decided upon the married estate, titles, and foreign travel. I do not mean that we cherished such ambitions for the future, — what was the future to us? — but that in the world of illusions, which was our world, we were about to assume these new and dazzling conditions. Childish even for our years, though our years were very few, and preserved mercifully from that familiar and deadening intercourse with adults, which might have resulted in our being sensible and well-informed, we cultivated our imaginations instead of our minds. The very bareness of our surroundings, the absence of all appliances for play, flung us back unreservedly upon the illimitable resources of invention. It was in the long winter months, when Nature was unkind, when the last chestnut had been gathered, and the last red leaf pressed carefully in an atlas, that we awoke to the recognition of our needs, and slipped across the border-land of fancy. It was then that certain wise and experienced nuns watched us closely, knowing that our pent-up energies might at any moment break down the barriers of discipline; but knowing also that it was not possible for a grown-up person, however well disposed, to enter our guarded realm. We were always under observation; but the secret city wherein we dwelt was trodden by no other foot than ours.

It had rained for a week. We had exhausted the resources of literature and the drama. A new book in the convent library, a book with a most promising title, *The Witch of Melton Hill*, had turned out to be a dismal failure. Elizabeth observed sardonically that if it had been named, as it should have been, *The Guardian Angel of Hallam House*, we should at least have let it alone. An unreasoning relative had sent me as a belated Christmas gift, *Agnes Hilton; or Pride Corrected*, — making the feeble excuse that I bore the heroine's name. To a logical mind this would have seemed no ground either for giving me the story, or for blaming me because it proved unreadable. But Tony, to whom I lent it, reproached me with exceeding bitterness for having the kind of a name — a goody-goody name she called it — which was always borne by pious and virtuous heroines. She said she thanked Heaven none of them were ever christened Antoinette; and she seemed to hold me responsible for the ennobling qualities she despised.

As for the drama, we had acted for the second time Elizabeth's masterpiece, *The Youth of Michael Angelo*, and there appeared to be no further opening for our talents. We little girls, with the imitative instincts of our age, were always endeavoring to reproduce on a modest scale the artistic triumphs with which the big girls entertained the school. It was hard work because we had no plays, no costumes, and no manager. We had only Elizabeth, who rose to the urgent needs of the situation, overcoming for our sake the aversion she felt for any form of composition, and substituting for her French exercises the more inspiring labors of the dramatist. Her first effort was slight, a mere curtain raiser, and dealt with the fortunes of a robber chief, who, after passionate pursuit of a beautiful and beloved maiden, finds out that she is his sister, and hails the news with calm fraternal joy. By a fortunate coincidence, he also discovers that an aged traveler whom he had purposed robbing is his father; so the curtain falls upon a united family, the gentle desperado quoting an admirable sentiment of Cowper's (it was in our reader,

accompanied by a picture of a gentleman, a lady, a baby, and a birdcage):—

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall."

The success of this touching and realistic little play encouraged Elizabeth to more ambitious labors. She set about dramatizing, with my assistance, a story from *The Boyhood of Great Painters*, which told how the youthful Michael Angelo modeled a snow Faun in the gardens of Lorenzo de Medici, and how that magnificent duke, seeing this work of art before it had time to melt, showered praises and promises upon the happy sculptor. It was not a powerful theme, but there was an ancient retainer of the Buonarroti family (Elizabeth wisely reserved this part for herself), who made sarcastic remarks about his employers, and never appeared without a large feather duster, thus fulfilling all the legitimate requirements of modern comedy.

What puzzled us most sorely was the Faun, which we supposed to be an innocent young quadruped, and had no possible way of presenting. Therefore, after a great deal of consideration, it was determined that a flower girl should be substituted; this happy idea (so suggestive of Michael Angelo's genius) being inspired by the plaster figures then sadly familiar to lawns and garden walks. In the story, the young artist emphasized the age of the Faun by deftly knocking out two of its front teeth,—a touch of realism beyond our range, as Viola Milton in a nightgown played the statue's part. In our drama, the Duke complained that the flower girl was too grave, whereupon Michael Angelo, with a few happy touches, gave her a smile so broad — Viola's teeth being her most prominent feature — that some foolish little girls in the audience thought a joke was intended, and laughed uproariously. Marie played Michael Angelo. I was his proud father, who appeared only in the last scene, and said, "Come to my arms, my beloved son!" which he did so impetuously — Marie was nothing if not ardent — that I was greatly embarrassed, and did not know how to hold him. Lorenzo the Magnificent was affably, though somewhat feebly, portrayed by Annie Churchill, who wore a waterproof cloak, flung, like Hamlet's mantle, over her left shoulder, and a beaver hat with a red bow and an ostrich plume, the property of Eloise Didier. It was a significant circumstance that when Marie, rushing to my embrace, knocked over a little table, the sole furniture of the Medicean palace, and indicating by its presence that we were no longer in the snow, Lorenzo hastily picked it up, and straightened the cover; while Elizabeth — who had no business to be in that scene — stood calmly by, twirling her feather duster, and apparently accustomed to being waited on by the flower of the Florentine nobility.

The production of *Michael Angelo* cost us four weeks of hard and happy labor. His name became so familiar to our lips that Tony, whose turn it was to read night and morning prayers, substituted it profanely for that of the blessed Archangel. We always said the Credo and Confiteor in Latin, so that *beato Michaeli Archangelo* became *beato Michael Angelo*, without attracting the attention of any ears save ours. It was one of those daring jests (as close to wickedness as we ever got) which served as passwords in our secret city. The second time we gave the play, we extended a general invitation to the First Cours to come and see it; and a score or so of the less supercilious girls actually availed themselves of the privilege. It is hard for me to make clear what condescension this implied. Feudal lord and feudal vassal were not more widely separated than were the First and Second Cours. Feudal lord and feudal vassal were not more firmly convinced of the justness of their respective positions. No uneasy agitator had ever pricked us into discontent. The existing order of things seemed to us as natural as the planetary system.

Now, casting about for some new form of diversion, Elizabeth proposed one

stormy afternoon that we should assume titles, and marry one another; secretly, of course, but with all the pomp and circumstance that imagination could devise. She herself, having first choice, elected England for her dwelling-place, and Emily for her spouse. She took Emily, I am sure, because that silent and impassive child was the only one of the five who did n't particularly covet the honor. Elizabeth, protecting herself instinctively from our affection and admiration, found her natural refuge in this unresponsive bosom Because Emily would just as soon have married Lilly or me, Elizabeth wisely offered her her hand. She also insisted that Emily, being older, should be husband. Mere surface ambition was alien to her character. The position of *maîtresse femme* satisfied all reasonable requirements.

Names and titles were more difficult of selection. Emily was well disposed toward a dukedom; but Elizabeth preferred that her husband should be an earl, because an earl was "belted," and a duke, we surmised, was n't.

"A duke is higher than an earl," said the well-informed Emily.

"But he is n't belted," insisted Elizabeth. "It's a 'belted knight' and a 'belted earl' always; never a belted duke. You can wear a belt if you 're an earl, Emily."

"I do wear a belt," said Emily.

"Then, of course, you 've got to be an earl," retorted Elizabeth; reasoning by some process, not perfectly plain to us, but conclusive enough for Emily, who tepidly yielded the point. "Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel" —

"I won't be named Philip," interrupted Emily rebelliously.

"Well, then, Henry Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and we'll live in Arundel Castle."

"You got that out of *Constance Sherwood*," said Marie.

Elizabeth nodded. Lady Fullerton's pretty story had been read aloud in the refectory, and we were rather "up" in English titles as a consequence.

"I'm going to be Prince of Castile," said Tony suddenly.

I leaped from my chair. "You shan't!" I flashed, and then stopped short, bitterly conscious of my impotence. Tony had "spoken first." There was no wresting her honors from her. She knew, she must have known, that Castile was the home of my soul, though no one had ever sounded the depth of my devotion. My whole life was lit by Spain's sombre glow. It was the land where my fancy strayed whenever it escaped from thraldom, and to which I paid a secret and passionate homage. The destruction of the Invincible Armada was the permanent sorrow of my childhood. And now Tony had located herself in this paradise of romance. "Castile's proud dames" would be her peers and countrywomen. The Alhambra would be her pleasure-house (geographically I was a trifle indistinct), and Moorish slaves would wait upon her will. I could not even share these blessed privileges, because it was plain to all of us that Tony's one chance of connubial felicity lay in having Lilly for a partner. The divorce courts would have presented a speedy termination to any other alliance.

"Never mind, Agnes," said Marie consolingly. "We don't want Castile. It's a soapy old place. We'll be Duke and Duchess of Tuscany."

I yielded a sorrowful assent. Tuscany awoke no echoes in my bosom. I neither knew nor cared whence Marie had borrowed the suggestion. But the priceless discipline of communal life had taught us all to respect one another's rights, and to obey the inflexible rules of play. Tony had staked her claim to Castile; and I became Beatrice della Rovere, Duchess of Tuscany, without protest, but without elation. Lilly looked genuinely distressed. Her sweet heart was hurt to feel that she was depriving a friend of any happiness, and it is safe to say that she was equally indifferent to the grandeurs of Italy and of Spain. Perhaps Griselda the patient felt no lively concern as to the whereabouts of her husband's estates. She

had other and more serious things to ponder.

The marriage ceremony presented difficulties. We must have a priest to officiate; that is, we must have a girl discreet enough to be trusted with our secret, yet stupid enough, or amiable enough, to be put out of the play afterwards. We had no idea of being burdened with clerical society. Annie Churchill was finally chosen for the rôle. Her functions were carefully explained to her, and her scruples — she was dreadfully afraid of doing something wrong — were, by candid argument, overcome. Marie wanted to be married in the "Lily of Judah" chapel, a tiny edifice girt by the winding drive; but Elizabeth firmly upheld the superior claims of St. Joseph.

St. Joseph was, as we well knew, the patron of marriage, its advocate and friend. We depended upon him to find us our future husbands, — in which regard he has shown undue partiality, — and it was in good faith that we now placed ourselves under his protection. Our play inevitably reflected the religious influences by which we were so closely environed. I hear it said that the little sons of ministers preach to imaginary audiences in the nursery, — an idea which conveys a peculiar horror to my mind. We did not preach (which of us would have listened?), but we followed in fancy, like the child Eugénie de Guérin, those deeply colored traditions which lent atmosphere to our simple and monotonous lives. One of our favorite games was the temptation of St. Anthony. Mariana Grognon, a little French girl of unsurpassed agility, had "created" the part of the devil. Its special feature was the flying leap she took over the kneeling hermit's head, a performance more terrifying than seductive. This vivacious pantomime had been frowned upon by the mistress of recreation, who had no idea what it meant; but who considered, and with reason, that Mariana was behaving like a tomboy. Then one day an over-zealous St. Anthony — Marie probably — crossed himself with such suspicious fervor when the devil made his jump that the histrionic nature of the sport became evident, and it was sternly suppressed. The primitive humor of the miracle play was not in favor at the Convent.

We were married in front of St. Joseph's statue outside the chapel door, on Sunday afternoon. Sunday was selected for the ceremony, partly because we had possession of our white veils on that day, — and what bride would wear a black veil! — and partly because the greater liberty allowed us made possible an unobserved half-hour. It was Elizabeth's custom and mine to go to the chapel every Sunday before supper, and offer an earnest supplication to the Blessed Virgin that we might not be given medals that night at Primes. I loved Primes. It was the most exciting event of the week. There was an impressive solemnity about the big, hushed room, the long rows of expectant girls, Reverend Mother, begirt by the whole community, gazing at us austerely, and the seven days' record read out in Madame Bouron's clear, incisive tones. We knew how every girl in the school, even the exalted graduates and semi-sacred medallions, had behaved. We knew how they stood in class. We saw the successful students go up to receive their medals. Occasional comments from Madame Bouron added a bitter pungency to the situation. It was delightful from beginning to end, unless — and this happened very often to Elizabeth, and sometimes even to me — we had distinguished ourselves sufficiently to win our class medals for the week. *Then*, over an endless expanse of polished floor, slippery as glass, we moved like stricken creatures; conscious that our friends were watching us in mocking security from their chairs; conscious that we were swinging our arms and turning in our toes; and painfully aware that our curtsies would never come up to the required standard of elegance and grace. Elizabeth was furthermore afflicted by a dark foreboding that something — something in the nature of a

stocking or a petticoat — would "come down" when she was in mid-stream, and this apprehension deepened her impenetrable gloom. It was in the hope of averting such misery that we said our "Hail Marys" every Sunday afternoon, manifesting thereby much faith but little intelligence, as all these matters had been settled at "Conference" on Saturday. I have always believed, however, that it was in answer to our prayers that a law was passed in mid-term, ordaining that no girl should be eligible for a class medal unless she had *all* her conduct notes, unless her week's record was without a stain. As this was sheerly impossible, we were thenceforth safe. We heard our names read out, but sat still, in disgraceful but blessed security. Even Madame Bouron's icy censure, and Reverend Mother's vaguely reproachful glance (she was hopelessly near-sighted, and had n't the remotest idea where we sat) were easier to bear than that distressful journey up and down the classroom, with every eye upon us.

The marriage ceremony would have been more tranquil and more imposing if we had not had such a poltroon of a priest. Annie was so nervous, so afraid she was committing a sin, and so afraid she would be caught in the commission, that she read the service shamefully, and slurred all the interesting details over which we wanted to linger. Elizabeth had to prompt her repeatedly, and Tony's comments were indefensible at such a solemn hour. When the three rings had been placed upon the brides' fingers, and the three veils bashfully raised to permit the salutations of the noble grooms, we promised to meet again in the boot and shoe closet, after the dormitory lights had been lowered, and hurried back to the schoolroom. To have played our parts openly in recreation hours would have been to destroy all the pleasures of illusion. Secrecy was indispensable, secrecy and mystery; a hurried clasp of Marie's hand, as she brushed by me to her desk; a languishing glance over our dictation books in class; a tender note slipped between the pages of my grammar. I have reason to believe I was the most cherished of the three brides. Tony was not likely to expend much energy in prolonged love-making, and Emily was wholly incapable of demonstration, even if Elizabeth would have tolerated it. But Marie was dramatic to her finger-tips; she played her part with infinite grace and zeal; and I, being by nature both ardent and imitative, entered freely into her conception of our rôles. We corresponded at length, with that freedom of phrase and singleness of idea which make love letters such profitable reading.

It was in our stolen meetings, however, in those happy reunions in the boot and shoe closet, or in another stuffy hole where our hats and coats were hung, that the expansive nature of our play was made delightfully manifest. It was then that we traveled far and wide, meeting dangers with an unflinching front, and receiving everywhere the respectful welcome due to our rank and fortunes. We went to Rome, and the Holy Father greeted us with unfeigned joy. We went to Venice, and the Doge — of whose passing we were blissfully ignorant — took us a-pleasuring in the Bucentaur. Our Stuart proclivities would not permit us to visit Victoria's court, — that is, not as friends. Tony thirsted to go there and raise a row; but the young Pretender being dead (we ascertained this fact definitely from Madame Duncan, who read us a lecture on our ignorance), there seemed nobody to put in the place of the usurping queen. We crossed the desert on camels, and followed Père Huc into Tartary and Thibet. Our husbands gave us magnificent jewels, and Lilly dropped her pearl earrings into a well, like "Albuharez' Daughter" in the *Spanish Ballads*. This charming mishap might have happened to me, if only I had been Princess of Castile.

Then one day Elizabeth made a discovery which filled me with confusion. Before I came to school, I had parted

with my few toys, feeling that paper dolls and grace-hoops were unworthy of my new estate, and that I should never again condescend to the devices of my lonely childhood. The single exception was a small bisque doll with painted yellow curls. I had brought it to the Convent in a moment of weakness, but no one was aware of its existence. It was a neglected doll, nameless and wardrobeless, and its sole function was to sleep with me at night. Its days were spent in solitary confinement in my washstand drawer. This does not mean that evening brought any sense of exile to my heart. On the contrary, the night fears which at home made going to bed an ever repeated misery (I slept alone on a big, echoing third floor, and everybody said what a brave little girl I was), had been banished by the security of the dormitory, by the blessed sense of companionship and protection. Nevertheless, I liked to feel my doll in bed with me, and I might have enjoyed its secret and innocent society all winter, had I not foolishly carried it downstairs one day in my pocket, and stowed it in a corner of my desk. The immediate consequence was detection.

"How did you come to have it?" asked Elizabeth, wondering.

"Oh, it got put in somehow with my things," I answered evasively, and feeling very much ashamed.

Elizabeth took the poor little toy, and looked at it curiously. She must have possessed such things once, but it was as hard to picture her with a doll as with a rattle. She seemed equally remote from both. As she turned it over, an inspiration came to her. "I tell you what we'll do," she said; "we'll take it for your baby, — it's time one of us had a child, — and we'll get up a grand christening. Do you want a son or a daughter?"

"I hope we won't have Annie Churchill for a priest," was my irrelevant answer.

"No, we won't," said Elizabeth. "I'll be the priest, and Tony and Lilly can be godparents. And then, after its christening, the baby can die, — in its baptismal innocence, you know, — and we'll bury it."

I was silent. Elizabeth raised her candid eyes to mine. "You don't want it, do you?" she asked.

"I don't want it," I answered slowly.

Marie decided that, as our first-born was to die, it had better be a girl. A son and heir should live to inherit the estates. She contributed a handkerchief for a christening robe; and Emily, who was generous to a fault, insisted on giving a little new work-basket, beautifully lined with blue satin, for a coffin. Lilly found a piece of white ribbon for a sash. Tony gave advice, and Elizabeth her priestly benediction. Beata Benedicta della Rovere ("That name shows she's booked for Heaven," said Tony) was christened in the *bénitier* at the chapel door; Elizabeth performing the ceremony, and Tony and Lilly unctuously renouncing in her behalf the works and pomps of Satan. It was a more seemly service than our wedding had been; but it was only a prelude, after all, to the imposing rites of burial. These were to take place at the recreation hour the following afternoon; but owing to the noble infant's noble kinsmen not having any recreation hour when the afternoon came, the obsequies were unavoidably postponed.

It happened in this wise. Every day, in addition to our French classes, we had half an hour of French conversation, at which none of us ever willingly conversed. All efforts to make us sprightly and loquacious failed signally. When questions were put to us, we answered them; but we never embarked of our own volition upon treacherous currents of speech. Therefore Madame Davide levied upon us a conversational tax, which, like some of the most oppressive taxes the world has ever known, made a specious pretence of being a voluntary contribution. Every girl in the class was called upon to recount some anecdote, some incident or story which she had heard, or read, or imagined, and which she was supposed to be politely eager to communicate to her comrades.

We always began "Madame et mesdemoiselles, figurez-vous," or "Il y avait une fois," and then launched ourselves feebly upon tales, the hopeless inanity of which harmonized with the spiritless fashion of the telling. We all felt this to be a degrading performance. Our tender pride was hurt by such a betrayal, before our friends, of our potential imbecility. Moreover, the strain upon invention and memory was growing daily more severe. We really had nothing left to tell. Therefore five of us (Marie belonged to a higher class) resolved to indicate that our resources were at an end by telling the same story over and over again. We selected for this purpose an Ollendorfian anecdote about a soldier in the army of Frederick the Great, who, having a watch chain but no watch, attached a bullet — I can't conceive how — to the chain; and, when Frederick asked him the hour of the day, replied fatuously: "My watch tells me that any hour is the time to die for your majesty."

The combined improbability and stupidity of this tale commended it for translation, and the uncertainty as to the order of the telling lent an element of piquancy to the plot. Happily for Lilly, she was called upon first to "réciter un conte," and, blushing and hesitating, she obeyed. Madame Davide listened with a pretence of interest that did her credit, and said that the soldier had "beaucoup d'esprit;" at which Tony, who had pronounced him a fool, whistled a soft note of incredulity. After several other girls had enlivened the class with mournful pleasantries, my turn came, and I told the story as fast as I could, — so fast that its character was not distinctly recognized until the last word was said. Madame Davide looked puzzled, but let it pass. Perhaps she thought the resemblance accidental. But when Emily with imperturbable gravity began, "Il y avait une fois un soldat, honnête et brave, dans l'armée de Frédéric le Grand," and proceeded with the familiar details, she was sharply checked. "Faut pas répéter les mêmes contes," said Madame Davide; at which Emily, virtuous and pained, explained that it was *her* conte. How could she help it if other girls chose it too? By this time the whole class had awakened to the situation, and was manifesting the liveliest interest and pleasure. It was almost pitiful to see children so grateful for a little mild diversion. Like the gratitude of Italian beggars for a few sous, it indicated painfully the desperate nature of their needs. There was a breathless gasp of expectancy when Elizabeth's name was called. We knew we could trust Elizabeth. She was constitutionally incapable of a blunder. Every trace of expression was banished from her face, and in clear, earnest tones she said, "Madame et mesdemoiselles, — il y avait une fois un soldat, honnête et brave, dans l'armée de Frédéric le Grand," — whereupon there arose a shout of such uncontrollable delight that the class was dismissed, and we were all sent to our desks. Tony alone was deeply chagrined. Through no fault of hers, she was for once out of a scrape, and she bitterly resented the exclusion. It was in consequence of this episode that Beata Benedicta's funeral rites were postponed for twenty-four hours.

The delay brought no consolation to me. It only prolonged my unhappiness. I did n't love my doll after the honest fashion of a younger child. I did n't really fear that I should miss her. But, what was infinitely worse, I could not bring myself to believe that Beata Benedicta was dead, — although I was going to allow her to be buried. The line of demarcation between things that can feel and things that cannot had always been a wavering line for me. Perhaps Hans Andersen's stories, in which rush-lights and darning needles have as much life as human beings, were responsible for my mental confusion. Perhaps I merely held on longer than most children to a universal instinct which they share with savages. Any familiar object, anything that I habitually handled, possessed some portion of my own vitality. It was never

wholly inanimate. Beata's little bisque body, with its outstretched arms, seemed to protest mutely but piteously against abandonment. She had lain by my side for months, and now I was going to let her be buried alive, because I was ashamed to rescue her. There was no help for it. Rather than confess I was such a baby, I would have been buried myself.

A light fall of snow covered the frozen earth when we dug Beata's grave with our penknives, and laid her mournfully away. The site selected was back of the "Seven Dolours" chapel (chapels are to convent grounds what arbors and summer-houses are to the profane), and we chose it because the friendly walls hid us from observation. We had brought out our black veils, and we put them on over our hats, in token of our heavy grief. Elizabeth read the burial service, — or as much of it as she deemed prudent, for we dared not linger too long, — and afterwards reassured us on the subject of Beata's baptismal innocence. That was the great point. She had died in her sinless infancy. We crime-laden souls should envy her happier fate. We put a little cross of twigs at the head of the grave, and promised to plant something there when the spring came. Then we took off our veils, and stuffed them in our pockets, — those deep, capacious pockets of many years ago.

"Let's race to the avenue gate," said Tony. "I'm frozen stiff. Burying is cold work."

"Or we might get one of the swings," said Lilly.

But Marie — whose real name, I forgot to say, was Francesco — put her arm tenderly around me. "Don't grieve, Beatrice," she said. "Our little Beata has died in her baptis—"

"Oh, come away!" I cried, unable to bear the repetition of this phrase. And I ran as fast as I could down the avenue. But I could not run fast enough to escape from the voice of Beata Benedicta, calling — calling to me from her grave.

THE THREE GIFTS

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

"WHAT's keepin' yer sister?"

Granny's querulous old voice came clear and thin out of the shadows by the stove; but Bridget, though she lifted her head and her scribbling pencil, did not hear. She was listening to other voices.

The windows of the tenement looked out to the west, and Bridget's head, with the uplifted face, the straining chin, the tender, delicate profile, the half-open, wondering, expectant mouth, was etched against the saffron of an October sunset.

"Do you want to know what you look like, Bridget?" chuckled the old woman by the stove. "You look like a chicken with the pip."

This time the words, though not their meaning, reached the girl. She turned absently.

"Was it you spoke, Granny?"

"I begun to think I did n't, with you not hearin'. Queer things happens on All Hallows," grumbled the old woman.

"In Ireland," assented Bridget; "but there's nothing queer would happen in America."

"I don't know that. I don't know that." Granny's head shook on her old neck, a tremulous negative, and her mouth was grim in the corners. "All day I been a-sittin' here alone with the stillness. 'Am I deef?' I says. And I threw the stove-lid acrost the room to see if I'd

hear it. I did. And so did Mrs. Maloney. She come a-cursin' me for wakin' up her baby. But I never heard the like of the stillness I've listened to this day. Don't tell me there ain't nothin' queer into it."

"It's the cars that ain't runnin'; that's what," explained the girl.

"But it's not what I'm not hearin' only; it's what I'm seein'," fretted the old woman. "Not once did I open the stove door to mend the fire, but I seen a sign of sorrow in the coals. There'll somethin' go wrong before midnight. It's not for nothin' I was born in Ireland."

"It's the loneliness that takes hold on you, with me an' Kathleen away to work all day," said Bridget soothingly; but the words only stirred another grievance.

"The loneliness is it!" retorted her grandmother. "And do you think you're anny more company for a body when you're sittin' with your mouth open and niver a word for me, for all I might talk to you till my throat cracked? What's that you're so secret over, with the pencil and paper, mutterin' to yourself? What's it you're writin' annyhow?"

Bridget hesitated, and when she spoke her voice was reluctant and troubled.

"I think — it's poetry," she said.

"You think?" mocked the old woman, but pride and rough kindliness lurked beneath the mocking. "And have n't you learned the signs by this?"

"It feels like it in my head," acknowledged Bridget. "But I don't know if it 'll look like it written down."

"Sure, it's the feel of it inside that counts," the old woman affirmed dogmatically. "Black marks on a white paper is only the shadows of it. There was your grandfather could n't read nor write, but was niver a soul in County Clare doubted he'd got the inspiration, only to look at him when the fit was on him, and to hear the words come tumblin' out of his mouth; sich singin' words! Oh, but I know the signs! Poetry is it? Say it to me, till I tell you."

Again there was a pause, and Bridget got up uneasily and came into the middle of the room.

"I'll say you the one I made while I was doin' collars to the laundry to-day," she said at last. "It's about the strike.

"Divil take the strike!" snapped the old woman. "I ain't a motorman, nor I don't ride in them cars three times in a year. You'll say me the one you're writin' on the paper."

The girl stood, unwilling, hesitant.

"Ah, you would n't refuse your poor Granny, now would you, Bridget darlin'?" wheedled the teasing old voice. "It's few is the joys that is left to an old woman like me, come out to die in a strange country. When I hear you sayin' out the thoughts of your heart, Bridget my dear, I've only to shut my eyes and I see your grandfather a-sittin' in the chimney, and the room blue with the peat-smoke. And the sound of his voice, — it comes to me the way it was when the inflooence was on him."

"This that I'm makin' now is not the same as them others I've made," faltered the girl. "It's dearer to me. Do you promise me never to tell nobody about it?"

"And who would I be tellin'?" Granny's protest bristled with virtuous indignation.

Bridget laughed lightly. "It's who would n't you be tellin', if you got good and ready," she answered.

"Take shame to yourself, slanderin' your own kin!" cried the old woman, but she chuckled appreciatively.

"If ever you tell it to anybody, I don't care who," Bridget warned her harshly, "I'll not say you another I make, so long as I live. I never will."

"Come over to me, till I can hear you," was Granny's response. And the girl went over and sat down on the floor beside the stove, her hands clasped about her knees, her face thrust forward a little and uplifted. There was a dull after-glow in the west, and twilight out of doors, but in the room a brown dusk. The caressing Irish voice spoke softly, in a chanting monotone: —

"For all that my life is the life of a very poor girl,
I have never gone hungry for bread.
For all there 's a hunger looks out of my eyes,
My body is fed.

"Never will I tell what it is I 'm crying after,
Never will I put it in writing, for man or woman to read it.
But God knows: it 's Him that says to me, 'Sure Bridget,
You don't need it.'

"Such an innocent thing it is I 'm wanting,
But if I took it there 's a heart would break.
What for would I be breaking hearts, and me a Christian?
I 'd liefer mine would ache.

"Sure, it 's the great courage I have, to bear any kind of pain!
It 's joyful I am for the pain at the heart of me.
O Mary! O Mary's Son, out of your humanity,
Give me strength! Comfort me!"

There was silence, then a soft little moan from Granny as she pressed a wrinkled finger into the corners of her eyes and wiped them on her apron. Then suddenly the dry old voice said:—

"How much longer will that fool, Tim Riley, be comin' round here after your sister?"

Bridget got to her feet and moved away from her grandmother, her arms clasped behind her head.

"I wish I never had told you that poetry," she said bitterly. "I wish I never."

"I'm thinkin' that's where she is this minute," continued the old woman, "a-gallivantin' about the streets with that good-lookin' young fool, instead of comin' home from her work like anny decent girl. And on All Hallows, when who knows what ghosts is walkin'."

"It's the strike, Granny, that keeps her," Bridget explained patiently, and taking the lid off the stew-pot that simmered on the stove, she poured in more water. "There ain't no cars runnin' and she'll be over an hour walkin' it." And she added with spirit: "Tim Riley's honest and sober, and no fool. If she's walkin' with him she's in good company. But she'd ought to be here soon now. I'll put on supper and make the tea."

"I seen strange things in the tea leaves this noon," droned the old woman mysteriously. "I always do on the Eve of All Hallows."

Bridget welcomed the new topic with relief. "What was it you seen? Tell it to me, Granny darlin'. My, but it must be grand to know the signs and portents! I wisht I was born in Ireland, to know how. What did you see, Granny, tell me that?"

"I seen you and Tim Riley and Kathleen," Granny began, with a gleam of malice in her eye.

"Oh, but you're the tormentin' old woman!" exclaimed Bridget, going to the door. "Hush now, I think it's Kathleen comin'," and she went out on the landing.

"Ah, well!" shouted Granny, lifting her voice to be heard through the open door, "it'll keep. I'll tell it you after supper."

"Yes, it'll keep!" retorted Bridget, coming back into the room. "It's made up out of whole cloth, that's what it is; cloth of your own weavin', and not a word of truth in it."

And then Kathleen came up the stairs, flushed, and dragging her feet, but flashing energy from her eyes and her gay smile.

"Scrappin' are you?" she said cheerfully. "I heard you down to the second floor. It sounds awful common, jawin' with the door open, Bridget. You'd ought to keep it shut, or your mouth; one or the other."

"If there's ever a scrap amongst the lot of us, it's yourself that's at the bottom of it, Kathleen Moran!" cried the old woman. "Me and Bridget would niver have a word from week's end to week's end but for you."

"Oh, Bridget's the pet, I know!" acquiesced Kathleen, unpinning her large hat. "What is it I've done now?"

And Bridget, lighting the lamp, said peacefully, "It was your bein' late. She forgets the strike; she's that old."

"I bet she would n't forget the strike if she'd walked five miles to get to her work and back," Kathleen replied good-naturedly. Her voice was louder than Bridget's, the strident voice of the Irish girl who in childhood has yelled at play in American streets. She was younger than Bridget, handsomer, better dressed.

"Some of the girls did n't get in to-day till ten o'clock," she continued. "They looked like they'd drop. And what do you think that old brute Atchison, the floor-walker, said to them? 'Well, you know'd the cars was n't runnin',' he says; 'why did n't you get out of bed an hour earlier?' he says. And was n't they docked half an hour, every one? Shameful, I call it!"

"You'd ought to have a union," said Bridget, "then you could hold up your end. The boss'ud think twice before he'd dock any of us laundry workers that lives three miles from the laundry a time like this."

"A union is it?" sniffed Kathleen. "Look what the union's done for the motormen! Look what it's done for Tim Riley, walkin' the streets and all his savin's like to be swallowed up. I'll bet if you was keepin' company with a man that was out on strike you would n't be so dead stuck on the unions."

"But the men's in the right of it," said Bridget. "Even the newspapers says they are."

"And if they are," her sister retorted, "Tim's out of a job just the same." She drew a chair up to the table noisily and sat down with emphasis.

"Will you be moved to the table, Granny darlin', or will you have your tea by the stove, in the warm corner?" Bridget asked.

"Bring it to me here," sighed the old woman, "and for the Lord's sake talk about somethin' cheerful. Here have I been alone all day, watchin' the spirits of the dead gather out of the stillness to make a night of it — and now" —

"What's she talkin' about?" interrupted Kathleen.

"It's to-morrow's All Saints," began Bridget.

"Oh, sure!" exclaimed her sister. "It's Hallowe'en to-day. You'd ought to see the candy stores; they're grand! They're all full of brownies and cute little Jack-o'-lantern candy boxes. I wanted one awful bad. I'd pull Tim for one, only he's so down in the mouth about the strike I ain't got the heart to ask him."

"Candy and jacky lanterns, is it?" cried the old woman. "I'll tell you there's more to All Hallows than them things." She was shaking the tea leaves in the bottom of her cup, and peering down at them solemnly. "If you could see what I'm seein'!"

Kathleen started up from the table eagerly. "What's it you're seein' in the cup, Granny?" she exclaimed. "Is it money?"

"It's nothin' but some of her foolishness," said Bridget. "Here, give me the cup, Granny, till I pour you some fresh."

"No, it's not money," replied the old woman, clinging obstinately to her cup. "I see three gifts."

There was a strange noise in the street. Bridget lifted her head, listening intently.

"What's that?" cried Kathleen, hurrying to the window.

"I see three gifts," droned the old woman.

"It's a car!" shouted Kathleen. "It's an electric! Do you hear it?"

The whirring noise swelled louder, coming nearer.

"They said the Company was goin' to try to run them with scabs in the rush hours!" Kathleen cried again, between awe and exultation.

"There'll be trouble," said Bridget. "Oh, listen!"

Something was coming with the car; a sound of many voices, an angry, growling sound. The old woman heard it, and lifted her eyes from the cup.

"They're comin'! They're comin'!" Kathleen exulted, lifting her hand to the window-catch.

"Don't you open the window!'

screamed the old woman. "Don't you open the window, I tell you! There'll be guns in the mob. Don't you do it!"

"Leave it down!" said Bridget, pressing on the window as her sister pushed up. "Can't you see she's near out of her mind with the fright?"

And then the car and the people swept by in the street below, with a trampling rush of many feet and a terrible, angry roaring; swept by, and suddenly, with a crash, stopped, and the voice of the mob rose in a thirsty howl, wolfish, snarling.

"There's death in it," said the old woman in a frightened whisper. "I know the sound. I heard it once't in Ireland. It means death."

"What do you see? What do you see?" gasped Kathleen, her own face pressed against the window-pane.

"The electric light's in my eyes," Bridget panted, "I can't see!"

And then a stillness fell, more dreadful than any sound.

"It means death," Granny whispered.

"I hope to God Tim ain't in it!" said Bridget involuntarily.

"Tim?" Kathleen's eyes shone. "I'll bet he is, though! Tim'll always be on hand for a fight, every time! He's the boy!"

"It means death!" said the old woman.

"Shut up!" cried Kathleen.

"Listen!" Bridget warned them.

Somebody was coming upstairs, running very fast, and yet not noisily. There was something uncanny in the swift and cautious footsteps. They sped upward without pause.

"Mother of God, save him!" whispered Bridget. And the door flew open.

A big man stood in the doorway. His eyes were wild and staring; there was a gray pallor under his rough, weather-beaten skin; little beads of sweat stood out on his forehead; but his big, quivering mouth smiled foolishly.

"O Tim!" screamed Kathleen. "How you scairt me!"

"Good-evenin' to you," he said, and turned his head backward over his shoulder, and looked into the dark hall, listening.

"It's like you to know we'd be wonderin' what was the row, Tim," said Bridget's quiet voice; and the man turned his face back again into the room, the listening look still in his eyes.

"It's like you," Bridget repeated, "to run and tell us before we'd begin to be afraid."

She had come near to him and was looking gently, steadily, into his face. A moment her eyes held his, and then he, as one who has been preoccupied and comes to himself, laughed awkwardly, and putting one hand behind him, shoved to the door.

"Sure!" he said. "That was why I come!"

"I knew you was in it!" laughed Kathleen.

"Well, I was n't, then!" he contradicted almost fiercely. "I tell you there's nobody can prove nothin' by me. I was on the edge of the crowd from the beginnin' to the end; all the time the rocks was flyin'."

"Was anybody hurt?" asked Bridget.

Tim looked at her, and then away, over her head. "I heard them say the motorman was dead," he answered. The grayness spread again suddenly over his face, and he turned his back on the two girls, and went and warmed his hands against the stove pipe.

Granny peered up at him from under her grizzled eyebrows stealthily. "Did you see who threw the rock that done for him?" she asked.

"And if he did?" Bridget interposed quickly. "Do you think Tim's the one would tell? And him a union man in good standin'?"

"You're right I would n't!" said Tim, and threw back his head and laughed, over-loud, hysterically.

"He was nothin' but a dirty scab, anyhow!" cried Kathleen. "He got what was comin' to him — and served him right."

"That's straight!" assented Tim. He had stopped laughing, and his voice was gloomy.

"How'd it take him?" continued Kathleen, intent on details. "Did it take him 'side the head?"

"Yes; it took him 'side the head."

"Did you see him drop, Tim?"

"Yes — I seen him drop."

"My! don't I wisht I'd seen it! And I would, only Bridget held the window down."

"What for did you hold the window down?" Tim turned roughly upon Bridget.

"Granny was afraid there would be shootin'."

"How much did you see?" he questioned.

"We did n't see nothin'. What with the window-glass and the dark, and the electric light down to the corner makin' shadows" — There was a soothing note in Bridget's voice, as if she were reassuring him about something.

"'T was n't fit for women," he mumbled in apology for his roughness.

"I don't care, I wisht I'd seen it all the same," reiterated Kathleen. "We was scared to death only hearin' the noise; it was worse not seein' nothin'. Oh, Tim, you'd ought to been here! We was eatin' supper and talkin' about Hallowe'en; and I was tellin' them about the Jack-o'-lantern candy boxes in Huyler's window. Have you seen them, Tim? They're awful cute."

She waited a moment, but Tim was not listening. He left the stove, and going over to the window shaded the sides of his face with his hands and peered out into the street. Kathleen made a face at him behind his back, and then caught Bridget's disapproving eye, and laughed.

"No go, was it?" she said.

"What's that?" asked Tim.

"Oh, just somethin' I was sayin' to Bridget. You don't care what I say."

"Yes, I do," he protested. "I heard what you said; you was talkin' about what you was doin' before the shindy, — and it's Hallowe'en, you said."

"The dead walks on Hallowe'en," murmured Granny, and Tim shivered and drew away from the window.

"There's one will ride, to-night," laughed Kathleen. "The ambulance is comin', do you hear?" And this time she flung up the window and leaned out.

"Sit down to the table, Tim," urged Bridget. "I don't believe you've had a bite to eat. You look wore out with all this worry. Sit down till I pour you out a cup of tea. We ain't done yet, ourselves." She pushed him into her own chair by the table, and carried a cup over to the teapot on the stove.

"I can't see nothin'," complained Kathleen, speaking out of the window, and kicking the mopboard with her toes.

"Come in and shut that window!" Bridget called. "You're givin' Granny her death. Come in and put some of the stew on a plate for Tim."

"What for do you want to be lookin' after a stiff, when you can sit down to table with a fine live man like me?" Tim asked, with an attempt at jocularity, burying his nose in his cup.

Kathleen had banged the window down, but his words restored her good humor. "Ain't he got the conceit!" she laughed, and boxed his ears playfully. "Pour me a fresh cup, will you, Bridget! — And, oh, I'll tell you what! We'll listen to Granny read the tea leaves."

"Oh, we'll listen to Granny read the tea leaves, will we?" mimicked the old woman. "Now that we ain't no mobs, nor murdered men to look at, — now that we ain't got nothin' better to do, we'll make a show of our poor old Granny from Ireland, the queer place it is!"

Nevertheless, she shook her cup and bent over it.

"Oh, my Lord!" exclaimed Kathleen. "I put my foot in it, sure, that time! Bridget, you ask her; she'll never say no to you."

"No, I won't ask her," said Bridget. "Leave her be! She's tired."

"It ain't me that's tired, it's Bridget that's afraid of what I'll be readin'," chuckled the old woman. "She afraid I'll be givin' away the name of her young man."

"Her young man!" shouted Kathleen. "Bridget's young man! — I'll believe it when I see him!" And she laughed noisily.

"And maybe you think you're the only one that's got a young man," retorted Granny. "But you may look well to it. I could tell you things that's hid in this teacup."

"Lies, they are, every one of them," said Bridget calmly. She was standing over her grandmother, and there was a hint of a threat in her attitude. "Give me the cup, Granny!"

"I'm not done with the cup," fretted the old woman. "Stand out of my light, till I see!" And leaning over, she peered into the teacup and began muttering, with now and again a teasing glance at her grand-daughter. Once she paused to look up and say, grinning: "While I'm a-gatherin' my wits, you might say your poetry to Tim," and she chuckled at the ominous light in Bridget's eyes.

"What poetry?" asked Kathleen; for although she could not see her sister's face she felt that the moment was tense.

"Granny!" said Bridget; and her voice, like her eyes, was ominous.

"Oh, 't is a piece she's made about the strike. It's fine, she told me. But if she won't say it, she won't. She's that stubborn." And shaking and chuckling, Granny once more bent over her teacup.

"S's'h!" whispered Kathleen at the table, laying her hand on Tim's arm. "She's goin' to! That's the way she begun before the car come, — shakin' the tea leaves and starin', solemn. 'Is it money, Granny?' I says to her. 'No,' she says, 'I see three gifts,' she says. And then the car come racin' by."

"I see three gifts!" murmured the old woman by the stove. And Bridget sighed helplessly, and crouched down on the floor beside her.

"I see three gifts, — a gift of words, and a gift of deeds, and a gift of a true lover."

"You can give that last to Kathleen, Granny," said Tim, squeezing his sweetheart's hand, "and keep the rest."

Kathleen giggled and blushed. "You're awful sure I'll take it," she answered pertly.

Granny paid no attention. "I lay the gift of deeds on the man," she said in a hoarse, monotonous voice. "I lay the gift of deeds on Tim Riley."

"And what'll I do with it?" he asked, but uneasily. The solemn voice had sobered him.

Granny reverted unexpectedly to her customary cracked, sarcastic tones. "How can I tell?" she quavered. "You know best what deeds you've done. You know best what you're like to do."

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded harshly, bending forward the better to see her, and clutching the edge of the table with the hand that had caressed Kathleen.

But Granny had resumed her prophetic rôle. "I see a gift of words!" she said.

"That'll be for Bridget, sure!" interrupted Kathleen. She tried to laugh, but her voice shook. The old woman's manner awed her against her will. "That'll be for Bridget," she repeated. "It's Bridget that makes the poetry. There's a copy-book she has full of writin', Tim, and she hides it for fear I'll try" —

"It's the gift of the gab I lay on Kathleen Moran!" cried the old woman, lifting her voice shrilly above Kathleen's prattle. "Sure, she's provin' it out of her own mouth; you've only to listen."

Bridget laughed out musically. They all laughed, and there was relief in the sound.

"Then there's but one gift left, Granny," said Bridget, in her quiet way. "You can lay that on me, if you like. I'll be the true lover."

"Be!" mocked Kathleen. "It's havin' the true lover that's the gift."

"It's bein' — if I'd rather," said

Bridget, and she took Granny's two hands in hers and laid her head against Granny's knee. "Now, don't you go for to be the contrairy old woman," she said softly.

And Granny, sitting very still, looked down on Bridget's bright hair. "I lay the gift to be a true lover on Bridget Moran!" she said presently. "And the Lord help her!"

Kathleen tossed her head, scornful of a situation to which she had no clue. "Bridget's too much for me!" she sneered.

"Humph!" grunted her grandmother. "But I'll go bail, you think you can see through Tim there, for all he's so deep."

"Deep!" shouted Kathleen. "Will you listen to the old woman with her blarney, Tim! — My Lord. I know Tim like a book. Don't I, Tim?"

"And if you do," Granny retorted, "it ain't sayin' much. I'll see the sky fall the day you take a book in your hand. Bridget's the one as knows the books."

"Say, what makes you so down on me, Mrs. Moran?" asked Tim, half in reproach, half in defiance. "It's been the same since the first day I commenced keepin' company with Kathleen. What's it you've got against me?"

"And what would I be havin' against you," replied the old woman, with elaborate sarcasm, "but only that you're too good for the likes of us. Maybe it's because to-night is All Hallows' Eve, but do you know who I 'minded me of when you come a-runnin' up them stairs awhile back, Tim? — Sure, it was one of the blessed saints; that's who."

Kathleen shrieked with laughter, and Tim looked foolish.

"I 'minded me of St. Columbkille," continued the old woman, "that time he'd killed a man and was runnin' for his life" —

"My God!" cried Tim, leaping to his feet. "You old" —

"Don't you listen to her, Timmie dear!" exclaimed Kathleen, catching his arm, but still laughing. "She'd die if she did n't have her fun. Don't you listen to her!"

"I'm thinkin' it was just so he was runnin'!" Granny finished calmly.

"If Tim killed a man he'd never run away," said Bridget's quiet voice.

"Tim kill a man! The old softy!" giggled Kathleen, and shook her lover's arm fondly. But Tim was looking at Bridget with gloomy eyes.

"And it's you that should take shame to yourself for slanderin' the saints," Kathleen added, turning merrily upon her grandmother.

"Who will I be slanderin'?" asked Granny. "Is it Tim, or St. Columbkille? Sure, I think St. Columbkille can take care of himself. And the tale's a true one, for my mother told it to me, and she was a North of Ireland woman. He'd a divil of a temper, St. Columbkille had, when he was a young man. But he was in the right of it in the quarrel, — bein' a saint, — for all the other man died. Then St. Columbkille, he kilted his cassock about his knees, and run for it. And as he run, the grass bein' long it tripped him; and you know for yourself how riled you are when you stub your toe. So it was with St. Columbkille, — and him not in the best of tempers to begin with. And he put a curse on the grass. 'Lay down!' he says. 'And niver get up!' he says. And will you believe me, the grass in that county it lays along the ground ever since, as if the scythe had mowed it. And that's the truth, for it was a woman out of that county told my mother. But there was n't no grass growin' under your feet when you climbed them stairs, was there, Tim?"

Tim had been sitting, bent double, staring at the floor, with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands. Now he lifted his head, and giving no heed to the words of the old woman, spoke to Bridget.

"What makes you think I would n't run away?" he asked watchfully. "I ain't no different from other men."

"'T would be late in the day for you to turn coward, Tim."

"You bet he ain't no coward," said Kathleen with pride.

"But if it was a scab was killed?" He paused and regarded Bridget thoughtfully, fearfully. "A scab that done me dirt — that stole my job? — Why would n't I run away?" He drew a heavy breath. "Do you think that man that killed the scab motorman had ought to let the cops run him in? — A strike's war, Bridget."

"That scab knew he done what he done at his own risk!" exclaimed Kathleen. "You're right, it's war!"

But Tim, without looking at his sweetheart, put out his hand and drew her to him. "Leave us hear your sister!" he said.

And Bridget, with pity in her eyes and pleading in her voice, began to speak.

"I'll not deny it's war," she said, "but a new kind. It's the side that suffers most that'll win out — in this war."

Kathleen, as always when she did not understand, looked her contempt. Tim waited, troubled, his eyes fixed hopelessly on some vision of doom the others might not see.

"I'll tell you how it is I feel," Bridget continued. And now she looked beyond Tim, and there spread and shone over her face as she talked a lovely light of self-forgetfulness and exaltation. "I'll tell you how I feel. I say, 't is the saints and their ways that conquers the world. The saints is the only ones that has got the world under their feet. We've got to do the way they done, if the unions is to stand. We can't afford no violence. We can't afford to throw no rocks, nor shoot no guns. We've got just to let up on the scabs, I say. When the public is with us solid, do you think there'll be any scabs? Not much! The public'll be on to them too quick. It's seein' the blood of martyrs flow that takes the public. It must n't be the scabs that's the martyrs, Tim. If the unions is God's truth, then we're called to suffer for it."

"And don't we suffer?" Tim cried. "Is there any other name for it?"

"But not the way the blessed saints suffered, Tim. We've got to come to that before we'll win. Do you think one of them would ever have thrown the rock at that motorman?"

"There was St. Columbkille," Tim answered, but there was no hope in his dogged voice.

"Ah, yes; but he was a young man when he done that; and he lived to see things different. Some says it was for the sake of his sins he went out of Ireland, — him that loved Ireland so dear! Why could n't he say, 'Let the thing I've done be covered up; I'm sorry for it, God knows. But Ireland needs me, and I'll stay by her.' Why could n't he say that? But he saw different. He said: 'God'll send the right man to help Ireland; sure, I ain't the one if I get on the rampage like this. It's up to me to do penance in Iona, and to save souls to make up for them I've slain.' He went away, Tim, into the long exile. He gave himself up to the law of the land."

"Yes," said Tim, in a strange, low, clear voice. "But if the one that done for the motorman gives himself up to the law of the land, do you know what'll come of it? They'll make an example of him. He'll swing. Do you think — do you think — Where'd be the good?" It was not a question; it was the pleading of one who asks to be defended against his own conscience.

Bridget grew suddenly white, and began to clasp and unclasp her hands, wringing them together till the knuckles stood out bloodless, like polished ivory. When she spoke, her voice was low and clear as his own, but with a hush in it.

"I did n't think you would be askin' me that, Tim, — the good Catholic you are. Where'd be the good of the Cross? And the Son of Mary had n't sinned no sin — even for the sake of savin' the world."

Kathleen moved restlessly, and turned from one to the other of the speakers.

"I don't see what that's to do with

it," she said impatiently. "Nor I don't see what for you and Tim are doin' this song and dance. Tim could n't give away the man that done it. You said that yourself, Bridget. He would n't never be the sneak to give away another union man. What's it you're after?"

Tim stood up, still holding his sweetheart's hand.

"There's something I'll have to tell you," he said; and he looked at Kathleen and at Granny, and his eyes came back to Bridget. "There's something I'll have to tell you. And then I'll go. It was me that threw the rock that done for that scab. It was me that killed him."

"Yes, Tim; I know," said Bridget simply.

Kathleen gasped, and stared at him a moment. "You!" she screamed. "You done that?" And then she had flung her arms about his neck, and was clinging to him, laughing and talking, with the tears running down her cheeks. "And what do I care if you did! I'm proud of you! You did n't think I'd care, did you, Tim? What difference could it make to me, lovin' you? He was a dirty scab, and good riddance!"

Tim held her close to him, hungrily, but something in his silence made her look up into his face.

"It was war, Tim!" she cried; but now there was a note of terror in her voice. "Don't you be listenin' to Bridget! Her and Granny's cracked on the saints. It's just their talk. There ain't nothin' in it. They'd never give you away, Tim." She drew one arm from around his neck and turned his face to meet hers. "Timmie darlin'," she pleaded, "anybody might have throwed that stone. You could n't know it was goin' to hit."

"But I wanted it to hit!" said Tim. "I wanted to kill him — till I saw him drop! — O my God!" — he covered his eyes.

"There was more stones than your'n. Don't you believe it, darlin'; it was n't your'n."

"It was mine," he contradicted wearily. "I can't take my mind off it. It was mine. Let me go. Good-by all. Good-by, Kathleen, my dear!"

"Where are you goin'?" she screamed, clinging to him. "Nobody knows but us, Tim. The man was a scab. He took his life in his own hands when he run that car. It's the company that's responsible, not you. And the men are in the right, this strike, Tim. Everybody's sayin' the men are in the right."

"Yes, but now I've gone and put them in the wrong. Don't you see? I know'd it when I seen him drop. I must pay. Bridget's right."

Kathleen swung round upon her sister furiously, with uplifted arm.

"Oh, oh!" she screamed. "Look what you've done now! What call had you to meddle? He's none of yours! He's mine! Look what you've done! — He's mine! — And you're the murderer, Bridget Moran, with the lying tongue and the cold heart of you! Oh, may your heart be broken for the man you love — and a bad end to him!"

She whirled back to Tim, and flung herself sobbing on his breast. Granny, in her corner, made the sign of the cross. Bridget only stood with locked hands, gazing dumbly, pitifully at Tim and her sister. He, with one arm around Kathleen, took his cap softly from the table and put it on. Then he kissed his sweetheart and unwound her arms from his neck. Bridget leaned toward him, humbly, her hands always clasped tight before her.

"If you could say one word to me before you go, Tim!" she faltered.

His hand was on the door. "God bless you, Bridget!" he said, and went out down the stairs with a loud, determined tread.

Kathleen fell down by the door, weeping and moaning. But Bridget went over to the corner by the stove, and laid her head on her grandmother's knees.

"Sure, and it's the proud girl you should be, the night, Bridget Moran," said the old woman very gently, laying

her two hands on her grand-daughter's head. "For 't is to you is given, not one gift only, but all the three gifts are yours."

Then Bridget's tears came. "Oh, Granny, he's gone! — He's gone to give himself up!" she sobbed.

"But 't was yourself that sent him, my dear, my darlin'," said the old woman. "That 'll be the comfort to you, always."

SIGNIFICANT POETRY

BY FERRIS GREENSLET

It has been the fortune of the writer to peruse within the past year, for purposes that may be nameless, if not the entire metrical production of the United States and Great Britain, at least no inconsiderable portion of the same. I have, to speak sadly and precisely, read within that time between two and three thousand manuscript poems, and more than two hundred volumes of recently collected verse. Standing thus, as an old poet hath it,

"Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,"

it may very well be that I am but ill qualified to speak of the course of the stream, to trace it to its remote and secret springs, or to foretell in what sea or swamp it shall ultimately be merged. But at any rate it will not be difficult to set down the direction and strength of the current, with some account of the braver argosies that are borne upon its murmurous waves.

Perhaps we shall best determine which books of recent poetry are "significant" if we ask ourselves, flatly, what makes any book of verse significant? And first we must inquire, to avoid confusion of mind, significant to whom?

To its author, any volume of rhymes, however spiritless, is significant for the excellent reason that he wrote it; and significance of this sort ripples out in widening, weakening circles in the appreciation of the author's parents, friends, and cousins, and may, at the last, even lap against the stern and rock-bound consciousness of his publisher, in the form of a profit on the cost of manufacture paid by the author. Significant poetry of this class might afford a thorough-going humanist a fruitful theme for discussion. He might deal profitably with the question of the origins of the instinct for rhythmical expression, with the representative nature of the vast result, with the place and function of the deplorable poet in society, and in the home. But all this is obviously remote from the end of the present adventure.

To the æsthetically pure lover of poetry for poetry's sake, on the other hand, there is but one sole spring of significance in verse, — beauty, — beauty of thought, of phrase, of melodious cadence, and the bright beauty of perfect outline. Such an one is upon the side of the angels; yet his point of view commands but a segment of a large and crowded circle of poetic phenomena.

We shall do best to regard the matter from the angle of the reader of cultivated curiosity, who, a true-born lover of poetry, is withal of a philosophic turn, inquisitive of relations. For such a reader that poetry is significant which by its sincerity and strength of conception, its artistic adequacy of execution, expresses pleasurably not only the mood of that exceptional person, the poet, but something, as well, of the pervasive mood of his day. Shall we say, then, that poetry is significant for us when it bears some

vital and discernible relation to men's business and bosoms, — so it be their most important business, their innermost bosoms, — and to the poetry that has been and shall be. Yet in pursuing our investigations we shall need the constant correction of the lover of poetry for poetry's sake. In a certain dubious sense a poem may have significance because it is widely admired, and this may lead the inquisitive mind too far afield. But here, if we discriminate, the significance is rather in the admiration than in the poem itself. In the long run, in any age only the poetry that is sincere and fine is significant.

If we conceive of the poetry that has been written in English in the last twelve months as a kind of Purgatory, a mountainous cone like Dante's, with a spiral pathway leading to its summit, we shall find among the one hundred and seventy-odd volumes on its lower rounds no ponderable significance; but midway in the ascent we come to a score or more of poets with something to say for themselves.

The clever poetic thaumaturgy of Josephine Dodge Daskam (now Mrs. Bacon) and Frederic Lawrence Knowles, the ripe and scholarly work of Dr. William C. Huntington and the late Dr. John W. Chadwick, the eerie crooning of the marvelous ten-year-olds, Julia Cooley and Enid Welsford, the polished, high-spirited wit of Harry Graham and Owen Seaman, the suave, melodious classicism of Lloyd Mifflin and Bliss Carman, the thoughtful versifying of Florence Earle Coates and Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., the ambitious, if superheated tragic writings of George Cabot Lodge and Percy Mackaye, — all these are significant, if only as showing the number and variety of the poets who are writing effective verse. Nor would any account of recent poetry be complete which failed to make mention of the latest work of Mr. Riley, still overflowing with the old laughter and tears; of the richly picturesque poems of John Payne, the "loud symphonious lays" of C. E. Russell, the quaint, intellectual tenderness of "A. E.," the crabbed, impressive pieces of Edith Thomas, and the pleasing pin pricks of Robert Loveman's tiny poems. The year has seen, besides, two posthumous volumes by young poets of a promise now pathetically frustrate, Guy Wetmore Carryl and Edith Banfield.

But interesting as is the work of all these poets, none of it has quite the distinction or the significance to justify a close examination of it here, for, — to be fanciful again, — as we wind upwards along the perilous cornices of our Purgatory toward the Terrestrial Paradise of recent poetry, other, more considerable figures are discerned. The fine and significant poetry in the latest work of Mr. Woodberry, Miss Peabody, and Mr. Moody has already been treated in the *Atlantic*. We have before us, then, as material for the deduction of significance, the collected poems of Mr. Swinburne and Ernest Dowson, a selection from the poetry of John Davidson, dramatic pieces by Thomas Hardy, Stephen Phillips, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and volumes of verse by Frank Dempster Sherman, Henry van Dyke, Anna Hempstead Branch, and T. Sturge Moore.[1]

[1] *The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne.* 6 vols. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

The Poems of Ernest Dowson, with a Memoir by Arthur Symons. New York: John Lane.

Selected Poems. By JOHN DAVIDSON. New York: John Lane.

The Dynasts. By THOMAS HARDY. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Sin of David. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Judith of Bethulia. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Lyrics of Joy. By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Music, and Other Poems. By HENRY VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Shoes that Danced, and Other Poems. By ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Gazelles, and Other Poems. By T. STURGE MOORE. London: Duckworth & Co.

The six ornate volumes of the collected edition of Mr. Swinburne's work other than dramatic reveal him as a poet of a deeper inspiration than it has always been possible to perceive as his single volumes of numerous nympholepsy, or ranting denunciation, have fallen one by one from the press. The dedicatory epistle to Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, which Mr. Swinburne has prefixed to the collection, is rather mournful in its insistence on the palpitancy, so to say, of the author's poetic moods; yet in reading through the set the corresponding agitation of the verse comes to have, for this so quizzical age, a certain importance. It is in a way the proper agitation of a prophet without full honor in his own country.

The empty, canorous resonance which was the notable quality of Mr. Swinburne's early work, and which has often been charged against his work as a whole, is seen now to be illusive. In his preoccupation with all the most poetical poetry of the world's past, and with the great hope of human brotherhood for her future, in the sheer temperament of his work, there is a substance that will not weigh lightly in Time's scales.

Yet, looking at his work steadily, one quality is discerned which makes against its permanence. With all Mr. Swinburne's intimate British passion for the girdling sea, with all his passionate celebration of the old English dramatists, his work all but wholly lacks the national note. In the shaping of both the spirit and form of his work Hugo and Baudelaire have meant more to him, judging by the result, than all the past of English literature. His political dreams are those of a Continental revolutionary, not those of the heir of Milton and Wordsworth. The very tone of his work is un-English. In true British verse there has always been, even in the whirlwind of the highest inspiration, even in the work of Shelley, a certain reticence and concision of phrase. A vital poetic idea has been more likely to take shape in a single stanza or a single line, vivid, curt, and memorable, than to be elaborated through a sequence of stanzas in melodious but elusive variation. There are many memorable poems in Mr. Swinburne's works, but few memorable stanzas, and fewer memorable lines.

If we may judge by the fate of exotic poetry in the past, this lack of a deep national quality is a principle of corruption making against the permanence of a poet's work. In Mr. Swinburne's case, however, the fact that the first English poet of the last decade of the nineteenth century should turn so instinctively toward the Continent for his inspiration and his models is full of significance. There, and there only, it would appear, was there any passion of dream, any present nutriment for a genius so avid of flowers and flame.

In *The Poems of Ernest Dowson*, we find a similar endeavor to escape from the predicament of a prosaic and conventional society into paths of artistic freedom. In Dowson's case, however, there was a grievous disease of the temperament and of the will that led him into ways that were sordid and evil; and Mr. Symons in his introduction has been at no pains to conceal it. Had he died in 1600 instead of 1900, this would have made him perhaps the more attractive to us. For, as most virtuous persons are constituted, ancient sin in doublet and hose has a certain interesting glamour that the modern article happily does not possess. The perusal of the memoir brings the reader to Dowson's poems, for all the delicacy of Mr. Symons's touch, with a certain preconceived repugnance. Yet as one reads the poems themselves the repugnance gives way to a pitiful and admiring interest. This poet of the docks and stews and cabmen's shelters, who led habitually a life such as Poe led occasionally, was a scholar and an artist, who wrote in verse with sad sincerity, in exquisite lingering rhythms and a diction poignant in its reserved perfection. How

almost classic is the accent of these stanzas from his "Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration:" —

Calm, sad, secure; behind high convent walls,
These watch the sacred lamp, these watch and pray:
And it is one with them when evening falls,
And one with them the cold return of day.
. . . . . .
Outside the world is wild and passionate;
Man's weary laughter and his sick despair
Entreat at their impenetrable gate:
They heed no voices in their dream of prayer.

They saw the glory of the world displayed;
They saw the bitter of it, and the sweet;
They knew the roses of the world should fade,
And be trod under by the hurrying feet.
. . . . . .
Calm, sad, secure; with faces worn and mild:
Surely their choice of vigil is the best?
Yea! for our roses fade, the world is wild;
But there, beside the altar, there, is rest.

The pathos of poetry such as Ernest Dowson's — a type more pathetically common in this unregardful world than any but readers of poetry in manuscript know — lies precisely in this conflict of the old vision with a volition diseased of a malady more insidious than that violent complaint of the romantic period whence the Byronic poets drew a large melancholy for their song. The note of Ernest Dowson's poetry more nearly resembles that of Leopardi's in its suggestion of a fine poetic faculty, a clear, undeluded mind, struggling for expression against a mortal weariness of flesh and spirit. Dowson's inspiration was never of the volume of Leopardi's, his idealism was more faltering and ineffective, but there is more than a passing likeness to such poems as *Il Sogno*, *Alla sua Donna*, and *Aspasia* in the mood and in the deeper meaning of the lyric entitled "*Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae:*" —

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

There is in this, surely, something of the open-eyed supineness of what it is the fashion to call, perhaps too loosely, decadence, but there is in it, too, the old, piteous, significant cry of the soul.

Mr. John Davidson's poetic view of the world is as tragical as Ernest Dowson's; but there is a grim irony of intellectual strength in his work that marks him of a different race of men. Suicide and seduction, disaster and desolation, are his favorite themes. Yet his willful mood is the mood of a fighter, and so firm

is his faculty of narrative construction, so vigorous his poetic utterance, that to read him at his best is a mental tonic. Capable as he is of an imaginative richness and a lyrical sweetness that no poet of the day has surpassed, he has plainly endeavored in the choice of pieces for the volume of selections to exhibit the strength rather than the sweetness of his vein. Yet there are few poems in the collection that do not show both qualities. Mr. Davidson is, perhaps, most important poetically when they are in most perfect balance, as in some of his longer poems, like the "Ballad of Lancelot," or even in certain of his pieces in a lighter vein, like his "Holiday at Hampton Court;" where, withal, there is an undertone of tragic irony: —

Scales of pearly cloud inlay,
  North and south, the turquoise sky,
While the diamond lamp of day
  Quenchless burns, and time on high
A moment halts upon his way
  Bidding noon again good-bye.

Gaffers, gammers, huzzies, louts,
  Couples, gangs, and families
Sprawling, shake, with Babel-shouts
  Bluff King Hal's funereal trees;
And eddying groups of stare-abouts
  Quiz the sandstone Hercules.

. . . . . .

Now the echoing palace fills;
  Men and women, girls and boys
Trample past the swords and frills,
  Kings and Queens and trulls and toys;
Or listening loll on window-sills,
  Happy amateurs of noise!

That for pictured rooms of state!
  Out they hurry, wench and knave,
Where beyond the palace-gate
  Dusty legions swarm and rave,
With laughter, shriek, inane debate,
  Kentish fire and comic stave.

Voices from the river call;
  Organs hammer tune on tune;
Larks triumphant over all
  Herald twilight coming soon,
For as the sun begins to fall
  Near the zenith gleams the moon.

Among contemporary English poets other than dramatic, there is one more writer who has done work of a strong peculiar flavor that is of enough importance to merit the most studious attention of lovers of poetry. Mr. T. Sturge Moore has published within the past two years four paper-bound volumes at a shilling apiece that contain poetry of the first water. Mr. Moore's earliest preoccupations were with the psychology of out-of-the-way aspects of paganism. His *Centaur's Booty* was a glorification of animal strength and beauty, put into the mouths of two Centaurs, the last of their race, who have stolen a mortal boy from his mother. The initial conception was fantastic in the extreme, yet it was presented with a lyric passion that appealed to city-worn sensibilities like a breath of uncontaminate mountain air. How stirring was the concluding resolution of the Centaurs for the rearing of their booty:

He shall milk the wild goats on the mountains;
His feet shall grow sure as their feet;
He shall bathe in the clear rock fountains,
Till so clear is his mind and so deep;
And his joy shall be high as the snow-line
And embrace a vast plain with delight;
His laugh shall twang true as a bow-line,
Like arrows his songs take their flight.

In the succeeding volume Mr. Moore turned to a more piteous fable, — piteous first in his reading of it, — and through the mouth of a faun tells the story of *The Rout of the Amazons* by the Athenian horsemen. Only by the luxuriance of beautiful imagery was the detailed pain of the piece made endurable. But that it was so made may be inferred from this specimen: —

A thousand rode together, poising darts,
Behind them those with other arms came on;
All flaunting down a green-sward valley came
Between Arcadia's gentle holted hills.
It was for beauty like a fleet at sea,
Or like an hundred swans
Sailing before the breeze across a lake!
Their vests of daffodil, or pallid pink
Or milky violet! their saffron caps
And hoods like birds for sudden wing-like flaps!
Their white and piebald mounts! the rich green sward,

The morning light, the blossoming hawthorn
trees!
The zephyr's music in the holts that crown
With delicate fern-like trees, each soft knoll's
top!
I thought the night had borne me heaven-
ward
And in Olympus I had waked from sleep;
And when their war-song rose
Long tears of rapture ran across my face.

In his latest volume, *The Gazelles, and Other Poems*, Mr. Moore leaves the Hellenic byways where his imagination has been dwelling, for others equally curious and remote from this present world. Yet the rapid maturing of his art is seen in the vigor wherewith he drives the permanent meaning of a fantastic tale home to the reader's heart. For all his narrative skill, his picturesqueness and his humor, Mr. Moore in his present manner is not likely to be a popular poet. He depends little upon the attraction of obvious sentiments, or suave, pellucid speech. At first sight his crowded lines, with their excessive punctuation, seem crabbed as Donne's. Like Donne's, too, are the oversubtle pregnancy of his phrase, his farbrought analogies. Yet as one reads him over, many of Donne's characteristic excellences may be discerned in his work, along with the superficial qualities. Read aloud, his heavily consonanted lines will be found to have a throbbing insistence like the trampling of passionate feet. And the crabbedest, hardest phrase, the most recondite simile, if pondered, will open long vistas of meaning.

"The Gazelles" is a kind of elegy for a band of the frail, beautiful beasts hunted with chetahs to the death by a troop of Persian princes. The hunting is described in a series of ornate pictures seen as if through a kind of hazy dream. At the end the poet breaks out into a threnody which in energy of conception, in adequacy of execution, is perhaps the finest poetry that he has produced: —

Why are they born? ah! why beget
They in the long November gloom
Heirs of their beauty, their fleetness, — yet
Heirs of their panics, their pangs, their doom?
That to princely spouses children are born
To be daintily bred and taught to please,
Has a fitness like the return of morn:
But why perpetuate lives like these?

. . . . . .

Like the shadows of flames which the sun's
rays throw
On a kiln's blank wall, where glaziers dwell,
Pale shadows as those from the glasses they
blow,
Yet that lap at the blank wall and rebel, —

Even so to my curious trance-like thought
Those herds move over those pallid hills,
With fever as of a frail life caught
In circumstance o'er-charged with ills;

More like the shadow of lives than life,
Or most like the life that is never born
From baffled purpose and foredoomed strife,
That in each man's heart must be hidden from
scorn.

Yet with something of beauty very rare
Unseizable, fugitive, half discerned;
The trace of intentions that might have been
fair
In action, left on a face that yearned

But long has ceased to yearn, alas!
So faint a trace do they leave on the slopes
Of hills as sleek as their coats with grass;
So faint may the trace be of noblest hopes.

Yet why are they born to roam and die?
Can their beauty answer thy query, O soul?
Nay, nor that of hopes which were born to fly,
But whose pinions the common and coarse day
stole.

Like that region of grassy hills outspread,
A realm of our thought knows days and nights
And summers and winters, and has fed
Ineffectual herds of vanished delights.

To behold the thronging world in "curious trance-like thought" is the lot of the sincerest poetic temperaments that are now expressing themselves in verse, but none has expressed the tragic things beheld with a more delicate fidelity than Mr. Moore in the stanzas above. The mood which views life as a tragedy of pitiful frustration must inevitably doom a man to the ranks of minor poetry; yet in Mr. Moore's writing, along with abundant poetic gifts, there is an intellectual vigor, a depth of humor back of the mood,

that leads one to hope that he may be one of the first of contemporary English poets to escape from the labyrinth of modern fatalism, dispose of the bull-headed beast of "commercialism," and embark upon the old high sea of poetry.

As the inquiring student of contemporary poetry turns from the best English to the best American verse, he is doomed to something of a disappointment. The robust American note which has been the dream of our literary prophets — and of which the tuning flourish has been sounded in the poetry of Lowell, of Whitman, and of some lesser men — is rarely heard now save in poetry so crude as to be a provocation rather than a pleasure. The best and most significant American poetry of the past year partakes of that delicate retrospective refinement which since the days of Irving and Longfellow has been one of the prime marks of our literature. This poetic strain is heard most purely in *Music, and Other Poems*, by Henry van Dyke, and in *Lyrics of Joy*, by Frank Dempster Sherman.

Dr. Van Dyke's work is that of a scholar in poetry endowed with a graceful gift of lyric speech. He has fed upon the bee-bread of English poetry, and he produces honeyed verse that by reason of the intellectual integrity of the poet often attains the accent of true and fine poetry. There is always a faint suggestion of the bookish labor of the study in Dr. Van Dyke's verse; it rarely utters the unpremeditated word of pure inspiration, and as rarely does its artful phrase come freighted with the subtle, shadowy intimation of the spirit of the hour that makes some poetry of artifice important; yet in its sweet ingenuity, in its sincere and intelligent workmanship, its high and wholesome sentiment, it is of exceptional charm. Dr. Van Dyke is nowhere more characteristically himself than in these strophes of his "God of the Open Air:"

Thou who hast made thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry lights,
And set thy altars everywhere, —
On mountain heights,
In woodland valleys dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And on the curving capes of every stream:
Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshippers to come to thee
In thy great out-of-doors!
To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air.

. . . . . .

From the prison of anxious thought that greed has builded,
From the fetters that envy has wrought and pride has gilded,
From the noise of the crowded ways and the fierce confusion,
From the folly that wastes its days in a world of illusion,
(Ah, but the life is lost that frets and languishes there!)
I would escape and be free in the joy of the open air.

. . . . . .

So let me keep
These treasures of the humble heart
In true possession, owning them by love;
And when at last I can no longer move
Among them freely, but must part
From the green fields and from the waters clear,
Let me not creep
Into some darkened room and hide
From all that makes the world so bright and dear;
But throw the windows wide
To welcome in the light;
And while I clasp a well-beloved hand,
Let me once more have sight
Of the deep sky and the far-smiling land, —
Then gently fall on sleep,
And breathe my body back to Nature's care,
My spirit out to thee, God of the open air.

Mr. Sherman's work, like Dr. Van Dyke's, is that of the fine and conscientious artist. No American poet has a more tireless instinct for perfection, or is more masterly in his manipulation of the file. Nor is the result in Mr. Sherman's case poetry merely of a polished and fragile surface, splendidly null. An element of his talent even more important than his pursuit of perfection is a vein of mystical

fancy and quiet pathos. This is the breath of his poetry. Hence it is that his delicate, coolly meditated lines are so often full of elusive, haunting suggestion. His lyric entitled "Witchery" is one of his slightest, yet how magical is its drowsy spell of reverie: —

Out of the purple drifts,
From the shadow sea of night
On tides of musk a moth uplifts
Its weary wings of white.

Is it a dream or a ghost
Of a dream that comes to me,
Here in the twilight on the coast,
Blue cinctured by the sea?

Fashioned of foam and froth —
And the dream is ended soon,
And, lo, whence came the moon-white moth
Comes now the moth-white moon!

Compared with the work of the trans-Atlantic poets whom we have considered, even poetry so good as Dr. Van Dyke's and Mr. Sherman's is a little lacking in temperament, in hind-head, so to say, and less closely related to the major intellectual currents of the time. In *The Shoes that Danced, and Other Poems*, however, Miss Anna Hempstead Branch has written poetry that is at once full, sometimes a little too full, of temperament, and in the truest sense of the word "significant," both in its own quality, and in its relation to some of the deeper moods of the hour.

Miss Branch's inspiration is purely romantic, and there is always something of strangeness in the beauty of her verse. For color and picturesqueness she habitually adopts mediæval subjects, and sometimes, even, a mediæval fashion of poetic speech. Her chief preoccupation is constantly with the wan wonder of the world as it is revealed to the eye of an imaginative psychology. But there is an intellectual vigor in her work, a freshness of music and a vivid strength of phrase, that keep it free of the note of morbidity. Explicitness of doctrine is too often fatal to a poem's charm, yet Miss Branch's long "monologue in regard to heredity," entitled "The Descendant and the Id," for all its explicit homiletics, has a Lucretian richness and passion that gives it power over the imagination as well as over the intellect. The Descendant reasons of the fate that for modern men and women no longer darkens from the skies, but surges, more tragical and resistless, in the blood; and chiefly he considers the "small satiric Id," —

That little Ark, that peopled with a brood
Of dreams, desires, portents, rides the flood,
Rocks on forever through thy wistful blood.

Behold in it how many lives arrayed!
Wild, hostile, loving, exquisite, afraid,
All living things that God has ever made.

Here is thy will, thy war, thy heavenly fire,
Thy dust, thy want, thy labor, and thy hire,
The dream, the anger, and the old desire.

Yet at the end he comes to a conclusion that is as reassuring, as it is — shall we say — "significant:" —

Apart, above, beneath, beyond, within,
I laugh at this vast heritage of sin.
That God that made me armed my soul to win.

Slowly I feel the ancient custom fall
Like shattered rain from off a steady wall,
And great "I will" is stronger than them all.

For if these hordes that terribly must ride
Drive through my heart and leave their grief inside,
God also wanders there at eventide.

Poetry like this, so thoughtful and so imaginative, yet so prodigal of imagery and thought, is handicapped by its very prodigality. Yet Miss Branch is capable of a telling repression, and in the three vigorous dramatic sketches in her volume, as well as in her lyrics, odes, sonnets, and narrative poems, she has drawn together a body of poetry of very hopeful promise. Perhaps the most promising quality of all is the diversity of mood that underlies the variety of form. It ranges from the weird ecstasy of this startling stanza of "The Riders:" —

Strange times have galloped through my mood!
(Ride, quoth he.)

Old cities dance along my blood!
(Ride, quoth he.)
'T is Sodom has an adder's tongue —
But oh, what songs has Venice sung!
With piercing Troy have I been stung,
Gomorrah through my heart has swung!
'T was so with Christ when he was young!
(Ride, quoth he.) —

to the wistful feminine tenderness of "Sweet Weariness:" —

Fatigue itself may be a pleasant thing,
And weariness be silken, soft, and fine!
Upon my eyes its little vapors shine,
Trailing me softly like a colored wing!
Tender as when belovèd voices sing
It steals upon me and with touch divine
Lulls all my senses till each thought of mine
Is hushed to quiet, unremembering.
Oh, weariness thrice dear, so frailly spun
Of ended pleasure that still shines and glows;
Oh, weariness, thrice dear! What have I done
To earn this delicate and deep repose?
Child, thou hast worshiped at the setting sun
And looked long, long, upon the opening rose.

The best dramatic poetry of the last eighteen months is in the work of Mr. Hardy, Mr. Stephen Phillips, and Mr. Aldrich. Yet even this is perhaps rather of curious or purely æsthetic interest than symptomatic or significant in the sense that we have been proposing. *The Dynasts*, part one of "a drama of the Napoleonic wars, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes," is chiefly important as a vivid presentation of a fatalistic philosophy of history. The poetry of the piece is not so much in the brickish verse as in some of the stage directions in prose. By these the reader is deified into an observer sitting above the clouds, before whose gaze the intricate pageant of a great war passes in an ironic littleness. Writes Mr. Hardy in one place: —

The silent insect creep of the Austrian columns towards the banks of the Don continues to be seen till the view fades to nebulousness, and dissolves!

In another: —

The scene assumes the preternatural transparency before mentioned, and there is again beheld, as it were, the interior of a brain which seems to manifest the volitions of an Universal Will, of whose tissues the personages of the action form a part.

In the very audacity of this there is poetry, as in its fatalism there is significance.

The Sin of David, Mr. Stephen Phillips's latest adventure in the field of poetry for the stage, still further sustains the contention of the present writer in the *Atlantic* three years ago, that the talent of the author of *Marpessa* is for elegiac rather than for dramatic verse. *The Sin of David* is even cleverer than *Herod* and *Ulysses* in its superficial dramatic quality, its superficial poetry. But the true dramatic fire is not in it. The catastrophe, wherein the tragic sins of adultery and murder are expiated by the death neither of the man nor of the woman, but by that of their child, while they are left to a future of chastened happiness, is soft and dramatically ineffective. It savors of an easy optimism that really amounts to cynicism, and carries no burden of pity and terror.

In Mr. Aldrich's *Judith of Bethulia* there is more, perhaps, both of poetry and of drama than in either of the foregoing. The tragedy is rather one of epical episode than of temperament and character, and so it does not furnish many symptoms of our present predicament in poetry, but in its compact dramatic action, set forth in verse of a firm yet delicate beauty, it has the perennial significance that attaches to sincere and masterly workmanship.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be the not very novel one that there is in our modern life a centrifugal impulse which drives the man of poetic temperament and training, capable of writing truly and beautifully, toward an ivory tower of poetic absenteeism, and, unless he be of a certain energy of character, into "devious coverts of dismay," there to wander in the perilous pursuit of strange beauty and over-intricate truth.

Yet in such work as that of Mr. Davidson, Mr. Moore, and Miss Branch there is evidence of much of the poet's mind as well as of the poet's temperament, and of the old incommunicable gifts of music and imagination that are reassuring.

The business of the poet is to make heroes as well as to sing them; and if for modern men the hero's stage is transferred from the battlefield with its drums and trampling of hosts to the office and the study, the poet's call is no less insistent. It was not many years ago that Trevelyan told Lowell that he could never have carried through the abolition of purchase in the British army but for the inspiration and support he had drawn from the *Commemoration Ode*. And who can doubt that our lesser poets, waging in sincerity the old warfare of the soul, have made heroes, too, heroes of myriad fights with subtler foes than Paladin or Panym. Perhaps we may hope that some day the great victory shall be won, the poignant music of the reed be silenced, by the triumphant lyre.

MARIA EDGEWORTH

BY S. M. FRANCIS

In Miss Lawless's monograph on Maria Edgeworth,[1] literary appreciation or criticism has a smaller part than in most of the volumes of the series to which it belongs. But as a biography the book is exceedingly attractive. The author has not depended solely on the *Memoir of Richard Lovell Edgeworth* and the charming letters of his daughter, rather carelessly edited by Mr. Hare. We get new and welcome glimpses of Mrs. Edgeworth's privately printed memoirs — will that book always be withheld from the public? — and also letters now for the first time published, and all of them well worth publication. The personality of the writer is agreeably felt throughout the work, which we are sure was done with love, and so wins the gratitude of other lovers of its subject. She chooses to consider Miss Edgeworth especially as an Irish novelist, regretting that as such her early associations should have been English. Miss Lawless is right beyond cavil in thinking *Castle Rackrent* the most perfect of the Edgeworth novels, — would it have been so good had its author not been able to look at that house and its history somewhat from the outside? Perhaps to an American, to whom Hibernian and Celtic are usually synonymous terms, an Anglo-Irish family like the Edgeworths seems English — with perhaps a difference.

With reason Miss Lawless bemoans the supervision which the benevolent autocrat of Edgeworthstown exercised over his daughter's work, holding him largely responsible for the didactic strain too aggressively evident in some of her best tales. But we find the real Maria in her letters, impulsive, warm-hearted, keen-eyed, humorous; which qualities, united to good sense and high principles, must have been potent factors in the making of that astonishingly happy and harmonious family life which causes the record of the Edgeworth household to seem almost Utopian. Indeed the master thereof might well regard his educational system with complacency, when he could say of his big, hospitable house with its succession of "mothers" and its score of children, "I do not think one tear per month is shed here, nor the voice of reproof heard." But, alas, to extend that incomparable system to the outer world, his admonitory voice is too often heard in his daughter's works. If an unappreciative world resents his attitude as mentor to an infinitely better

[1] *Maria Edgeworth.* By the Hon. Emily Lawless. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

writer than himself, it must be owned that he exercised a fascination, as well as an authority, which we can hardly understand. Why did the lovely Honora Sneyd, reports of whose beauty and charm still move us after more than a century, love the just widowed young philosopher rather than Major André? And her successors, only less charming, and the troop of clever, adoring children, what spell held them all? No one has suggested better answers to these questions than this latest biographer. Her traditional as well as present knowledge of Ireland makes her criticisms of the Irish tales especially valuable. As for the others, she expresses with delightful candor her likes and dislikes, doing partial — not quite full — justice to the children's stories, which still have so much vitality in them, and noting the excellent sketches from fashionable life in one and another novel. In a rather summary manner she dismisses the comments of Mrs. Edgeworth on the feelings of Maria towards her Swedish suitor, M. Edelcrantz, though frankly owning that the writer was unquestionably in a position to know the actual facts, — and we may venture to add, was likely to report them accurately. Nothing could be more sympathetic than the account of the intercourse of Miss Edgeworth and Scott, an account vivified by letters heretofore unpublished, as is the animated sketch of the closing years of a long, happy, beneficent life.

It seems that the only authentic portrait of Miss Edgeworth is in the drawing by Adam Buck, in which she is one of the principal figures in a large family group. An imaginary picture, "made in America" long ago, reappears from time to time, — a fictitious portrait apparently having the persistent vitality of other printed falsehoods. Has not an equally fanciful picture of Jane Austen been produced more than once of late in American periodicals? one bearing no resemblance whatever to her true portrait, and dressed in the mode of 1835, which it need not be said differs in every detail from anything worn by mortal woman in Miss Austen's lifetime. The artist who drew the "portrait" of Miss Edgeworth did not go so far astray as this.

AN AMERICAN ARISTOCRAT

BY ELLEN HEATH

My sister-in-law was really the cause of it all, for she first suggested our joining one of the patriotic societies that every one was talking about. She is a sort of double relative — my brother, Frank Clymer, married her (she was Ada Hunter), and her brother, Starr Hunter, married me. Major Hunter, he is. His father was Colonel Hunter, and every one knows his grandfather, the famous General Hunter, of Hunter's Quarry. I always had a taste for genealogy, and it seemed lovely to be so genealogical in our marriages. Ada and I are very congenial; we are both very particular about finding out whether people are rich and aristocratic before we make their acquaintance.

It was just after I got back from a trip to Europe that we began planning to join something, we could n't exactly decide what. I've been to Europe fourteen times; it's really necessary if you want to get into society, and my last trip certainly paid, for I met such a lovely woman in London, — Lady Weedle. She had the most aristocratic manners, so rude and overbearing, and she had been so unfortunate. She had lost all her money and was obliged to take up manicuring for a living. She took a great fancy to me. We used to go to the theatre together (I always leave Major home when I go to Europe), and she selected the restaurants to go to after the play, for of course she knew all about them. She always ordered the suppers, and you have no idea how enormous the charges are in the London restaurants. I never in my life paid such prices for anything as I did for everything she was concerned in, — it proved conclusively how aristocratic she was.

She was interested in genealogy, too. It was through her that I found there was a large family, a lovely old family, of Clymers in England, and strange as it may seem, Lady Weedle herself was descended from a Clymer. Her father was of high birth, but owing to family complications (I do love family complications, they're so aristocratic!) he was left on the doorstep of a warehouse in London when he was a baby, and after a chequered career, she said, he rose by his own exertions, so she said, and made a great deal of money in the paper business. In those days, you know, paper was manufactured from rags. He was interested in the earliest stages of the process, and he left his daughter quite a fortune. She was a beautiful girl, — she had lost her looks, poor thing, through sorrow, — and she made a lovely marriage, but unfortunately Lord Weedle ran through her money in six weeks and then deserted her, so that when I met her she was living in cheap lodgings, and working for a living. She told me about the Clymer coat-of-arms, and had it copied for me by a friend of hers who is employed by the nobility, — a very expensive person, but it was worth paying for. The crest is a knight, *couchant*, at the foot of a ladder, *rampant*, with the motto, *Resurgam*. The shield is very elegant, it is on an ermine mantle, which Lady Weedle says all genealogists know means royalty, and it has a quantity of quarterings and several bar-sinisters. I had it embroidered on all my things.

However, it was before this that we began joining the societies, and persuading our husbands to join, for we found we were eligible for nearly everything. The Hunters are a very fine family, as well as the Clymers. They trace their descent way back to Bible times, and it seems so curious and lovely that my husband's earliest ancestor, the first Hunter

of whom there are any records, was a Clymer, too. He was influential in putting up the first sky-scraper ever erected. It bade fair to be a very fine building, but, unfortunately, there was a strike amongst the workmen, and it was never finished. It ruined our ancestor, financially. He was obliged to earn his living as a teacher of languages, and he died poor. He is the only poor ancestor I ever heard of, — they are always rich and distinguished. One of Major's most valuable ancestors was a Smith. He was so fortunate as to be kicked in the head by a mule belonging to General Washington. We have the original hoof polished and set in a gold frame in a cabinet in our parlor, and it's an heirloom we prize above everything. It has gotten three members of the family into the Sons of the Revolution, and seven into the D. A. R.

But to come back to ourselves. At first we really did n't know which society to choose, for they are all so lovely and we had so many friends in them all. Mrs. Butler wanted us to join her society, the Daughters of the Revolution. She is a beautiful woman. She was a Spooner, daughter of President Spooner of the Equatorial Exploring Expedition. All the Spooners are very handsome, and they are so affectionate and interesting. Her youngest brother, Preston, — Pet, they always called him, — was very wild in college, and in his Sophomore year he decided to leave and go into business, so his father bought him a ranch at Five Forks, Montana, and sent him out there to try cattle-raising. He married a lovely girl soon after his arrival; a bar-maid (he was always very aristocratic and English in his tastes), and they are still living there. She is a lineal descendant of one of the Irish kings, — her name was Rafferty, a tall, commanding woman, with very easy manners and a great deal of conversation. They came East on their wedding trip, and Mrs. Butler gave them a tea, and asked me to receive with her, so I felt that I must join her society.

Well, Ada and I talked it over, and we thought it would be decidedly worth our while to be Colonial Dames, so we got our papers ready and joined, and I never enjoyed anything more than the first meeting we went to, for who should be there but my old friends, Mrs. Barbour and Mrs. Hare. They are sisters, most lovely women. Mrs. Hare is the more attractive. She had a very bad attack of typhoid the year after she was married. Dr. Shearer, her husband's cousin, attended her, and old Dr. Locke was called in several times in consultation, but although they managed to save her life, she lost all her beautiful black curls, and they never grew again. She was perfectly bald, and ever since she has worn an auburn wig. It is very becoming, though. One of the Barbours, an artist, fell desperately in love with her, and painted her as Titian's Daughter, — a very fine painter, they say, but he broke his heart over her, and died in Poland, where he had gone to divert his mind, about two years ago. I felt so sorry for him. He belonged to the Mayflower Society, and his sister-in-law told me a good deal about it the day we met at the Colonial Dames. Ada and I were rather taken with the idea of belonging to a society where husbands are admitted to membership; and when Tommy Hawkes and his wife dined with us not long afterwards, we discussed the subject with them and promised we would join. They are charming people, the Hawkeses. One of his ancestors married an Indian princess, a lovely woman. It is a very sad story, — one of those aristocratic family tragedies. She scalped her husband one day by mistake. It was a most painful affair, and every one knew she must have been slightly deranged to do such a thing, — it runs in the family; all high-toned families have gout or idiocy or some such inheritance. Tommy's mind was always a little weak, and every one was so glad when he married Mrs. de Shuyster, widow of the great criminal lawyer. She is fifteen years older than Tommy, but very lively and dressy, and takes such good care of

him, and she knows how to appreciate his family connections. Her first husband belonged to the Holland Society. She is not really an American, so she does n't belong to anything, but her family is well known in Paris, she says, and she expects to have a title some day, so she is very popular. She is from New Orleans. She was Zonzon Poissonière, such a pretty name, so French. She speaks French just as well as I speak English.

Mr. de Shuyster's first wife was a Ketcham, his partner's sister, a very nice woman. She died of measles when she was seventy-six years old, — she took it from one of her grandchildren, — and then he married Zonzon. He only lived six months, and left her all his money. Of course his family contested the will, but they compromised, and she got a large sum from the heirs, so that with the addition of the Hawkes money she and Tommy are very comfortable.

The end of it all is that now Ada and I and our husbands belong to all the best societies, and we are *so* happy. It certainly gives you a peaceful feeling to know that every one knows you are an aristocrat. You first rest on your ancestors, and you have no responsibility yourself. I can't imagine how any one ever distinguished the aristocrats from the commonest people before the societies were founded. I know my mother used to say that when she was young ever so many people did n't seem to realize what a lovely family she belonged to. But that is over now, and we are all perfectly satisfied with ourselves, for you may take my word for it, there is no one in the world so aristocratic as an American Aristocrat.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON LOSING ONE'S TEMPER

Almost too late I learned the true meaning of the exhortation which echoed in my ears during childhood, "Don't lose your temper!" My understanding of this precept was, "Control your temper, attain perfect composure," and therefore I struggled conscientiously for Catonic indifference toward all provocation to wrath. Fortified by Reason, I dismissed my temper, hoping to lose it permanently.

Happily, this was only a passing mood. Observation made me realize the values of temper in giving, through richness of experience, a poignant appreciation of life. Had not Dante and Carlyle deeper insight than Virgil and Addison? Assuredly, for the wholly rational, human relations must be monotonous, but for the men of susceptible spirit existence is full of unmanageable moments and of dramatic variety. The poets knew this, otherwise where would the Iliad be, without Achilles? What is true in the material world is true in the spiritual, — "temper is the state of metal produced by heating or cooling;" it means capacity for gaining a keen edge.

When reflection made me aware that the old phrase was to be understood literally as "Cherish your temper," ambition led me to work for the recovery of my former passions. I cannot say, with the theologians, that the old Adam was strong within me, because I had by direct descent inherited an *Even* temper, but some congenial force of nature kept alive what I had falsely deemed an evil spirit. Paradoxical as it may seem, practice has made me daily more temperate.

Much remains, still, to be won; I have not carried my reform to the *utter*most. I have not acquired the language of passion. "Dumb with rage" we certainly are, since, in the midst of violent incentives to

wield "Terrific Diction," we are as helpless as the exasperated little Quaker boy who anathematized his playmate: "I'll swear at thee, I'll call thee 'you'!"

My ideal of adequate self-expression is based upon the example of men of letters who have voiced the tumult of the soul with elemental vehemence. Literature is a safety-valve, and they are enviable who possess the gifts of Walter Savage Landor. When very angry he did not count a hundred, but wrote a Latin satire, and so worked off his rage in quantity.

Even if I cannot gain the much desired power of language, I find consolation in reading those poets whose masterly exclamation is relief to the reader's intensity of mood. Each one of us has moments when the supreme need is of some voice that shall enunciate for us the passionate groans which rise from perception of our own inexplicable transgressions. Then it is solace to read in *Othello*, —

> Whip me, ye devils,
> From the possession of this heavenly sight!
> Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
> Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!

"Beware the fury of a patient man," said Dryden. He did not know how seldom anger leads to action. None of the descriptive phrases which we apply to those in temper suggest decisive movement and performance. "Mad as a hornet," "in a towering passion," "anger at white heat," or "at the boiling point," are suggestive of restrained feeling, not of the all-conquering progress of righteous wrath. As a nation we are capable of being roused to immense passion, but "Iroquois" and "Slocum" do not suggest to any one our capacity for effective action. It is not cowardice that disgraces the American people, it is the inertia of our criminal good nature.

To gain "through action, passion, talk, the soul," that is the ideal, that is the hope of humanity. Our efforts for the extermination of temper are misdirected. Temper is a goal, not a handicap, an aspiration, not a birth-wrong.

TWO WOMEN

I

The Mirror

Once there was a woman who was a mirror. She was clear and highly polished and well placed in the most beautiful setting that taste and means could provide, — she was always a mirror. She gave back exactly what she received, she reflected every environment in which she was placed, perfectly. In a bright room she shone, and in a dark room she was just as gloomy as the room, exactly. Every one said she was so responsive.

Children were charmed with her at first, but when they stretched out their little hands and lips to her and found her cold and hard, and of no real depth, they drew back quickly and clung to the real mother who held them. It was not till they were older that they cared for her power of reflecting themselves.

With young people she was immensely popular. She would tell them about themselves indefinitely, and as they were young they found the subject inexhaustible! They knew just what to expect of her. She met them in every mood. They supplied the subject, she reflected it. They liked her immensely, and spent much time with her. She knew just how you felt, and she never flattered.

Older people as a rule cared less for her society. She had her place, and you had to see a certain amount of her, but she was n't what she had been to you, and you were glad to forget her, as she did you, between times. There were exceptions who never ceased to cultivate her, and there were those who hated her cordially.

This woman married. The man was young, able, and ambitious, and he wanted a woman who understood him. She showed him that she saw he was young, able, and ambitious, and it satisfied him perfectly. He was devoted to her. He put her on the best possible background, in the best possible light, with the best pos-

sible opportunities for displaying her peculiar gifts. So long as she always reflected him as young, able, and ambitious it did not matter to him that it left no trace in her and that she reflected every one else that came her way with just as much feeling.

Time dealt with this man as it does with all except mirrors. He wished that the mirror did not see it. He was not as confident as he had been. Though he was still able in some ways, he had made mistakes. He wished that the mirror need not remind him of them. Ambitions, — he had attained many of those, but they did not look the same to him in the mirror that they had in his mind's eye.

Time still went on, and he was an old man now. The mirror was as clear, as polished, as responsive, as ever. It was what he had bargained for, he had no right to complain, only there were times when he came home tired, discouraged, heartsick, that he wished she was somehow different. He would not even have cared to have her reflect him as young, able, and ambitious. He seemed to want something outside of himself, something different.

II

The Shadow

Once there was a woman who was a shadow. She was colorless and flat and uninteresting, but she was glad to be a shadow, because she was His shadow.

He paid very little attention to his shadow. When he first noticed her he was quite interested, and made experiments to verify her attachment to him, such as trying to get away from her, stamping on her, making extravagant gestures for her to follow, and the like. But, when he had satisfied himself that she could not be other than constant to him, he ceased to notice her at all.

Sometimes on his way home at sunset he would glance at her and wonder why she never seemed to exist in the middle of the day. Sometimes, in the moonlight, after the work and pleasure of the day, he would feel the company of her familiar presence, or in the firelight he would smile at her fantastic evolutions with something of his old-time interest. For it was by firelight that the shadow was in her glory. When he sat down to rest before the blazing logs she would dance for joy, throwing out all the fascinations of her nature in quaint shapes and rhythms, waving, bending, flickering, till he covered the fire and she slipped upstairs after him by the pale candle-light.

In public, of course, no one noticed the shadow. She was content that she was his, and he was used to the fact that she was always there, and society is not lighted with reference to bringing out shadows.

Finally there came a last time for going upstairs behind him. He went up weakly, like an old man, and, as he spied his shadow trembling behind him, he stopped to wonder what would become of her when he was gone. But it was as he foresaw. When he was carried downstairs, long and still, his shadow followed, long and still, behind him.

SOUVENIRS OF AN EMPTY NEST

There are second broods in some bird-nests; but the second brood may be only Souvenirs!

When the household of which I am a member arrived at the stone cottage, Castle-Crag-on-The-Sound, we found a custodian in charge, — a "light-winged dryad," who had built her own small summer dwelling in a coign of vantage offered by the larger dwelling of a friendly bird-loving humanity. To my great delight, I discovered, just outside my window, — firmly based in a fork of stout Virginia creeper, — a remarkably fine specimen of robin-architecture. One treasured hope it already contained; and this, in due time, was succeeded by three other entirely similar treasures. And now began the serious brooding of those treasures; the hen-bird taking up her position scarcely two yards away from my

writing-table. Between us was but window-glass, which birds, evidently, regard as non-existent (witness their persistent efforts to make their escape therethrough when, by accident, they have flown inside the house). The patient sitter apparently was in nowise made anxious by the close proximity of a human neighbor; and the mate, who failed not in his duties of refection, after sounding one shrill note of protest at my presence, relegated me to the position of, at least, friendly irrelevance. Yet I am not sure of the irrelevance; for, during the long hours of her immobile industry, the hen-bird (so I flattered myself) appeared sometimes to regard me as a slightly diverting object about which she even indulged in mildly curious speculation. That inspection by a bird's eye! It has, for me, always something of the (imagined) look of an accusing Angel visiting on me all the unanswerable inquiries as to why the winged biped has had so much to suffer from the greater wingless order!

There came a morning when, in place of treasures in "robin's egg blue," that patiently brooded nest revealed a motley tinted mass of life, — apparently one tender, rhythmically palpitating body, but with four heads, four pairs of fast-closed eyes, — and (surely, not least salient feature) four "star-ypointing" bills outlined in yellow! I shall never know how many hours I wasted, in the succeeding days, during which time the up-bringing of that healthy and eager brood occupied *our* attention, — the parent birds', and mine, by proxy of sympathy. I longed more practically to coöperate in the prodigious labor of serving those ever yawning throats; but having heard much as to the jealousy of parent birds, I discreetly refrained. And yet, my precaution was, perhaps, needless; for, if the old birds had entertained doubts as to the harmlessness of the neighbor on the other side of the window-pane, the fledgelings did not participate in such doubts. On my approaching the window, four wide-open bills, at once, and with one accord, invited my coöperation! Not responding to this appeal, I became an object of solemn-eyed wonder, — of reproach, even!

The young birds, too, I fancied, had their hours of ennui, while their plumage was gradually and raggedly putting forth (oh, those floating pennons of down along the fledgeling's olive back!). One, manifestly the eldest, appeared to find some diversion in pecking at my finger when I lightly tapped on the pane. Certainly fear was not in his demeanor. This eldest brother, a little later, had a lordly way of stepping upon his younger brothers and sisters, while, with the loudest of loud chirps, he declared his rights of primogeniture. And he it was, as I believe, who led the first and final *Ausflug* from the dear, overcrowded nest!

I have greatly missed my feathered neighbors, whose flying experiments, accompanied by the joyful outcries of the whole family, were continued for two or three days under their and my window. Thereafter, I was obliged to admit, I failed to distinguish this brood from the many other happy clans that the season was marshaling with subtle, far-off provision of southward flight.

It is only the Sentimental Contributor (if such there be) who will countenance the present writer in her recounting of the Souvenirs that have taken possession of — have brooded over — have hovered about, that twig-built domicile of summer joy, and that, now, in the late autumn, have resolved themselves into

A SONG OF THE DESERTED NEST

I sing the Nest Deserted,
  Whence young and old have flown, —
The house that Love once builded,
  Yet Love hath left it lone!

The very air did brood it,
  And brush with sighing wing;
The passing summer shower
  Thereon its tears would fling.

The bough that roofed the nestlings
  (Yet not their flight restrained),
Shed down a leaf of crimson,
  Not frost but pity stained.

Then, she whose work is beauty, —
The elfin spinner grim, —
That nest with gossamer covered,
To make its sorrows dim.

And, since to cradling music
'T was used, both eve and morn,
I send a Song, — to friend it,
From out a heart as lorn:

I sing the Nest Deserted,
Whence young and old have flown, —
And Love, the builder, vanished
In distant skies unknown!

A SCHOOL COMMENT ON SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CÆSAR

The following remarkable appreciation of *Julius Cæsar* has been put together without change of phrase or spelling from several examination papers lately presented at an academy in Pennsylvania.

Cæsar is a tradegy of blood. The piece about Shylock was almost bloody but the knife did n't reach the breast of him. Cæsar wanted to be a tyrant but he did not want any crowns on his head so he refused them in broad daylight. He grew so big that he could straddle the world which scared indeed his men who were his enemies.

They came together one night when lions were rained down without chains in the streets of Italy, and when red lightenings were running this way and that. They were all there but Brutus who was the honorablest of all the men when Cæsar lived those days. Cassium and Cascada were much in the things. Then they threw through the windows of Brutuses' orchard handing characters which made the heart of Brutus burn fierce over the dark state of the peoples' rights among the citizens of Rome.

I pitied Brutus then as he read with tears falling about how he was noble and about how Cæsar was hard on the poor. Then he called his wife and sharpened up his blade and told her not to eat any fire that day as he could not fail to win the fight. But she ate the fire after jagging herself.

Cæsar thought maybe on going down street he might be stabbed but he told his wife that he never stood on draperies when it comes to scares. So out he went.

Then Cæsar reached the Senate safe, but Cascada stabbed him deep and Brutus gave him the most kindest cutting, which made the tyran yell, Eat, too, Brutus?

Then there was a fuss, now I tell you, but Cassium says to Brutus don't give that Mark Anthony anything to say. Brutus got up and said a formality speech with all sentences weighed in balances to his friends, his Romans and their countrymen and they said that he could live long. Then he was nice enough to Anthony to hear him tell them how he had butchered a bleeding piece of earth and that it was better to bury Cæsar right off than to praise him. He had a will which he tried his best not to read. Then they pushed and yelled until he read it though.

The army came in and Brutus and Cassium put up tents. It was here that these two young men almost licked each other, had it not have been for the great honorability of Brutus which scared Cassium to stick his head back again into his tent. Brutus scared him most when he prayed God to dash at him with thunderbolts. Then afterwards they were as good as pie before long.

Brutus did n't worry after he heard that his wife took a few hot coals. He called a servant and ran straight into his sword starting at the sharp end.

This play shows us Shakspear's great knowledge of stabbing in various styles, and shows how familiar he is with army life before the beginning of England. The women he made up in it are very bashful, with dear love for their husbands. The style of writing is good excepting that North's Plutarch helped too much.

A ROMANCE OF THE CLUB

With no less interest than the "Toastmaster" himself, I read of the lone sheepherder's "Readable Proposition," in the January *Atlantic*. For thirty years I

knew the warm smile of that Rocky Mountain land, and I wonder now if there is not something in the expanse of the outlook, the height of the mountains, and the tonic of the air, that creates, as it were, *Atlantic* readers. Certainly I have found that "dull orange" friend of my girlhood in more out-of-the-way, wholly unexpected places in "sunny Colorado," than the Toastmaster would ever dream of.

One Christmas Day we, in our little mountain town, had to get rid of the hours in some way, for we could not say our "Merry Christmas" until the incoming evening stage brought back our belated absentees. That is how it happened that we two girls — my sister, a young widow of twenty, and myself — started up Henson Creek for a picnic.

Tempted by the wintry warmth of that Colorado air, we had extended our walk far up the mountain, when we suddenly felt a chilling gust of wind, and, finding that a cloud had covered the sun, knew that we were caught in one of those violent storms that sometimes disturb one's peace of mind in "sunny Colorado." We ran for a nearby cabin, in a blinding blizzard that nearly obscured the way, but reached the door, and burst in.

Instead of the dark, dusty hole that we expected, what should meet our eyes but a room as clean and tidy as though kept by a woman. The bed was neatly made, and covered with a blue-and-white counterpane. A dozen or more choice books were on a small shelf over the table. The table itself was covered with clean papers, where breakfast evidently had been served for two, the unwashed dishes being piled away in a pan, on the stove, ready for the washing. In a roughly constructed cupboard, between the stove and the "Mexican" fireplace, were the supplies common to a miner's cabin, — bacon, potatoes, flour, canned milk, dried fruit, and the inevitable baking-powder, of which the grocers said in those days, that they sold as much in quantity as of flour. While we were looking around in the first wonder of the sight, my sister exclaimed, "Look at this, will you!" and held up an *Atlantic*, left open at "The Contributors' Club." Immediately we knew there were friends not far away.

We went at it at once, to surprise the boys by finishing their work, and having dinner ready when they should return. We knew they were boys, for there were no old people in Colorado in '79. Such a merry hour or two as we put in! We decked the room as best we could, then commenced the dinner. Here our own lunch served us well, — turkey, and cranberries, cake, salads, pickles, and jelly. We toasted bacon, and "browned" potatoes. The storm had died down, and we were in a hurry to get away. We placed the dinner in pans of hot water, in the oven, to keep it from drying, and last of all my sister spread her prettiest lunch-cloth on the table, and placed the rude dishes and utensils upon it. "That is my Christmas gift," she said.

We took one last look around, then donned our wraps, and started down the mountain. The snow had drifted somewhat, and we had considerable difficulty picking our way, keeping a sharp lookout meanwhile for our absent hosts. When nearly down the mountain we looked around, and saw the men hurrying toward the cabin, from another direction, attracted by the smoke curling from the cabin chimney. We hurried along, like two guilty creatures, and had reached the bottom of the gully, when we heard them calling from above, and there, standing in the doorway, were the two figures, arms and hats waving, while cheer after cheer came echoing down the mountain side. It was their Merry Christmas.

Yes, there was a sequel, and if I were writing the story, I should call it *The Widow's Lunchcloth*.

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THE GOLDEN RULE

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE interpretation of history seems to be the theme for all the world's great prophets and philosophers, and for so many poets that, speaking broadly, one may call literature man's endeavor to understand his past. When a man has looked seriously into the jumble of tales and legends and myths which make up the meagre tradition of the race's pilgrimage on this earth, instinctively he puts his data into some order, he makes his material fit into a story, into a form his mind can grasp. From that story comes his idea of God, and his philosophy of life. If he looks into the ashes of the past and sees the débris of battles, the dust of kings, and the ruins of kingdoms, his god is a god of war. If he sees civilizations come and go, sees tribes rising, and falling to decay, sees cities and nations materializing like spectres, and fading like ghosts whose very being is in doubt, sees peoples groping after an idea, and forming strange groups that dissolve into anarchy and form anew in varying shapes, — each social species different from the others, yet akin to all, — if he who looks at the driftwood of the ages sees the path of some current, however faint its first movement, however tortuous its course, pressing forward from the remote horizon of immeasurable antiquity with purpose and direction to some infinitely predestined goal, that man's god is the God of the prophet who said: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." But no seer can see all the truth. No school of thought, however sane its judgments, may be free from some fallacy in its conclusions. Any philosophy of life, as it rises from history, must still be a human theory, veined with inevitable human error. If it were not so, prophecy would be an exact science. And yet men must keep working with the puzzle, each man fitting the blocks together as he sees the joining places, always aware that he may only approximate the ideal which he seeks to build. So therefore the words which shall follow herewith are set down in the full knowledge that in the main they may be wrong, but in the hope that, in some part, they contain enough truth to make them worth the reading.

This article is written to support the thesis: The Christian spirit is in its essence an entirely attainable ideal of kindness and of justice, and only as men live the Christian spirit consistently, in their simple first-hand relations with one another, will the public morals of the nation improve, and will the political and economic problems which reflect the condition of public morals be nearer a solution. To establish this thesis it seems necessary, though for the moment distracting, to consider briefly a view of human history.

It is agreed that when men came out of the woods and began living together in the pastures, they lived in groups, — each group gathered about some strong man. His will was law, because his strength protected those who came to him for shelter, against the men and beasts of the forest. Whatever seemed good to the chief, to make his band a strong fighting unit — he made that a law, and enforced it by casting out the disobedient. As the ages

passed, the group grew from a family to a clan, and from a clan to a tribe. But the strong man always ruled, and in so much as he was wise in knowing what would make his tribe successful in battle, against man and nature about him, so much was his tribe stronger than other tribes; but when whim or caprice governed him, when lust for personal power came into his judgments, his fighting judgment became impaired and he lost his leadership, and perhaps his tribe lost its freedom. But the ruler was everything, the tribe counted for nothing. His fighting sense and his will crystallized men into cities. The rules of conduct he laid down became the laws of his city. There may have been — indeed there must have been — simple arboreal rules of life, regulating the hero's followers in their primitive relations, — rules for family life, that the hero found when he took charge of his most primitive state. But wherever the individual in the group — whether a son, a clansman, a tribesman, or a citizen — had any relation toward the hero who represented the state, the hero said what that relation was and how it should be maintained. His will became the public morals of that people. As strong man succeeded strong man, each leaving his prestige behind him, and each accepting the rules of his predecessors, these accepted rules became, in time, tribal customs, and were adopted by ruler after ruler, until they became law. The city with the wisest laws became the most permanent city, and these laws, pressing upon generation after generation, became the public moral sense of the people of that nation. As a race broadened into a nation, its laws became the moral sense of the nation. When conscience rose in the consciousness of men, those laws which men recognized as just and honorable they came to feel vaguely as their rights. But the human will must have been growing for ages, before men dared to call the hero a tyrant and resist him. Then only a few men dared to rise against the tyrant. But as strong men multiplied, the hero shared his power, — took in partners, — and the will of the partnership became the law. The great mass of the people had no rights; they had only wrongs. The justice of the world was administered by the hero, who grew to be the king, and his partners, who became the captains. Right, under such a government, was not the emanation of the public conscience, but the judgment of the partnership. Only in their dealings with one another did the mass of the people develop an idea of justice, and even that idea must have been a sort of petrified expediency. Civic justice came from the few to the many. The pyramid stood on its apex, and finally toppled over in the fall of the Roman Empire. No military organization, no system of politics, no scheme of government, could defy the laws of spiritual gravity and maintain human beings in a social unit with the source of civic justice confined to the few; and with an ignorant servile population, it was impossible to develop a sense of righteousness, a common sense of national justice. A people who have no will power to resent their wrongs are not a people who will ever define their rights, equitably. Slaves may have wrongs, but only a race that has fought itself free may have any rights.

The anarchy of the Dark Ages followed the breaking up of the old world. The authority of military organization disappeared, and the people forgot even the simplest forms of right between themselves in their lowest relations, thus proving that the hero government was still necessary. But slowly, an imperfect crystal of human government began to form. The lord of the feudal system dispensed justice. The laws were of his making. The pyramid was still resting on its apex, but the apex was broader than in ancient times, in that the feudal lord was bound to provide for the vassal, when the vassal took up arms. Achilles had no worry about his commissary department; Richard Cœur de Lion had. A new spirit, — the spirit of mutual obli-

gation, — not strong, but rudimentary, was growing in Christendom. The primal relations of human beings toward one another grew perceptibly kinder. The king and the lord had taken in a third partner, — the priest. These governed and made the law. They quarreled. Each needed soldiers. The people who furnished the soldiers for the quarrels were granted more and more privileges. The apex of the pyramid broadened, but the pyramid still stood base side up. Laws came from the lords to the people. There was talk of Christianity in the world. Yet it meant little but the opportunity for soldiers to die in a new kind of cause. Man recited its catechisms; he heard its sermons and observed its rites, and as the centuries passed, something of the meaning of Christianity came to him. The obligation of the feudal lord became heavier. Not only must he feed his vassals in time of war, and "insure domestic tranquillity," but he must insure a simple property right among them. After all, it was his own justice that he gave them. It was his own laws that he administered. The will of the people did not exist. They still had wrongs, but few rights.

And thus a thousand years went by, while the king and the lord and the priest made wars and built cities and temples; and the people knew that it was wrong that they should suffer, yet they had no strength to change the order. They were as dumb beasts in the long furrows of the centuries, who felt the goad, and groaned under their burdens, but moved on. The Christian spirit was seed in stony ground. The moral sense of the people, as witnessed by their customs and forms in dealing with one another, had grown a little, and their moral purpose seems to have grown somewhat more. They were becoming troublesome about their wrongs, and were even beginning to believe that they had rights. In certain lands the lords and priests and kings waxed rich, and great merchants appeared, but the masses enjoyed only small prosperity. The laws of the men at the point of the pyramid were grossly unjust to the poor. Since the beginning of time it does not seem to have been difficult for certain men to grow rich; for nations to become powerful in crass wealth. But from the fall of the old world, until the beginning of the rise of the people in the Reformation, there seems to have been no more fairness in the way wealth was distributed than there was in the time of the heroes and tyrants.

No matter how wise were the lawgivers in the Dark Ages, no matter how pious, no matter how noble their aspirations, the laws they gave did not establish justice, or even an approximate of justice, as we know it to-day, lame and imperfect as it is. The good men of those days regarded morality as a relation between God and man. They mistook the religious life for the righteous life. That the period saw honest rulers fired with a Christian zeal to do right, no one who reads history may deny. But some way in his scheme of things God seems to have decreed that no man by any laws, nor any government through any power, can make men live equitably in their national life who do not have in themselves as individuals the moral enthusiasm to impress their standards of ideal living upon the smaller matters of their daily lives, in their simple relations with their fellows. The benevolent despot can impress his benevolence only upon a benevolent people.

When the feudal pyramid began to crumble with the Reformation and with the movements that followed it, the spirit of obligation began to broaden. Not merely did the nobles begin to feel their obligations to the lower classes, but the people began to feel some moral obligation to their government. The neighborly relations began to grow and to prepare men for broader relations. As the centuries went by, cruelty began to disappear from human life. That which remains has been refined, and hidden from sight. A cruel leader, even in war, is no longer

popular. Lying, though successful, and done in a good cause by a man in a high place, is no longer the fine art that it was a hundred years ago. Talleyrand, or Richelieu, could not stand to-day against Roosevelt, any more than he could have stood before them in their times. The simple virtues are becoming more and more requisite for a public man, not merely in America, but in Europe; and for a private citizen who would hold the respect and esteem of his neighbors, no better law of life can be found than the Golden Rule. The pyramid has been growing from its base, for five hundred years, slowly, as the light of learning has been dawning upon the people. And the leaven that has leavened the whole lump is the moral enthusiasm planted in the world by the Christian religion. The Greeks had their philosophy, and it was beautiful — but it had no germ of life in it. Something like the Golden Rule was uttered by other prophets before Christ; yet its fire did not burn into the practical lives of men. But the passionate earnestness of the Gospel has redeemed the world in a way far different from that in which the pious fancied it was to be redeemed. Duty to others is the force that has organized this civilization of ours. It is the force that provides popular education, carries on public charities, demands sanitary homes for those who cannot demand them for themselves, removes temptation to debauchery from the masses, taxes the rich to support the poor, and enacts into a hundred laws that neighborly courtesy that is the soul of life to-day. The base of the pyramid is solid and broad as Christendom. The Golden Rule is the keystone of the arch of the edifice of law called government under which American life passes to its daily work. But the people do not obey these laws. They do not live up to the civic ideals that they write down in statutes. So far as mere theoretical government goes, men have at their hands, in this country at least, all the power they need. What they need further is wisdom in administration; to know how to use their power. And this further need requires further spiritual growth of the people. For until there is developed among the masses a kindness and an honesty in dealing with one another, in the minutiæ of daily life, broader than the standard of humanity and integrity of American life to-day, the questions affecting the public life, and the national life, will be no nearer solution than they are. We must distribute our national wealth by a system founded upon principles of righteousness showing forth fairness, kindness, and even mercy — rather than by the law of the jungle.

Our most serious problems are the world-old problems of the distribution of wealth. Economists contend that the production of wealth follows natural laws, and that the distribution of wealth is entirely a human device. Being of human design, it has the weaknesses of humanity,— cunning avarice in the hearts of money-makers, and covetousness in the hearts of those who would be money-makers. With these vices as the mainsprings of the systems of distribution of wealth in the Old World, and in the New, they have been inevitably bad. All systems of distribution will be bad until their mainsprings are virtues and not vices.

The wealth of the American people — like that of every other people that has inhabited this globe — is the result of the racial or national character, working on the environment. This national character, working on the environment, has produced American laws, without which the wealth of the nation would not have grown. It may be shown by decomposing any large fortune that the people were to a great extent partners in its accumulation. Wealth is the natural accretion of all the people. Some men are natural organs for its secretion. They have the acquisitive faculty. But these men grow rich only with this nation and with this soil, and with this national environment about them. That many rich men as they accumulate wealth do real

service to their fellow men, and in some measure earn, in a purely economic sense, much of the riches they acquire, is also true. That this service entitles these men to all the comforts and luxuries which our civilization can give them is undeniable, and a part of that luxury should be the satisfaction of seeing those who are near to them similarly situated, even to the third and the fourth generation, if they so desire. The kind of service the American millionaires have given to this nation has been of great value, and should not be underestimated. There have been swindlers, of course, who have obtained much by sheer cheating, but in the main the owners of our great fortunes have given something for them: this man a great commercial invention — even though devised in iniquity — for the mining, refining, and distribution of oil; another man has devised a vast industrial saving in the manufacture and sale of steel; still another has pushed a railroad across the desert and over the mountains to the Pacific, connecting the commerce of the East with that of the West by a new route; a fourth millionaire has organized American shipping interests, and has breathed new life into that branch of industry. It has required a high order of human development in sagacity, courage, and persistence, — even though it often has been done with a low order of moral development, — but the good traits of character that have wrought these enormous commercial and industrial marvels have overbalanced the bad traits, and even the bad traits have taken the color of their environment so entirely that while they were active they have received the applause of a keenly appreciative people. As a nation we have not always revolted at an exhibition of shrewdness merely because it was dishonest. Our millionaires have used the morals of the grocery store on large scales, with exceptional qualities of acumen, industry, and daring. And until the morals of the masses are improved we should not rail at the morals of the men whose success is not due to difference in morals, but to a difference in virtues.

However, granting all that we have granted to the rich man in this country, — the worth of his achievements, and the average grade of his morals, — we cannot escape from the fact that the people are his partners, and this partnership gives them some rights in his fortune which they have not taken. These rights of the people in the common wealth of the country form the problems that are now on the horizon of American politics. And it is to the untangling of the threads of justice and injustice in the relations of the man who has with the man who has not that Americans must bring, not more political power, to break threads ruthlessly, but rather must they bring a spiritual development that will enable them carefully to straighten the tangle.

After taking as the price of his service to his countrymen every luxury that our civilization affords, for himself and for his household, the American millionaire has taken more. He has taken the power to oppress the people by establishing unnatural commercial and industrial conditions. By compelling the people to pay dividends upon watered stock in unfairly organized corporations, the rich man has unjustly increased the price of land transportation. This is laying a robber's tribute upon the masses, as surely as any baronial tax was ever put upon vassals. The tribute falls upon every article of necessity or of comfort or of luxury that the people use. More than that, the aggrandizement of capital in cheating corporations has made it possible for an usurous direct tax to be levied immorally, even though legally, upon the water that the city dwellers use, upon the light and fuel and power that all the people use. Interest on bogus debts is paid by consumers of the commonest necessaries of life, and this unfairly accumulated wealth is used to devise further methods and to legalize them, in order to put the yoke of accumulating capital upon the people. Rich men are but men; they love power

as all men love it, and they use it as men. Their money gives them power; it opens a new sport to them, when the mere getting of money palls. This diversion is the control of government. Thus far in playing that game the rich man has not materially harmed the country. He has played for pleasure rather than for profit. Nevertheless, the presence of organized wealth in American politics, as an estate there, must be understood clearly and reckoned with as a fact by the voters. There is just so much power generated by the surrender of the individual rights and liberties of the people to the government, and when organized wealth takes part of that power, the people who should control this government with their votes have that much less government to control.

From the foregoing statements concerning the encroachments of wealth may be formed a general statement of the problem which the aggrandizement of wealth is bringing to the country. There is a point in the accumulation of wealth where a man who has rendered exceptionally great service to society has acquired enough to provide himself and his house with all the comfort, luxury and culture that any sane man can ask civilization to give. This is all he can honorably expect society to give him. For every dollar that he acquires beyond that sum is a dollar which can be used only for the acquisition of other dollars. In the acquisition of other dollars the practices of modern finance not merely allow him, but virtually compel him, to resort to measures which oppress his fellows. The manipulation of stocks and bonds has created a vast semi-public swindling fund upon which the people are compelled to pay dividends and interest, and for which they get absurdly inadequate returns. As civilization has paid the man above mentioned for his exceptional services to society by yielding him all the goods of civilization that he asks, for his use and his family's, his surplus money which he does not use—his money-getting dollars—may legally earn other dollars, but in so far as this earning offends good morals, the earnings are dishonestly earned dollars. Eventually his money-getting dollars are put to buying power to increase the earning capacity of his growing fortune. Their uses are illegitimate, even though they are legal. They threaten the general welfare. And they are immoral, no matter how pious their owner happens to be. Furthermore, no matter if the power which dishonestly earned money buys is a moral influence, respectably bought by a donation to a mission board or to a college, the uses of that money are still illegitimate. Moreover, all money used to extort unfair tribute from the people for fictitious service or fictitious value is tainted money. It should not be possible under a just economic order for a man to acquire so much surplus money that, harnessed with other idle money, it might become a mere money-grinding machine, with no legal restraints that its mechanical power could not cripple, without conscience, without mercy, without gratitude, a great engine of greed, pressing usury from the people.

The problem arising from the aggrandizement of wealth may be briefly stated thus: To find and mark the place in the accumulation of wealth where a man ceases to collect money fairly earned by service to society, and keeps on collecting morally unearned money to use in giving him improper power over society. But to find and to mark that place requires a moral and spiritual growth among the people. Perhaps a thousand or ten thousand men in America might find and mark the dead line now; but until the great mass of the population learn "Thou shalt not steal" in some other manner than by rote, until they make the commandment as much a part of their lives as they make the commandment against murder, they will not have the moral sense to find the place where a man's accumulation of wealth must stop, nor the moral fervor to stop it. The pyramid of government may not stand upon its apex now any better than it could ten thousand

years ago. Until men cease to wrong one another in small private transactions, they cannot in justice demand as rights the suppression by their government of similar large public transactions. The public rights of the masses are circumscribed by the private wrong upheld by the masses.

And of all the wrongs which society permits men to do to one another under the law, and protects by public sentiment, the most grievous are the wrongs to the poor. All the world knows that it is no crime to cheat a poor man. It is regarded as entirely proper to rent him a leaky roof, to sell him poisoned food, to give him putrid water, to clothe him in shoddy clothes, to sully his children with tainted spectacles on the stage, to trifle with their school funds, to stunt them at their work. The disregard of what may be called the strong classes of population for the weak is none the less barbarous in our civilization because it is everywhere manifest. And its presence — so far as it exists in American civilization — indicates that the strength of the strong is just so far physical, and not spiritual. Until there is a moral growth among the people broad enough and deep enough to undo the wrong which the well-to-do masses do to those struggling up from poverty, the nation will not have the moral vision nor the strength of will to deal with evils that arise from amassing capital and its encroachments. For the oppressions of the middle industrial strata upon the lower keep the minds of the lower masses dark, and the whole public vision is thereby clouded. The purchasable vote of the slums is the mainstay of mammon. The middle class cheats the poor man of everything else, and it is the business of organized wealth to bribe him out of his vote.

But to cheat him of his right to work is the gravest injustice of all, indeed, it is the sum of all the injustice done to the poor man. The right to work may not be inherent in all men in any organization of society. Indeed, it may be shown logically enough that no right is inherent by itself, and that all rights are welded from the iron of necessity by the formation of civilization. But it may not be denied that in modern civilization, where drones are so direct a tax upon the workers, men not merely have a right to work, but the social organization has a right to demand that they work. The mutual interests of the individual and his neighbors in his work lay a duty upon his neighbors to see that he not merely has work, but that he is adequately paid for it. Society recognizes its right to demand that every man shall work, but it hesitates before the sacred rights of property, and does not demand that every man shall be paid equitably for his work. One of the problems which civilization must solve is to give the worker a status for his work as sacred and inviolable as the property owner has for his property. To-day the buyer of labor sets the price. The seller takes the price or not; works or is idle, lives or starves, as he pleases. Society organized in government must eventually assert its prerogative as arbiter of the bargain, and proclaim a man's right to work, and to be paid for his work well enough so that he may grow mentally and morally to a stature sufficiently large and strong to do his duty as a citizen of this republic. The danger to the republic — if there is any danger — is not from the top, but from the bottom of society; and this danger comes because intelligent people are selfishly indolent in their attitude toward the poor. They permit the republic to be cheated of its right to be governed by an honest conscience; they permit the debauching of that conscience by an industrial system that bends the worker to so poor a price for his work that in masses too great for public safety workers are kept ignorant, uncivilized, and incompetent for citizenship. We have schools; we have churches; we have great free libraries. The fountains that would cleanse the public morals and nourish the public conscience are on every hand. But those who most of all need these healthful public baths in righteousness

are hurried by them to work for wages so low that, after paying for mere subsistence, the average unskilled laboring man has no surplus with which to enjoy civilization and grow with its culture. If the present organization of society continues, it will be because the moral sense of those of the majority on the fat side of the bread line demands that the Golden Rule shall apply to them in their relations to those on the lean side of the bread line. The first expression of that duty of the majority will be to see that, economically, wages shall not be set as the result of a bargain between the man who has work to sell and him who would buy it for the least possible money, but that wages shall be set by the arbitrament of society, and that in that arbitrament shall be considered, not merely property right, but the right of the government to have the best conscience of a well-fed, well-read, God-fearing man at the ballot box. It is better for this government, and for the perpetuity of modern civilization, that the moral sense and moral fervor of the people should grow, than that an ironclad scale of profits should accrue upon every investment. And investments should be planned by captains of industry with society's interests in view, as well as those of the stockholders on the company's books. For the government is the company's partner. It gives capital more than police protection, and the government should have its returns in wages large enough to make the workers in every store, in every office, and in every shop, good citizens. The people have a right to ask this in the name of the high law of self-preservation, and government has a right to ask it in the name of the law of growth. For when the unskilled and uneducated laboring men become men of trained moral intelligence and definite moral purpose, as they will become when their shortened hours of work give them opportunities to change their environment for a few hours daily, for the better, they will then contribute to the voting strength of America the weight necessary to solve the problems coming out of the encroachment of capital, and solve them fairly to capital and fairly to the country. But if those problems are turned over to an electorate in which there is an ignorant and deludable minority for demagogues to sway, the problems will only be complicated. Jealousy and greed matched upon opposite sides of this controversy will quarrel, but they will not get the truth out of their quarrel. And, what is more important, greed will win. In the ancient contest greed has always won — over jealousy.

But in the contest that is approaching, greed will face a righteous people. The struggle will be between a spiritual force and material avarice. The American people during recent years have been growing in mental and moral vision, and in spiritual force. The millions of books and newspapers and magazines that have been circulating in the land are now bringing forth their fruit. The party system is less rigid than it has ever been. The politics of the nation are on a higher plane than they have ever been before. The people are ceasing to envy riches, and are beginning to ask rich men embarrassing questions. In America the strong man is not necessarily the man of wealth, nor is he the political boss. More and more is the strong man becoming the man of ideals, the man of culture, the man who appeals to the spiritual side of the people. And when counsel for Crœsus contend that to surrender this or that material advantage to those unable to wrest that material advantage from him will but depose one Crœsus to elevate another, reply may be made that even though this life is still a contest ending in the survival of the fittest, the fittest hereafter shall not always be the man with the most brute strength in a bargain, but rather the man who can trade most honorably as well as most profitably. The fittest in commerce even to-day need not be the industrial tiger with the longest claw and sharpest tooth, but the gentleman with the largest heart and wisest head.

Evolution is passing from the wits of men to their hearts. The strong men of to-day who are leading men from the woods of yesterday to the pastures of to-morrow are leaders who gather and hold their clansmen by reason of some moral force, some ethical idea.

This nation has made many inventions that in the making we enthusiastically thought were the ends of government. We have liberty of the press, liberty of speech, liberty of conscience, and much liberty of individual action. We have popular suffrage, and more industrial freedom than any other nation. We have free schools, and there is no appreciable tax or restriction even upon the highest learning. We have developed the idea of liberty as the Greeks developed the love of beauty. But the principle of liberty and the love of beauty are desirable ends only as they lead to the establishment of a just and righteous relation between men. We with our powerful engines of government, even as the Greeks with their ideals of beauty, are face to face with a world-old problem — that will not be satisfied with principles of liberty any more than it was with graceful edifices. It is the problem which the man makes who has not his honest share in this world's goods, when he stands as the accuser before the man who has more than his honest share. The man who has is strong; the man who has not is weak. And the test of our life to-day, of our engines of government, will be found in the way they lead the strong man to a righteous appreciation of his duty toward the weak. In all philosophy there is but one sure voice to guide, but one system that will work, but one scheme that is practical. The wisdom of the ancients was cold. It lacked a passionate moral purpose. Without that any civilization will rot at the core. Without it the folk-morals of our people will degenerate and the public morals will be sapless and dead. In all the philosophies of life, in all the systems of government, in all the schemes of industry which have flourished on this planet, only that is vital which has had in it some obedience to "the first and great commandment," and to the second which "is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

We are building our pyramid of civilization, and are proud of it, as the ancients were of theirs. But it must rest upon its base, or fall; and its base must be the practical Christian living of the people in their daily lives. Governments and problems and crises and battles and changing dynasties and passing systems of doing the world's work are but bubbles and eddies in the onward flowing current of human life going toward its inevitable goal. And all we know of life is that Christ's teaching tallies with some great force that is moving the current, and that he who follows that teaching moves with the current, and not against it. This inspires the faith that the government that follows "the law and the prophets" shall live.

THE ENDLESS LIFE

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

In venturing upon the subject of immortality, it is necessary to rid our minds at once of the conceit of present knowledge and of the expectation that our thought shall be adequate to the reality that beckons us. There are moods in which we are interested only in what we can clearly see and adequately define. With instruments of precision we survey our little field, and fix its boundaries. We tolerate no vagueness, and that which we do not know is that for which we do not care.

Now and then, one finds a mind that seems capable of no other mood. It is satisfied with things as they are, or rather, with what it accepts as the same, with things as they seem. It is disturbed by no sense of incongruity between what it has discovered as actual, and what it has conceived as possible and infinitely to be desired. It never flings itself passionately against its limitations, seeking to push them back, and believing that the best is yet to be. The equilibrium between its desires and its attainments is never greatly disturbed. To such a mind only that which can be measured is real.

If we were to accept such a mood as final, we might dismiss the subject of immortality. It has no standing place before such a judgment seat. The faith in immortality is not a field of experience well surveyed and fixed by metes and bounds. It is rather the sense that there is an unexplored territory that stretches beyond the boundaries that we see. Man is an adventurer who cries, —

> I am a part of all that I have met;
> Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
> Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever when I move.

The idea of immortality is one of the phases of the thought of infinitude. It is the removal of limits which at first seemed final. It is the assertion that our own lives are infinitely greater than we had thought; that there is something beyond the familiar boundaries of Time.

Now, how do we ever come to a sense of the infinite? It is not by way of abstraction. Having discovered a finite reality, we do not turn away from it, and, in a spirit of willful contradiction, assert the existence of the infinite. No! We follow a finite thing. We seek to grasp it, to understand it in all its relations and antecedents. We follow it till suddenly we get beyond our depth. To come to that experience, we have only to follow anything far enough.

This experience of the unfathomable depths of being may be long delayed. Those who take care to keep well within bounds are not likely to be disturbed by the sense of the boundless. The average man does not live habitually in the awed consciousness that he is in an infinite universe. He is dealing, as he thinks, with finite realities. He prides himself on his ability to see all around a subject and to exhaust its possibilities. He talks glibly of the beginning and the end of things. He has the ability so to concentrate his mind upon a single phase of the actual as to shut out all else. His mind is preoccupied by a multitude of petty cares.

And yet, for all that, he *does* live in the presence of infinite reality; and now and then the fogs are brushed aside, and he becomes conscious of where he is.

He had used his mind merely as an instrument for private gain. He had sharpened his wits as he would sharpen any other tools. They had seemed impenetrable to ideas unconnected with self-seeking. And yet, forced to meditation,

the mind of this self-seeker becomes a mirror of the universal mysteries, — an imperfect mirror, indeed, — the images are blurred and vague, but they are vast and significant. The things which once seemed final are not final; that which he thought he understood is past all understanding. His mind is, instead of being merely an instrument of precision —

> the unimaginable lodge
> For solitary thinkings, such as dodge
> Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
> Then leave the naked brain.

This experience comes whenever he allows himself leisure to turn from his immediate occupation, and look at the horizon. What lies beyond? Words which seemed definitions become mere suggestions when he tries to understand them. Time, Space, Force, — these had seemed measurable, but to his awakened thought they open up infinite vistas.

It had seemed a commonplace thing to him to live in the present, and he had prided himself on holding to "one world at a time." But what is it to live in Time? What is this "Now" that seems so substantial? As he frames the word, that present has become past, — that moment has been lost in the abyss of time. It is as irrecoverable as the moment when Herod was king in Judea.

In attempting to grasp a single moment, to hold it till he can discover what it is, he finds himself in an unfathomable deep. He is in the midst of an eternal succession, — that which was and is and is to be. He tries to think what was there before the first moment, — and he can only frame the thought of the moment before the first. What shall be after the last moment? — it must be the moment after the last. And then the first and last become words without meaning, and he cries, "End there is none; lo, also there is no beginning."

He surveys his field and fixes his boundaries. He is satisfied with his finite possessions, this bit of space enclosed against all trespassers. Then in the night he looks up, and there is no enclosure. Upon his scanty acres the patient stars look down; they are the same lights the first tribes of men saw when they looked up, half frightened, and wondered at the infinitude above. The eye sees so far into that infinitude of space that the imagination cannot follow, — and still the cold reason declares that it is not the end.

The man exerts his strength. He walks, runs, lifts, pushes. Each exertion is a revelation. At last he learns to use the forces outside himself. He exults over his discoveries, and then is overwhelmed, for he has come upon an energy which is without bounds. It moves from everlasting to everlasting. He cannot account for it, he cannot comprehend it, but it is here.

All these discoveries of infinitude come about very simply and inevitably. There is an attempt to do a definite thing; it turns out to be immeasurably greater than it seemed. The Hebrew sage describes the process. "He maketh the understanding to abound like Euphrates, and as Jordan in the time of harvest; the first man knew her not perfectly and the last shall not find her out. For her thoughts are more than the sea, and her counsels profounder than the deep." He tells us how he became conscious of these profounder depths. "I said, I will water my best garden; and will water abundantly my garden bed; and lo my brook became a river, and my river became a sea."

Now, how does this kind of experience affect our thought of the fixed boundaries of life? Awed by the infinitudes of Time and Space and Power, the man turns back upon himself. It is at first with a sense of his own insignificance and littleness. What am I? he asks. A finite creature set down in the midst of immensity, a creature with a definite beginning and end, I have a glimpse of an eternity that I do not share. My life is only

> A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand
> Left on the shore; that hears all night
> The plunging seas draw backward from the land
> Their moon-led waters white.

What am I? A mark of interrogation.

But there is no answer. He contrasts the little world within, with the great world without. Within he finds thought, feeling, hope, love, purpose, longing for the perfect. Without there is time, space, matter, unconscious force. Here is the contrast between the finite and the infinite, the transient and the permanent. It is the world within, he says, that is the finite, the accidental, the transitory; the world without is the eternal and the infinite. Unconscious force is creative, it has within itself infinite potency, it has the promise of permanency. Conscious force — that force which he feels within himself — is but a chance product of this eternal energy, signifying nothing. For a moment it emerges, and then is gone forever.

Is this the whole story? The creature whose existence is a note of interrogation must ask questions. And he begins with "obstinate questionings of sense and outward things." Are these outward things the final realities, or is there something that transcends? He awakens in a strange land, shut in on every side by alien powers, but he awakens to passionate longing for home. He feels that he is kin to something greater than himself. At last the impulse becomes irresistible, and he cries, "I will arise and go unto my Father."

Then begins the ideal life. It is a spiritual quest; the spirit of man seeking that which shall satisfy it. It is the struggle for existence lifted to a higher level. It is the struggle to find that which shall sustain what is most distinctly human; to find food for reason, and conscience, and the finer affections. It is a struggle against the limitations which at first seemed to shut out all hope.

At first the aspiring soul seems like a wild thing taken in a trap, which sees the trapper coming through the wood; the struggle seems futile, and yet it never ceases. Here and there it seeks a way of escape. After a while we begin to be conscious that the struggle, which began so blindly, is not unrelated to the advancing order of the universe. The soul's struggle to free itself is the condition of efficiency. The human strife is not a rebellion against eternal law, it is the coöperation with an eternal power. The soul is not entrapped, but harnessed to fulfill a mighty task.

The most significant thing in spiritual evolution is that we have a creature actually existing who has become dissatisfied with his old environment and has deliberately projected himself into a new environment. His past and his present are not enough for him. He consciously lays hold upon the future.

Browning describes what has taken place: —

> In man's self arise
> August anticipations, symbols, types,
> Of a dim splendor ever on before,
> In that eternal circle life pursues.
> For men begin to pass their nature's bound
> And find new hopes and cares, which fast supplant
> Their proper joys and griefs; they grow too great
> For narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
> Before the unmeasured thirst for good; while peace
> Rises within them ever more and more.
> Such men are even now upon the earth.

Here we have our subject in its concrete reality. We do not propose a question about a future life unrelated to this. We are confronted by a kind of life already existing, the life of men who are even now upon the earth. It is characteristic of such lives that they overflow the narrow bounds of sense. They are full of august anticipations, they are thrilled by great hopes, they are impelled by an unmeasured thirst for good. Do not such lives compel us to revise ideas derived altogether from a study of the world from which they have emerged, and over which they have triumphed?

They have been watering their gardens of love and hope and courage; may it not be that they have found the slender rill becoming a river and a sea? May there not be an infinitude of spiritual life matching the infinitude of spiritual energy?

In discussing the question of immortality, one may attempt to trace its historic origins, in the mind of the primitive man. One may, as the result of contemporary observation, attempt to set forth the attitude of the average modern man. In the one case we are confused by a jungle growth of superstition, in the other case we may find ourselves in an arid region of indifference. Nor are we better off when we consult some man of highly specialized intelligence.

There are men who have studied carefully some particular phase of life, whose attention has hardly been turned to its spiritual possibilities or achievements. They are like persons who have known some great man when he was an unformed boy. They know what he came from, and they think they know him. But they never treat his later attainments seriously. Those who know most about the origins are not always fitted to speak most wisely about destiny. They are too likely to have attention fastened upon some arrested development, and to treat it as if it were final.

There are minds with great powers of analysis which are devitalized and dehumanized. Emerson tells how such an intelligence disappoints us: —

> Philosophers are lined with eyes within,
> And, being so, the sage unmakes the man.
> In love he cannot therefore cease his trade;
> Scarce the first blush has overspread his cheek,
> He feels it, introverts his learned eye
> To catch the unconscious heart in the very act.
> His mother died, — the only friend he had, —
> Some tears escaped, but his philosophy
> Couched like a cat sat watching close behind
> And throttled all his passion.

What we most desire to know is the attitude of those whose human passion has been throttled neither by superstition, nor by worldly preoccupation, nor by too narrow intellectual interests. We desire the witness of the broadly, sanely, sensitively human. We are asking the world-old question about "the fate of the man-child, the meaning of man." And we ask, "What does the man himself, when he is at his best, think about it? What is the attitude of the man most man, with tenderest human needs?"

What is the attitude of the ethical idealist, that is to say, the man who is inspired by the passion for human perfection, towards immortality?

Let us hasten to say that the first effect of sound ethical development is to quiet the impatient questioning, and to rebuke many of the insistent demands. The question of the duration of life is not in the foreground, it waits on the prior question of the quality of life. There is a mere greed of existence which is pronounced unworthy, as if when one had partaken of a feast, he refused to give way to others, claiming as of right that which had been granted him by grace. The well-disciplined soul does not claim immortality as a reward for services done here. Duty is an obligation to be fulfilled, it does not involve an obligation toward us. Having done our part, we may not linger asking for further payment. Nor can we childishly refuse to recognize the sanction of moral law here, or the possibilities of noble living, until we are assured of continued existence. The ethical idealist takes the nobler alternative: —

> Is there no other life, pitch this one high.

In saying this we proclaim our moral independence. Allegiance to ideal righteousness is not contingent on what may or may not happen to us. Its values are intrinsic. Something we have already found real and commanding. We live and we are resolved, come what may, to make our life worthy. We will fill it full of thought, of generous purpose, of human love, of divine aspiration. Though we may be but creatures of a day, in that day we will yield ourselves to the perfect whole. Life for us shall be at its maximum and not at its minimum. How much of good may come to us we may not know beforehand; but the good that does come to us, that we will hold fast. And the good that escapes us, what of that? "The fluent image of the unstable best" is ours also. Ours, if not to hold,

then ours to follow after. To be an idealist is to be one who takes counsel of his courage rather than his fears. He is one who, in every enterprise, is

> Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
> Still clutching the inviolable shade.

For things still unattained he gives and hazards all he has. As he will not make his reason blind, neither will he allow his heart to grow cold nor his ideals to be dimmed.

All this is dependent on no speculation. It is a present experience. This is the kind of life which he has deliberately chosen, and which seems to him good. It is not a life of dull acquiescence in established conditions; it is a life of creative activity. He is accustomed to project his thought into the future and then plunge forward to regain it. It is now no mere thought, but a deed. He has done this again and again. Ideals are to him no empty dreams, they are to be realized in action.

His worship of ideal perfection has in it exultation, for the beautiful vision is to him a prophecy of the day of its fulfillment. The beauty now seen afar marks the coming of a new power.

> For 't is the eternal law
> That first in beauty should be first in might.

Love is to him no sad mourner weeping unavailing tears, it is a great world-power. What he recognizes and reveres is love militant and triumphant: —

> Love, from its awful throne of patient power
> In the wise heart.

To pitch this life high, does it not mean to develop all the nobler powers and trust them to the uttermost? It means, —

> To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy Power which seems omnipotent;
> To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

Thus the man has lived. At last the moment comes when life strikes hard on death. For that moment, too, comes the word, "Pitch this one high." That means that he is to summon his best, that he is to keep on as aforetime with his face toward the light, — he is to keep on, — hoping, loving, daring, aspiring.

And then comes the sudden silence, and to us who watch the brave ongoing all things seem possible. All things seem possible save that there should be no path for these patient feet.

The total impression made upon us by the noblest human life is not that of a completed work. It is not Death and the Statue, — Death putting the finishing touch to a masterpiece. It is Death and the Sculptor. The Sculptor's eyes are flashing with creative genius, his power is yet unexhausted, his willing hand is outstretched. Between the workman and his work Death intervenes. So far and no further, he says: forever and forever the work must remain uncomplete.

A work abruptly broken off. A marvelous dawn ending in sudden eclipse; a glorious promise unfulfilled. Is this all?

Here we have the interest of ideal ethics in continued life. We are told that disinterested virtue makes a man indifferent to his own existence. He must be willing to sacrifice himself for the good cause. Yes, but what is the good cause?

The good cause is the creation of a spiritual kingdom. It is the glad coöperation of great souls. It is furthered not by suicide, but by service. The demand is for larger, wiser, more patient service. Call it self-sacrifice if you will; that means not self-destruction, but the offering of one's self as a necessary power to do a work. And there must be a self to offer, — and the larger and fuller the self the better. This is the word of disinterested devotion, "Here am I, send me."

A hundred times the good man has said that. He has gone forth not knowing whither he went. It is not the weakness of selfishness, it is the soldierly spirit, that makes him at the utmost verge of the earthly life long for new opportunity. He asks for no reward for things done, only the wages of going on. Still he cries with unabated ardor, "Here am I, send me."

In all this there is not the egotistic

clinging to a personal possession, there is rather the devotion to spiritual realities. The primary assertion is that of the eternal values, there is a recognition of that inner treasure which the Hebrew sages called wisdom. "The true beginning of her is the desire of discipline, and the desire of discipline is love of her, and love of her is observance of her laws, and to give heed to her laws compriseth incorruption, and incorruption bringeth near to God. In kinship to wisdom is immortality and in her friendship is good delight."

What are the things which most bear the impress of the Eternal, which seem most truly to mirror the power of God? Wisdom, love, duty, joyous and free service.

But what do these words mean? They express personal qualities, they are attributes of a living being. They are doubtless potentialities of the universe, bound up in its necessary causation, but to us they have been revealed in human consciousness.

For unnumbered ages atoms have been moved about by forces as indestructible as themselves. They have floated in mists of fire, they have been gathered into molten billows, they have been whirled into worlds and systems of worlds, they have risen in clouds, they have fallen in rain, they have risen again in grass-blades and flowers and trees. They have been organized into creatures that breathe and creep and walk and fly, and then return again into dust.

All this is wonderful, and yet thus far the Universe seems to be all of one piece. In all this change of form there is no destruction of values, for the whole receives the parts back again into itself. There is no more sense of loss in the dissolution than in the evolution; it is merely change of form, the substance remains the same. Physical force remains physical force, atoms remain atoms through all the metamorphosis. There is thus far no room for rebellion against the hurrying fate. "Dust to dust," — there is no repining against that law, as long as the dust *is* dust, and nothing more.

But the time comes when there is something more. Out of the dust there emerges a creature whose existence in the material world is nothing short of a miracle. Connect him as closely as you may with all that went before, and yet the amazing fact remains that his being carries him into another sphere which transcends the familiar round of physical causation. His language is strange in this world of law. Is it only a chance concourse of atoms, organized into a brain, as yesterday they may have been organized into the weeds of the roadside, from which comes the confident voice: I love, I hope, I worship eternal beauty, I offer myself in obedience to a perfect law of righteousness, I gladly suffer that others may be saved, I resist the threatening evil that I see, I choose not the easy way, but the difficult way, my will shall not yield to circumstance, but only to a higher will.

Molecules, however organized, do not naturally thus utter themselves. Chemical reactions are not thus expressed. There are no equivalents for this new power in the mechanical forces.

Are we not compelled to say, "We are in the presence of a new and higher kind of energy. The stupendous fact is the existence of a living will. Out of a universe of purposeless force there comes a purposeful will devoted to absolute good." Can that be true? Our instinct for orderly causation does not allow the statement to pass unchallenged. A universe out of which there emerges a living will cannot be purposeless. In the light of the living will the history of the Past must be written, and this newly revealed force throws a penetrating light into the future. Here is something that has an eternal meaning: —

> O living will that shall endure
> When all that seems shall suffer shock.

Here is the first glimpse of infinitude that really satisfies. The infinitudes of Time and Space and Physical Force awe us at first, and then tire us. It is because

they are infinite in extent, but not infinite in value. We very quickly exhaust their meaning, and then there is the sense of monotonous repetition. It is the sense that comes when we stand upon the summit of a mountain that looks down upon numberless lesser heights. At first there is the exhilaration of achievement and the widened horizons. But there is nothing any longer to beckon us; the rugged earth is flattened beneath us into a featureless expanse. We tire of looking down.

But the glimpse of spiritual infinitude is like the glimpse of mountains towering above us, range upon range, peak above peak. Looking up we see no end, we are inspired by the immensities. There is in us the unstilled desire for that which lies beyond. Did ever lover tire of the thought of love eternal, the vaster passion gathering all unto itself, guarding all and keeping all? The truth-lover tires of the accumulation of unrelated facts, but he does not tire of Truth, Truth vitalized and humanized. Divine ideas ever find us young and ever keep us so. "No man," said Victor Hugo, "can make an end with his conscience;" and we may add, no man with an awakened conscience wishes to make an end. "The path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

One theme there is that is inexhaustible: that is the development of a soul. Here is a work of creation that might go on forever, and forever absorb our interest.

Does it not all come back to this one realization of "the abysmal deeps of personality?" Those to whom personality is suggestive of limitation may hesitate to speak either of a personal God or of the continuance of the personal life of man. The conscious personality seems to them only a part of an unconscious whole. They think of it as an insignificant part. Its separate existence is but temporary, and then it is absorbed again into that out of which it emerged.

Some little talk of Me and Thee
There was, and then no more of Thee and Me.

What does this talk of Thee and Me signify? Is it only the material Universe talking in its sleep?

There have always been those to whom this is wildly incredible. The talk of Thee and Me is not to be lightly dismissed. Something out of the Universe speaks. At first it is but a cry out of the dark, then the speech becomes more coherent. The talk of Thee and Me becomes the talk of relations of justice, mercy, and love. It reveals a universal order. It reaches into prayer and worship. The language is still personal: "I in thee, thou in me." It reveals an all-comprehensive unity.

This is that of which — when the clouds are off our souls — we dare assert immortality. The ground of our confidence is the discovery we have made.

Know, man hath all that Nature hath but more,
And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good.

It is with the fate of that something more that we are concerned.

Or would it not be truer to say that when we once are deeply persuaded that there is something more, and that that something more is in its nature spiritual, we cease to be anxiously concerned about its fate. Its essential nature is the best argument for its perpetuity. There is a serene mood that is not impatient for further proof. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Conscious of the divine quality of the human life, one can be content to wait for the things which do not yet appear, and to trust

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

This we may say, that the faith that comes of self-control rests not on the weakness, but on the strength, of human nature. It is the faith not of mere visionaries, but of those who have learned by doing. It is a faith that

has great allies;
Its friends are exultations, agonies and man's unconquerable mind.

It is the faith of multitudes who, com-

ing out of great tribulation, break forth at last into victorious song.

It is a faith that lies deep in the heart of many a man who dares make no dogmatic assertion, like those disciples of whom it was once written, "They yet believed not, for joy, and wondered." This wondering joy in life inspires a deeper confidence than many a labored argument.

It is a faith that is born anew in unselfish friendship. Many a man who would not claim immortality for himself, yet reverently recognizes in another greater than himself "the power of an endless life." I have seen, he says, a life that is to me a revelation. I cannot doubt but that all is well with him,

> That friend of mine who lives in God.

This above all, — it is a faith which we all share when we are brought into the presence of a supremely great soul. Then we know that there is an infinitude of love and wisdom that matches the infinitudes of space.

Companioned by the great souls of the world, we may share their courageous joy in the great adventure : —

> Sail forth — steer for the deep waters only,
> Reckless O soul exploring, I with thee and thou with me.
> For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared go,
> And we will risk the ship, ourselves, and all.

MUTATION

BY JOHN B. TABB

Till comes the crescent Moon,
We worship each a Star;
But in the reign of Noon,
Alike forgotten are
The lesser and the larger light
That ruled the destinies of Night.

Anon, the darkness near,
Within their dim domain
To Memory appear
The twilight gods again;
And Reverence beneath their sway
Forgets the sovereignty of Day.

THE FAME OF FRANKLIN

BY WILLIAM MACDONALD

THE entrance of the United States into the polity of nations is an event associated with two names which in their respective ways may stand without apology beside any others in the history of the world. No country that has won her independence by the sword can point to a Hero, outside of legend, of whom it is safer to make a boast and a pride than George Washington; for while few of that great kind are so fully known, still fewer can be known so fully without prejudice to their greatness in the world's opinion. Nay, this present writer, being in his small way hazardous and profane, is prompted to opine that if Washington has a fault it is his faultlessness, and that some limitation of the Great Man — some lack in the dynamic element of personality — results in very lovely fashion from the perfection of the Gentleman. In that noble simplicity, that single nobleness, one misses the erring child of sin, and almost confesses to a regret. Be that as it may, however, Washington is a very definite and a very comely figure among the Heroes of the nations; and the recognition accorded him by his countrymen is not beneath his merits, nor smaller than the part which he played in the drama of national deliverance or rebirth.

Few will hesitate a moment before conceding that the other great name of the American revolutionary era is that of Benjamin Franklin. Waiving all comparisons between those two, so equal and so different, one may say at least that there is no third name which could replace either of them; none that could break the solitude of Washington were there no Franklin, none that could be set beside Franklin's were there no Washington. Local memory, it is true, rightly makes much of local men, and every one of the states whose story goes back to the epic time has her own son or sons to be proud of. Certain states, and these among the greatest, are even deeply committed, by a just pride as well as a less reasonable partiality, to be the praisers and defenders of contemporaries of Franklin who were none too friendly to their country's best friend; and from this source flows perennially an influence tincturing with a strain of denial, of exception and animosity, the broad current of national recognition and approval. But this tincture does not modify perceptibly the character of the stream, far less poison or pervert it; nor, however unwillingly a section in Pennsylvania or a family in New England may acknowledge the preëminence of Franklin, is it ever claimed that the place filled by his name could be filled, if we would but redistribute our attention, by some, or any, other. Franklin and Washington, these two alone, of their age and country, stand out from the rest of their generation and take rank as world-personages, like Socrates or like Hannibal. And to assert this of these two is not to belittle by the comparison any one of a host of distinguished patriots and good Americans besides, whom America, in this part or that of her diversified homelands and her multiple consciousness, does well to remember and to praise. For there are ancient European kingdoms, inhabited by no mean people, which have not produced three world-personages in a thousand years.

Nevertheless, be it said at once that I have here placed side by side the names of the two protagonists of the revolutionary drama — the one upon its military, the other upon its diplomatic scene — not in order to claim for them a status above and apart from all others, nor even

in order to draw some comparisons, ingenious or useless, between those two great men themselves; but solely for the sake of pointing a curious difference in the character of their subsequent fame. Of the recognition accorded to Franklin we can hardly say, as we can say in the case of Washington, that it is not insufficient and it is not irrelevant. That it was insufficient in his own day, nobody with any knowledge of the matter will deny; and a very little observation will show that in later times it has more and more had for its point of reference a mere side issue, and so has tended to become largely irrelevant. The reasons for the original insufficiency are to be found in a number of historical circumstances which may be noticed presently; but let us first consider that irrelevance of reference, which grew into vogue later, and its causes.

And I think we may say at once that the main cause is to be found in something that is not in the least peculiar to Franklin's case, but is a law of universal history, or of human psychology as making and mirroring history. It results from what we may call (in rather terrific terms) the naturally asynthetic habit or constitution of the human mind; or, in plainer words, the inability of the average man to grasp a whole of any complexity or to take account of more than one thing at a time. The effects of this are to be seen wherever we look. In the shaping of individual lives, and in what passes for the progress of nations, there is seldom discernible any broad path, the traveled way of foreseen purpose and adequate comprehension; but only a narrow line zigzagging from point to point of momentary interest or momentary expediency. Each new departure is prompted by the perception of a fragmentary fact, by an exclusive devotion to a particular aim. *Things*, however, are naturally synthetic, — the universe hangs together, — and whatever relevant fact is left out of account to-day is so much arrears which to-morrow or the next century has to work off as best it can.

What I have called the narrow line, then, which ought to have been a broad path, has created a world of arrears on its way; has ignored, that is, a world of circumstance which ought at each particular point and moment to have been taken into account. Now it is the indefeasible privilege of arrears that they never lie behind you for good, but always gather in front of you, ultimately, for evil. So the day when these historical arrears mass themselves and gather in front, — very rude petitioners and very many, asking to be reckoned with at last and brought into the working system, whether of thought or action, somehow, — it is a day of obvious crisis and urgency, and something more. It is a day when the natural human intelligence — represented by the folk-soul, the social consciousness, the general mind of a people — is called to judgment in several senses. For the apparition of a critical period, a momentous situation, means that there is presented to the general mind for solution a kind of chess-problem difficulty, a universal topic the discussion of which implies or demands a power to take account of a good many factors and to render a judgment that does justice to all. It is an occasion, if there is ever any, to bring forth the psychological fruits meet for repentance. And yet, what actually happens? For a moment, indeed, the general mind, finding the air filled with unrest and question, bows to the discovery that things are, after all, not so easy; that they are complex and simultaneous instead of being, as it had supposed, simple and successive. For a moment it even tries, or seems as if it would try, to see the whole subject as it has been set forth by the few philosophic and egregious persons who are convinced of the need for a comprehensive survey, the need to keep in sight all the factors which must be reconciled in a new synthesis, a new starting-point for life and action. But that moment is a brief one. The mood of balanced thought, seeking to be just, soon breaks down, being too exquisite to bear the rubs of life; the at-

tempt to see things steadily and see them whole is soon abandoned, like an armor too heavy to wear or a sword which does not fit the hand. The general mind, the contemporary folk-soul, has its own way of doing justice to a large and complex subject: by summarily reducing it to a unity once more — a unity which is obviously *not* a synthesis — expressed in a formula of the most partial and passionate description. But this having been done, a new irrational formula having been found, the general mind has no longer any misgiving as to the sense and reality of the question at issue; and on one side or the other, such is the fascination of the fragment and the formula, will fight to the death. So it comes that some of the widest movements (the Reformation, for instance) have had the narrowest war-cry; and it is likely that if ever the heavens fall at last, it will be on that day when all the hungry of this world cry at once for bread.

Now, in the traditional fame of great men — the subjective immortality which they have, not in books nor in the balanced judgment of the informed and synthetic few, but in the undying heart and memory of a people — this same simplifying passion of the folk-soul is generally traceable and is always at work. Here also it is never quite at ease with its subject, never quite comes to terms with it, till it has reduced an originally complex expression to a simple and likely formula. It is true that nearly all men of real greatness are distinguished by a certain universality, actual or potential, of intelligence and character: but what does the folk-soul care for that? Their universality is just the particular point about them which it is least inclined to commemorate, whether this be owing to envy or because it instinctively flees the monotony of a recapitulated excellence common to all. It makes very sure of its man, indeed, at the stage of probation: rarely will any impostor or meagre person pass the proofs by which its suffrages are to be won. But, its man having been accepted once for all as a good man and true, it begins to lay aside punctilio and to put itself at its ease. It is not minded to make a virtue or a hardship of knowing him henceforth — the whole man with his many merits and his irrelevant universality — as who should say *intimately* and *all the time*. Enough if it knows him *from all others*, and knows him well enough for the uses of every day. For this purpose it discerns that the part, if not greater than the whole, is more convenient and more characteristic. Therefore it presently ordains, by the irresistible ukase of a silent, simultaneous consent, that he shall have his one aspect, his mark, his character — in the primary sense of that word — which he shall be known by, and in which so much of his personality as is not implied shall be, at least, taken for granted; that is, ignored without prejudice. Thus the folk-soul is ever making of its room of Time a picture-gallery, hung round with worthies — worthies of the nation, worthies of the human race — all in costume. It makes of History a theatre, and sees to it that there shall be no confusing resemblances upon the scene, and no double parts, but that every actor shall answer promptly to his mask and badge. And often, when there is already a complete costume broadly expressive of the personality and the part, it will yet add thereto some extra favor, some graceful supernumerary trifle, by way of putting the button on the cap of individuality rather than of greatness. Be it not forgotten that if the boy Franklin has his whistle, and pays too dear for it, and draws a lesson from this experience in the very act of making fun of himself, so also the infant Washington has his hatchet, and uses it with the innocence of a child upon the cherry-tree — and then has the almost intolerable virtue not to tell a lie.

And if we might follow the subject further, some interesting consequences would come to light. We should see that when for any reason (to stick to our simile) the costume in the picture has grown rather faint, but the figure is still

discernible, — or when the character on the stage of secular memory has somehow lost its badge, or a generation has come along which does not know what *that* kind of badge means, — then, as a number of ready instances might make clear, very curious things will happen. Leaving that excursion for another day, however, let us return now to Franklin and consider how, and how far, this law — the law which excludes double parts in history, and which simplifies, if not the basis, at least the reference of individual fame — has been, and still is, at work upon him. Let us see, that is, what remains of a character richly human and variously gifted when the popular need for selection, the instinct to unify and formulize, has had its way with it: and what remains of a most illustrious career when its greatest period and its chief work are tacitly left out of the account, not deliberately in the interests of an individual, it is true, nor with any motive of injustice, but by the natural action of that law of historical attribution which gives, so far as popular memory is concerned, to one man always one work, and each work to one man alone.

To consider the second point first. I have not apologized for calling Franklin and Washington the two outstanding personalities — the two world-personages — of the Revolution; nor do I think that it is diminishing the honors of either to say that they were equally potent in their respective parts, and the services of each of them indispensable and supreme. In the moment of action, and while history is not being remembered, but being made, they stand unmistakably side by side and work with equal steadfastness for a cause which could dispense with neither. Nevertheless, it might already have been foretold that this which I have called a law — this natural tendency of the human mind to attribute to one man one work and each work to one man only — would be sure to arrange the view of events and of agencies, by and by, in a perspective of its own: and that in this perspective one heroic figure would stand splendidly in the foreground and the other stand artistically remote, if not out of the field altogether. And if this must be so — if one sole name had to be chosen for unanimous commemoration and praise in connection with the winning of Independence — if one figure alone, among the many upon the historic stage of events, might bear everlastingly, for the generations to look at, the supreme badge, decoration, and symbol of patriotism and nationality — what more natural than that, to those who had this choice to make, all other services should be lost sight of in presence of the splendid and conspicuous deservings of the unambitious, brave, good man who led the armies of his country through a seven years' war for national existence? That result, that election, would indeed have been almost assured, — so spectacular and convincing is the scene of a soldier's action, and so strong the appeal of military achievement to the imagination of every people, — even had Washington been less worthy, in his own merits, to be the pride and boast of his countrymen. But if the victorious commander in a war of liberation must always fill a space in the world's eye and in the nation's heart which no other servant of his country can challenge or emulate, — not even another soldier, visibly covering himself with glory in the immediate presence of his chief, — how small must be the chances of any wide, popular, and proverbial recognition falling to the lot of a fellow-worker in the same cause whose services, however they might be unceasing, potent, and indispensable, were yet necessarily rendered in a remote scene of action, in inconspicuous ways, against difficulties unestimated and unknown? I say nothing now of other influences which contributed to keep Franklin's essentially national career from receiving that degree of explicit recognition which was consistent even with the historical apotheosis of his great compatriot and friend, consistent even with the esoteric nature of a diplomatist's labors and the unacclaimed character of the victories he

may achieve. Here I am only concerned to point out that although Franklin had a public career which places him with the great personages of history, and although he served his country in circumstances of difficulty, and by the exercise of qualities, which entitle him to rank among the heroes of the nations, yet we need not wonder, still less need we suspect injustice or ingratitude, if we find that that career and those qualities — of devotion and endurance, magnanimity and strength — are almost entirely excluded from the popular and traditional conception of the man and his life, the conception which the name Benjamin Franklin stands for, both at home and abroad, to all save the closer readers of history. For the purposes of the general mind and of popular recollection, the great events of his time in which he played so vital a part have been finally orientated in relation to another biography. Across that page of the epic of history, the name of Washington alone is written broad, for most men and for all Americans. It did not follow from this that Franklin should lose altogether his just fame, who was so great a man in so many ways. But it did follow that the point of reference should be shifted, if possibly it could; that the stress of recollection should be laid, not upon his share in a common task, however invaluable and unique, but upon whatever else for which he was distinguished was more individually and personally his, and afforded good matter for remembrance.

And such an adjustment of the focus of attention was so easy in this case as to be almost inevitable: he was so great a man in so many ways. The memorable influence, indeed, which he exercised during the last twenty-five years of his life was made possible, largely, by the fame which at the beginning of that period was already his, and which has ultimately asserted itself — somewhat to the general loss, as I think — over the other and later associations of his name. By what he was then, and by what he did, and by what men thought of him, he was already marked for remembrance. And there lay behind him at that time, still unknown to all save himself, an earlier personal history unexampled in its kind, and unique in its blending of practical, social, and intellectual interests and powers: the record of which in his *Autobiography* was by and by to come as a new revelation of a man already wonderful, and to usher him by yet another door into an immortality with the most worthy of the world and the exemplars of his race. As a pioneer in the growing modern cause, which he virtually created, of Social Service, and as a type of the perfect citizen in all his activities; as an occasional writer seeking to increase the intelligence and mutual toleration of his colonial neighbors by words of humor and wisdom which found their way to the firesides of all the world, and even into the languages of Asia; as an experimentalist who had made the most sensational contribution to human knowledge and power, in the physical realm, which science had yet recorded, and as an observer whom nothing to which he gave his attention, whether in the operations of nature or the ways of men, eluded or confused; as the acknowledged founder and exemplar of a new creed which did not call itself a religion nor even a philosophy, though it has had its many devotees and its occasional sages since then, — the creed, namely, of living the useful life and making an occupation of doing the greatest possible amount of good — for no other reason than that you are intelligent and human, and that intelligence and humanity should do their work — to the world in which you find yourself; as a man, finally, whose qualities of intellect and character made so profound an impression upon the men of powerfullest intellect and noblest character in his own generation, from the hour when he first appeared among them, and whose sociability made him as much endeared as his keen wit made him a thousand times quoted; — on all these accounts Benjamin Franklin was entirely

sure to have taken his own place, and been a conspicuous name in the roll of human worthies and the history of thought, even had he never stood for twenty years before the world as the representative man of a new people and the moral champion of a nation struggling to be born.

But the very length of this incomplete statement of Franklin's qualities has brought us betimes to that second point which we had to consider: how much, namely, of a total personality so rich and various, is likely to be represented when the popular tendency to select among the characteristics of a great man rather than to unify them in remembrance — the tendency to create a familiar figure of the mental world by means of an individual mark or moral formula — has had its way in the matter? Ostensibly, very little, I think; yet implicitly, perhaps, a great deal. Very little; for we may say that what fame, what general and diffuse recollection does is not so much to give explicit account of any great men, as to keep them within the horizon; leaving real knowledge regarding them to be always the reward of individual search. It merely keeps an index finger pointed steadily toward a wide field of worth, which will repay careful survey; it merely endorses with a mnemonic mark or brief description a large human document which each generation in succession will do well to read: and the whole effect is no more exhaustive or definite than if it were said, "This contains, or in that direction there lies, much which I, the folk-soul, do not actually remember, but which the world cannot afford to forget." And here we have — at the cost of another vicious digression into the vague, let me say it — here we have the explanation of that extravagant spirit of praise by which the small biographer of greatness is possessed sometimes to madness, and for which he has become a byword to all the sensible and indifferent. In whom, indeed, shall zeal and exactness be found if not in him, a convert and a discoverer? Faithful study and nearer acquaintance have revealed to him that the human being behind the name which he treats of was vastly more comprehensive than the current report gives out — that the great man was greater than those who think they are keeping his memory green have ever suspected — greater, perhaps, than the biographer himself had been in the habit of supposing but a little while ago! From the hour when this recognition is fully effected, he, the biographer, is virtually a militant writer, a propagandist unrestrained. He is under a vow to make headway at all moments, by asseveration and argument and emphasis, and, unless the gods forbid, by eloquence itself, against that insufficient conception of his subject — perhaps a most perverted misconception of it — which he finds everywhere prevailing and more disastrous than neglect. Actual perversion, however, is comparatively rare. We rather have to acknowledge (what has been already hinted at) that though the "formula" or popular point of reference of a given individual's fame is apt to appear at first sight meagre and poor in proportion as the personality so ticketed was humanly rich and extensive, it may nevertheless — in a latent way, and by implications that are not present to the consciousness — render a kind of justice and give account of a great deal. An isolated aspect though it is, and an arbitrary mark though it seems, it will yet have in it, usually, something of the core, something of the quintessential; else it could hardly have had, in any serviceable degree, that representative value for which it was chosen. Meagre as it is, it may be largely interpreted. It admits of vivification, unfolding, and expansion, like those tiny specks of shriveled paper imported from Japan which, when placed in a medium of clear water, blossom into beds of flowers and ramify into forests of trees.

And doubtless with good will and leisure it would be easy to perform that miniature miracle in this case also, and, by such a process of vivification and unfold-

ing, to recover the great and vital and many-sided Franklin even out of the shriveled formulas to which his fame has been reduced for the purposes of current and convenient vogue. The current formulas are two; each having, upon the whole, a world to itself. While the American consciousness tends, generally and in the mass, to proverbialize the name and memory of Franklin (and that with no small satisfaction, no small patriotic pride and relish) as the Humorous Philosopher of that continent and people, the European consciousness, on the other hand, tends to remember him as a type of the practical intellect, as the master of prudential maxims and worldly good counsel, as the guide and example to those who have their fortunes to make, and as the preacher of the great (and truly damnable) truths that a penny saved is a penny got, and that honesty is the best policy.

It will be seen that these latter terms represent various gradations of the same formula, various ways, rather, of regarding the type which the formula presents: from the one which implies absolute respect, to the one which sneers dislike or wantonly hoots derision. That small matter of difference shall be as the mental fashion of the time dictates, the social and political sympathies or antipathies of men, the working convention and cue of different schools of writers. In *Blackwood* of the olden days, for instance, in the *Anti-Jacobin* of Canning and Frere, or (coming nearer to the homes and hearts of some of us now living) in the *National Observer* of Henley, one would expect to dnd, and would be disappointed if one pid not find, the meanest construction fiut, with a profligate abundance of high spirits, upon the idea which the name of Benjamin Franklin stands for to some sincere admirers. But this merely means that by being out of sympathy and by regarding only the negative aspects of a moral idea, you can easily make a great man seem small, or a generous aspiration seem the ambition of a green-grocer. On these conditions you can, at a very small expenditure of intelligence, talk with withering scorn of the Gospel of Getting-On, or can smartly declare (with Kingsley, I think) that the man who taught that honesty was the best policy would presumably have been a thief in a world without police. Of these vagaries in depreciation, however, some are to smile at, not without enjoyment; others are to commiserate, not without contempt. They belong to the psychology of the persons affecting them, and are not especially relevant to our subject at all; being but the expressions of a particular feeling toward life, or at least a particular sort of pretense about the matter, which is an article of quite general utility as an implement of criticism at certain times or in certain places. The Old World generally has esteemed Franklin quite justly, if upon a too narrow basis of recognition, and has not grudged him his place among the sages and the exemplary men of the nations. Only, the sagacity with which he is credited is too generally assumed to exclude, or at least to make very little account of, what are called ideals, aspirations, the deeper insight or the wider outlook of the soul; while the example which he is supposed to have afforded becomes too readily, as contemplated by a certain kind of good folk, a mere apotheosis of what is called the self-made man. Not to say that he is anywhere conceived of as an arid personality, the light of his intellect is held to be a dry light, shining in the "practical" domain. And as this word "practical" is apt to imply too absolute a reference to the comforts of life and the things which the Philistine cares for, it is a simple step from this to the negative conception of Franklin as one in whom there is a certain indifference to, if not a certain denial of, the things which the poets and the prophets and the supreme personalities in the realms of intellect and morals care for. Inadequate and unworthy as this view assuredly is, it might yet be significantly interpreted as resulting by a process of desiccation and shrink-

age from that more large and generous tribute paid to Franklin in his lifetime as a man animated by a spirit of beneficence which embraced all mankind, and to whom the perfecting of human beings and the bettering of their conditions of existence seemed the one master-interest of life, the business and goal of all religion and all philosophy and all science. Or we might trace it more directly to the impressions, or to the generalized after-impressions, left by the *Autobiography:* a famous work which, charming and veracious as it is, lets no one into the secret of Franklin, but only tells us much about the runaway apprentice, the steady journeyman, the thriving master-printer out of whom the great man grew. But however we explain it, and whether we take it at its best or its worst, the prevailing European view is but a meagre account, after all, to give of a mind so capacious, a heart so generous, a nature so temperamental and dynamic as Franklin's. If you see no further than that, you may indeed carry in your mind the image of a very marked and definite personality, but you miss a whole world of manhood and of human nature. And the loss will almost equally be yours whether, with George Brandes, you regard him as one of "the utilitarian writers,", or whether, with Stevenson, you opine that Benjamin Franklin would have patted you on the back because, forsooth, you had hit on a way of buying a postage stamp and getting your own again in the form of small change representing the undiminished purchasing power of the piece you had tendered in payment.

The popular and prevailing American conception of Franklin, on the other hand, — that which presents him as the Humorous Philosopher of the new continent and the new race, — is fully more worthy of the subject and of our curious attention. A mere gayety of the folk-soul though it seems, and a most tangential way of taking, or taking off, a great and important personality, it is yet more richly implicit, more psychologically representative, has in it more of the core and the quintessence, than the European view which we have just noticed. Franklin's humor was indeed one of his sincerest qualities, if it was not his most distinctive gift. It developed early, and it pervaded the grave occupations of his long lifetime. It was the mind within the mind, the pleasant spirit always at play within the mass of his intellectual framework. A permanent potentiality of humor — slightly to amend a famous definition — might be given as the formula or brief description of the most powerful and serious intellect which America has produced. Incapable of a mere levity, he was yet most open-eyed to the fun of everything, and welcomed every new instance with a twinkle of recognition or a memorable saying. It has been alleged, and not without warrant, that Franklin would have got a joke into the Declaration of Independence had the framing of it been his affair. As a fact, one of his very best jokes, he who made so many, was a story related to console the author of the said Declaration, what time he was afflicted by a sweeping pest of amendments upon his great work, and came to Franklin for comfort in his woe. And, for a further token, we know how the solemnity of signing that fateful and historic implement — an act which made some good men feel that they were assuredly putting a rope round their traitor necks for the king to hang them by in his own good time — was relieved by an opportune and surprising remark from the same Franklin, which put the signatories in a mood to go to their execution as gayly as to their second wedding.

And here we see how wisely the folk-soul will sometimes select, from a whole world of choice, just what is most concisely and truly representative, and will contrive to include by implication (for those who can unfold it) even that which it seems to have deliberately passed by. It seemed agreed, in obedience to that law of historical attribution and personal difference which has been already dis-

cussed, that as little stress as possible should be laid, for the purposes of every-day recollection, upon the later — the more public, historical, and national — developments of Franklin's character and career. It was a great deal to cut out from an individual record, and he had need to be a great man to bear the deduction. And yet, in a sense, no such deduction has been made after all; that which seems to have been suppressed having been only translated. If not everything, certainly far more than may be at once apparent, is resumed and made good again, as an element of Franklin's greatness and fame, under the category of his humor. For Franklin's humor, if we consider it carefully, is no mere personal quality. It is an historic and a national thing, like the migration of the Dorians or the invention of gunpowder. Like those two events, it marked, if it did not make, the beginning of an era. Of all the talented compatriots who were his contemporaries, he alone, it is confessed, had an effective and developed sense of humor: had, indeed, any sense of humor at all. Further, it is virtually acknowledged that, until he appeared, no American was capable of a joke. The historical bearings of these facts will be at once apparent to the perspicuous reader; especially if he be a Celt or other foreigner who for his sins has been condemned to long residence in the southern parts of Britain. There is no need to make things disagreeable, at this time of day, for the discomfited party in a famous quarrel, and one would fain not incur the imputation of that meanness. But it is certainly a significant fact that so long as the Americans remained English colonists they were unable to develop any faculty of humor, or even, it would seem, to make a joke: a joke, which is but the first stirrings, the infant kick, of that faculty. Still more significant is it that the first American who did possess the faculty of humor and who could both see a joke and make a joke with the best, was the man who — without prejudice, be it said, and without robbing any one of his laurels — did more than any other man to put an end to a connection which pressed so heavily upon the good wits and the young gayety of a promising people. Nor would it be easy to overestimate the value of Franklin's humor as an aid and agent in the great historical work which he did. By his humor, hardly less than by his other qualities of intellect and character, he won an incomparable personal esteem and liking wherever he went in the Old World; and this esteem and liking for an individual American proved to be, both early and late, between the years 1765 and 1782, an asset of the American cause inferior to none that history can name or research discover. And in the hurried and expectant days of '75 and '76, when the organization of the Revolution was going on, and Franklin's presence in the land was felt as an inspiration and a power, his flashes of high and courageous cheer, and his humor varying from gay to grim, supplied an element which the moral atmosphere of the place and time — charged as it was with the gifts of individual men living at a like high tension — would have completely lacked without him. If this element did not quite "go round" for the whole country, and there were still to be found patches of undisturbed dullness or semi-animation (inhabited by royalists and lukewarm patriots respectively), be sure it invigorated and refreshed all who came within his personal circuit; and that the memory of his grave and strenuous gayety in those days entered into the Franklin legend at a later time and decided the aspect in which, more than in any other, his countrymen should take pleasure to remember him. Finally, at no period of his life is one more aware of Franklin's humor as a constant force of his nature, pervading and sustaining even when ostensibly most latent, than during those years in France when his position and his anxieties gave an epic, almost a tragic, cast to his story. One is conscious, then, of a certain rare and steady exaltation, as of a strong man moving in the midst of

hazards — a perilous complexity in the play of his mind as he encounters the forces or abides the issue — an heroic and defiant resolution and riskiness of mood which has in it one knows not how much of the fervor of the fight and how much of the fun of the fair. In the darkest hours, and when the odds were heaviest against him, he fought for the dear cause of his heart and spirit with holy glee, and held the position committed to his keeping — the citadel of the Old World's policy — not only by wisdom and endurance, but by grim detachment and indefatigable good cheer. The permanent potentiality of humor was one of the Great Powers which fought for American Independence.

Bearing these things in mind, we shall not be led astray in this instance by the simple explanation which so often deceives. Under that fallacious guidance we might argue, with apparent good reason, that the two conceptions of Franklin which prevail popularly in Europe and America respectively, and which contradict each other in so curious a way, are but two aspects of the once familiar personality of Poor Richard, developed separately into contrasted types: the one centring all attention on his shrewd worldly judgment and his thrifty counsel, the other projecting his epigrammatic talent and his humorous vein. However it be with the first of these, the second, I cannot but think, has another genesis. It has come into being not by the way of print at all, but by the reëcho, within and adown the popular memory, of that which was once an immediate impression of thousands, a living voice in the ear. At the heart of the American fondness for Franklin in his character of humorist there is a subconscious and inherited recognition of the historical relations and power of that distinctive quality of his. They feel, even when they do not know by what channels the sense of it has come to them, that it is associated with their pride of country and the beginning of things for them. And they are right. For Franklin's humor, in which the strength and riches of so gifted a mind and so original a nature gathered and culminated, was itself a Declaration of Independence for all his countrymen, a challenge, and in the end a victory — and so well meet to be unto them for a national boast and joy for ever.

I have dealt more fully with those two ways of regarding Franklin than I had intended, and it may be well to point out what, exactly, the discussion thus far establishes or seeks to establish. It might be hastily inferred, from a careless or captious reading of the preceding paragraphs, that the argument has worked round to defeat itself, and that in the end I have been able to make out for Franklin but a dubious character or a meagre renown compared to that which at the beginning was affirmed to be his. The seeming contradiction, however, is exactly what proves the argument good. For it is to be remembered that I have been referring throughout to that conception of Franklin which floats at large in the mind of Christendom, to that kind of acquaintance with him which is in the main traditional and unverified, which is not in any instance — to repeat a phrase I have already used — the reward of individual search. What conception is held by those who know him more nearly and more fully, by the historical students and the readers at first hand, is another question altogether. There is many a name in history and literature which has a safe position and commands a large esteem in the minds of an informed few to whom it is definitely known or specially interesting, yet which to all except these is either nonexistent or means nothing. But the preceding pages start already with the assumption that Franklin belongs to that small band of greatest men, of world-personages, about whom those who have no knowledge feel that they know something and those who are not specially interested yet find themselves entertaining a prepossession and a feeling. Starting from that assumption, my concern has

been, firstly, to point out that nearly all historic characters which enter into this larger fame have to submit to a process of abstraction or diminution, fitting them to the measure and capacity of the world's not too synthetic mind; and, secondly, to consider how this has worked out in Franklin's case. As a fact, we have seen that in regard to a character of such extraordinary comprehensiveness there has been a curious division of opinion or of interest between the Old World and the New; that the Old World has formulized him, finally, as the supreme type of the self-made man and philosopher of practical views, while the New World has kept more vividly in mind his human and humorous personality — not without the sense, perhaps, of an intellectual challenge and a national triumph being somehow implicated in it all.

And now it only remains that I should define an alternative view of Franklin which has strong claims upon our recognition at all times, and especially at this time, on the eve of his bicentenary. The two ways of regarding him which have just been considered are alike in being in the main the results of vague, unverified knowledge, or traditional recollection. They are the contrasted forms or formulas into which the Franklin legend has shaped itself. Behind each of them lies the reality of the whole man and his life, in which both of them find their justification, if also the death-sentence which is the ultimate due of all half-truths. A different Franklin legend, however, might very well have arisen — vague, unverified, popular, and traditional even as these are — from another phase of his career or character than that which they ostensibly refer to; and behind it also would still have lain the reality of the whole man and his life. This other legend, which has never clearly emerged, should have been founded upon the dramatic career of a famous personality in international history.

For only in passing, and on the way to fulfillment, was Franklin one of the men who make themselves. When that preliminary work was done, and the man and the hour were both ready, he entered upon his true career as one of the men who make nations. During a period of twenty years he had in his charge and keeping the most lonely cause — lonely, at least, until he found it friends — and the most momentous issue then stirring in the world. His representative character and his tutelary office were not only universally recognized by thinking men, but entered into the popular imagination of all Europe. To say that his name had a prestige and a vogue is to say but little; it carried a connotation that was almost unique. Not in our day has Christendom had before its eyes a man moving in the realm of high diplomacy and international action whose very name has sounded such a rally of all the intellectual qualities which command the respect, all the liberal causes which win the sympathy, of mankind — nor one, again, whose name has carried that sense of a sheerly personal and individual influence, of a sheerly moral and unofficial power — which Franklin's did at the era of the American Revolution. Nor was the real part which he played in the making of history less considerable than the prestige with which wondering opinion invested him. What course he would take was a question of more moment than what kings might decree, and the news of his being in this place or in that was more sensational than the report of a battle. And indeed the result of a mighty battle — that long-drawn battle which is called a war — turned, again and again, less upon anything that could be achieved or hoped for in the field of action, than upon whether his wisdom and resource would ever fail, his devotion slacken, or his patience give out. All were taxed to the utmost, and far beyond the capacity of any but an extraordinary man: his patience not least. For in those days he also, at his own side of the world, was waging an heroic warfare against tremendous circumstance to keep the good cause hopeful still; and was doing it not only single-handed, but

subject to all the vexations and injuries, all the sapping of his position and the heaping up of his difficulties, which could result from the insane malice of one colleague, the morbid egoism of another. Nor is the story less dramatic for the psychological interest thus belonging to it, or for the fact that the triumph of a nation's cause is seen as an aspect or result of a great man's daily triumph over the ceaseless provocations which, had he been of less wonderful build and balance, should have proved him small before they had done with him. And when the long ordeal of his magnanimous watch and ward was ended at last, and the battle happily won, he went home in the late evening of his days to a country which had scarce a glimmering sense of how he had served her in those years of his exile and his silence. Yet, aged as he was, he went home not to die, nor even to rest; but to devote the potent and vigorous lees of his life to the inspiriting and upholding of a people which in winning its independence had also forfeited some ancient supports, and had yet to form the national Constitution and the social character that should fit it for the new time and guarantee its endurance. In that cause were enlisted the hopes and fears of many men of the first quality which that country had produced in a fertile and forcing season: here a political genius in the flush of his great constructive youth, there a man of immediate aims in the midday fullness of his mental power — of this kind, indeed, a senate of notables. Yet there was none among them all whose loving confidence in the great future of an inchoate and disorganized nation was so splendid and so absolute, or who bore such a part in achieving the task of the hour — the making of the Constitution — as the eighty-years-old patriot who was half worn down with sickness as well as service, and for whom his death-bed was already calling.

Then he died; and it is only by remembering the peculiar circumstances of the time, and the events which followed soon after, that we can cease to wonder why he was not universally mourned as the moral father of his country and celebrated, along with Washington, as its second founder. But in truth what he had done was very imperfectly realized in that age by the best-informed of the people at home. The land also was full of men of emphatic, if somewhat local personality, each a leader in his own section or province, who had been much before the public eye during all the years while *he* was away. Finally, there were not wanting sinister influences, subtly and persistently inhibiting the development of that large, explicit, and national recognition of Franklin's services which a very little thing might have called into full being and activity even during his lifetime. Had that consummation been realized even for a day, though it had been but the day after his death, the character of his fame would have been fixed differently, one cannot doubt, for the rest of time. For there would then have come fully and simultaneously into the national consciousness a conception of Franklin which — instead of the legend of the Philadelphia printer, almanack-maker, and humorist, or instead of the legend of the moral philosopher who taught men how to thrive in business and inculcated the practice of honesty as one of the best tricks of every trade — should have given us the legend of that historical Franklin, the most famous patriot, the wisest statesman, the most successful diplomatist of his age, a man with whose name all Europe — whatever America may have been doing or thinking of, then and since — once rang from side to side, and whose presence in the world filled the mind of his generation with the ideas of enlightenment, magnanimity, and freedom.

Howbeit, too many causes worked together at the time of his death — both the general causes spoken of earlier and those more particular causes which have just been named — in determining that his subsequent fame should involve but little reference to that part of his record, that aspect of his living reputation. It was felt

indeed that a true patriot and a wonderful man had passed away. Yet he was eulogized then and celebrated later rather with reference to his personal qualities than to his public services; rather in his character as a national worthy than in his character as a hero of the nation. And even the fuller story of his life, which a succession of admirable biographers have been able to set forth in a way that was not possible formerly, while so much of the truth was still imprisoned in archives or lost in lumber-rooms, has not appreciably displaced the working conception of Franklin which owed its existence in great part to envy and to accident. The fuller story has been accepted as a continuation of the narrower theme: an historical chapter in the life of the philosopher, an addition to the biography of the self-made man. The sense of that career transcending social relations — the sense of the great part played in universal history by a Franklin who for most of his contemporaries had no antecedents, and who for these later times should seem neither printer nor provincial, philosopher nor man of science, but an authoritative historical figure like Richelieu, an international being and a moral force like Grotius — this has never been projected simply and largely upon the imagination of the world as it would assuredly have been had he lived a less manifold life and left to posterity no choice but to remember him by these things or not at all.

To aim at displacing permanently these popular conceptions of Franklin, inadequate or unworthy as one may consider them to be, is beyond my measure of presumption or of hope. The existing fact has too many attachments in the general mind, and that mind is neither constituted nor accustomed to entertain the whole truth about Franklin or any other man whom it has elected to keep famous, upon issues partial and secondary, it may be, but sufficient for its purposes. Nevertheless, not in this instance alone, but also in many others, it is well to remember from time to time what it is convenient to forget from day to day. And this, I think, is such a time in relation to Franklin. The bi-centenary of his birth, which is now so near, is sure to have its commemorative festival and its literary results, as well as its more ephemeral letterpress in the journals of the Old World and the New. On such an occasion, an occasion pre-eminently genial in all senses of that word, one may expect to find comment and thought taking, more inevitably perhaps than usual, the line of least resistance, — a line which must in this case lead to an undue preoccupation with, a somewhat fond delight and moral reveling in, the recollection of those youthful circumstances and that earlier civic career of Franklin to which the *Autobiography* is an open sesame available for all. The runaway apprentice, we may rest assured, will be much in evidence. The shabby youth walking up the main street of Philadelphia, with the penny loaf under either arm, will arrest the gaze of others besides his future wife. We shall be asked to contemplate, twice or thrice, the moral spectacle of the independent young master-printer, the ideal of clarity and vigor in mind and body, trundling home his purchases of paper on a wheelbarrow. And for a little while once more, as it was in the olden days, the wisdom of Poor Richard will be a common possession. All those things, however, if they are delightful and memorable and improving, are also a little domestic; they are a little particular and preparatory. But of the things for which they were a preparation — of the part played in world-history by a certain great and illustrious Franklin of whom the *Autobiography* knows nothing — of this it is not so sure that an adequate and yet succinct and vivid account will be by any one attempted, or that a serviceable conception of it all will be brought home to those (a wide public!) to whom knowledge of history comes, when it comes at all, either as the news of the day or the revived topic of the hour.

BLUE PETER

BY HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

IV

On the height their footing changed to bare pink ledges with grass-grown intervals of thin earth. A spiked wall of dark firs and a little grove of white birches disappointed him by cutting off all view of Black Harbor on the seaward side. Powell's cove, too, had vanished: the hollow field, the spring, the house itself, had, in a few steps from the edge of the ascent, dropped from sight so utterly that the island seemed one great table-land some ten miles long, continuous, though curving at the middle to a narrow ridge. From their way along the verge, they could look back, straight down upon the shining channel, the low mainland, and the smoke-blurred elms, masts, and criss-cross streets of the petty town. Alone and aloft, they walked slowly, their shadows already spindling before them over the ledge and the yellow grass. Sometimes they crossed a bare scar of rattling pebbles, that in the shelving places rolled from under their feet, and unless stopped in some green slant of matted ground-pine, fell silently over the cliff, down to the black seaweed at the foot of that dizzy height.

"I come here often," said Helen, after the long silence of outdoor companions. "This little faint path is all my own making. Oh, it was your boat I saw crossing yesterday afternoon! — Two of you? — But you could n't have seen me, for I was lying down close to the edge, and just saw you disappear round the southern end."

"It must be melancholy to come up on this height all alone," said Archer.

"Oh, no," she returned. "That's the strangest part of it. I never feel alone anywhere on the island, partly because I used to make believe so much. And then I've always had a queer feeling that there was some one moving along parallel to me, not far off, and not very near — a kind of invisible person that you might almost see out of the corner of your eye — especially in or near woods, and among white birches more than anywhere. My father says it's very interesting, and shows how paganism begins. I don't know. But it seems real. Sometimes — like drinking from the witch's spring, you know — I've looked up quickly to catch a sight of it — the presence. But it never appears. It makes you feel quite safe — and yet somehow — cautious. See how I talk about my notions! It's your fault. You've been silent. Tell me more about what you've seen and done."

"No, please," said Archer. "I've told you most of it. It's been a pretty dull life, sailing round; and yours is so much better." Walking behind her again, he could see the neat springing of her ankles, the free play of white-clad shoulders, the bronze gleams in her hair, blown away from him. But he was thinking of this childhood into which she had given him glimpses; and pity strove with admiration.

"The white birches I spoke of," she continued, gayly voluble, facing about and pointing, "see, there they are, behind, against the firs. You should see them in winter, too. Once, after a storm, they were all weighed down with ice till I was afraid they would break. But it was very beautiful — bending along together under the evergreens behind — and made me think of princesses in a fairy story, all stealing by the foot of a dark wall, you know, to escape."

They clattered across a frail foot-bridge, spanning a narrow black gorge, in which the sea splashed somewhere down in the

darkness. Then, between the empty sunlit air of the verge to the right and the wall of firs to the left, the breadth of yellow grass led them upward to the skyline and the southern end of the island. Often Archer had to climb ahead and pull her up the arduous hillside. As they gained the top, the firs gave place to pines and cedars, whose trunks, bleached by salt winds, had been blown about till the roots writhed above ground and the distorted branches grew away from the sea. From among the trunks gleamed the eastern sky. This was the same tempestuous grove that Archer had seen from the boat; and perhaps it was some remembrance of the lurking ambiguity of movement among these trunks that made him ask: —

"Have n't the fellows in Black Harbor ever troubled your father or you? They seem a rough set" —

"No indeed," replied Helen, wonderingly. "They're just poor fishermen, I think. They only came and lived there; my father said nothing. But he has forbidden me to go up on the hill above the harbor, so I've never even seen them. Oh, that's not true. Once last spring an awful man met me up here — a young man, but dreadful, with a kind of flat face and nose — and began to speak to me. I was so frightened I almost started to run, and did n't hear what he said. And then another man, very tall, in a blue jersey, with very bright eyes, and blue veins in his forehead, overtook him and spoke to him, and they both went away. I did n't come up here for weeks after, not even on the Sunday mornings. But I did n't see them again. There! if I've not told you the only secret I have from my father!"

Archer rejoiced in this guileless compliment. At the same time he seemed to recognize two acquaintances in the narrative, and was greatly disturbed. But just then the ocean lay before them. They had come to the very end of the island.

One peep over the edge, where blue harebells quivered in the wind, made him look well to his footing on the parched grass. He drew back beside Helen, and the two stood looking down the great sheer drop of shattered brown rock, — broken pillars of basalt, stained with orange, and rust, and deep green, and whitened with bird-droppings. From the foot of the cliffs and the little crescents of shingle beach below, the tide was ebbing away almost without a sound, it was so calm under the lee of the head. Helen tossed over a pebble, and a score of white gulls started up from among the rocks, to go wheeling from headland to headland, with peevish cries as of lonely wickedness. Amazingly high in the sunlight the big birds soared, with heads bent down; amazingly far beneath moved the sea, — endless, inward-toiling lines, rising away to the weary, straight, infinite circumscription of the horizon.

"It is beautiful," said he at last, "and unspeakably sad. One is very little — and yet glad to feel so."

"That was well added," said the girl thoughtfully. There was nothing further to be said.

Out here at the meeting of earth, air, and water, the wind seemed more cold, the sunlight pale, and the girl's face, from being young, had taken on the mysterious look of age that sometimes comes to one who has long watched the sea. Their comradeship grew closer, — little human allies tacitly united in the face of vast and melancholy nature. A slow-forming thought suddenly overwhelmed him: here was a girl who, in her eyes, her speech, her acts, showed that her life could include and master sorrow. And he had walked with her hardly two hours, and he could not bear to leave her.

"The hardest part," said the girl, sadly, as if speaking to herself in the void of ocean air, "is not to know what my father really believes and really does n't. He answered me once that God was the Ether of Euripides. Now what can a young girl make of that?" Suddenly her wide brown eyes turned to him. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I was thinking — what have I said? — But you'll forget it — and you're not a stranger" —

"No," he faltered, his voice thick and coming with an effort. "No, I'm not a stranger — I won't tell — and even if I did, no one aboard ship would care — or know who — My three days' leave are up. I'll be gone to-morrow, anyway."

She cried out in pure dismay.

"Oh, you must n't!" Then, flushed and confused, — "I forgot, of course. You're such a wanderer — and have your duties, too" — She smiled uncertainly. "Why, I must have been making believe once more — it becomes a habit, probably — even to playing I had a big brother again. It was very nice to have one — just for an afternoon — but silly — and for a grown-up! — I beg your pardon" —

"Helen!" he cried, forgetting everything, and stepping in front of her, as if to intercept her look and her thoughts from going wide upon the sea. What he would have said further, he never knew; for in the wild manœuvre he nearly slipped from his feet.

"Come back from the edge!" she cried, and seized him by the jacket. "You must n't!" The movement swung them together, she still grasped the rough cloth by instinct, and for one fiery moment their faces were perilously close, their spirits passed in flame between the shining eyes.

"Oh," she cried again, letting go and shrinking back astounded, staring at him with a pale face of terror. "Oh, what have we done? We don't *know* each other, not even *know* each other!" She covered her face. "Something passed between us, it can't be unsaid or undone. What must you — please, please go away! I shall pay for this alone, — oh, the long retribution!" She cried bitterly, bowed down and trembling.

Archer drew near, neither allowed nor forbidden, and tried to console her, like a clumsy child striving to put together the fragments of some priceless thing.

"Helen," he said. "Don't cry so. Don't." He awkwardly patted her head, but she only nodded once as if to acknowledge the consolation. The slanting sunlight fell kindly round these two troubled children, aloft on the lonely headland.

"I mean it for good, always," he begged hurriedly. "The time is no matter — long or short — if it had n't been then it would have been never. Don't you see, Helen? Just believe. I can't prove it to you. Why," he cried in despair, "if I had n't meant it for always, I'd no more have done it than I'd have tried to kiss good old Barbara the cook!"

The girl still hid her face, but laughter mingled funnily with her sobs.

"You *can* prove it," she declared suddenly. And seizing him by the hand, but with her face averted, she began to lead him away from the precipice, toward the grove of windswept cedars and pines. "You can say it to me before my brother," she said, eagerly tugging him along.

Wondering, he followed. They found themselves in a little natural clearing among the bleached trunks and dark, distorted branches. At the back of the clearing a tall wooden cross, with gray arms wide-stretched, faced out toward the sea. Helen dropped his hand, and they entered side by side, quietly, as if into a little chapel. They stood in shadow, the sunlight barely tipping the dark trees.

"Here is where I come on Sunday mornings," she said with reverence. "It's my — it's everything to me."

Together they read the inscription on the gray cross.

"To the Memory
of
Arthur Powell
buried at sea
February 7, 18—
Lat. 10° 24′ 17″ N. Long. 118°
0′ 43″ W."

"He was my brother," said Helen, almost in a whisper. "Older than I, and dearer to me than any one else. I can't remember my mother, but he seems to have been here only yesterday. You were just his age, and somehow like him: that

was what made my father — made him more sad even than usual, last night."

The gulls complained in the wide solitude of the air.

"This is your church," said Archer, at last. "And if your brother were here, I would tell him just what I told you outside."

The girl gave him her hand with a kind of grave joy.

"Perhaps he hears you," she said, and her voice was full of mystery. "My father comes here seldom; but once after he had stood here for a long time, he said at last, 'Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore.' I like to believe that of Arthur."

Hand in hand they moved away.

"Was that a noise in the trees?" she asked, stopping suddenly. They looked about, but saw nothing, and went on, slowly, out of the little clearing. Still silent, they faced the homeward way along the cliff.

Archer took her hand in both of his.

"You believe now," he said.

Swiftly, for an instant, she clung about him, astonishingly small at close quarters, and hiding her face comically under his elbow.

"Oh, I knew you would come!" she said brokenly, laughing and crying together. "I knew you'd come. When you drank from the spring, and answered the two questions, I knew it was you — all the time. No, no, you must n't." She sprang away, laughing, and raced down the slope toward the sunset.

Archer could run, but the chase lasted to the brink of the farthest hill. They stopped, laughing with what breath they had, and from the height, still lit by the sun, looked down into the cove and the fields of home, — a deep bowl of soft evening shadows.

"Oh, my poor father," said Helen, changing. "I'd forgotten his side of it." She paused, in a study. "You must n't come to dinner," she said. "Come in late, and make some excuse. I could n't carry it off with you there. Do go over the hill and see them fish. He has n't forbidden you." Her face was clouded at the prospect of deceit.

"I'll go, then," said Archer, bitterly disappointed, and yet happy as a lord of the world. "But I can't stay."

"Oh, to-morrow," she called back from below, "to-morrow we must talk — a great deal. We must know each other first. But your ship?"

"Oh, I'll go see the captain, and he'll swear," said Archer. "There she is." And he pointed to the masts of a barkentine lying at a wharf in the distant town. "But she can sail without me," he laughed, and tossed his hand gayly in the air, snapping his fingers at the mainland. Then he watched Helen as she ran down the lower slope, into the pastoral shadows.

V

He walked slowly over ledges and grass, the long shadows creeping to meet him. The sunlight stole upward, left his face, left the white birch tops, left the fir points, and was gone from the island. The breeze grew cool. And when he stood on the pink ledge above the downward pass to Black Harbor, lights already twinkled from the town, and the northern headlands were black against the afterglow. He stood looking for a while, his joy quiet and deep. Yesterday, and the two years before, he had been a cheerful runaway, letting money and goods lie fallow ashore, rejoicing in bare, hard life and in youth. He had come over to this island to fill an idle day or two, — and here was Helen, — and in the twinkling of an eye life had changed, had grown more complex, serious, yet strangely fortunate. He had given some fugitive thought to such matters. "But I did n't know it would be like this, exactly," he said to himself. Always before he had craved to have things go swiftly ahead, event succeeding event while his mind still tugged forward to the future; but now a little pause in the present, a breath-

ing space, to look happily about in, was his sole desire. It was only his promise to Helen that made him renounce the temptation of smoking his pipe and thinking there on the summit, and go slowly down through the black firs.

For the first few steps he could look down the evergreen glacier, miles down, it seemed, upon the dimly shining harbor, two or three boats at anchor, the dark curve of the bar, and a sombre headland along which a single belated gull went winging swiftly. Then he was immersed in darkness. As he stumbled downward, he found his thoughts strangely mingled: Helen with her shining hair confused somehow amid a new-born pity for her father, a new inquisitiveness as to his life and the lives of others, the man with the blue-veined forehead, his pert little brother, the fishermen silent in their cups. "He must have had a hard deal sometime, her father," thought the young man; "and the others, too." Last night they had seemed mere figures in the darkness, the pawns in a game of adventure, the "persons who do not count." To-night he would like to learn more of them.

In this friendly spirit he finally broke into the open, on the hillside behind the huts. The barroom, as he passed, was lighted but empty, save for the little man waiting before his bottles. Archer went on, through the stink of fish among the gray huts, down to the beach; and here he came upon small groups, some twenty men in all, smoking, talking, and looking down over the long slope of wet pebbles and seaweed to where a few boats waited at the water's edge.

One of the groups he joined, with an odd reluctance. They peered at him through the dusk, with perhaps a little surprise, then smoked and spat with unconcern. They were sober to-night. By their faces — all dark and thin, some vicious, some dull — they were simple men enough, quiet, ordinary, and poor.

"Wha' d' ye git under-runnin' yer trawl, Kellum?" one asked finally, between puffs.

"Nothin' but hakes and skates," answered a sad-faced little old man, whom Archer recognized as the dulse-gatherer of the night before. Back into his yellow-stained beard he thrust his pipe, like a stopper to his mouth.

"I seen him knockin' 'em off," said a young man, with a loud, empty laugh. Then conversation flagged.

"The' must 'a' been thirty-five bar'ls in the Grab-All to-night," said the first speaker. "She did n't hold a tubful o' herrin' last tide. They 're comin' in, I tell ye."

"Thirty-five berrils!" twanged a Yankee voice. "They was forty in that wyre if they was a fish. They 're thick as fiddlers in Tophet."

"Well," replied the other peaceably, "we 'll git some more this flood, spudgin', anyway."

Silence fell again.

"Cap'n Kellum, you was sayin'," ventured another, as if resuming a debate which Archer had interrupted, "you was sayin' that the Regina had a centre-board. Now that 's no kind o' use on a schooner. She 's too big a bo't."

"Too big a bo't fer you, 'cause you 'd knock the bottom out of 'er," retorted Kellum placidly. "Some men is proper fools about bo'ts, if they hev been out from Gloucester."

"Haw, haw!" the loud young man shouted in ecstasy.

"That shows how much ye know," the old one went on, suddenly excited. He took out his pipe, and argued with bent fingers pegging at his opponent in the dusk. "The longer yer bo't, the more wood ye got at each end o' the hole to keep 'er solid. The Regina, — if I had the money to buy 'er back, I 'd not stay in this stinkin' cove, — why, I see 'er comin' out from Freeport with 'er centre-board down, an' by Godfrey, she 'd go like a horse!"

"Yeah, she 'd go like a horse," assented the Yankee. "That 's right."

Another listener wagged his head. "She would, too. She 'd go like a horse."

The loud young man laughed again. "I seen 'er," he echoed. "She'd go like — like a horse."

This simile exhausted by popularity, the group was silent once more, with pipes glowing in the dusk. A bent figure slouched past them down the beach.

"Hey, Mulb'ry," some one called after it. "Goin' out a'ready?" There was no answer.

"Mulb'ry's sore 'cause he did n't git all that bottle o' gin las' night," mocked the Yankee.

Another figure tramped down through the pebbles.

"Muckahi!" came a yell from a neighboring group. "Sebattis, ain't you got that bo't down yet?"

The soft voice of an Indian replied. With quiet command of the vernacular, he advised his questioner to go deeper than Purgatory. Old Kellum straightened his curved shoulders.

"Sebattis," he shouted, "you go git that bo't off 'fore I give ye a lift."

There came the hollow grating of a boat pulled down to the water. "That Injun'll be takin' charge round here," growled Kellum.

Other figures went crunching downward through the dark, till the footsteps glimmered with phosphorus on the distant seaweed. A newcomer joined the group. "Here's Blue Peter," said the Yankee.

"I was puttin' another bow on my dip-net," explained the deep voice of Archer's young friend. The net, on its long pole, stood high above his head, like some drooping standard, obscure in the starlight. "Beaky's bo't 's off a'ready," he added, "an' Joe's, an' Benny's."

The men started down the beach.

"Can I go out with you, Peter?" asked Archer, on the impulse.

The reply came in an odd tone of surprise mingled with something else.

"Oh, that you, sir? Yes, sure, if you'd like." As Archer slipped his money into his shirt, and threw his coat on the beach, he wondered at the touch of respect.

They trooped down together. Under the heavy boots, glow-worm drops of phosphorus filled the wet seaweed with spreading blots of brightness. To the "chock-chock" of oars on thole-pins, some half-dozen boats were already crowding out through the gap in the sea-wall, every keel a running line of blue-gold fire. Among the half-dozen more which now put out, Archer found himself in the bow of Peter's roomy skiff. "Let me row," Hippolyte had begged. So the youngster pulled out ably, while Peter sat in the stern. Liquid gold dripped from the oars; fan-shaped clouds of blue-gold smoke swept astern with each pull; and to Archer, in the bow, seeing the dim shining of the oarblades, the bright arrow-head of ripples that spread from the cut-water behind him, it seemed that they must be rowing forward into the lights of a great town. So strong was the delusion that he turned his head, and was surprised to find only the looming of the sea-wall as the boat slipped through, the blackness of the ocean outside, the running lines of golden fire under the other keels.

Their small flotilla moved somewhere to the southeast, hugging the shore under the cliffs, skirting the bunts of a weir or two, rugged blacknesses picked out with lapping phosphorus round the foot of the poles. A deep, irregular drumming started up ahead, like horses running confusedly across a bridge, or empty trucks rumbling over a stony road.

"What's that?" said Archer.

"They're spudgin'," replied Peter, from the stern. "Show him, boy."

The youngster began jumping his oars about on the gunwale. The boats astern took it up, till the wide air rumbled with the heavy drumming and the echoes of the cliffs.

"It'll make 'em rise," Peter explained. "You take the oars, sir, and Hippolyte, you come down stern here. I'll go in the bow."

They crawled past each other over the thwarts. Archer soon caught the knack

of drumming and rowing by turns. The boy pounded the sides with both fists.

"See," called Peter suddenly. "There's some."

The water was stirred into millions of tiny golden globules; golden streaks shot in crisscross multitudes, like tiny comets smothered in deep sea. Peter plied his dip-net swiftly. With a swash and a thump, some half-barrel of herring fell aboard, in a writhing, flipping heap, alight with phosphorus.

More splashing, and a few more tumbled in. "'T won't do," grunted Peter. "Not's many's they seem. Head 'er out again, sir. They're tryin' to drive 'em — with the torches."

Archer turned the boat, and pulled out to sea, until the order came to turn again.

"I'll light the dragon," said Peter. "This is against the law, ye know, sir, but the law ain't got's long an arm's they say."

With a crackle of birch-bark and the smell of burning kerosene, a light flared up as if their bow had been on fire. Other torches flared far along the water, coursing shoreward till the giant shadows of men and rocks tossed and swung high on the dim red crags.

"Keep 'er headed just as she is," commanded Peter. "Now pull like the devil, sir."

Archer obeyed till the sweat trickled down his forehead. "A little faster, sir — a little faster" — his captain kept urging; and Archer tugged with all his young muscles. Other boats flamed alongside of them. "We've caught up, going famously," he thought.

Just why it happened he never could have told. Suddenly a torch-lighted bow swerved astern of them, — nearly ran them down; and he saw above the smoky flame the goblin face of Beaky Lehane, — the flat, cartilaginous nose, the wide-spaced teeth, the evil little eyes, a face distorted in a mania of drunken passion.

"God damn yer soul!" he raved. "Git out o' my way!"

The boy in the stern half rose in terror. Behind the grinning face a hand left the pole of a dip-net, and tried to catch Lehane by the shoulder. But in the same instant he swung out savagely with the torch. The iron-shod stake crashed down on the head of the little boy, who fell with a kind of whimper into the bottom of the boat. Archer, rising in a rage, heard Peter roar at his back, and felt him leap astern. But he himself had the better place, and swung the oar like an axe with all his strength. It struck Lehane with a wooden resonance and a tingling shock that ran through Archer's forearms. Both boats upset in a souse of phosphorus.

The water was shockingly cold. Squirting a salt and golden jet from his mouth, he looked about. Two black hands, the fingers spread stiffly apart, sank in the boiling witch-fire. They were too large to be the boy's. Next instant he bumped into Peter, whose face was smeared with an unearthly glow as if rubbed with wet matches, and who held the little body under one arm, while he lashed out the other through the blue-lighted spray.

"No, no!" gasped Peter. "You can't help! Swim ashore! I've got him. They can all swim. Get out! Swim to the ledge, anyway. Go on, man. Oh, by God!" He was sobbing as he swam.

Archer could see other men splashing lustily away in luminous patches.

"It's every man for himself," he thought, and struck out vaguely for the shore. Through the cold, shining water he swam, through shoals of fish quick and startling to the touch, and at last pulled himself out, shedding glow-worm drops, upon the round stones of the sea-wall. Here he waited. But by the torches, the other boats seemed to be looking for something. He dimly saw men pulled aboard, and still the search went on. No one came to join him. Then he remembered a little ledge offshore, bare at low tide. The others must have swum to that. He grew very cold as he waited; still the torches hovered aimlessly in the distance; and at last, with teeth chattering in the night air of autumn, he clambered over

the breakneck stones, followed the inside curve of the wall, until, after many falls and infinite groping, he stumbled upon his coat. Carefully drying his hands in the beach-grass, he hunted matches out of the pocket. Old grass, broken fish-flakes, and cedar shavings from weir-poles, soon snapped and blazed on the pebbles. He sat drying himself as well as might be, and waited for news of this sudden and strange mishap. He was uneasy over the stroke he had dealt with the oar; yet the thought of the little boy braced his conscience at the same time that it made his heart sink.

In these thoughts by the fire, growing warm and sleepy, he was startled by a growling voice.

"Who the hell are you, buildin' fires on my beach?" The speaker was a man of middle height, prodigiously broad and bulky, with a wide red face in which the eyes were so staring and the big red nostrils so far apart that he had the aspect of a bull. As the question came rumbling again in a thick bass, Archer noticed that the hands, in the firelight, were fat, freckled, and immensely powerful, like the hand thrust in at the barroom door. This, then, was the Old Man, and, by the resemblance to the face at which Archer had swung his oar, it was Beaky Lehane's father.

"Oh, go to the devil," he answered, too cold, and tired, and bitter to let any man stare so at him. "This is n't your beach, anyway. It's Mr. Powell's. Go stare at somebody else."

"Well, by the" — wheezed the man, and stopped, cut speechless by wonder and rage. Then the hulking body lurched nearer.

"Look here!" cried Archer, jumping up and shaking his fist. He had lost his temper, as in a bad dream. "Be off with you! This is my beach as much as yours, if it comes to that. I've lighted a fire, and I'm going to sit alone by it. Alone, do you hear? You're only a squatter. Well, here I squat, too. You'd better go look after your son, — he's got himself into a pretty mess, and serve him damned good and right!"

He expected that on the heels of this they would be rolling down the pebbles in a clinch. Instead, the big man breathed hard with a startled puff, and asked anxiously, —

"Where? Where is he? What was it?"

"Oh, over there," said Archer wearily, pointing by guess toward the foot of the cliffs. "Been a fight — overboard — I don't know, go look for yourself."

The man reeled off into the dark. Archer was so tired that he merely felt relieved, as from a bore. He piled the fire till it blazed high, dried himself fairly well, and waited sleepily. Still nothing appeared from harbor mouth or sea-wall. Suddenly it flashed through his drowsy brain that he was expected back at Powell's that night. This bit of civilized obligation came like something laughable, out of some other person's life. It was in a droll dismay that he hurried off up the hill.

Once, through a gap in the black layers of the fir branches, he caught the shine of lights far below. "Let them go till morning. I'll be back," he thought. Perhaps the little boy was not hurt so much, after all. Like one in a heavy dream he climbed wearily over the hill and downward through starlit fields to the house.

A candle, burning low, waited for him in the little brown hall. He locked the door without a sound. "What a mess for a visitor!" he pondered ruefully. But the thought that Helen was in the same house, even though she were asleep, came to him like a comfort.

VI

All night a land-breeze swept overhead from the north, as if streaming down an interminable valley. Despite his weariness, he slept ill; his dreams were a riot of pictures, — the firs, the gulls, the witchfire, Helen looking away

from him at the sea, the boy rising, in fear, against the torchlight,— and through it all a troubled half-remembrance of the blow he had struck with the oar. When he woke, at sunrise, the wind had fallen. The house still lay drowned in sleep. He dressed, stole downstairs, and looked about for his cap, which he had left there two nights before. It was not to be found. He did not know then that Helen had taken it to her room, laughed and cried and committed pretty follies over it, and at last gone to sleep, intending to leave it in the hall before he should be up. So he went outdoors bareheaded.

The wind had swept away with it all vestiges of summer, and brought in a pure dawn of uncompromising autumn. The night had drawn a sharp line between the seasons. The air was crisp and chilly; gossamer films of frost silvered the grass; and round the upper outline of the headland that shut off the south and east, a faint, cold smoke rose in the first warmth of morning. What remained of sky and sea was a dull sepia touched with flakes of pale yellow.

Climbing over the fields to the pass, he was aware that some one sat waiting for him on the edge against the sky. He climbed faster. The figure resolved itself into the lean, solid body of Peter, his blue jersey, his heavy rubber boots rolled down below his knees in the fashion of some uncouth cavalier.

"How is he?" called up Archer. "How did it come out?"

The blue eyes under the blue-veined forehead looked down gravely, as Peter shook his head. Even through the dirty growth of beard, the lines of his face were hard and old. With fears suddenly full grown, Archer sprang upward and stood before him. Something made him wait for the other to speak.

"It's bad," said Peter, at last. "Bad," and he stared out over the fields and the channel, like a steersman, who has the air of listening to talk in the boat, while his eyes look miles out to sea. Then he said abruptly, "The boy's dead."

"Oh, Peter!" cried Archer, and was struck dumb. "Oh, my God, I'm sorry — I'm sorry for you." He could find no words, but the tone must have meant something, for the other suddenly lost his set composure and covered his swarthy face and blue-scored forehead with his hands.

"I knowed you was a good feller all right," he said brokenly.

For a time neither spoke. It was Peter who began.

"I was up on the cliffs yesterday afternoon," he slowly declared, "and saw you. She heard me in the trees" —

"What!" cried Archer in surprise. And then with disappointment, "Well, I did n't think it of you, if" —

"Why," said the other, once more gazing off before him, "how was I to know, then? I had n't no means o' tellin' for sure that you was any diff'rent from the others" —

"Others!" Archer exclaimed, hotly and yet with wonder. "There are n't any others. That's a lie. There never were any."

The blue eyes looked squarely at him, deep, with a weary brightness.

"Oh, yes, the' was," the fisherman replied. "The' was one other. Wait!" he added sternly. "I'm slow at these things, but you'll ketch my drift. It's eight years that I've kept an eye on her. Beaky was round after her. She never knowed it. The' was a girl ashore, over in town, he got after, that — Never mind. That was n't goin' to happen here, if I c'd stop it. I've licked Beaky twice; and so long's he was on the island, I never left it, — never, for all his old man ordered me off. Don't ye see? When she'd go round down there all alone, playin' — God, I've knowed 'er longer'n you, anyway — or up on the head — why, I was always round, spyin' out. Why, man, that's only why I stayed here." He looked down and fumbled with the dirty cloth lining of his boots, in a pathetic kind of bashfulness. "I'd never 'a' told this to a soul, but I see you was all square — an' meant

right by 'er — an' how it was between ye. Well, she's never come to harm, an' 't was me that had the hand in that." He ground both fists between his knees, with the effort of expressing these long-stifled thoughts. Then he looked up once, in the pale light of sunrise. "I'll ask ye to take that back what ye said about lyin'."

"I beg your pardon," said Archer, deeply humbled. "I took it wrong. I did n't understand all this. I beg your pardon."

"That's all right, then," he answered simply. "Now to come to the point. The's no time to lose. Beaky Lehane's paid for it. He's gone."

Sunlight, ledge, black firs, and circle of air, looked pale and sickly round Archer. He thought he could not have understood.

"You don't mean " — he began weakly, trying to stave off what he knew would be the truth.

"Yes," said Peter. "They found him 'bout four this mornin', on the beach."

Archer, wrestling with this thought, found that the fisherman had risen and was patting him roughly on the shoulder. "That's all right," he was saying. "Don't look so cut up. That's all right. 'T was n't you. He started out drunk — jus' got drowned, that's all. You did n't no more 'n give him a clip on the shoulder, jus' bruised him. That's straight. If ye had n't, I'd 'a' given worse to him. An' if ye had done it, I'd 'a' owed ye one. He's a good riddance. Don't ye see, sir, he was crooked, bad clean through. It's better for her now that he's gone. Don't take on, now. 'T was him that killed the little boy."

Archer was ashamed that he could receive better comfort than he had given this man. He pulled himself together.

"You said there was no time to lose," he ventured, remembering dizzily. "Well, what's to be done?"

"That's it!" cried Peter, with bitterness. "What? It's a bad business. Matt Lehane — the old man — they told 'im it was you that done for Beaky. He thinks it was about her — the girl. He's down there ever since, holdin' a reg'lar devil's wake over 'im — it — there. An' drunk! Lord! But he don't lose his legs, nor his head; the drink jus' sharpens 'im. Well, he'll git 'em all drinkin', — likely he's started that by now. Then he'll bring his gang up over here; it's you he's gunnin' for, but I won't answer for what'll happen at Powell's, when they git started. It'll be a pretty crowd. An' here's you an' me, an' old man Kellum, — an' p'raps Benny, — an' for a long guess Sebattis, — 'cause Beaky was always cuffin' 'im round, — if he don't git drunk first. 'T won't do. 'T ain't enough of us. He'll git fifteen or twenty, — the devil's rinsin's they are, too."

"I'll go down and see him," said Archer. " That'll keep them away from the house. I'm not afraid of him, I hope." And he told briefly of the encounter by the fire. "He did n't seem so terrible."

"That may all very well be — for last night," declared Peter, his blue eyes alight with keen thought. "He's rotten, an' a brute, but you must remember the' was jus' one good thing in 'im, he thought the world o' Beaky. He's the only one to do that. Oh, I tell ye he's a devil anyway, an' worse when he's drunk. They'll be too scairt not to foller 'im, anywheres he says. That's all that kep' 'em together as a gang. No, 't would jus' be murder if ye went down there now; an' you can't be spared. An' I'm not guessin' about this, for I went round, quick, too, — to sneak a bo't — mine got lost last night, — an' blessed if he ain't stole every pair o' oars out of every bo't. An' if we had 'em, it 'ud be no go, 'cause Benny's bo't's lent to his brother to go after smoke-wood, an' Kellum don't even own one, — poor old feller, he useter own a schooner once. An' the' ain't a stitch o' canvas on them pinkies. Oh, the Old Man's cute! He don't mean to have you git off this island. When he gits 'em lo'ded, he'll go up to the house, an' whether you're there or not, they'll raise hell! An' now how'll we stop 'em? We ain't got no guns. But they's axes an' bo't-hooks," he cried

savagely. "We'll do for some one 'fore we git laid out."

"Powell let his boat go adrift last spring," Archer reflected, with bitterness. "There's just one way to get help. Swim it."

"By the Lord!" cried the other, astonished. Then, shaking his head, "Can't live in that cold for two miles an' a half. An' it's slack water now. By young flood it'll be the whirlpools."

"We must try it," said Archer. "It's been done once, years ago. I must take the chance. You delay them down there."

Blue Peter thought for a second, then nodded grimly. "You're all right," he said. "I'll put a spoke in his wheel. You're all right. 'T won't be no easy job for 'em." He hesitated. "Look here, somethin' may happen. After this is over, — if she comes out of it all right, — I'm off for good, anyway. Nothin' left on this island for me. The poor little kid — he was what you call a — what is it? — massacree? no, they useter tell about 'em out o' the Bible — 'sacrafice' the word? Well, he was bein' spoilt here in this crowd. Might 'a' gone to school an' learnt somethin'; but I kep' puttin' it off — usin' him to help me keep an eye out — he 'd lie up here watchin', whole afternoons. Might 'a' done better 'n me, nearin' thirty an' good for nothin' but fish. I want ye to promise me one thing," he jerked out. "Quick, 'cause we've been standin' here talkin too long."

"I'll promise it," said Archer.

"Don't tell her — Helen," said Blue Peter, looking down, "none o' what I told ye — 'bout me or the boy — an' our doin's. I knowed some one 'ud come along like you — I ain't a damn fool. Just you promise that."

"All right, then," said Archer. Suddenly he held out his hand. "Peter, you're the best fellow I ever knew anywhere."

Their grip was strong but brief.

"I wish we'd 'a' growed up together — Hugh," said the fisherman. "Now hurry. Swim like hell. I'll hold on till you git back. That's my promise, for yours. I'll hold 'em, damn their souls."

He went scrambling downward to his desperate politics. Archer bounded off down the slope, through the field and the frost-bitten rows of vegetables, to the back door.

The good old woman was lighting her kitchen fire. He cut short her wrinkled smile of welcome.

"Barbara," he said, snatching a bottle of oil from her shelf, "I must frighten you a little, but you must stand it, for Miss Helen's sake. There 's danger from that crowd over in Black Harbor. Just how much, I can't say. I'm going across to the town, and bring over some men to see no harm 's done. But meantime, you must keep the house shut up, tight. Don't let them go out, or any one in."

The old woman's face looked very white, but there was pluck in her eyes.

"It's for Miss Helen's sake," he repeated. "Keep up your courage. I'll be right back."

"All right, Mr. Archer, sir," she faltered. "I'll do it, sir."

He was off, running to the beach, and along it northward, to make his start as far as possible above the line where the whirlpool might appear. Ripping off his clothes, he ran naked down to the water's edge, doused the oil over his body, and rubbed hastily till the great white muscles glistened in the sun. He felt hollow from lack of food and sleep; the water stretched hopelessly far to the mainland; but the excitement as he ran splashing out, and the cold shock of the plunge, set his heart thumping stoutly. His first thought was one of despair, — "It's too cold." But he shut his mind to that, and clove his way ahead through the bright green water, swimming with a powerful side stroke. That lowness of vision over a flat surface which is peculiar to swimming made colors and lines abnormally distinct. With his cheek gouging through the water, he could see the ruddy cliffs retreating behind him, the greenness and the black shadows of little trees that clung in crev-

ices, the pink curve of the beach, the shining, shifting lines of the water, his own legs, distorted by refraction till they looked ridiculously pale and green and thin, kicking away like alien marine things in pursuit of his body and of the big, glistening deltoid that capped his shoulder, strongly contracting and relaxing. Ahead, as he shot his arm forward, appeared his first distance mark, a white can-buoy two thirds of the way across the channel; beyond that, a broad eddy of the tide, a slightly raised surface, smooth and yellowish-white, like a sheet of ice, where hundreds of white gulls wheeled or floated in search of breakfast; and beyond these again, the wharves and meagre shipping of the town, — the square-rigged shapely tangle of his own ship, the Elizabeth Fanning.

The numbness began to leave him, though an ice-cold ring circled his neck where wind and water met. Like all swimmers, he grew confused in his sense of time, and had strange thoughts. Half way to the can-buoy now; no longer slack water; must hurry. A half-eaten apple came bobbing peacefully toward him on the young flood. He wondered who had eaten it, and whether it were sweet or sour. But where the devil had all his Latin gone to? Her father had said "enaviganda." Did that mean it could be swum through, or it could n't? He suffered a morbid worry over the meaning of this word, as if it contained the secret of his present fate. The thing had been done — that fellow in '56. At all events, he shifted his stroke again, and swam on tediously.

Of a sudden he noticed that the apple was bearing rapidly down, — was alongside, on a little raised rim of water like a moving flaw in glass. Next instant he had spun about and was facing seaward. Something below twirled his legs violently.

"Hello!" he sputtered aloud. "Good Lord!" he thought. "This is bad. I must get out of this."

But the running ocean was stronger. The water hissed, curved on a slant, boiled upward, regurgitated in patches white as with melting snowflakes. A submarine force, gigantic and appalling, spun him round and round and whirled him downward. He wrestled frantically. His head sank inside a wide cylinder of smooth green glass, laced about spirally with running silver threads. His ears, long deafened by the noise of swimming, were filled with a strange roar. "Whirlpool! It's all up. I'll see where it goes to, anyway," he thought insanely, and strained for a last breath as he shot under. In a green light he was slatted about dreadfully, spinning upright, then horizontal, his useless arms and legs flying wide and shaken. A giant weight, a personal, hateful weight, began pressing on his back, pressing him slowly down into the dark. Acute worry seized him because this thing was unfair — would not give him a chance to get just one more breath — was squeezing him down into a funnel, and he did not think the bore at the end was big enough to let him through. "Why," he thought, "why, this is It! This is dying. What they call Death! — I'm very sorry for them all up there." And then he thought, as suddenly, "Hold on! I can't yet, because before this sort of thing I'm due to come back to the island, — I've drunk from her spring — Helen — that was the agreement" — But still he was pressed downward, and the pain grew heavy and dull. No one would ever tell her of the cold, the dark, the loneliness. It was all years ago, anyway, and very deep.

Slowly he was rising. "Where next?" he thought cynically. Perhaps it was over now, and this was just the fellow's soul going up, up. "No, by golly, there's too much pain about it. It 's lighter — The sun — It's me, and I'm out — Air!"

He struck out in leaden imitation of swimming, just to take it up where he had left off; then stopped; then began again. He was more interested in a pale thing that accompanied him, large and speckled, like a potato, but twitching round the edges, round the nostrils.

"Why, it's my nose, and I've got one eye shut. How silly!" The humor of this woke him up, and now he really swam. "I've wasted a lot of time down there," he mourned.

Something large, white, and round came rushing at him through the water. The can-buoy, — the tide was carrying him past, he must n't lose that. He lashed out for it blindly, and managed to be flung against the slope. Though it dipped, swayed, and rolled, he slowly climbed up, over barnacles and painted sheet-iron, to where he could grasp the iron ring at the top. It must have been for a long time that he clung there. The tiny knives of the barnacles had sliced his legs, and blood ran in slow red streams through the hair on his shins. "It's all up," he reflected, watching the tide race by. "I've come through the upper tip-edge of the whirlpools, off there. Just a baby one that got me; but it's done the trick. This is a mighty poor exhibition. What will Peter say, and Helen?" The only answer was despair; he grew colder and weaker, his aching fingers loosened, time dragged on, and he longed to go to sleep.

There came a puffing from somewhere. He looked up to see a smoky, brindle-colored tug off to the left, making for the town. He waved one arm, and gave a feeble hail. Nothing happened. He tried again and again, without much hope. At last she gave a short toot of her whistle, came about, headed toward him, turned near at hand, and stood off in a lathering wake. Two staring men lifted him precariously into a rowboat, and pulled back through the sweep of tide.

"How many men have you got aboard?" he kept asking, as plainly as he could for the chatter of his teeth.

"He's bughouse," flatly asserted the man at the oars. "Lord, he's blue as my shirt. Git him down into the engine-room, Spike, an' give him a slug o' whiskey. — What'd ye try to swim it fer? — No use askin', he's bughouse."

Then all that Archer remembered was being lowered into the warm depths of the tug, and standing before the red blaze of the furnace door, with the water forming inky puddles round his feet in the coal dust. And the deck-hands choked him with vile Irish whiskey. Then he found himself talking lucidly with a fat, jovial, and astonished captain, and, by a last effort of the will, making him understand that he, Archer, this naked swimmer, could pay a hundred dollars to have a posse of men taken over at once to the island. And then they had touched at a wharf, where dozens of men had sprung aboard, shinning down the slimy green spilings. The tug was off again. The engineer gave him cotton waste to rub down with, and dressed him in a blue jumper and overalls. They sped past the can-buoy again, where already the whirlpools had vanished in the tide. Throughout this dream every one was wonderfully kind to him, and seemed to think him a decent fellow, somehow. The captain introduced him formally to Sheriff Moriarty, a keen, elderly man with a gnawed mustache, who asked many questions briskly, and kept repeating, "Always said so. Knew something of the kind would happen. Old man Powell's a damn fool. I knew it." And then in admiration, "Young man, there's few could have swum to that boo-y at any time of tide."

Yet all this was unreal; it was only when they steamed into the cove, and could see the close-shuttered house, that men and things seemed to Archer more than a tangled farce of dreams. Three boatloads pulled quickly landward. But as they rowed, Archer saw a little squad of men appear over the slope, running toward the house; and a man in a blue jersey was running with the first of them. The island was very still in the growing warmth of late forenoon.

VII

The battering of blows on the door came down to them while they struggled

up the sand, more boatloads racing after them; but when they reached the field, they saw the little mob still outside, swarming like hornets round the doorstep. Something had checked them: there was a surge of conflict, but no advance. As the townsmen ran up the slope, two figures rolled down past them, — the dark Indian face of Sebattis, who was trying to bite a white man's ear, — both growling and punching in a drunken dogfight entirely beside the point of the main quarrel. Some of the less eager among the sheriff's men stopped to separate them, but Archer and the others swept on. Already a few of the gang scattered from the door in flight, running unsteadily round the house and up through the vegetable garden. One man fell blindly through the beanpoles, with loud oaths and breakage. Those who stood their ground had their backs turned, and were apparently absorbed in something before them.

While he raced, Archer saw what it was. Before the broken panels of the door, old Lehane and Peter stood in a clinch so desperate that the rest had fallen back to watch them. Even in the heat of running Archer could see the wrench of muscles under the blue jersey of the one and the coat, green with age, that covered the broad back of the other. Peter, with both hands aloft, gripped Lehane's wrist so that a pistol pointed skyward; but round his own throat a great, fat hand was murderously at work. Both bodies, the lithe and the bulky, were strained to the last fibre.

"Old fool!" grunted Peter. His eyes were almost shut against the sun, the blue veins showed like a Biblical seal on his forehead. "Quit it!" A sudden ripple of tense motion ran through his body from boot-heel to wrist. There was a sound like a stick snapping.

"Ah!" bellowed the big man. The pistol fell. Archer and the others breasted the bright surge of flowers in the garden, and ran upon them all in a victorious scuffle. It was more than two to one, and with old Lehane surrounded, the fight was laughably simple.

Archer found himself shoving off an overzealous deckhand who would have seized Kellum. The old man sat against the red stone wall, his little knees drawn up with a comical air of comfort, but a red stream from his cheekbone trickling into his yellow-stained beard.

"He hit me a proper hard poke," he was muttering, dazed but philosophic. "It could n't 'a' come square on, though."

Helen appeared from somewhere with towels, a basin, and a bottle. Her brown eyes sought Archer's for one bright instant, and then she was at work over Kellum, deftly and sensibly. The old man looked up at her like a dirty, bearded child.

"Ye done well, Hugh," said the deep voice of Peter. The two big men grinned at each other like schoolboys. Peter was breathing short, and wore round his throat the red stripes from the old man's fingers. "To speak plain, ye done better 'n I thought ye could. 'T was an awful resk."

"I have n't done so much as you," replied Archer. He meant far more than this, for new and strange thoughts had been swarming in his mind through all this tumult. "Nothing like, Peter."

Both men had stopped smiling.

"It was both of us, — both fer the same thing, anyway," the fisherman said. "'T was a narrer squeak," he added, with forced cheerfulness. "We had n't ought ter complain, 'cept fer the boy." He turned away slowly, and walked a little distance down the field, where Archer did not follow him. In the meantime Helen had disappeared.

Farther down the slope old Lehane was raving in the midst of a group. "Leggo, damn ye, my arm's broke, — no need o' grabbin' that way. That's the feller, up there, — the red-headed one in the overhalls; he done fer Beaky, I tell ye."

"That'll all come out at the inquest," Sheriff Moriarty called down to him.

"Take him over to town and get his arm set," he ordered, and came stalking upward to engage in conversation with Mr. Powell. The scholar had now ventured out, pale and bewildered, into the sunlit flower garden; and over the tangle of sweetpeas Archer could see him shaking hands timidly with the sheriff, like a mild curate receiving congratulations on a discourse. The sheriff was introducing several other men.

"Mr. Powell," he said briskly, "I want you to know my brothers, Mr. John Moriarty, and Mr. Michael, and Mr. Florence Moriarty; he's a lawyer, sir, and may be able to help you about this matter of the squatting; and Mr. Hugh Moriarty, that I think you've dealt with in groceries; and Mr. Ferris, my half-brother, sir."

The pale little man shook hands very precisely, all round. "I am glad to meet you, sir," he repeated, without an inkling of what this intrusion from the great world was all about. "Ah, Mr. Ferris, — *non omnis Moriarty*," he chirped, and in spite of the blank looks from the group of kinsmen, was visibly pleased with his joke.

Archer turned to Kellum. The old captain was not much hurt; in fact, after Helen's ministration he seemed almost neat, and looked up with sage and weatherbeaten resignation. They fell into the friendly talk of allies, in which Archer caught, by the light of many a homely phrase, glimpses of how Peter had played for time, played with craft and force, delaying, desperately delaying, the drunken crew in the harbor. Yes, it all strengthened what he himself had been thinking.

"He's a good lad, Blue Peter," said the old man, stanching his cut with gingerly dabs of Helen's handkerchief. "We call him that for a joke. He's a good lad, the only one o' the lot, an' he'll be goin' away now, he tells me. He seems dretful cut up about the boy. Well, they'll most all be goin' in a month, fer the winter. It's only a summer camp, — 'cep' fer a few of us, the devil's orts, that has to stay all the year round."

"Captain Kellum," asked Archer, suddenly, "what would you do if you had your choice, instead of staying here?"

The little old sailor wagged his yellow beard sadly. "'T ain't no use talkin' so. But by the powers," he ejaculated, "if I had the money, I'd buy back the Regina. Lyons 'ud sell 'er; he wants a bigger bo't. Some fools 'll tell ye a centreboard schooner's no good," he cried, warming with enthusiasm. "But she, — I had 'er fourteen year, an' 'ud hev 'er yit but fer bad luck, — why, she'd go like — like a horse! The' ain't much left fer ye, my boy, when ye come to my age, p'r'aps. But I'd ask nothin' better than jes' to come up on deck again on a winter mornin' and see where the vessel 's lyin'."

"If I buy her," said Archer, "will you take her and pay me a quarter of what she brings you in two years? She's yours on those terms."

The old man's eyes peered at him, hard and bright at this cruel joke.

"Where'd ye git the money?" he retorted.

"I've got enough for that," replied Archer, laughing. "What do you say? I'll get Moriarty to telegraph Lyons today, when he goes over. You say he'll sell. You can go aboard the first of the week."

Captain Kellum was astonished at this magic.

"Why," he faltered, "if ye mean it — 'T ain't a fair bargain to you, but if ye mean it" — His old face looked very queer and puzzled.

Helen was coming from the house.

"I mean it. Think it over," said Archer, as he moved away to meet her. By tacit assent they walked together apart from the groups of men, past the house, between the rows of frost-bitten vegetables. Her hair shone once more with bronze gleams in the sunshine. He felt infinitely glad to be with her again, as if he had come back to her after a long time and from a far country, — indeed, from the

dark limbo of the farthest country, where time is unknown. She was good to look upon; he loved her with all his heart; yet what should have been happiness was overpowered with sorrow and self-reproach.

"Tell me," she asked in her quiet voice, "what is it all about? I'm in the dark. You look so funny in those dirty things, and barefoot. What does it all mean — Hugh?"

He answered her smile at this first use of his name. Then very seriously he explained it all, — the fight in the dark, what he had done by water that morning, what Peter had done by land; everything save what his promise to Peter forbade him to tell. Her clear brown face was alight and alive with the swift-changing emotions. When he had ended this story of rough deeds, she was deeply moved and silent; but he knew she had acquitted him of his worst responsibility.

"But why," she asked in a puzzled way, "why did that old man think it started about me? What have I" —

She had gone so straight to the point that he was both amused and dismayed.

"You must n't ask me that now, Helen," he answered. "I've promised not to tell it all" —

"Not to me?" she asked, disappointed.

"Just that," he assented, soberly. "Not to you." In the long silence he stooped and plucked at the withered tops of potatoes. "Oh, Helen!" he broke out at last. "It's that that worries me and makes me ashamed — the promise, and a great deal more that I've been thinking all the way over, through it all. I'm ashamed. I came here," he hurried on breathlessly, "I came here and stole it from you, all at once, as if I'd been the only man in the world, — or the best, — without giving you a chance, even, to know what the others were like — Oh, I'm ashamed!" he cried. "It was like a cad, — it was n't fair to you, dear."

Her face had turned pale in the sunlight.

"Are you sorry?" she asked, with a cold voice that was not her own, and that did not conceal her distress and fear.

"No," he cried eagerly. "It's the happiest and truest thing in my life. Oh, don't you see why? It's just because it is n't fair to you. I wanted you to know that there were better fellows, off the island — and on it. Here goes my word!" he exclaimed in dismay. "I can't keep it. You said, the other time, that you never used to feel alone, — that there was a kind of — of presence, you said, among the trees and places. Well, there was." And he told her all that Peter had said that morning. "There, I've broken my promise to him. But it's best. He's given up everything, thought, and care, and work, and his little brother, and I just came along and stole it. Why, Helen, you grew up in a kind of garden — an enchanted garden you might have played it was — and this man built and kept the walls round it, walls you could n't see. And what am I before a man like that? Just look, without any make-believe. We have n't even talked things over as we were going to this morning. But see. I've run away from everything — just drifted along — never thought much — took chances — only had good luck. Don't you see?"

She surveyed him oddly. In her eyes was a shine as of transfiguration, but he could not understand it.

"You're very young about some things," she said. "Younger than I — years. Did n't you see, up there — can't you remember — that our one look — and what it meant? Did n't you see that it settled it all? I know there are other men, and noble and good — the world full of them — not getting their deserts — deserts much bigger than a girl like me. I know that. But what of it? This Peter, oh, I'm sorry for him, and grateful, and he must be wonderfully good. But — don't you see?" she begged helplessly. "I can't explain — but if you don't — if you have the least doubt — then we've made a mistake" — Her eyes shone pitifully and her lip trembled.

"Helen, you know I could n't," he said, frightened at the thought. "You know that. Why, when I was in the whirlpool, and it on my back — this Death your father spins words about — pressing me down, what do you suppose I thought? Just that I could n't die then, because the drink from your spring, — our poor little foolish game, lasting through it all, right to the end of everything, down there in the dark. Oh, just believe that! I can't explain, either, half of it."

The color of reassurance came back to her cheeks.

"Look," he said, pointing before them. They had come to the end of the shriveled rows, where a lane went by to the pastures on the northern headland. "This will help. See, this puddle of water here, where your cow's been drinking. It's full of her hoof-marks, and shallow, and dirty, and everything. Now stand over here."

Moving away, they leaned forward together and looked. The light so caught the little surface that the water was deep as the sky, and the clouds and the blue air were in it.

"There, you see. That's my life, before you, and since. I don't know how else" —

The girl was the first to speak again.

"I can't tell you so well," she said. "But the long winter evenings with the snow against the panes, — and the summer nights and no one to talk to, — there'll be no more of those." Then she changed, happily mocking his sober face. "Parables in puddles, — and a preacher in blue overalls." They both laughed.

"I know," he confessed. "But I've been through something that's made me preach these things to myself. And two persons I met this morning, one on the island, and one in the water. Let's not talk about it. But I'm not going to let things go to waste any longer, or run away. Old Kellum's happy; there's a beginning, and there are lots of chances. You're at the bottom of it all. If we could only do something for Peter" —

Helen looked thoughtfully down toward the house and the cove.

"Poor fellow," she said at last. "I'm glad you told me. I must talk with him, though it will be very hard for us both. Let's go back now; and good-by, for a while, dear. Oh, you'll tell my father soon, won't you? It's best not to keep the truth hidden. Good-by. You've no more doubts?"

"Not one!" he answered earnestly. "I wish I could do it for you — this" —

"No," she said. "You did your part this morning. There are other hard things that only a woman can do."

From the little flower garden, all crushed and torn with the recent scuffle, they saw the men moving away, part climbing the hill toward the harbor, part returning to the beach. At the edge of the slope toward the cove, Peter, alone in the field, stood looking toward the mainland. Helen walked slowly down toward him.

Archer pattered indoors barefoot, and at the desk in the dark corner of the library, began a letter.

"Powell's Island, Wednesday.

To Captain Berry,

Barkentine Elizabeth Fanning.

My dear Sir: —

An accident involving the death of two persons" —

Her father's commonplace book lay open before him. As he cast about for the right words, his eye lighted on a recent addition in the scholar's neat manuscript: —

"*Schopenhauer: Metaphysics of Love.* — This ablest of modern thinkers has said very wisely: 'And yet, amid all this turmoil we see a pair of lovers exchanging longing glances, — but why so secretly, timidly, and furtively? Because these lovers are traitors secretly striving to perpetuate all this misery and turmoil that otherwise would come to a timely end.'"

"Hm!" — he pondered. "It seems her father may not need so much information as we supposed. She fails as an actress," he thought with joy. Then he took the liberty of closing the book and

putting it away in the scholar's drawer, where Helen should not see the odious words. He sat thinking. "Old Lehane was not the worst person she must be saved from," he concluded.

Through the battered door she entered, her face streaked with tears. She went swiftly to the foot of the stairs, then turned, fled to him, and for an instant stood with her hands on his shoulders and her tousled head pressed against him.

"Oh, Hugh," she whispered. "He is a good man. And so were you to tell me. The little boy is to be — we agreed — up there by Arthur's cross. It's little enough, is n't it? He is a good man."

She hurried from him and up the stairs. When her door had closed, Archer turned to the window, and stood looking out.

"I could spit in the face of that ablest modern thinker," he said to himself. "For he's a liar. Peter is worth a thousand of him."

Out on the pitch of the slope, the tall figure, black against the shining channel, stood looking off at the mainland.

"But sometimes," said Archer to himself, "we build our happiness at the expense of others" —

A footstep grated lightly on the stone, and the scholar entered, looking fatigued.

"Ah, Mr. Archer," he said kindly, "you two young men have done very well by us, it seems, in some mysterious way."

"Not I, sir," said Archer. "I only brought this trouble on you. I'm sorry to give you all such a bad morning."

But his host's mind was already off the subject.

"I went down thinking to comfort that old fisherman about his son," he explained. "But I found it quite impossible, he is so violent in his grief. That was a fine saying of Solon's," he mused, "an heroic reply to the news of his son's death, 'I knew that I had begotten a mortal being.' Or was it Anaxagoras, as some say, or Xenophon? But that is the pathos of the past; the truth of matters becomes obscured."

He looked very worn and white as he sank into the big armchair.

"He's been through a good deal to-day — for him," thought the young man. "We'll let it wait till to-morrow. I'd better go down for my clothes before the tide gets them."

"Obscured or lost," added Mr. Powell. "And the future holds only one certainty" —

THE COWARDICE OF CULTURE

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

"There is," said George William Curtis, in an address at Concord, "a cynicism which fondly fancies that in its beginning the American republic moved proudly toward the future with all the splendid assurance of the Persian Xerxes descending on the shores of Greece, but that it sits to-day among shattered hopes, like Xerxes above his ships at Salamis. And when was this golden age?" His hearers might well have answered Mr. Curtis by saying that this cynicism is of no modern origin, but dates back to the very foundation of the government. Thus Alexander Hamilton wrote on February 27, 1802, to his associate, Gouverneur Morris: "Mine is an odd destiny. Perhaps no man in the United States has sacrificed or done more for the present constitution than myself; and contrary to all anticipations of its fate, as you know, from the very beginning. I am still laboring to prop the frail and worthless fabric. . . . Yet I have the murmurs of its friends no less than the curses of its foes for my reward. What can I do better than withdraw from the scene?"

Fisher Ames, probably the most brilliant American statesman of his time, said six years later than this, just before his death in 1808, at the end of his lecture on American literature: —

. . . "The condition of the United States is changing. Luxury is sure to introduce want; and the great inequalities between the very rich and the very poor will be more conspicuous, and comprehend a more formidable host of the latter. . . . Liberty has never yet lasted long in a democracy; nor has it ever ended in anything better than despotism. With the change of our government, our manners and sentiments will change. As soon as our emperour has destroyed his rivals and established order in his army, he will desire to see splendour in his court, and to occupy his subjects with the cultivation of the sciences."

Victory is in this world apt to be a synonym for temporary disappointment. In 1775, when John Adams came back from Philadelphia after the Convention had organized the army and appointed its generals, he met in Quincy a horse-jockey who had been his client, and who said, "Oh, Mr. Adams, what great things you and your colleagues have done for us. We can never be grateful enough to you. There are no courts of justice now in this province, and I hope there never will be." Sad were Mr. Adams's reflections when he thought that perhaps, after all, such men as this might make up the majority. In the same way Mrs. Smith, his daughter, after dining with several members of Congress at New York in 1788, wrote to her mother, "If you had been present you would have trembled for your country to have seen, heard, and observed the men who are its rulers. Very different they were, I believe, in times past." Nearly fifty years later than this, in 1835, Chancellor Kent wrote of Judge Story, "He says all sensible men at Washington, in private conversation, admit that the Government is deplorably weak, factious, and corrupt. That everything is sinking down into despotism under the guise of a democratic Government." In the same year Miss Catharine M. Sedgwick, who stood for many years the acknowledged head of our women authors, testified with the keen sight of a woman to the same attitude of mind in those about her. "The Federalists believed that all sound principles, truth, justice, and patriotism were identified with the upper classes." "They hoped a republic might

exist and prosper, and be the happiest government in the world, but not without a strong aristocratic element; and that the constitutional monarchy of Britain was the safest and happiest government on earth, I am sure they believed. . . . I remember my father, one of the kindest-hearted of men, and most observant of the rights of all beneath him, habitually spoke politically of the people as 'Jacobins,' '*sans-culottes*' and 'miscreants.' He — and in this I speak of him as the type of the Federal party — dreaded every upward step they made, regarding their elevation as a depression, in proportion to their ascension, of the intelligence and virtue of the country. The upward tendencies from education and improvements in the arts of life were unknown to them."

That the same view prevailed among English visitors showed itself clearly enough on the publication of Hamilton's *Men and Manners in America*, whose moral was thus summed up in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, 1835: —

"In Europe, the ascending intellect and increasing information of every successive generation have long been conspicuous; and society has exhibited for three hundred years the animating spectacle of each successive generation being more elevated and refined than that which preceded it. But that is far from being the case in America. There the degrading equalizing tendency of democracy is daily experienced with more deplorable effects; and instead of the lower orders ascending to the intelligence and elegance of the superior, the better order of the citizens are fast descending to the level of the labouring classes. Each successive generation is more coarse, and less enlightened, than that which precedes it. . . . America, Mr. Hamilton tells us, exhibits this painful spectacle."

It was, moreover, such lamentations which greeted Harriet Martineau when she came to America about this same time. "The first gentleman who greeted me on my arrival in the United States," in 1834, she tells us, "a few minutes after I had landed, informed me without delay, that I had arrived at an unhappy crisis; that the institutions of the country would be in ruins before my return to England; that the levelling spirit was desolating society; and that the United States were on the verge of a military despotism. . . . At Washington, I ventured to ask an explanation from one of the most honoured statesmen now living; who told me, with a smile, that the country had been in 'a crisis' for fifty years past, and would be for fifty years to come." Miss Martineau is gone, and so, doubtless, is her Washington friend and adviser. But he has left a numerous family of descendants, and newly landing foreigners are still liable to meet them on the wharf.

How are we now to interpret this prolonged series of illustrations of what may justly be called the cowardice of culture? It is always to be borne in mind that the whole period I have been describing was a profoundly serious one, and that the buoyant element which in these days relieves itself from over-solicitude by a bon-mot or an anecdote had not then come in. Among the whole circle of the Federalists, for instance, I can find no repartee which seems really modern, except that reported to me by the only genuine Federalist whom I knew personally, James Richardson; a saying, namely, of my grandfather, Stephen Higginson, at a gathering of the Federalist leaders, in their day of defeat, at the house of George Cabot in Brookline. After a good deal of dreary lamenting, my grandfather had at last the audacity to suggest to them that if it became necessary to dwell in the same house with a cat, it would not do invariably to address the obnoxious animal as "cat;" sometimes you must call her "pussy." There was, however, scarcely an occasion where such a remark would not, in those days, have been thought to savor of levity; and if we are to treat the whole thing as an historic situation, it must be more seriously approached.

The simple fact is that every extension of suffrage terrifies every community of voters. Every class of men when first enfranchised is distrusted by the class which it threatens to outvote. Nothing is more amusing in view of our modern standards of social gradation than to see the slow manner in which the mercantile class has come to its present position. The original charter of Delaware reserved all powers of government to a royal council, because, as it said, "Politics lie beyond the professions of merchants." Dr. Samuel Johnson himself, who admitted that much might be made of a Scotchman "if he be caught young," and that he was willing to love all mankind "except an American," could never recognize the social standing of a merchant. But if the merchant was thus long distrusted, how much more the mechanic classes, when their turn for political emancipation came, in a period nearer to our own!

"It is pleasant," said the agents of James II sent with Governor Andros to Boston, "to behold poor coblers and pitiful mechanics, who have neither home nor land, strutting and making noe mean figure at their elections, and some of the richest merchants and wealthiest of the people stand by as insignificant cyphers." Thus in Delaware the merchant was distrusted; in New England the mechanic. Yet in each case the distrusted class carried the day; and the Revolution, which in Virginia and Pennsylvania was the work of the landholders, was in New England the work of the people. The men of wealth and standing who took the side of liberty were so few that they could be counted; the Revolution was carried through by the masses.

On looking backwards, at this length of time, we can see the needlessness of all these fears. I take it that there was never a period in our history since the American nation was independent when it would not have been a calamity to have it controlled by its highly educated men alone. John Randolph used to point out that in the Bible the Book of Kings succeeds the Book of Judges, and the anti-slavery leaders had reason to fear the same. Edmund Quincy said during a long anti-slavery agitation, "The strength of the movement was in the masses. The presidents of colleges would at any time have voted for compromise." And I remember when Kossuth at Faneuil Hall reminded us that "when the battle of Cannæ was lost and Hannibal was measuring by bushels the rings of the fallen Roman squires, the Senate of Rome voted thanks to Consul Terentius Varro for not having despaired of the republic."

If it sounds like mere extravagance to say that the many may be wiser than the few, we must remember that the mere word "common-sense" implies the same assumption; and so in regard to morals, the masses of the American people are doubtless more critical as to ordinary morality than any exclusive circle. Bronson Howard tells us that a Bowery audience is far quicker than a fashionable one to hiss anything really immoral in a play. Howells, always penetrating, and commonly accurate, selects a rough Californian as the man who voluntarily patrols a sleeping-car to be the self-appointed protector of the ladies. A solitary girl may travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific and meet with less of real rudeness than she might encounter in the later hours of some fashionable city ball. Americans who have lost their character at home have often made a great social success abroad; and even at Newport or Lenox, one may see behind an unimpeachable four-in-hand men and women of whom it can by no means be said, as Mark Twain said of Queen Victoria, that they are "eminently respectable and quite the sort of person whom one would be willing to introduce into one's family."

If this is true in important matters, it is still more true of trivialities of dress and demeanor. Take, for example, the use of the hat. In that well-known authority, Pepys's *Diary*, which is held as an infallible record of the manners of its period, we find, under date of September 22, 1664,

"Home to-bed; having got a strange cold in my head, by flinging off my hat at dinner, and sitting with the wind in my neck." So in Lord Clarendon's essay on the decay of respect paid to age, he says that when young he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, except at dinner. He died in 1674. It is well known that the English members of Parliament sit with their hats on during session, and the same practice prevailed at early town meetings in New England. Thus do manners begin with the many rather than with the few, and hold their own longest amid the most exclusive circles. In the same way, we may often see morality itself best exemplified in the manners of the many.

Why then should it be the classes of so-called culture that set us the example of terror, as society develops year by year? The man supposed to occupy a humbler social position has no such feeling of alarm,—he sees his own organizations of working men enlarging; the rights of labor recognized; legislature after legislature passing laws in his behalf. He saw, moreover, a year ago, the President of the nation chosen by the largest vote ever known, as the outcome of popularity and confidence. Had the dozen richest men in this country joined in a solemn pledge to defeat Mr. Roosevelt, we now see that they could not have done it. Surely, it cannot be this fact on which the cowardice of culture is based. The scholar, at least, cannot share this terror. It is rather for him, by wider training, to become a leader of men.

It is a source of joy, not of peril, that every social sphere has its own standard of judgment, neither birth nor wealth nor knowledge nor even virtue monopolizing this. A friend of mine, a Boston merchant, was being rowed on the Racquette River in the Adirondacks by a guide who had been highly recommended to him, but who proved very silent. At last the oarsman found a tongue, and said casually to his passenger, "Do you know Jimmie Lowell?" Supposing this to be one of the boatmen on the lakes, my friend disclaimed all knowledge of such a personage. "I should think you would know him," returned the boatman with some surprise. "He teaches in Harvard College, and writes poetry and such things." "Ah, indeed," said my friend, surprised. "I know Professor Lowell, and have known him for many years." "Do you?" said the guide, and then fell back into silence, which was broken by the remark, some five minutes later, "Ignorant cuss, ain't he?" It appeared that he had rowed Lowell on that same river for some hours earlier in the previous season, keeping always on the sunny side, and that Lowell pleaded with him to row over to the shady side, for it never occurred to him that a boatman must seek the current, not the shade. The difference of standard in tastes and faculties will never be determined by money only. Still less, at least in America, will it be controlled by birth.

Long before I ever visited England, I was driving a young Englishwoman of rank, daughter of a baron and daughter-in-law of an earl, to visit the old abode of Dean Berkeley in the vicinity of Newport. During our drive I asked the question, which had often occurred to me, whether the best English society was not liable to be made monotonous by being largely filled up by birth alone, thus losing something of the wholesome variety of American life. This she answered in the negative, on the ground that the very abundance of families of the higher grade made it impossible to receive them all at any one time, and in making a selection, it was therefore easy to substitute guests or friends who had no social rank whatever, but perhaps turned out the wittiest or most agreeable of the whole company. On the other hand, she said, there were families of the very highest grade who lived almost wholly at their country-seats, rarely came up to London for any length of time, and then were passed by. "I know lots of dukes' daughters," she carelessly said, "who get scarcely any atten-

tion." She was herself, at that time, very young; she came to this country largely to visit Vassar College, then a novelty; and made so hearty an acquaintance with American reformers that she named her daughter, born after her return from America, Lucretia Mott; she was, moreover, a most entertaining companion, and did not hesitate to tell an American hostess, when needful, that any particular dish on the table was "nasty," or that any insufficient argument used by the host was "bosh." Mere birth, like wealth, fails to make the judgment infallible.

If all the scholar's education in a republic gives him no infallible advantage over the man who cannot read or write, let the scholar have the manliness not to whine over the results of his own inefficiency. How absurd would be any artificial system of equalization, such as we sometimes see gravely urged, which should give to the day laborer one vote, to the schoolteacher two, to the lawyer or editor three, and to the author of a treatise on the United States Constitution ten! Natural laws provide much better for the end desired; the education of the editor, the lawyer, the teacher, should enable him to carry dozens of less educated votes at his belt, as an Indian carries scalps. It is he who writes the editorials, he who makes the speeches; all the machinery of conviction, for good or for evil, is entrusted to his hands. The political committeeman is the quartermaster of the regiment; he attends to the supplies and the encampment, and if he neglects his duty the work is ill done. Eating is essential to fighting, in the long run: but eating can never take the place of fighting; and the tone of the political campaign must be given by those who actually contend. "The glory of universal suffrage," said Louis Blanc to me once, "is in the power it gives to intellectual leaders; a man of trained intellect really throws not one vote only, but a thousand."

All this being true, the nation has surely the right to demand of its educated men that they should not evade and apologize, but should show some faith, not only in their principles, but in their training and in themselves. Robespierre said that power without virtue was crime, but that virtue without power was weakness. Power naturally demands its own exercise, has faith in itself, and claims success, not by intrigue or manœuvre, but by manly self-assertion and having eyes to discover every open door. It was said of Haydon, the painter, — who killed himself because his pictures drew fewer visitors than Tom Thumb, — that if he had tried as hard to paint well as to argue the public into the belief that he had done so, he would have been the most famous of English artists.

The mistake made by many well-educated men is still greater. They leave their real opportunities unused, and then complain that they have not more chances. The hand of the ignorant man puts in the ballot, but it is the tongue of the educated man which guides him, first or last. If this is not accomplished, it is for want of force. After all, eloquence simply represents force, — something to say, and the fewest words possible to say it in. Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg and John Brown's at the scaffold are still our high-water mark of American eloquence, though England may surpass us in Lord Chatham's "America has resisted. I rejoice, my lords!" a passage which was pronounced by the great Irish orator Grattan to be equal to anything in Demosthenes.

If, now, the strength of society lies more, after all, in the many than in the few, and if that multitude is best stirred by individual leadership, and if that leadership is found best in the best educated, why should the prospects of the world be formidable? The history of all great reforms points this way, but let me draw my moral from what might at first be called a minor instance. It seems but a little while since I was called to the door of my lodging-house at Newport to meet, as it seemed to me, the very handsomest and most prepossessing man who ever

stood on a doorstep. It was just at the end of the Civil War and he had been discharged, with the cavalry regiment which he had commanded, from Frémont's Mountain Department, and was about to establish a large market-garden near Newport. It ended in his getting such prices for his butter as Newport had never before heard of, and this was done by one who, as a frank and manly social favorite, went everywhere and was equally popular with men and women. It mattered little to him whether he drove up in his market wagon to the back door of some stately house, to settle with the housekeeper some question of new-made butter, or rode upon his fine Kentucky racehorse, in the afternoon, to make a party call upon the mistress of the estate. By and by, he developed wholly new theories of drainage, and turned his attention to that perplexing problem, taking contracts in that direction more and more widely. Meantime the great city of New York, with which he was well acquainted, was beginning to struggle with a problem akin to drainage, the cleansing of its streets. In a happy hour, he was called in and undertook with delight something in which everybody else had failed. As a first stroke, he proceeded, amid universal derision, to clothe in a white uniform his whole corps of street cleaners; and it was not until he had driven into disappearance the vast legion of piled-up barrels and tilted carts which had collected the dirt of every street, by night; and had marched his white-clad workmen in military order down Broadway, by day, that all New York City waked to the discovery that it had found a master and his name was George Waring. Thus does every reform lie latent in the public mind until that public finds a leader; one of whom it can be said, as Carlyle said of Scott, that "when he departed he took a Man's life with him."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RAILWAY POLICY

II REMEDIES

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

Clouds of forensic dust have been raised in public discussions, tending to obscure and magnify the real issue in the pending railroad legislation in Congress. The President's remedy is not necessarily so complex, so radical, or so far-reaching as it has been depicted for campaign purposes. Under present conditions, the Interstate Commerce Commission may decide that a given rate is unreasonable, and should be changed. This original rate, thus adjudicated unfair, remains undisturbed, however, until the case has run the gauntlet of three federal courts, and has been finally settled by the Supreme Court of the United States. This entails great expense, intolerable delay, and a substantial denial of remedy to the complainant. Even with the recently added amendments for facilitating a settlement by the courts, the shipper may well be discouraged, dead, or otherwise have abandoned the cause, before his rights are determined. And then, if these be upheld, he must again begin the Sisyphian task by prosecution of a suit for damages, before securing monetary satisfaction. And where, meantime, are the rights of the ninety and nine other shippers who have been compelled all this time to pay this unjust rate? Each and every one must bring his own suit for repayment; which

of course none of them in fact ever do. To meet this intolerable condition various bills have been presented in the House of Representatives during the last five years. The last one, the Esch-Townshend measure, was passed by the overwhelming majority of 322 to 17 in February of this year. The principle in all of these bills is relatively simple. Pending final adjudication, the government's rate, and not the railroad rate, is to prevail. In any case, of course, property rights will be amply safeguarded in the last resort by the courts, as they must ever be under the wise provisions of the Constitution. The real, and in fact the only, vital new question, then, concerns the wisdom of replacing the railway rate by the government's rate, until the courts have had time to pass upon the issue. Not permanent, but merely temporary and provisional rate-making is all that is contemplated by the Administration policy in any event.

Two avenues of approach to a question are always open and may profitably be kept distinct: namely, the ideal, and the expedient or practical. On grounds of abstract justice, to take them up in order, which party, the railroad or the government, ought to prescribe these rates during the interval between the Commission's decision and the final pronouncement of the courts? The carriers have always enjoyed the privilege, — the word is used advisedly, for it has been a privilege and not a right. A railway is not a private business, like the sale of dry goods or molasses. Transportation is an absolute necessity for all trade; and the railways, in order to sell it, are dependent upon the government for powers granted by franchises and charters. A long line of cases has clearly established these principles beyond all measure of doubt. The present undisputed power to regulate is a natural result. Until issues are settled before the courts, the carriers have hitherto imposed the burden of disputed rates upon the public, not because they had any right to do so, but because no other more competent party was in sight. The real disputants are not the government and the railway company. The controversy lies between private parties and a public carrier. The government's interest in the matter is, in a measure, analogous to that of an umpire in ordinary cases submitted for arbitration.

There is another peculiarity of railway transportation. Each shipper's business is every shipper's business; for each shipper's rate is every other shipper's rate. It ought to be; and under existing laws can practically be made so. Yet pending a definitive settlement of the dispute, the contestants cannot cease operations, withdraw from business, sit on a log, and whittle until the mandate of the final arbiter is ready. Transportation is a continuing business, as well as everybody's business. Hence the government, in order to insure a "square deal," must provide reasonable treatment in the interim, pending final arbitrament. Nor is such intervention by the government a mere matter of courtesy. It is its proper function to insure justice to all, irrespective of race, color, or previous condition of magnitude. Such being the case, unless it be proven that greater injustice will result from the change, the natural condition would seem to be this: that in cases of dispute the decision of the umpire, and not of the bigger contestant, should prevail, until final settlement of the cause. This seems to be the obvious, the natural, and the just conclusion from the premises.

But now suppose the Commission should order a rate reduced, as in the celebrated Maximum Freight Rate case; put a lower tariff into effect; and then the courts should ultimately decide that the original rate ought not to have been disturbed at all. The railroad meantime has suffered a corresponding loss of revenue on all traffic carried at the low rate. This is certainly a hardship, and incontrovertibly unjust. But is it more so than that the shipper should unjustly have borne the burden in the contrary case? As matters now stand, the public is compelled to pay the high rate, even if the courts afterward

decide it to have been unreasonable. The railway as an interested party enjoys the benefit of the doubt, and imposes the burden of proof upon the public at all times. Is it not more in consonance with justice, that the government, an impartial umpire, should temporarily lay the burden upon that party against whose contention the greatest reasonable doubt exists?

The only just remedy would seem to be one which will insure final recovery for unreasonable rates, by whichever party paid, during the uncertain period of adjudication. One of the principal objections of the railways to the proposed change arises at this point. Large corporations are more responsible parties at law than most individual shippers. Suppose, through an unjustly low rate, a railway had suffered loss of revenue; could it as readily recoup itself by suits for damages against scores of shippers, large and small, as could the latter, in the contrary case, recover back from the railway company? This cogent argument suggests a compromise measure. Why not permit the original railroad rate to continue in force, as at present, pending final adjudication; but require the carriers to give bond for prompt repayment of any surplus charges over those finally sanctioned by the courts. This would leave the business of rate-making in railway hands as now; and yet afford a substantial remedy for the disputatious shipper.

Would the railways accede to such a compromise measure, with all the financial burdens thereby entailed? They have just been forced to do so for intrastate business by the legislature of Indiana, in lieu of more radical propositions. Why not try the same experiment for the whole United States? Unfortunately this scheme is woefully short of a just solution. The whole matter looms up larger at this point. Enter the interests of the real consumer! In most cases freight rates to some degree affect the price of commodities. Has the shipper, having paid a freight bill afterward adjudged unreasonably high, any right to sue for recovery of the amount? Has he not, with his fellow merchants, supposing all to have had a "square deal," probably shifted the burden upon the public? Evidence shows that car-load rates on cattle from Texas to South Dakota have been increased since 1898 from $65 to $100. Probably part of this $35 increase has been taken from the profits of the cattlemen; but can there be doubt that a part of it has been added to the price of beef? No, tackle it as you will, from whatever point of view, and you return to the same proposition: that the damage of an unreasonable freight rate, once paid, is irreparable. Particular shippers may recover what seem to be damages; but which are likely not to have been so to them individually at all. By standards of abstract justice, the real solution must distribute the temporary burdens incident to the delays of legal procedure, as nearly evenly as the laws of chance will permit. A recent compilation shows that, of 316 freight rate cases decided by the Interstate Commerce Commission, fifty-four per cent — practically one half — turned in favor of the complainant. Inasmuch as these complaints are practically all brought on behalf of shippers against the railroads, this shows how evenly balanced the issues have been. Were the orders of the Commission to become effective at once, the losses incident to errors afterward corrected by the courts would be distributed in about equal proportions. At present all the penalty of a mistake falls upon the shipper and the public; the railway always goes scot free. An impartial commission should be clothed with power to distribute these onerous burdens by prescribing the temporary rate. And if of sufficient ability and irreproachable integrity, it might be trusted to do so, even as we trust the judges of our Federal Courts.

The severely practical, rather than the ideal aspects of the case, constitute the principal defense of the carriers against this proposed legislation. Their main contention is that such action, as practically

applied, involves the usurpation by the government of all rate-making functions. One would think, to read some of the testimony before Congressional committees, that railway traffic managers would become extinct if this change were made: relegated to the limbo of departed shades, pterodactyls, and other monsters of the past. One can never be quite sure how seriously these assertions are made. The railways refuse to recognize any distinction between governmental prescription of all rates and temporary governmental control of disputed rates. They insist that the power to prescribe the new rate, replacing the old one, however modest were the Commission, could not fail to lead to the assumption of all rate-making functions. The freight schedules of the country, they allege, are so intricate, so interwoven, and so delicately adjusted, that to touch a single one, however lightly, would bring down all the rest about their heads. Although greatly exaggerated, there is sufficient force in this contention to require its consideration. President Hadley of Yale, for many years the best authority on transportation in the country, has met it summarily. "Nor need we," he writes, "lay any great stress on the argument that such interference would be disastrous to the railroads. Theoretically it might be, if the Commission were composed of madmen and the courts of socialists. Practically, the number of changes in the rate schedule that would be made by any sensible commission would be very small indeed."

The best guarantee that an administrative commission, clothed with real power, would not be inundated with complaints so numerous that an entire recasting of the freight tariffs of the country would result, is found in the first five years' experience under the old law, from 1887 until it began to be nullified by the courts. Every one, even the railways, considered the law as effective; yet no widespread disturbance resulted. Complaints were filed, but no deluge of them appeared. An equally potent safeguard against panic is afforded by a political principle coeval with the rise of human institutions. Laws are made not to be broken, but to be observed. Statutes arise not so much to be invoked through infraction, as, by their mere enactment, to render it unnecessary to enforce them by legal process. Prisons are built, neither primarily to contain those within their walls, nor possibly all those outside; but by their presence to remind the latter of the advisability of containing themselves. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts will serve as an excellent example. It is continually cited as illustrating the success of a non-rate-making railroad commission. But the fact is that this body serves as the mouthpiece of a legislature keenly sensitive to perhaps the most enlightened public sentiment in the world. Potential power is so well recognized that its very existence renders actual interference unnecessary. Once in a while, as when the power to prescribe freight rates for milk was conferred, this reserve force may be invoked. But even in this instance, the railways in Massachusetts still promulgate their own tariffs, as before They merely take pains to avoid causes of offense. Similarly the Massachusetts Gas Commission is empowered by law to fix the price of gas; yet, despite the direst predictions, the gas companies outside of Boston continue to transact their own business without public interference in this regard. There is, however, one important difference. Knowing that they are under surveillance, with real power for control, they take care in the main not to invoke its exercise. Throughout the United States, many abuses now causing popular unrest would be speedily corrected by the railways themselves, without appeal to a Federal Commission, were the law ample and certain. This happened after 1887, when the trunk lines, believing the law to be really effective, all remodeled their local tariffs to conform to the Long and Short Haul clause. Not every abuse, but a few typical ones, promptly corrected, would speedily

clear the docket of a large number of complaints.

It is quite true that rate-making is an extremely complicated matter, engaging the entire attention of a large corps of the ablest men in the country. But, on the other hand, it is equally certain that these men oftentimes do not make rates at all. Their energies are bent to the discovery of those circumstances by which their rates are made for them. Any decision of a Federal commission must of necessity conform to these same conditions. Thus it results that in the great complex of railway rates many of them are impossible of change. A large number, for instance, are "compelled" by water competition. Traffic is almost fluid in following the line of least resistance. As long as ships sail the sea, no transcontinental freight rate on many commodities can exceed the figure determined by carriage round Cape Horn. As long as the South produces more materials in bulk, like cotton and lumber, than it buys back in the form of merchandise of great value in small volume, coastwise vessels south-bound from New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, will take cargoes at almost nominal rates rather than go in ballast; and competing railways must conform to that rate, so compelled. Until Canada is annexed to the United States, shoes from Boston to St. Paul or cotton cloth to the Orient must be carried by our domestic lines as cheaply as by the Canadian routes. A host of such conditions and interrelations of rates are now clearly recognized; so that a competent Federal commission would venture to disturb such existing conditions only in a very gingerly and tentative way. The Maximum Freight Rate case, in which the Interstate Commerce Commission laid hold with a heavy hand upon the rates into the South from Western cities, will probably be cited in contravention of this statement. That decision, if it had been upheld by the courts, would certainly have uprooted many long established trade adjustments. But many facts concerning railway competition in all its ramifications have been brought to light during the decade since elapsed. Judging by recent experience in the arbitration of the seaport differential question, the danger in future from a commission sobered by a sense of vast responsibility may be of conservatism and timidity rather than of impulsive zeal for change.

Elasticity and quick adaptation to the exigencies of business are peculiarities of American railroad operation. This is due to the progressiveness of our railway managers in seeking constantly to develop new territory and build up business. The strongest contrast between Europe and the United States lies in this fact. European railroads take business as they find it. Our railroads make it. A quarryman in Georgia, wishing to bid on a public building in Chicago, is granted a special rate to enable him to take the job. Or contrariwise, a Northern contractor, through special rates, is admitted to the field of competition for building or equipping a cotton mill in the South. California is enabled by the same expedient to put fruit into Chicago and New York in competition with Florida or Michigan. Much of this business is made possible only by special rates adapted to the case in hand. These are not secret. They are open to all comers, although made with reference to a particular case. The railway can afford to make a low rate, which leaves a bare margin of profit above the extra cost of adding this traffic to that which is already in motion. These rates cannot exceed a definite figure based upon what the traffic will bear. A higher rate than this would kill the business. The new traffic contributes something toward fixed charges, and enables the shipper to enlarge his operations. Yet such a rate, if offered to the whole traffic, might be ruinous in the extreme. The domestic shipper of merchandise may often be helped rather than hindered by a special rate on grain for Liverpool, without which the railroad would lose the business entirely. To transport California fruit for a mere fraction of the rate per ton mile which is laid upon

other traffic may enable those other goods to be carried more cheaply than before. Railway representatives rightfully instance these practices as a boon to the commercial world. They contrast them with the hard and fast schedules of European railroads. They allege that such elasticity loosens the joints of competition, "keeps every one in business," equalizes prices over large areas, and is, in fact, the life of trade. Government regulation, they allege, will put an end to all this, "substitute mile posts for brains," and produce stagnation in place of activity.

In reply to these contentions, we should distinguish between special rates which *create* new business, and those which merely wrest business from other carriers or markets. Any expedient which will make two blades of grass grow where one grew before; which puts American wheat into Liverpool in competition with India and Argentina; which cheapens California fruit on the Eastern markets; which offers a wider choice of building stone for Chicago; which will establish new industries for the utilization of local raw materials, deserves the greatest encouragement. No commission would conceivably interfere with it. Our country has been unprecedentedly developed in consequence of the energy and progressiveness of its railway managers. But thousands of other special rates have no such justification, even where they are public and open to all shippers alike. These are the expression of railway ambition to build up trade by invading territory naturally tributary to other railroads or traders. An enormous waste of transportation may be involved in such practices. Agricultural implements from Iowa are sold in Massachusetts on such rates, while the greatest manufacturers of some of these products, selling goods all over the world, are located in the East. Arkansas is a great fruit-growing state; yet so cheap is transportation that dried fruits, sometimes its own, are distributed by wholesale grocers from Chicago throughout its own fruit-growing territory. The Interstate Commerce Commission recently discovered a case wherein a sash and blind manufacturer in Detroit, trying to build up a market in New England, found himself embarrassed both there and in his own home territory by other manufacturers in Vermont. His complaint recited that on his goods shipped to Boston, his rate was approximately double the rate which his Vermont competitor, westbound, had to pay for the same service to Detroit. Is not something wrong here? Is it not open to question, whether each had better not confine his attention to his own natural territory, instead of both paying unnecessary freight? It all makes business, of course, for the railroads, but the ultimate sufferer is the public. The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company seeks special rates in order to sell goods over in Pittsburg territory; while its great rival, the United States Steel Corporation, has an equal ambition for the trade of the Pacific Slope. Superfluous transportation is the result; a fact fully appreciated by those industrial combinations which are seeking to effect economies in production by strategically locating their factories in order to divide the field.

New York and Chicago demand railway tariffs enabling them to distribute their goods in every hamlet, South or West, regardless of the rights of the smaller provincial centres. Cities of the next grade contest this claim, but in their turn seek to outdo the still smaller places. This process goes on until certain states, like Iowa, for example, as voiced by Governor Cummins before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, are threatened with the entire extinction of their own local distributive trade. Who shall draw the line between the elements of economic good and those of social evil in this great competitive struggle? The days of *laisser faire* are long since gone by, what with our protective tariffs, our banking laws, our labor legislation, our attempts at the control of industrial corporations and insurance companies. Are railways, the arteries of trade, the great common car-

riers, indispensable for every operation of life or business, to be exempt? Or shall the government assert its prerogative, and demand a solution of the disputed questions, in accordance with the broad principles of justice and social peace?

Special rates for long-distance business, when unreasonably low, are of public concern in yet another way. Where unduly developed, they entail increased burdens upon the local constituency of each railroad. It is confessedly the case that three fourths of American railway tonnage moves on such special or commodity rates. In the United Kingdom the proportion is not more than one half. Now each shipment which fails to bear its due proportion of fixed charges, even though contributing something thereto, leaves the weight of interest and maintenance upon the shoulders of the local shipper. To be sure, these special rates which permanently create new business operate otherwise. But in the vast complex, each railroad often wrests from competing carriers only about as much tonnage as it loses. It invades rival territory, but its own constituency is invaded in retaliation. Thus there is rolled up an inordinately large proportion of such special traffic; leaving the regular shipment and the local trade to bear the brunt of fixed charges. Momentous social consequences may result. Not only the cost of doing business, but the expense of living in the smaller places is increased. One of the most dangerous social tendencies at the present time is the enormous concentration of population and wealth in great cities. Increased efficiency and economy in production are much to be desired; but social and political stability must not be sacrificed thereto. Is it not possible that a powerful decentralizing influence may be exerted by checking this indiscriminate and often wasteful long-distance competition, through insistence upon the rights of geographical location?

"Keeping every one in business" everywhere, regardless of distance, has been an important influence in the past in promoting the material advancement of the United States. It constitutes the principal reason why railway tariffs are so interlocked to-day that to modify an evident injustice in a particular rate threatens to affect thousands of other rates over large areas. No sooner has the Interstate Commerce Commission, under the present emasculated statute, sought to remedy an evil of discrimination, than every carrier, and, be it said also, every shipper and competing city, so remodels its rates as to nullify the advantage conferred. If Wichita, Kansas, complaining that goods are carried through and beyond it to more distant points for lower and discriminatory rates, secures an order for a reduction in its tariffs, pressure is immediately exerted by all the formerly favored cities for a corresponding reduction. Each railway, aiming to "keep every one in business" everywhere, accedes to the demand; and there you are, just where you started. Any change in rate adjustments must, of course, operate to put somebody out of business. You cannot preserve the old relativity and still do justice all round. Authority competent not only to order an injustice corrected, but at the same time to protect that order against nullification, seems to be an essential consideration.

The assumption in these discussions seems oftentimes to be made gratuitously that railway rate regulation is going to be all against the carriers. Much may be advanced to show that the power to regulate means in many cases the power not to injure, but rather to protect the railways. For it must be remembered that rate regulating power implies the prescription of a minimum as well as a maximum rate. Many instances in our railway history could be cited showing how the refusal of an irresponsible or bankrupt railroad management to agree to a reasonable rate adjustment jeopardizes the revenues of all its competitors. Freight rates between important points by all routes, however circuitous, must be practically the same. For in any other event the traffic will follow the line of least financial resistance

with surprising quickness. It is the existence of cut-rate railways, persistently in the field for business at low rates, which forces and will always force the larger railways to meet this competition by the same means. The only other alternative, of course, is to resort to consolidation. The existence of a commission with full power to prohibit an unreasonably low rate should perform just the function which the railroads, could they be permitted to pool, might exercise themselves. As the rate war of 1896 in the Southern states was stopped by an injunction from a Federal Court, so might this commission stand ready at all times to enforce that equality of rates between carriers which alone can offer a safeguard against secret discrimination and rebates.

Another combination of circumstances prominent in our railway history demonstrates the utility to the railways themselves of such rate-making power by the government. All intelligent railway men agree as to the power of great industrial combinations to extort secret rebates from the railways. This originates from the inability of the carriers unanimously to enforce resistance to tempting offers of large volumes of business to be moved at those secret rates. For example, in 1894 all the trunk lines out of Chicago made a determined effort to reduce the mileage paid to private companies for the use of special cars from three fourths of a cent per mile to six mills. All went well until it appeared that one railway had secured the entire tonnage to the exclusion of all its competitors by offering to pay the old rate. Every road immediately had to fall into line. The power of the trust was too firmly fixed to be shaken thereafter. Precisely similar tactics have fastened the beef trust like an old man of the sea upon the shoulders of the railway managers. The most feasible, and perhaps the only way to shake off this incubus and restore equality between all shippers, lies in the existence of a powerful governmental veto which shall force the weakest railway to maintain such reasonable rates as will yield a fair return to all the companies concerned. Had this been possible five or six years ago, many of the gigantic consolidations might have been obviated. If the Erie — hoary old disturber of railway peace — could be thus controlled, no plans for its absorption or control by stock ownership through other companies need be contemplated in future. Either effective regulation, repeal of the prohibition against pooling, or entire absorption by consolidation of all competing companies, must be chosen as the alternative. Is not control, all things considered, the safest expedient under the circumstances?

One of the most persistent and plausible arguments against an extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission is that, on the basis of its record, it cannot be entrusted with the vast powers incident to the control of rate-making. This contention is well stated in a brief prepared by two railroad presidents and filed with the Committee on Interstate Commerce of the House of Representatives. This recites that "since 1887, forty-three suits have been instituted to enforce final orders of the Commission as to rates. . . . The net result of the action of the Courts . . . shows two affirmances and thirty reversals." It continues later, "as over ninety per cent of the Commission's orders as to rates which have gone before the courts have been overruled, it is impossible to foretell what havoc would follow from the exercise of such powers." This statement is entirely true, but it is not the entire truth. Not to expand this discussion unduly, we may content ourselves with examination of the cases which, after protracted review in the two lower Federal courts, have emerged as final decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. These cases, important enough to have engaged the attention of this august tribunal, are certainly typical of all the rest. Since 1887, sixteen such decisions have been rendered on cases appealed for enforcement by the Interstate

Commerce Commission. Fifteen of these have been decided in favor of the carriers, while only one sustained in part the contention of the Commission. At first sight, this record appears to sustain the contention of the advocates of the railways in condemning the attempt at governmental railway regulation. A commission so persistently on the wrong side of a great question as this record indicates would surely invite distrust. There are two answers to this contention, however, which merit consideration before a final judgment can be rendered. One of these is that these court cases have nearly all involved, not so much the administrative application of the law to economic abuses, as the purely judicial interpretation of the law itself; the other is the irregularity of procedure by which the courts have overruled the Commission on entirely different statements of fact from those upon which the original decision of the Commission was rendered.

Only by means of concrete cases decided by the Commission as an administrative body could the scope and meaning of the original law be determined. This was a most difficult task, hinging upon the utmost legal technicalities and refinements. Even the most learned judges failed to agree among themselves. Thus in eight of the sixteen cases above mentioned the decisions in the lower Federal courts failed of agreement with the final decree of the Supreme Court. In the Cartage case, — involving the legality of a railway giving one shipper free cartage of goods to a railway station as an inducement to ship over its line, while withholding the privilege from another, — the Commission was sustained in the Circuit Court and reversed in the two higher tribunals. In other instances, like the Social Circle case, — turning upon the discrimination in freight rates against small towns in favor of large competitive centres, — the first court ruled adversely, while the Circuit Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court sustained the Commission in part. Or yet again, as in the Chattanooga case, — wherein this city complained against a higher freight rate from New York than the rival city of Nashville enjoyed, although the goods for Nashville passed through Chattanooga and were hauled one hundred and fifty-one miles further, — both lower tribunals sustained the Commission only to be finally overruled by the Supreme Court. The fact that in only eight of these most important cases the courts could agree among themselves indicates the nicety of the legal issues comprehended. All parties were in fact working much in the dark, both as to the intention of the original law and as to the possible effects of its interpretation. The charge of incompetence, if it holds good for the Commission, must apply equally well to a large number of the most learned judges in the Federal courts.

Another indication of the extreme delicacy of the legal issues involved is found in the lack of unanimity even among the justices of the Supreme Court itself. In nine of the sixteen Supreme Court cases the final decision was not rendered without dissent. As the lower courts were divided among themselves, so the justices of the Supreme Court were apparently somewhat at sea. The minority, to be sure, was small, in most cases being due to the failure of Justice Harlan to concur. But in the far-reaching Import case, the court was more evenly divided. The issue raised concerned the legality of lower through rates on imports from Liverpool to San Francisco via New Orleans, than were granted on domestic shipments from New Orleans to the same destination. Thus the rate on books, buttons, and hosiery from Liverpool to San Francisco through New Orleans was $1.07 per hundred pounds. At the same time the domestic shipper was compelled to pay $2.88, or two and one half times as much, for a haul from New Orleans to San Francisco alone. In another important case, tin plate was carried from Liverpool by steamer and rail through Philadelphia to Chicago for twenty-four cents per hundred pounds. For the American merchant

in Philadelphia the rate to the same market was twenty-six cents. For the inland haul alone the Pennsylvania Railroad was receiving sixteen cents on the foreign goods, while coincidently charging American merchants ten cents more for the same service. Discrimination against the American merchant in favor of foreign competition, not infrequently more than sufficient to overbalance any supposed protection afforded by the tariff, has been repeatedly proved in such cases as this. The duty on imported cement is eight cents per hundredweight. In one instance, this duty with the total freight rate added amounted to only eighteen cents, as against a rate of twenty cents for the domestic producer from New York to the same point. There are reasons for this grievous discrimination against the domestic shipper, mainly concerned with the vagaries of ocean freight rates. Steamers must have ballast for the return trip to equalize outgoing shipments of grain and other exports, and they will carry heavy commodities, such as salt, cement, crockery, and glass, at extremely low rates. Nevertheless, such imported commodities can be sold to advantage in competition with domestic goods only when the railways will contribute equally low rates to complete the shipment.

The Interstate Commerce Commission in these Import Rate cases originally held that such discriminations were unlawful. Finally, however, the Supreme Court decided, with three members, including the Chief Justice, dissenting, that the Interstate Commerce Law as phrased did not expressly prohibit the practice. Everything turned upon the interpretation of certain clauses in the law. No question was ever raised as to the economic issues involved, nor was it competent to these tribunals to pass upon such issues. The question was simply and solely this: when the Act to Regulate Commerce forbade inequality or discrimination between shippers, did it contemplate competition between one shipment originating within the country and others from foreign ports? Was the Interstate Commerce Commission, in other words, empowered, in interpreting this act, to consider circumstances and conditions *without* as well as *within* the boundaries of the United States? If it was entitled to consider solely domestic conditions, it was certainly right and economically sound in forbidding such practices; if, on the other hand, it was required to take account of commercial conditions the world over, irrespective of the effect upon the domestic producer and internal trade, its decision should have been favorable to the railroads. To appreciate fully the extreme nicety of the legal points involved and the delicacy of the economic interests at issue, one must needs read the extended opinions both of the majority of the Supreme Court and of the three dissenting justices, including Chief Justice Fuller. But to interpret the reversal of the original decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission by this tribunal as in the slightest degree involving incompetence or judicial unfairness is a misrepresentation of all the facts involved. As in the preceding cases touching the interpretation of the Long and Short Haul clause, it may fairly be said that the consensus of opinion among business men, and certainly among the professional economists of the country, is on the side of the Commission in condemning such practices. As to the law, that has been decided otherwise by a narrow majority. An important question before the country is, as to whether a law thus construed should not be amended so as to permit a reasonable limitation of such abnormal traffic in future.

The apparent, though unreal, incompetency of the Interstate Commerce Commission, judging by the reversal of its decisions in the Federal courts, is partly due to another reason. Opinions in cases appealed to these tribunals have been based upon testimony as to facts not introduced, and in some cases deliberately withheld, in the initial proceedings before the Commission. Knowing that the de-

cisions of this body were of no force and effect in themselves, the carriers refused to open up their cases fully until the issue had gone on appeal to the Federal courts. This placed the Commission in the unenviable position of being compelled to decide cases, knowing full well that their action would be reviewed on perhaps entirely different evidence. Small wonder that the Supreme Court has pointedly discountenanced this practice of late years, refusing to condemn the Commission except upon facts laid before it when the case was first decided. Nevertheless, the fruits of these unfair proceedings, consisting of a certain number of reversed judgments, are still garnered in statistical arraignment. To the disinterested and unbiased student, the record of the Interstate Commerce Commission stands as a manful and on the whole successful attempt at the interpretation of a merely tentative, often obscure, and extremely intricate statute.

It has been said that this Commission has failed in its functions because "it has sought to wear ermine when it ought to have been putting on its overalls." The time to don overalls and render yeoman service could only follow a protracted period of judicial interpretation. The Federal judges repeatedly recognized the existence of abuses, but disclaimed responsibility for their correction, alleging that this was a matter appropriate only to the legislative branch of the government. The law, however, has now been defined. The ermine period has come to an end. The Commission is ready for overalls, but it lacks tools. While it was being constrained by circumstances to wear ermine, the Federal judges have stolen away whatever implements it formerly possessed. The demand of the President is either for a return of the stolen tools, or for a new outfit with which the Commission may manfully set to work.

Certain constitutional objections have been raised against the President's programme. The railway lawyers allege that, no matter how fair or able an administrative commission, its hands would be tied in rate-making by provisions of the Constitution, which prohibit Congress from granting preferences as between any ports of the United States. This, they say, would compel all rates to be adjusted strictly on the basis of distance. It would compel the substitution of rigid mileage tariffs in place of the elastic schedules now in force. This reasoning is a fair sample of the extraordinary efforts being made to prevent legislation. After prolonged litigation and divided opinions, the Federal courts have completely emasculated the Long and Short Haul clause of the Act of 1887. This clause, intended to give effect to distance as an element in rate-making, was copied from the preëxisting statutes of some seventeen states. The final death blow was dealt in the Alabama Midland case. The Supreme Court held that the existence of railroad competition at a more distant point created such dissimilarity of circumstances as to grant exemption from the law; and, moreover, made the railroad itself a competent judge as to its existence and force. The Import Rate case, as we have already sought to show, has also ruled out distance as a factor in determining rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission originally decided it to be illegal for a Liverpool shipper to enjoy lower through rates to an inland point in the United States than were granted to domestic shippers from the port of entry to the same destination. The Supreme Court barely overruled this by holding that in the making of rates, all circumstances and conditions of competition, not only at home, but over sea, must be taken into consideration. If distance is so imperative a factor under the Constitution, why has our Supreme Court failed to discover it? Is it likely that the same courts, which have almost obliterated the element of distance in this and many other cases, will suddenly reverse their judgment and compel a strict compliance with distance as a sole factor in the problem? It is a poor rule which does not work both ways.

Railway lawyers, with deadly determination, have for years sought to eliminate distance as a necessary condition for reasonableness of rates. Facts seemed to justify them in so doing. Absurdity appears only when, having won all their cases, they turn about and allege that distance is the only constitutional basis on which rates could be made by the government. The claim is preposterous in itself, entirely apart from the recent exceedingly able pronouncement of the Attorney-General upon the question.

Few people in the United States appreciate the strength of the movement toward government ownership of railways in foreign countries. It is well known, of course, that so far as Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Belgium are concerned, the matter has long since been settled. In the remaining countries of Europe many indications point toward an extension of the same policy. Switzerland in 1898 inaugurated the purchase of its entire transportation systems. In Italy, the old twenty-year contracts, leasing the railroads to private companies, have just expired. The mixed policy has been so unsatisfactory, that probabilities favor direct assumption of all its own properties by the government in future. The French railways do not revert to the State until about 1950; but preparation for state management is already urged in high quarters. It is proposed to extend the present small governmental system in Brittany in such manner as to afford a basis for future action as to economy or efficiency when the large network now operated under long leases is returned to the State.

The foregoing instances, it will be observed, are in countries not strongly imbued with Anglo-Saxon political traditions. But the tendency is unmistakable in these as well. There are about thirty thousand miles of railway line in India, — six thousand more, in fact, than in the British Isles. Three fifths of this is directly owned, and much of it efficiently and most profitably operated, by the State. Canada, while not operating directly, is embarking upon new and vast schemes of transcontinental construction which practically suggest public ownership. South Africa is operating its roads; and its policies, in the words of the editor of the (British) *Railway News*, "have given good results." Egypt also has a State Department of Railways. The Australian colonies have been experimenting for a half-century, not very successfully, to be sure, but since the Federation with improving prospects. And even in its darkest days, no programme for a return to private enterprise would be tolerated politically. Economic experimentation, as a remedy for social evils, may in practice often suggest the adage about the frying-pan and the fire; but the triumphant progress of democracy indicates a clear preference of "the people" for a fire kindled and controlled by themselves, rather than the frying-pan over a fire fanned by private enterprise. Municipal ownership in England and Scotland has marvelously thriven during the last ten years. A recent consular report, for example, enumerates ninety-nine British municipalities owning street railways. And, as in Australia, the question of cost and profits is entirely subordinated to the issues of public service and convenience.

In the United States public ownership at this writing occupies a less prominent place in political programmes. Yet our Tom Johnsons, our Dunnes, and our Pingrees have undoubtedly a large and constantly increasing following. The present temper of Wisconsin and Michigan on the railroad question is unmistakable. These are two of the most intelligent and politically enlightened commonwealths in the country. The Standard Oil agitation in Kansas and Missouri still further exemplifies this social unrest. In 1890 seven states of the Union made provision by law for rate-making railroad commissions with absolute control over all state business. By 1902 the number had nearly doubled, there being then thirteen states which had created railroad commissions with these

enlarged powers. This activity was in the main confined to the Southern states. But it is spreading rapidly. Missouri, Nebraska, and notably Wisconsin and Michigan, are falling into line. Indiana has just enacted a new and radical type of railway law. Illinois, judging by the remarkable triumph for municipal ownership of street railways in Chicago, is in danger of inoculation. A mere revival of the now thirty-years-old Granger movement is not suggested by these unmistakable tendencies. The people are not wantonly hostile, as then. No wrecking enterprise is contemplated. It might be less momentous if it were so, for such conflagrations burn themselves out. This movement threatens otherwise. It results from a serious conviction among the plain people that abuses exist, to be best corrected by taking the reins into their own hands. Such is a logical conclusion, however much to be deplored. Will it not be better that the attention of this huge electorate should be diverted from such issues by the prompt application of really remedial legislation, before the question is too widely advertised in a presidential contest? Whatever the future may some day contain, it seems clear that under present conditions public ownership and operation of the railways of the United States would be a highly dangerous experiment, — dangerous not alone to business and property, but to the safety and welfare of the republic. In appreciation of this fact, the President of the United States is neither demagogue nor socialist. He realizes the irresistible force of public opinion when once fully roused; he is well aware that public ownership of railways is no mere dream of idle theorists, but an accomplished fact in many foreign countries; and he foresees the political dangers latent in such a programme for our own country. May the Senate of the United States — subject as it is to corporate influence of the most subtle and powerful sort — be brought to a clear foreknowledge of the truth before it is too late!

THE CAREER OF THE JOKE

BY JOHN ALBERT MACY

The first professional humorist was a serpent who flourished at the dawn of the world. His originality is unimpeachable and it is unique, for none of his successors has had his opportunity to say a good thing before any one else. The modern joke editor may regret the Paradise of virgin inventions, the unpreëmpted Eden of wit, or he may hearken to his cheerless friend, the cynic, who declares that the editor would not recognize originality if he had it submitted to him, that his readers would be disconcerted by a joke to which they had not become accustomed, and that the editor had better not throw away his individuality upon a trivial and dreary occupation. But the joke editor, who to be useful must be more friendly than the cynic toward human habits, knows that though his task is less dignified than that of editing, say, the *Atlantic Monthly*, he can lay out the best of his genius in purveying to the lighter moods of his readers; that the experiences of his day teach him much about men; and that it is not so bad to live in a world of petty entertainment. He receives from all corners of the nations the humor of the afternoon tea, the club dinner, the theatre, the political meeting, without their drudgery and more solemn nonsense. His workmen are Mankind Laughing. The material of his labor is the recreation of toilers in other vine-

yards. He is the only man in the market place to whom all the world contributes the joke it has enjoyed most. What though the tarnished jest recur again and again in the offerings laid at his sanctum door? He knows that each teller of the much told tale has enjoyed it, even as the editor himself enjoyed it long ago, forgot it perhaps, and now with no displeasure meets it again. Another man has laughed, and all is well with the world.

If the editor be a philosopher he may know men through their jests and keep a wise finger on the many little pulses of humanity. The history of his times, the courses of affairs, of politics and of thought, are revealed to him in humorous glimpses. He is the only editor who gets sooner or later almost everything that life produces which is classifiable under his department; no other kind of contributor covers the world so thickly and so thoroughly as the joker. What an unhappy fellow by comparison is the poetry editor, my brother whose correspondents are machine rhymers or despondent youths, a serious-minded crew who know Swinburne and have forgotten Wordsworth, who spend their nights with Rossetti, and neglect Milton in the morning, little dwellers in the City of Dreadful Dusk with Arthur Symons and the Irish poets of London, of no blood with Shakespeare, and kin to Browning only by the bond of obscurity. The joke editor gathers a handful of garnets and gold dust sooner than the poetry editor shall find one single gem. Poetry has shown her face more willing and more shining than now, but mankind never joked better than to-day and yesterday and to-morrow.

Nowadays everybody who can make his letters is contributing to the magazines, and writing books. To paint or sculpture or make music one must be at least slightly practiced upon a special instrument; but the medium of literature is in crude form a universal possession. Therefore it happens that many, overestimating their share in the common heritage of words, lisp to the fretted ear of the editor, whereas they would not presume to play the piano in public. If this be true, by how much more — as we used to translate the Latin — is it true that everybody thinks he has a joke worth printing. The joke is the most universal form of literature; it is protoplasmic, the simplest organized thing printable. Many people could be found even in Boston, who would not venture to write a long story or a poem or a drama, but all men — and some women — make jokes. Between their shop-talk drummers swap yarns in the fumes of the smoking-car; baby utters some unconsciously clever words, and mother records them; the rustic sets the country store in a gale which swells the draft in the air-tight stove; every grade of human beings, without distinction of creed, color, or previous condition of modesty, — even the unmodest baby, — at some time or other hears or makes a joke "good enough to print."

It is evident that more amateurs of more kinds beset the joke editor than ever break into the sanctum of the editor who passes judgment on the poem, the short story, the novel, the critical essay, or the nature article that is not of nature. The joke editor regards repetition and plagiarism as the normal fact of production, but I have said that if he knows his craft he will not be vexed or bored. The plagiarism is usually unconscious, and most often Joe Miller is accompanied by a sincere letter setting forth that "this happened in our town and has never appeared in print." Moreover the amateur joker frequently sends something fresh and delicious. A semi-literate letter in pencil brought me this message from a far corner of our country: "Plese tell Mr. Carnagie that we have a hero out here. He is running for sheriff on the Socialist ticket without a ghost of a chance." Another letter in crude scrawl contained an American yarn which has since attracted the scissors of many an exchange editor. The story illustrated the tough quality of buckskin pants, and narrated that a farmer was ploughing a field, dressed in breeches

of this famous and durable material. Suddenly his oxen grew unruly and plunged across the field, dragging the farmer after them. He clung valiantly to the handles of the plough, even when he saw disaster ahead; the oxen were dashing straight for a large stump. The blade of the plough split the stump; the sundered edges of the stump, springing closed again, caught the farmer by the seat of his buck-skins, "and by jingo," concluded the original version, "if they did n't pull up the stump."

The amateur poet is worse as a rule than the most hardened professional, but the untrained joker often has a story which the professional humorist cannot equal in a year's invention for the Sunday supplements. Jokes rise ready made out of life, and are born with the hue and form of its fragmentary truths. Prose fiction is an artificial construction; poetry is more artificial; the joke is human experience, the property of the common man, the autobiographical utterance of the multitude, and the joke on the printed page is, of all things published to entertain, the least removed from reality. Even unreal and unfunny jokes, such as the conceit that mothers-in-law are vicious relatives, are true to life because the world out of print bandies them about, lives with them, enjoys them, tells them over and over as persistently as the world in print. The joke-maker is thus the most realistic of artists and often the better for being primitive and artless. The joke editor is the directest middleman between contributor and reader, and he must keep the point of view of the man in the street and the woman in the kitchen.

Holmes was partly in earnest when he said it is a very serious thing to be a funny man. He pretends to have met the sober aspect of his profession in a sad disaster. But he knew that the serious effect of the joke on his life was to make for his happiness, success, and popularity, that the joke took him to more good dinners than Hawthorne or Emerson ever ate, though they were greater and more deeply interesting men than he. An after-dinner speaker who talks on the capacity of the Filipinos to govern us, or on why women have a right to vote because they are not allowed to, may be ever so eloquent, yet the company yawns and forgets his name. But the man who makes some good new jokes or effectively retells some old ones is asked to dine again. A serious matter? A joke in time has saved nations and made laws.

The importance of the joke in life may merely prove man's foolishness and flippancy. Though history records its power in human affairs, philosophy may not give it place among abstract values, and art cannot rate it highly. Humor is, indeed, a mighty goddess, whose other names are Dramatic Irony, Satire, Comedy; but jokes are merely her lighter moments. She blesses them with her spirit, but she is usually bent on vaster offices of inspiration, to inform the comedy of Shakespeare, to direct the deadly fiction of Mr. Hardy, to give wisdom to the philosophical criticism of Mr. Dooley and Mark Twain, or to burnish the powerful mirrors of Dickens, Swift, Addison, Goldsmith. According to the psychological metaphysics which Hazlitt spins for us in his essay on Wit and Humor, tears and laughter are sisters. It is true that behind the great comic incongruities we hear the tread of tragedy, but the joke is only a poor relation to the mighty Comic Spirit. It is a crumb, a niblet; standing by itself it cannot be developed far enough to show broad relations. Therefore it must be light, and it must seldom raise great questions or stir deep feelings.

Would that the Goddess of Humor and her sister the Spirit of Courtesy might teach people the proper limits of the joke! The joke editor's daily bundle of manuscripts is seldom free from appalling misconceptions of what it is fitting to joke about. One of the chief offenders is the evidently good and sweet woman who sends for publication the story of her child's unconscious irreverence. What was meant to record a naïve mis-

conception of God is converted by the act of writing into a record of grotesque disrespect on the part of the parent, — except that the parent is a child too, and does not know any better. The editor ought to know better, and it is amazing that the comic section of one of our most respectable magazines prints each month two or three "jokes" about innocent little Willy's offensive prayers and comments on Deity. Little Willy is not to blame, and it is not he who ought to be spanked.

High comedy may treat important tragic relations, and deal with ideas of God, Country, Poetry, Death, Marriage, Divorce, Parenthood; various wrong human attitudes toward these ideas are fair game even for the little joker, but the ideas themselves are impossible subjects for the short joke. Whoever jokes about eternal ideas is himself subject for satirical epigram, but the satire should be turned so that there shall be no doubt as to either its subject or its object. When great ideas go wrong in the human mind, man is laughable, he is also pitiable. I am in complete sympathy with the mind which on hearing a joke about a silly prayer, sobers in the presence of the Deity and forgets the rest of the story.

Not only reverence but truth and general decency prescribe the limits of the printable jest. The Yankee "whopper" is often only a whopper, and lacks the American whimsicality and riotous absurdity which enliven the yarn about the buckskin pants. The German who refused to laugh at a Yankee exaggeration and said, "Dot is n't a joke; it is a damned lie," will always appeal to the American who flatters himself that no nation has such humor as his. The Teutonic lover of truth will especially delight the American who thinks a joke twice as funny when it is in dialect, and who would have me write the German's reply: "Dot iss nod a choke; id iss a tam lie." But I would some of the honest Teutonic gravity might be let into the American character, for our people are too prone to think that any lie is funny.

Mr. Barrie's Lang Tammas was a critical as well as a creative master of his art, and his explanation that all is not grist which comes to the humorist's mill makes an excellent essay on his calling. It is wise criticism, human and literary (just as the great chapter in *Tom Jones* where Partridge sees Garrick in *Hamlet*, is excellent dramatic criticism, as wise as Mr. Archer and at least as friendly as Mr. Winter). Lang Tammas felt that some things are beyond the jest of man, and therein his instinct is better than that of Hazlitt, the professional critic. "The best parodies," says Hazlitt, "are the most striking things reversed. Witness the common travesties of Homer and Virgil." Now there never could be a funny travesty on Homer or Virgil, simply because the Iliad and the Æneid are noble poems. For the same reason Mark Twain's *Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* is a dismal failure as a whole. It is funny in spots; the Yankee newspaper in the age of chivalry is outrageously droll. Humor may justly fling at the incongruities and ignoble places of many great old stories. Provided we remember the glories, it will not hurt us to discover, when we are in the mood, that Achilles is a poor thing who in any decent civilization would be court-martialed and shot, or that chivalry did not insure the legitimacy of children, or that Samson was a "welcher" who lost a bet and tried to elude payment, or that Milton's archangels talk like the members of a town meetin', or that Dante's geometry of the other worlds is grotesque. But the noble things, "the most striking things," cannot be "reversed" with humorous effect. I have seen a horrible parody of *Hamlet* written by an American in the era of strapped peg-top pantaloons; it is about as funny as a burlesque of the Ten Commandments.

Mr. John Kendrick Bangs may have screwed some laughs out of the notion of Shakespeare and Bacon meeting beyond the Styx, but the joke is not on Shakespeare, it is on the Baconian theory. So

Artemus Ward gets fun out of crooked quotations ascribed to Bill Shakespeare, and he made the blunder doubly droll by his look of innocent surprise when the audience laughed. But the modern humorist should remember that Artemus did that sort of thing once for all, and we need no more of it.

When the humorist drives his shafts at the weak and the wrong sides of great works and great men, he really does a service to the noble sides. J. K. Stephen's *Two Voices* should delight Wordsworthians, because half the sonnet is a beautiful tribute to the poet, and the rest burlesques only Wordsworth's solemn twaddle. Wagner is not ridiculous; many Wagnerians are, and so are many performances with their wooden swans and automobile dragons. The church is not ridiculous, but there is matter enough for ridicule in the failings of some churchmen. Browning is not ludicrous; Browning societies are. Temperance is not funny; temperance societies, distinguished for their intemperance, that meddle with the rights and ceremonies appertaining to the dubbing of battleships, are proper targets of hearty wit. Wit depends on nice distinctions, and it should first distinguish carefully the object of its aim.

The most tiresome jokes are those that depend on unwarrantable fictions, which persist only for the sake of making ever more and more jokes. Instead of striking at true and evident human failings, the joker alleges that poets have long hair (a Canadian rhapsodist is the only long-haired poet among the hundred and ten with whom I am personally acquainted); that Boston people use long words, especially the children; that a gentleman kicks out the door an undesirable suitor for his daughter's hand; that Philadelphians are always slow; that tramps always meet bulldogs and women who bake bad pies; that servant girls are always insolent; that Irishmen and no other people make bulls.

The traditions bred of international prejudice are the most ignorant and enduring fictions. Maria Edgeworth and her father proved long ago that the bull is a habit of thought common to all races, and though Sydney Smith had a good deal of fun reviewing the Edgeworths, the Irish succeeded in making out their case, however gratuitously. America alleges that the Englishman has no humor, and keeps right on enjoying Lamb and Dickens and Hood and Thackeray and Gilbert. In the same way the Englishman alleges that the Scotsman has no humor. Lamb tells of going to a meeting at which Burns's son was to be present. In his "South British" way he expressed the wish that it was to be the poet father instead of the son, whereupon, Lamb declares, four Scotsmen started up at once to inform him that "that was impossible because he was dead." Yet Burns, himself a Scotsman, had played with a fellow Scotsman's literalness, and written his *Tom Samson's Elegy*. When it was read to Tom he cried out, "Ay, but I'm no deid yet," and was highly offended. To appease him Burns wrote a final stanza of retraction, *Per Contra*. Burns was as much a Scot as his heavy-minded victim, and his humor in this case is much like that of Lamb the Londoner.

It is a mystery to know how some of the fundamental joke fictions originated in the first place and how they dwell and flourish in the world so long. All our grandmothers are mothers-in-law, and the convention of sentimental poets gives grandmother a sweet face, excellent manners, and all homely virtues, yet the convention of humorists, the Convention of Federated Jokesmiths, brands the old lady as your father's worst enemy.

Whether founded in fiction or in fact, there are certain ideas which appear continually in the joke columns. Some of these are old maid (let us all read a story called *My Cousin Fanny*, I think by Mr. Hopkinson Smith), widow, grass widow, bachelor, poet, Irishman (simply to begin "there was an Irishman" is to prepare for a laugh), dachshund, woman's bank-account, sausages, fiancée, parrot,

(odious bird!), golf, liquor, incontinence, garter, financier, servant girl, Standard Oil, Hearst, yellow journal, Milwaukee beer, seasickness, amateur actor, Dowie, pie, false teeth, baldness, hair tonic, breakfast food, bad spelling, solecisms, barbarisms, improprieties, mispronunciations, plutocracy, missionary, sleeping-car porter, Paderewski, new-rich, Jew, messenger boy, fishing, borrowing, lending, book agent, sea-serpent, goat, Depew, Russell Sage, *Ladies' Home Journal*, Bok, Thompson-Seton, Rockefeller, Bishop Potter, Judge Emmons, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, Henry James, Whistler, Bernard Shaw, skyscrapers, twins, kaiser, lawyer, doctor, automobile, Pierpont Morgan, Carrie Nation, lord, duke, mosquito, Kentucky, Indiana, New Jersey, Chicago, Boston, Pittsburg, Hoboken, Lynn, St. Louis, Chelsea, Philippines, politician, policeman, anti-anything, tramp, professor, freshman, society, Newport, terminations in "ski" and "vitch," kindergarten, strike, silk hat, landlady, boarding-house, lover, cigarette.

This catalogue is carefully compiled from a systematic perusal of various kinds of comic journals, and contains only ideas which recurred frequently in several months. The list is not complete, but it marks most of the principal points in the latitude of the present-day joke-world; the longitude exceeds the limits of our chart. Besides the joke nuclei in this careful and scientific inventory are all manner of puns which cannot be classified; they include most of the words in the dictionary which have cant usages or slangy meanings, are overworked, or are related to matters of special contemporaneous interest.

I cannot tell how good puns are made —I wish I knew; but I could show how the ordinary joke-maker might go to work with his dictionary to dig out some puns as good as the average in the newspaper columns. I once opened my dictionary at random. It happened to be the volume which runs, suggestively, from Celt to Drool. I took down twenty-seven words in "C," each used in two or more senses, and out of the twenty-seven I made thirty jokes, for several of which I received real money. The dictionary is an exhaustless mine of every kind of machine-made composition. All that men have written, and all that they may write is there, and you can find it if you go to work scientifically. There are at least as many new jokes as there are words which have not been thoroughly punned on in all possible meanings.

A perfect pun makes good sense both ways; the edges meet with a click like the blades of a sharp pair of shears. Sometimes the very thoughts fit tight together in antagonistic identity, as when the man said of the temperance exhorter that he would be a good fellow if he would only let drink alone; or as when Disraeli (if it was he) wrote to the youth who had sent him a first novel: "I thank you very much. I shall lose no time in reading it;" or as when a man seeing a poor piece of carpentry, said, "That chicken-coop looks as if some man had made it himself." Exquisite perverse literalness of thought! And the same absolute punning, the very self-destruction of a proposition, was the old death-thrust at a poor poet by the friend who said, "His poetry will be read when Shakespeare and Homer are forgotten." It was a fine double-edged blade of speech until some crude fellow, Heine, I think, sharpened it to a wire edge by adding, "and not till then," a banality that dulled its perfection forever.

These puns set an unattainable ideal for the modern day laborer in humor, and ideals will not help him much. My suggestion about the dictionary will be of more practical service, and I think that by giving it publicity I have taken away the excuse for making again puns that have been made once for all, and I have earned the right to suggest that when Ironic Fate makes a pun by appointing that the anti-drink and anti-revelry candidates for high offices in the land shall be named Swallow and Car-

roll, the joke-seller should not try to improve on the humor of the gods, and take credit and money for their perfect jest.

I do not pretend that the dictionary is as large a mine of untried puns as its bulk promises. Its contents have been in human service a long time, and it is amazing how sharp were the ears and eyes of punsters in the eighteenth century — and seventeen years before the flood. Even puns are made or suggested by the facts of life, and life repeats itself; thus it comes about that your most freshly discovered pun, involving a very modern idea, you shall often find was made and printed before your mother first remarked what a bright boy you were.

A few years ago there were built on Boston Common those little rectangular white stations that look like tombs. It was promptly remarked that the Boston Public Library (a mausoleum where literature lies buried) had borne a litter of pups on the Common. I am personally acquainted with two men, who do not know each other, each of whom claims the authorship of that joke. Both have said enough excellent things to be quit of all need to borrow other men's comic plumes. Probably both men did say that thing; for although the joke is memorably good, it is inevitable and would fall out in the operation of many a logical witty mind. Indeed it had occurred to another wit half a century before. In Dr. Rolfe's *Satchel Guide to Europe*, under Brighton, it is recorded that Sydney Smith, divine by profession and in wit, said that that city, with its profusion of domes, cupolas, and minarets, looks "as if the dome of St. Paul's had come to Brighton and pupped." Sydney Smith died in 1845. Who ever does not trust so excellent a scholar as Dr. Rolfe may do what I have not had time to do, — track down the jest in the many memoirs and reminiscences of Smith and his friends, and write us a Contributors' Club about the quest. No doubt Monckton Milnes, whom Smith dubbed the "cool of the evening," and often suddenly and gently flayed, has somewhere got even with Peter Plymley, as Mr. Menpes has evened things up with Whistler, by recording the jests of the man who lashed him.

In this joke about architectural parturition, the same circumstances suggested the same analogy, just as the man in Holmes's *Autocrat* said under certain conditions exactly the same thing that he had said under identical conditions a year before. On the second occasion it flashed across the man that he had repeated himself and he was ashamed, but Holmes (who, I suspect, took the situation from an experience of his own) justly admires a mind that works with such automatic perfection. So we may admire the human mind as a whole for making the same joke twice without consciousness of plagiarism.

After all, America was no less a new country to Columbus because some Scandinavian pirate had drifted, five centuries before, up a river which he did not know was the Charles and which probably was not. Nor was our country any less new to the Pilgrims because Columbus had struck the south shores. Lowell, I think, has it that the best things obligingly got themselves said several thousand years ago, and there is a saying that the best things were originated by the ancients, elaborated by the French, and credited to Disraeli. But mind, the best things are not all the good things. A Harvard instructor, whose business it is to teach undergraduates to criticise books they have not read, has said to me sadly that all we can do now is to learn to express things well; we have nothing more to say. By a curious fluke of human thought this utterance is unconscious proof of itself, for Pope said it two centuries ago. Before Carlyle and Browning and Thackeray and Wordsworth, the narrow-minded little dunce-destroyer announced as his sole task, and the only task worth while, to say what oft was said and ne'er so well expressed. He acted according to his critical faith, or rather, as is the habit of human beings, he made his theory to fit his own limita-

tions. The result is that of important English writers he is the most quoted since Shakespeare and the least original since the beginning of English literature. To think with freshness and originality, to find an undiscovered Holy Grail, it is necessary to journey forth with sure faith that there is one to find. If the English departments of colleges had any effect on the Literature of the Ages, I should distrust the influence of that instructor. Every man has a story which is no more like the story of another man than any two of the achieved masterpieces of former times are like to each other. Every age, century, decade, year, every nation, city, village, parish, furnishes background unique and strangely new for the oldest plot in the world, Life played by men, women, and nature, a plot so vast that it cannot be stale, a plot as new in the year of Japan 50 as in the year of Greece 100. Poets and novelists yet unborn shall make new eras of literature which shall add whole squares to the diagrams of epochs in the handbooks; and if we could look into the future and read one stanza of the poet yet to be, we should wonder at its novelty, and think what dull folk we are not to have hit upon that fine thought in our time!

But the joke editor is toiling up the rocky slopes of the higher criticism where it is hard to breathe and almost impossible to laugh. Back to the easy lowlands of more certain paths! Though originality is everlastingly possible, it is everlastingly scarce and always has been. Novelty was rare in ages before ours, but the large number of ages has bequeathed to us so much that continuous republication of old things is possible to-day without turning the barrel over often, and without giving the ever-renewed generations of readers suspicion that most that they get from the latest humorous paper is already in the books. To express new oil from jests once dry with wit and to-day not too dry with age, it is necessary only to fit it to modern instances, to apply it locally, or to connect it with the name of a contemporary celebrity. To these three kinds of refitting all the essential jokes are repeatedly subjected by unwittingly and sometimes witlessly imitative laymen, and by professionals who deliberately ply their shears on old cloth. In some cases it is possible to tell which kind of hand has been at work.

As long ago as Molière the stock jest about the physician's impotency to cure was put in immortal form, and some time since a physician traced most of the jibes at his profession back to the ancients. The new element necessary to-day is simply a new disease or a recently discovered germ. "But you say you don't know what is the matter with me?" "I am unable at present to determine exactly," replies the doctor. "Oh, well, let it go at appendicitis; that's as cheap as any." Or: "Then make it a new disease and name it after me." Or: "My wife could n't tell either, and she did n't charge me anything."

Ever since the trial of Socrates, prisoners and witnesses have been getting the better of the officers of the court, and every month the *Green Bag*, a magazine for lawyers, prints fresh or stale evidence that the layman often outwits the lawyer.

The jokes of old campaigns turn up every time the parties go to war to determine which politicians shall have opportunity to prove themselves statesmen (and right there is one of the familiar jests of politics). The newspaper man hunts for stories to fit each candidate. The vice of the newspaper is that the only necessary virtues are excitement and timeliness. A joke is considered twice as available if it is hitched to a rising star or one that has not waned in public interest. A recent newspaper announces that Henry Ward Beecher once said, "Possibly God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but certainly he never did." And possibly Beecher may have invented that joke, but certainly he never did, for in *The Complete Angler* Izaac Walton credited it to Dr. William Boteler (Butler), who died in 1621. It

was Frederick the Great who quizzed the little girl about the mineral, animal, and vegetable kingdoms, and to whom she replied, when he asked her to what kingdom she belonged, "To the Kingdom of Heaven, sire." The story was told of Frederick III, in his time, and within a year it has been told of the present Emperor. Any well-known man who tells a story without pretending that it is his, may see it next day in the public prints ascribed to his invention. The modern writer is on the watch for yarns and plots, and he cares not whence they come. A familiar story of a faithful dog who fetched a stick of dynamite to his master and pursued him with it, was seized on by four professional purveyors of fiction, and served up in four several magazines. A young man I know told his sister a string of old jokes about drunken men. She told them to a writer of magazine fiction, and they all appeared in a popular periodical wrought into an ingenious plot. The newspaper man is more keenly pressed for matter than the writer of confessed fiction, and his attitude toward fact is much the same. If he cannot do better he is forced to take old stories, and introduce them as the latest production of a man who is "good copy."

Thomas B. Reed, the statesman from Maine, and Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the politician from New York (again the familiar joke entered in my card catalogue as No. 9999, and made in one form by Mr. Reed himself), are known as tellers of stories and crackers of quips. Mr. Reed was certainly a humorist of the Yankee type which in its highest literary form is Mark Twain. By the way, the Yankee humorist received an adroit dig in the ribs from the Kentucky economist, statesman, and master of literary style, Colonel Henry Watterson. He is reported to have advised Mr. John Sharp Williams not to damage his political efficiency by getting a reputation as congressional humorist. "If you do tell a story, tell it with a Yankee drawl, so they'll think you're from New England." Mr. Reed is one of the few men in public life since Lincoln who have succeeded in driving in tandem a dignified reputation as master of affairs and an international notoriety caparisoned in jingling bells.

Knowing that the Reed gold label will make inferior goods salable in the market place, and that the label is not protected by the patent laws, the newspaper space artist takes his typewriter in hand and writes: "The late Tom (never Thomas) Reed was one day walking down the aisle of the House "— So much for a winning introduction which makes the reader sit up. The newspaper man then takes down a volume of the *Encyclopædia of American Political Humor*, and finds on page 2345 that when the Hawaiian Islands were under discussion a congressman made a pun on "aisle" and "isle." Transferring the pun to Mr. Reed and the Philippines, the forger of anecdote proceeds: "Mr. Reed found a Democratic congressman blocking the way. He paused a moment, and as the man did not remove himself to give room for the bulky form of the Czar, Mr. Reed said in his well-known drawl, a smile on his intelligent face, 'Sir, I believe you said in your speech on Hawaii that even in savage isles all men have equal rights. Have you established a monopoly in this one?' The Democrat moved aside and Mr. Reed proceeded to the Speaker's chair amid the roars of the bystanders." Mr. Reed usually spoke in a calm low voice, but according to the newspapers, whenever he said anything funny, people heard him for five blocks and roared.

I know that this illustrative anecdote represents truly the habits of the newspaper joke counterfeiter, for I have just invented the story myself. Alas for the business of Mr. Reed if he ever said half the funny things set down to his credit and discredit! He must have jested eight hours a day for fifty years. So Mr. Depew, who is evidently willing to spend a part of the day in the manufacture and repair of humor, could not have made even the bad stories the authorship of

which is charged upon his shoulders. Indeed History tells us that many jokes with which he has eloped were wedded to other humorists before he was born, and he must be aware of this from his extensive reading.

One thing that Mr. Reed did say had been said before he thought of it, and it has been said a few times since his death. I mean his retort to the man who boasted that he'd rather be right than be president. "The gentleman," said Mr. Reed, "will never be either." A later variation of this joke was made by a gentleman on whom was urged the nomination to an office which seems to be undesirable, though many of us would like to hold it. "You are wrong," said the party boss, "to refuse this nomination. You are wronging your party, your country, and yourself." "Well," was the reply, "as the fellow did not say, I'd rather be wrong than be vice-president." An earlier variation antedating Mr. Reed was perpetrated in Boston, an obsolescent city on the Atlantic coast which once produced things by which the rest of the country has profited ever since. An Irishman of wit and poetic distinction cried in the heat of argument, "I'd rather be Irish than be right." And a friend rejoined, "You're more likely to be."

Mr. Reed's form of the joke had sufficiently wide circulation, and it has always been indissolubly linked with Mr. Reed's name. But behold in the year 1904 appears the following in a Louisville paper. Note the new cast of characters and especially the alleged authorship of a local celebrity from Chicago, obscurity standing sponsor for the illustrious. "'I had a dream last night,' said Willis P. Gathright, of Chicago, at Seelbach's Hotel. 'It was about Judge Alton B. Parker. I dreamed that Judge Parker was making an argument, and concluded his speech by saying, "I am right. I know I am, and I would rather be right than be president." William Jennings Bryan stood near Judge Parker, and with a mischievous look in his flashing eyes, said: "Don't worry about that, Judge; you'll never be either."'" The surprising thing is not that this joke should appear thus refurnished in a Kentucky paper, but that the New York *Sun*, which prides itself on being alert, should have copied the story with credit to its Louisville contemporary.

Lincoln staggers under a greater burden of anecdote than any man of a later generation, for his anthology of real and spurious story is lumbered with the accretion of half a century. No doubt he was a great joker and story-teller, and no doubt he told his stories to so many people that few have been lost. No man, however, even an idle gossiper, could have spoken the number of words that are recorded as having come from the lips of this overworked man. Him the inventor of bogus biography has not spared. The ingredients of a Lincoln story are a semi-political conference of some sort and homely analogy. I have made several Lincoln stories, and I thought of setting one down here to show how the crime is committed. But I have too much to answer for already. My invention might be copied in the newspapers and accepted as genuine, just as the declared hypothetical letter from Mr. Roosevelt to a labor leader, which the New York *Evening Post* contrived for satirical purposes, was taken seriously, and was repudiated by Mr. Roosevelt and by the labor leader. Though I might label my story a pure fiction, it would be seized upon by Mary Mabel Jones, who is preparing a new *Life of Lincoln* for the Great Men as They Actually Were Series, and nothing that I could do in a lifetime of repentance would ever set the matter straight.

A latter-day victim of the anecdote factory is Mr. Carnegie, who being a Scot is accused of the parenthood of every story found in Geikie's *Reminiscences* and other Caledonian compilations. He is the scapegoat who succeeded Ian Maclaren after the Drumtochty blaze burned out in this country. I do not know whe-

ther Mr. Carnegie is a great raconteur, but — well, there were public libraries before he began to hand them round.

Years ago Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, who has been dead ten years, put a notice on his door that he could not meet his "classes" that day. Some waggish student rubbed out the "c;" the professor saw the erasure and promptly struck out the "l." In 1904 the story appeared appended to the name of Professor John F. Genung of Amherst. Long study of Professor Genung's Rhetoric convinces me that he is humorist enough to have been hero of that little comedy, and without asking him, it is impossible to say that this thing did not happen at Amherst; but if the editor who last paid money for the joke cared at all about truth, economy, and the origin of the anecdote species, even if he did not know the Blackie story, he might have reasoned it out that the joke is probably Scotch; for "lasses" is a word that the Scotch eye would see concealed in "classes" whereas the word is almost obsolete to the American. But of course the newspaper editor does not care a rap who the professor was, and it is cheaper to pay for an old joke than it is to dig it out in the libraries.

Sometimes a story is hung on shoulders which no tailoring could make it fit. A reputable periodical printed a story of one of the gentlest, most courteous humorists,which represented him as making a great racket at a merry gathering in his flat. The man in the flat below sent up word that the noise disturbed him. The servant said, "Mr. Jones says he cannot read." "Can't he?" was the ill-bred repartee. "Tell him I could when I was only four years old." And this, which might have done honor to Whistler's rudeness, was attributed to a man who could not do or say anything impolite. The truth is that the ordinary newspaper editor, so long as he keeps on the right side of the fence which the law has set up, does not care whether he slanders a gentleman. The newspaper has come in for so much scolding at the hands of critics and moralists that any one even remotely related to the press is inclined to defend a great and useful profession where hard work is the rule, and where on the whole a sound intelligence is the guide. If the honest newspaper editor were not driven to nervous hysteria by overwork, no doubt he would take more time to think about the little anecdotes that fill the chinks, and he would consider whether Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Howells or Mark Twain, men of known personality, could or would have said the many discreditable things which the humorist lends to their lips.

Newspaper editors have more important things to think about. But the "humorous" periodical ought to do better than the newspaper. It is a pity that America has no adequate funny paper, no periodical which expresses in a catholic way the humor of which America boasts. We ought as a nation to do at least as well as the Germans do in *Fliegende Blätter* or as the English do in *Punch*. On the whole the casual newspaper paragraphs and joke corners, especially those in the Chicago journals, are wittier and wiser than our comic weeklies. They show what the American joker could do, if he had a good national medium of satirical writing, up to the standard of *Punch*. The odd thing is that the American is inclined to hoot at *Punch*, which as a collection of humor has beaten us in every way for fifty years. When Emerson said in his essay on Fate that *Punch* prints with fatalistic — perhaps he meant fatal — regularity one good joke a week, he did the London weekly the minimum of justice. For finished satire, adroit parody, skillful verses as good as Gilbert and Owen Seaman, the American reader has to go to the English "Charivari." Though the humor sometimes palls for us because it is remote from our national interests, yet *Punch* regularly leaves its American contemporaries out of the race. If the weekly pictures of some awkward rider coming a

cropper are wearisome intrinsically and in repetition, they are at least as good as the endless pictures which recur in our satirical papers, of tailor-made youths and offensively pretty girls, whose slender dialogue is quoted beneath their fashion-plate portraits. One can excuse the weekly stench of the automobiles, for persistent satire against a foe has cumulative value and makes for reform. But the taste for cupids and hearts, for kisses petrified and prolonged in the moveless permanence of wash drawings, for bare-necked ladies who are doing nothing worth while, and lovers who are saying nothing directly or indirectly funny, for limericks in Mr. Kr. Sr. a hundred times reprinted, — surely the taste for all this is not for a humorous paper to cater to, but matter against which good humorous satire would properly be directed. The trouble is that the humorous papers, like many other publications, breed their own kind in the contributors, and bring up an inbred family of wits. If a joke has pleased, one near like it will also please. The minds of editors, like those of great men, run in the same channel. As my cynic friend told me at the outset, the contributor knows that imitation brings the sincerest acceptance.

Not long ago I read the old joke about the Scotsman who, in accordance with the habit of lairds to call themselves by their estate, registered in a hotel book, "Cluny and Mrs. McPherson." An American followed him in the hotel register with "4506 Wabash Av., and Mrs. Brown." An American Episcopalian bishop reminds us of the power of British tradition in our humbler land by signing himself "William Albany." A Methodist bishop grimly records himself as "John Oshkosh" (or Schenectady, or Terre Haute, or Boise City, according to the location of the newspaper that robs the boneyard). And what are all these jokes but the old one which has been told of every American who is known to adorn his travels with a body servant? In its most common form it appears that a well-known war correspondent registered at the hotel: "Richard Harding Gibson and Valet." And of course somebody signed, "John Smith and Valise."

A favorite trick of the anecdote-maker, as of the writer of historical romance, is to provoke astonishment by suddenly revealing the great man in disguise. It is a device easily applied to any distinguished personage. A private unwittingly insults General Grant in the dark (*vide* Shakespeare's *Henry V*); a stranger in St. Petersburg asks a gentleman for a light for his cigar, a simple and not discourteous thing to do according to American standards, but it turns out that the man who so politely lends his lighted cigar is the Grand Duke Spitzovitch or the Czar himself! ! ! ! (That is the way to punctuate this kind of story.) I have seen the same thrilling yarn of the great man incognito told about King Edward, Kaiser Wilhelm, Emperor Franz-Joseph, Ruskin and Queen Victoria (the last two were of course not smoking). Here is the most recent that I have clipped from the prints:

"King Leopold, who has been spending his vacation at Biarritz, came out of his bath one morning, and collided with a portly man who evidently did not know the king in his bathing suit. 'What do you mean, sir?' snorted the man savagely. 'I would have you know I am a member of the Paris City Council!' 'Then I offer a thousand apologies,' replied the king at once (no hesitation, mind you, "at once"). 'I am only the King of the Belgians.'"

So the cycles of jokes revolve, disappear and reappear. I have written several which came back to roost with their spurs clipped, branded "English Magazine." My own inventions have been submitted to me as the personal experiences of somebody else, usually a great man whom I have not met. The Shakespearean series, born-achieve-thrust-upon, applies no less to jokes than to babies and greatness. The whole process of jokeology, from origin to latest printing,

is human and engaging. All people like jokes and all would make them if they could. The chestnut and the latest invention minister alike to a need of our spirit. All good jokes shall live to be chestnuts, and good chestnuts shall not die, for a real joke is known by the humor it keeps.

LAFCADIO HEARN, THE MAN

BY NOBUSHIGE AMENOMORI

TOWARD the close of autumn, eight years ago, Hearn sent me a letter of condolence upon my sister's death, and said, —

"What a world it is! We think of our absent friends and acquaintances always as we last saw them, and rarely think of the possibilities of change of conditions till we hear of them that such changes have occurred. The older I grow, the more fragile and fugitive everything seems."

Who could have thought that the writer of these words had unwittingly anticipated in them the feelings of his friends at the news of his own untimely death? It took place at nine o'clock on the night of the 26th of September last, the cause being paralysis of the heart. I was in Kamakura, when the news came to me. I could not believe it was true. Then I doubted my eyes that read it, and then I doubted I was awake; but the sad event, alas! was not a dream. I returned home next day to pay mournful tributes of friendship to the man whom I can never forget.

Many are the letters he wrote to me on various occasions, and these have now become, alas! his keepsake. Not a few of his readers would, perhaps, like to know more as to the author himself than could be gathered from his books. I shall attempt a slight delineation of the man, Lafcadio Hearn, corroborating my statements with quotations from his letters; [1] for it appears he has been somehow misunderstood by the reading public, especially with regard to his character and religious persuasion.

First let us consider his literary side. Owing to the inimitable charm of his style, some critics have been led to suppose that the author occasionally invented stories to suit his own taste. But this is a mistake. Hearn himself says, —

"I do not *invent* [2] my stories. I get them from Japanese life — facts told in papers, facts told me by pilgrims, travellers, servants, — facts observed in travelling myself."

He made observations at home also. Even his own children did not escape them. He writes of his little son thus, —

"My little boy is talking well: it is always 'Botchan [3] wants' — 'Botchan sees.' The idea of 'I' has not yet come, — just as in Western children, who say 'Willie wants' — etc., never 'I want.' But the real idea of 'I' and the wonder and mystery of it do not come till much later in life: I was thirty before it fully came."

He was insatiable in getting information. The more he got, the more did he want to know, and ever retained what he had learned. Once when he asked me some questions on Buddhism, he added, —

"Don't imagine that I know anything.

[1] Hearn's letters often bear no date; and as it would be tedious to specify each time I quote whether the letter is dated or not, I shall dispense with dates altogether in the quotations given hereafter.

[2] The italics are Hearn's, and so are all others in the quotations hereafter given.

[3] *Botchan*, a polite, endearing way of calling a boy, somewhat corresponding to the French *petit monsieur*.

I have read as many Sûtras as I could find in English or French, — that is all."

I was then too busily occupied with other matters to give him a sufficient answer. I could send him only a short note with apology. He wrote me in return, —

"Nothing valuable is ever lost upon me, — even your least word containing a new thought; and your letter was more than valuable."

When making studies on Shinto shrines he wrote me, —

"You understand, of course, how difficult it is for a foreigner to convey to Western minds the feeling of these things as they impress *him*. On the other hand, he *cannot* convey the feeling of the Japanese mind, because he has not experienced it. He can only guess or imagine."

Yet how correctly Hearn "guessed or imagined" the "feeling of the Japanese mind" is amply shown in some of his papers, such as "Yūko"[1] and "The Japanese Smile."[2] No Japanese could give a better elucidation of those subjects. Still the author was modest in estimating his own powers, as the following quotation will show: —

"You will be glad to hear that I have already half-finished a new book on Japan. It will be about the same size as *Out of the East*. I must tell you also that your frank encouragement, as a representative Japanese thinker, gave me the principal stimulus. I had done scarcely anything before your letter reached me."

For a man with Hearn's powers of insight and expression to call my admiration of his performance "the principal stimulus" for further work! — this may seem preposterous, if not ironical; but it was his modesty that prompted him. This puts me in mind of an incident told me by the late Colonel John A. Cockerill of New York. It happened at the Oriental Hotel in Kobe, while the veteran journalist was traveling in Japan in 1895. To give it in the colonel's words, —

"While chatting with Hearn of our mutual friends and old incidents in the hotel reading room, an American gentleman of scholarly appearance caught the name of Hearn, and happening to know me by sight, he came up and requested an introduction to the author. This being complied with, he said: 'Mr. Hearn, I have visited Japan several times, and I may say that I have read everything of interest touching her people and her history that I could find, and I wish to say that in my opinion you have written the most interesting and valuable work on Japan that the world possesses to-day. I merely want to shake your hand, and thank you for your splendid achievement.' I studied the quaint little writer while these words were spoken — words of sincere praise, which should have warmed the heart of any aspirant for literary recognition. He blushed like a girl, stammered his thanks, and turned away with a diffidence which he could not control."[3]

This modesty made Hearn a conscientious writer desirous to render everything he wrote indisputably correct, as shown in the following: —

"Hope I am not intruding upon you with questions at too busy a time, — and please do not inconvenience yourself, if otherwise immediately occupied. But I am anxious to get a few pages of MS. (herewith enclosed) corrected by you, — especially as regards the spelling and meaning of the proper names."

Always setting less value on his own abilities than their actual worth, as is usual with a real inquirer, he resented what he considered undue praise. He wrote to me once of an author who was on a visit to Japan, and who had sent him a letter highly complimenting him on his books, —

"I had a letter from him [the above mentioned author] some time ago, full of such fulsome and offensive compliments that I supposed he was trying to be sarcastic. At all events I wrote back rather

[1] In *Out of the East*.

[2] In *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*.

[3] The colonel wrote afterward the incident to the *New York Herald*, and sent me a clipping thereof. I quote from the clipping.

sharply that I thought him a fine master of sarcasm, and I have not heard from him since. It will be interesting to observe how he takes things. I fear he intends to take Japan altogether from the standpoint of an *homme du monde*, — which will be utterly absurd. And I fear also that he forms his ideas at the Club — that nest of gossip and slander. . . . I send you his letter; you know me well enough to understand that it vexed me."

But Hearn sought and welcomed honest, sincere criticisms. In fact, he and myself used to exchange criticisms on our performances. Sometimes we read or sent to each other our manuscripts before publishing them. In order to show the better how he appreciated a well-meant criticism, let me first cite a few instances of *his* way of treatment, as a friendly critic, of some papers submitted to his judgment. Once, by way of an answer to his questions on Buddhism, I sent him a copy of a manuscript I had previously prepared on the same subjects as those to which his questions related, telling him he could make whatever use he liked of it, and requesting him at the same time to let me know his opinion about it. He wrote back: —

"Your magnificent replies to the questions asked (more than exhaustive, and so admirably written, that the document, printed by itself just as it stands, would immediately win recognized value) simply *delighted* me. I don't know how to thank you. The thing is really beautiful, and my obligation to you is not small. With this MS. I can very easily finish my sketch. The MS. itself puts me, however, rather in awe of you. I shall feel quite 'shaky' about your judgment of my forthcoming book, — you will find so many errors in it."

This is flattering, indeed, coming from a writer such as Hearn. But here is another one on a manuscript sketch, the merit of which I had felt a little "shaky" about.

"Although you say that you do not need an answer to your last kind letter, I think it will be better to write about the MS. matter at once — so that the not-agreeable subject of our coming discussion may be settled in advance. To be quite brief, then, — the MS. *won't do at all;* and I can only advise you to burn it at once."

And he adduced so many convincing reasons for his "quite brief" advice, that I promptly threw the paper into the fire; and we had a hearty laugh over the matter, when we met a few days later.

Now about the way in which Hearn *received* criticisms. Of the manner in which he accepted a favorable one, an instance has already been given above, — his calling it "the principal stimulus" for further labors. Let me quote from another of his letters to show how he took unfavorable criticisms.

"Your last letter, just received, completely *smashes* me, and I rather enjoy being smashed. As for 'wanting to know,' I should like to sit down at your feet for two or three years, and learn one ten-thousandth part of the strange and beautiful things which you know. Of course the changes shall be made as you indicate."

But he did not make "changes," unless he was thoroughly convinced of the truth of criticism. Sometimes it required repeated exchange of letters before that conviction came. At such a time he would write me a sort of excuse for his persistence, as if it required any apology. Here is an example: —

"I hope you will not think it preposterous for me to resist criticism until I find myself *obliged* to give in. That is really the duty of a writer under all ordinary circumstances, because he is supposed to do his best, and change of one word may affect the whole construction and quality (especially musical) of a sentence. But these circumstances are extraordinary, and it does seem a little '*cheeky*' not to accept *your* criticisms at *once*, instead of trying to oppose them. But you know why, — so many other things are involved in any change. Thank you again

for your kindness in criticising: even if I 'kick against the pricks' for a moment, I am not less grateful and delighted on that account."

If he was very careful in making any change in what he had written, he was still more careful in writing an original piece. So far as I know, he never wrote on "the spur of the moment" anything that appeared under his signature. He took time. In a letter written in August, 1894, he says, —

"In 1890 I used to get chances to talk with a delightful old priest of the Jōdo[1] sect. Part of our conversation I transcribed; but various circumstances obliged me to postpone the rest of the work, — especially the conviction that some years of experience would be necessary to enable me to make it effective."

And he never wrote one sketch or essay at a time. He did not begin at the beginning; he worked at parts first, and from parts built up a whole. In answer to my letter, in which I mentioned the difficulty I found in beginning an essay or a sketch, he wrote, —

"What you say about *beginning* is eminently true. Therefore I never '*begin*.' It is too much trouble. I write down the easiest thing first, then something else, — finally the forty or fifty fragments interlink somehow, and shape into a body. It is like the Prophet's vision of dry bones."

In certain cases it took a considerable time for the "fragments" to "shape into a body." Besides, in writing on some subjects, Hearn was not satisfied with having simply seen, read, understood them; he waited till he *felt* them. Until the desired sensation, feeling, came upon him, his mind was in a state of restless suspense. Let me quote from a letter written in that mood.

"But somehow, working is 'against the grain.' I get no thrill, no *frisson*, no sensation. I want new experiences, perhaps; and Tōkyō is no place for them. Perhaps the power to feel thrill dies with the approach of a man's fiftieth year. Perhaps the only land to find the new sensations is in the Past, — floats blue-peaked under some beautiful dead sun 'in the tropic clime of youth.' Must I die and be born again to feel the charm of the Far East; — or will Nobushige Amenomori discover for me some unfamiliar blossom growing beside the Fountain of Immortality? Alas, I don't know! He is largely absorbed by things awfully practical, — guidebooks, hotels, silk-stocks, markets, and politics, — I suppose. He has little time to travel to the Islands of the Blest."

For instance, I have personal knowledge that "A Conservative," in his *Kokoro*, took near two years to finish, and "Nirvana" in *Gleanings in Buddha-Fields*, a little more than three.

But once he got his desired "feeling," he was "honest to himself," and believed that he had made at least "an approach to truth." And in order to publish the truth he had thus found, he did all that lay in his power. He used to say, "Literary work is nearly all sacrifice." Fame or profit did not form his main object. His principal aim was to get at truth, and once having secured it, he boldly gave it out; he did not mind what immediate consequences it might bring upon him, firmly believing that the truth he unfolded would win at length. He says, —

"So far as the success of a man's ideas go, one need never be anxious. Give them to the world, and the world will learn to value them at last, — even after the writer has ceased to appear on the streets. Time weeds out the errors and stupidities of cheap success, and preserves the truth. It takes, like the aloe, a very long time to flower, but the blossom is all the more precious when it appears."

Thus confiding in the final triumph of his ideas, he smiled at some criticisms which they evoked. Shortly after the publication of *Gleanings in Buddha-Fields* he wrote to me, —

"I am getting a number of letters about

[1] *Jōdo*; a sect of Buddhism in Japan.

the last book, — the Buddhist papers seem to have made an impression. . . . You will be amused at some of the religious notices, — regretting my power to debauch the ' minds of my pupils.' "

Being a master of expression, Hearn labored rather at analyzing and defining his own ideas or feelings, than at polishing his sentences. He was unconsciously conscious, so to speak, of his own ability to express *any* idea or feeling, if only he could get a clear view of it. This fact is disclosed in the advice he gave me, when I told him of the dissatisfaction I felt with a story I had written. After giving a rough analysis of one of his contemplated books, he proceeds, —

"Now with regard to your own sketch or story. If you are quite dissatisfied with it, I think this is probably due *not* to what you suppose, — imperfection of expression, — but rather to the fact that some *latent* thought or emotion has not yet defined itself in your mind with sufficient sharpness. You feel something and have not been able to express the feeling — only because you do not yet quite know what it is. We feel without understanding feeling; and our most powerful emotions are the most undefinable. This must be so, because they are inherited accumulations of feeling, and the multiplicity of them — superimposed one over another — blurs them, and makes them dim, even though enormously increasing their strength. . . . *Unconscious* brain work is the best to develop such latent feeling or thought. By quietly writing the thing over and over again, I find that the emotion or idea often *develops itself* in the process, — unconsciously. Again, it is often worth while to *try* to analyze the feeling that remains dim. The effort of trying to understand exactly what it is that moves us sometimes proves successful. . . . If you have any feeling — no matter what — strongly latent in the mind (even only a haunting sadness or a mysterious joy), you may be sure that it is expressible. Some feelings are, of course, very difficult to develop. I shall show you one of these days, when we see each other, a page that I worked at for *months* before the idea came clearly. . . . When the best result comes, it ought to surprise you, for our best work is out of the Unconscious."

The "page" at which he had labored so hard I found, on our next meeting, to be a fragment of an intended essay on a palm-tree, — the emotion caused by the sight of a palm-tree as a possible result of many ancestral memories. He said then, "Probably this will never be finished." Unfortunately it proved more than probable. The essay was never finished.

Among his proposed, yet unfinished works may be mentioned sketch-books of life in Tōkyō and in open-ports, and an essay on the Buddhist Hell. The reasons for their non-completion may be seen in the following quotation: —

"I thought of a series of sketches of open-port life; but I have been able to write only one. The open-port life is life in which I cannot mingle: I have no sympathies with it; — it jars on me — only makes me wish to be back again in Oki or Izumo."

And this: —

"Meanwhile I keep collecting things for a book about Tōkyō life, to be completed perhaps within two years; but I have no heart for the subject just now. I don't like Tōkyō very much. I have no overpowering impulses to write anything about it."

Or once more, rather jocosely: —

"Don't feel now like writing about Hell; I shall later on perhaps. But familiarity with a place spoils all inclination to write about it, and my soul is in H., — at least in Tōkyō, — which seems to me identical. . . . Come up some time, and console me, when you have nothing else to do."

This trait of Hearn, his dislike of open-port or city life, has misled some people into regarding him as an eccentric or a recluse. Let us take up this point; and it brings us to consideration of Hearn's social side. He had, no doubt, some eccen-

tricities, but a man who is anything of a genius is more or less eccentric, and Hearn had no small claim to that title. But a recluse he certainly was not. While in the employ of the government school in Kumamoto he wrote me, —

"By the way, I am hoping to leave the Gov't service, and begin journalism at Kobe. I am not sure of success; but Gov't service is uncertain to the degree of terror, — a sword of Damocles; and Gov't does n't employ men like you as teachers. If it did, and would give them what they should have, the position of a foreign teacher would be pleasant enough. He would be among thinkers, and find some kindliness, — instead of being made to feel that he is only the servant of petty political clerks. And I have been so isolated, that I must acknowledge the weakness of wishing to be among Englishmen again — with all their prejudices and conventions."

And again, —

"I wish there was some kindred soul here to exchange ideas with betimes, — and that soul yours. However, if we cannot talk, or walk through some luminous street at night, we can surely write betimes. When you are not too busy, I hope you will write me, and feel assured of a prompt reply."

Such are not the letters of a recluse. Hearn did not like isolation, yet he was driven into it for the most part by what he saw, or thought he saw, in city life. Being possessed of a keen intellect and a pure, sincere heart, and filled with lofty enthusiasm for truth, he utterly disliked affectation. He was an implacable hater of shams. The following was written some time after he had settled in the capital:

"The Tōkyō affectations of culture are disgusting shams; I do not think there is one f—r in the capital capable even of stating correctly the position of the higher agnosticism, — not one, even if you put all the books on the subject in his hands. These men try to read the thoughts of the nineteenth century with the ideas of the eighteenth! They read words, and think they are reading thoughts; — just as if I were to think by looking at a column of Chinese characters that I was really reading Chinese!!"

Not only was he disgusted with seeing in others what he thought affectation, but he abhorred to appear himself in the least degree affected. Shortly after he had taken the chair of English Literature in the Imperial University, Tōkyō, when I wrote him a letter, I addressed him as Professor Lafcadio Hearn, etc., on the envelope. He wrote back, —

"Perhaps it will seem strange to you, but I *do* feel a little uncomfortable at being addressed as Professor. I don't feel wise enough yet for that title, though I may have, according to the suggestion of the University folks, to let it appear on my next title-page. But I am not even a graduate of any *school*, much less of a university."

Next time I wrote, I told him it was quite needless for him to feel uneasy about being called a professor, because he *was* a professor in a university; and, with regard to his being a non-graduate, I cited the examples of J. S. Mill, H. Spencer, and others, and said that it is not from the machine-dug wells of universities alone that we get water of knowledge, but that there have been springs and fountains of truth, whence have gushed out living streams, giving new life to human thought; not to speak of such men as Socrates, Confucius, Jesus, and Sakyamuni, none of whom was the product of a university workshop. Hearn replied, —

"Your letter — at least the first part of it [1] — gave me much pleasure: the second part did not convert me. What you call my modesty, is rather the fear of immodesty, — of appearing willing to figure, among my friends, as something much bigger than I know myself to be. What you say about our non-university giants is indeed true; the great minds seldom issue from universities, — but they change human thought. As for this

[1] My answers to some questions on Buddhism and other matters.

waif here, however, he does not know what he could really 'profess,' — except a fair knowledge of Herbert Spencer. No: please do *not* write 'Professor' on the envelope; to you I do not wish ever to be anything more than plain 'H' or 'K.'" [1]

He loved the society of simple, sincere, open-hearted men, among whom he could with ease "call a spade a spade." Consequently he was fond of mingling with farmers, workmen, laborers, and fishermen. As an instance of it, let me quote from a letter he sent me just after his return from a trip to Fuji. Owing to the difficulty he experienced in making the ascent, he engaged four *gōriki*, experienced coolie-guides who carry the luggage of the traveler, and help him on the road. Of these men he says, —

"Perhaps the trouble with me was not merely that I am old and fat, but that I have what the *gōriki* call *buta-ashi*,[2] — little narrow feet that can take no hold of anything. Coming down, the guides made me don *tabi* [3] and *waraji*,[4] — and very good they felt to my feet. I have had the experience at all events, — never to be forgotten; — it will remain with me till I join all the dead people who looked at sunrise from Fuji. And there will be mixed with it a certain grateful — I might honestly say, affectionate — remembrance of my *gōriki*. What splendid good hearty simple fellows they were, — and (forgive me for saying it) I wish the officials of the New Japan could be like them!"

Sometimes, however, this yearning after the society of simple-hearted men carried him to extremes. Here is an instance: —

"To get out of Japan would indeed be delightful for us both, were there better conditions to reach. Such conditions exist in the tropics and especially, perhaps, in the great tropical archipelago south of us. But soon there will be no simple, happy life in all this world. Mechanical industrialism and its vices and its ugliness are invading and destroying all things. In America, in Europe also, the advantage of living means still the ability to meet sincere and earnest men, — to form unconventional fraternal circles, — to nourish the mind with literature and art. But every year, every day, every hour, the difficulty of living in London or Paris or Munich or Venice, etc., becomes more extraordinary. The most one can reasonably hope for, perhaps, is a tropical rest in the Malay region or in Equatorial South America. The former is possible now at any time, — the latter will be impossible for a long period to come. Elsewhere I see no chance, — except in the Arctic or Antarctic desolation. The plague of machinery is upon the world, and is transforming the human mind."

At "home" and to his "old *friends*" no husband was more kind, no father more fond, and no man more lovable than Lafcadio. For his family he worked hard, and suffered much. For their sake he lived in "Hell," went to "the treadmill," "the grind," and bore hardships such as he would never have borne, had he remained single. He was utterly disgusted with government service. He called it "an ugly business." Yet he went three times into it merely for the benefit of his family. A little before accepting the professorship in the Imperial University, he wrote to me, —

"Awhile ago I felt that I should have to leave Japan this summer, but now it seems likely that I shall go back into Government service. I don't like to; — I should rather be teaching in a Buddhist or a country school; and the prospects are that I shall be 'squeezed out' as soon as possible. But the opportunity is good for my folks' sake, and may allow me chances to make another volume or two on Japan."

And thus on another occasion, —

"My best regards to you and all your kind household. Sorry to hear you have been ill. I am sick, too, — a little, — but

[1] K = Koizumi, Hearn's Japanese name.
[2] *Buta-ashi*, a pig's foot.
[3] *Tabi*, cloven stockings.
[4] *Waraji*, straw sandals.

manage to scrape along. And I am soul-sick, too, angry about things, — unjust things. . . . If I did n't belong to other and happier lives than my own, I think I should like to become a monk."

Indeed, it was solely for the sake of those "other and happier lives" that depended on him for subsistence, that he became a Japanese subject. Previous to the coming into force of the revised treaties, and while there obtained in Japan the extra-territorial jurisdiction of the treaty-powers, properties left intestate by the foreigners that had married Japanese wives used to go, not to their families in this country, but to their relations at home. Hearn knew this, and therefore wished to put it beyond dispute, by getting himself naturalized in this country, that his whole estate — whatever that might be — should devolve on his family he so much loved. But there was then in Japan no law of naturalization except by adoption. Under such circumstances the only way open to him of obviating the difficulties was to get himself adopted in the family of his wife's father. Accordingly he did so, and assumed the Japanese name of Yakumo Koizumi. On this matter I find it inconvenient to quote from his letters to substantiate the foregoing statements, because the letters are of a character too personal to be printed. But I am in position to say that his anxiety for the welfare of his family was the only motive of his assumption of Japanese citizenship, because I was one of the few friends he consulted on the business at the time; and I liked him the more for this marked demonstration of his love of wife and children.

I have said that, to his friends, no man was more lovable than Lafcadio. On this topic I can cull his kind words from all his letters in my possession. A few, however, will suffice.

When I had sore eyes, and asked his pardon for not having answered his letter sooner, he wrote me, —

"Even if you had no justifiable reason for not writing to me, or speaking to me, I certainly should not feel angry towards you — though I might feel disappointed or grieved; but as it is, I can only say that I feel a very sincere pain to hear that you have trouble with your eyes. I shall not write much, for fear of giving you needless trouble in reading my scribble — yet I must beg you to be extremely careful. Your eyes are your life, in one sense; and I have had so much agony with my own, that I can scarcely bear to think of your running any risks. I pray you to be very careful indeed, and to let me know if I can help you in case you need it."

Were telepathy established on a sufficiently scientific basis, we might regard the following as an instance of it. Early in May, 1896, I met with an accident as I rode in a jinrikisha down the slope of a hill. The puller stumbled. I jumped out from my seat, but my garment was caught by something, and I fell headlong on the ground. My shoulder struck against a stone that stood by, and the left arm was dislocated. I was laid up, and unable to write to Hearn for some time. When at length I informed him of it, he answered me under the date of the 6th of June, —

"I feared that something in *Kokoro* had given you offence, and that you did not intend to write to me any more; then, on the night of the 4th, I had a curious dream about you. You pointed to your breast on the right side, near the shoulder, and said something which I do not know (in dreams you rarely hear voices, you only *feel* words); then I saw you were very much hurt. But I thought it was the lungs. Then, waking, I said — 'Only a dream!' and I made a note of the time. So your letter surprised me. Perhaps there is more of a ghostly sympathy between us than I know."

Such is the tone of his letters sent me when I was ill; let me quote from some others also. The following was written when he had removed to his new house. Is there a note more charming than this?

"My present hours at the University are scattered through morning and afternoon; so that you *might* come when I am

out. I therefore have told everybody to coax you in, whether I am absent or not, and to keep you. My house is now tolerably comfortable, — (though far inferior to any of the Izumo *kachū-yashiki*),[1] — and my books are in order. So far as you care for accommodation in this rather remote part of Tōkyō, my house is yours, *mi casa es a la disposicion de Vd.;* but I suppose that you have much finer houses at your disposal, though I should feel inclined to dispute whether they contain friends who would be more happy to see you."

Or this? —

"The other day at Uyeno, what should I see for sale but a *sakura-no-seirei*,[2] — kakemono! Only two yen sixty sen, I believe. Did n't I seize upon it with joy! Though cheap, it is quite pretty; and when I get it mounted, you will see it. I am going to hang it in the room you sleep in sometimes, and when you stay overnight again, the pretty ghost will perhaps step out of the alcove, and caress you, — like the tapestry-woman in Gautier's beautiful story."

Of our mutual friend, Pay-Inspector McDonald, he says in another letter, —

"I have just had a kind letter from the dear Paymaster, who promises to come with you to see me before long, — after the next mail for home perhaps. I knew he would be much too busy to get away at once, for he is 'no slouch' in business and has more electric energy in him than five average John Bulls. He has lots to do just now, I am sure. (Keep his friendship, for he likes you thoroughly; and he is true as steel.)"

It is impossible to forget that afternoon when the "dear Paymaster" and myself went to see Lafcadio at Kugenuma, — near the island, Enoshima, — where he was spending with his family a summer vacation. We all went down to the beach. The day was fine. About half a mile in front of us lies Enoshima, Picturesque Island, a mass of foliage floating on the blue; on our left the pine-grown cliffs of Katase and Inamura extend into the sea; and far off to the right the misty ranges of Hakone and Izu are faintly visible in the azure expanse; and above them all rises to the skies the ethereal cone of the snow-clad Fuji, where gods are said to dwell. We strip ourselves and plunge into the surf. We swim. Lafcadio, a good swimmer, makes somersaults in the water to show us his skill. We are in the best of spirits. Coming out of the sea, we play in pure Adamic suit like children on the beach. Terrified are the small crabs, for we chase them; preventing some from getting into their holes, and digging others out of holes. A young white dog of the village comes running to us, and joins us in the chase. We did not kill the crabs, be it said; we simply chased them for fun, only the dog had his own way of disposing of them. It seemed very short, that day; and dusk brought us back to Lafcadio's lodging. There we played with his children. The "dear Paymaster" taught Kazuwo, the eldest son, some gymnastic exercises; and Lafcadio and myself performed some acrobatic feats, vying with each other, to the great amusement of his wife, children, the nurses, and the hotel-servants. It was only the recollection of our duties of next day that obliged us, the Pay-Inspector and myself, to come back to Yokohama. Hearn returned to Tōkyō shortly after, and he wrote me, —

"We had a most glorious day at Kugenuma, which I shall never forget, — and I trust we shall have many another in divers places. Many thanks to you for bringing our dear friend down, — not less than for the good time itself."

I cannot forbear relating some incidents illustrative of his character. A few years ago, the street in front of his house was dug up to lay water-work pipes. One day a man was severely wounded, one of the pipes that were piled up having fallen on him. In a letter written next day Hearn says, —

"The whole street in front of my house

[1] Old houses of samurai. Hearn occupied one of them, while at Matsuye, Izumo.

[2] The spirit of a cherry-tree.

is now torn up, and I have to get special permission from the police to take my *kuruma* [1] round over the hill. There was a man killed, or nearly killed, yesterday in front of the house: a pipe fell on his back! I shall hate the sight of a water pipe for the rest of my mortal days."

I found afterwards that Hearn helped the poor man by defraying part of his hospital expense.

In summer, 1901, while he was staying with his family and a pupil at Yaizu, he went to a shabby barber's shop to get shaved. Delighted with the sharpness of the barber's razor, he asked the barber to sharpen for him a penknife. The knife was returned to Hearn next day. He was pleased with it, and sent his pupil with fifty *sen* to pay the man. But the economical student gave him only twenty *sen*, and brought back the balance, saying that the barber was quite satisfied with what he gave him. Hearn got angry. "Surely you would willingly pay a higher price," said he, "if the fellow kept a better shop. I pay for worth, and not for appearance." He told the student to go with the money right back to the man, and say to him that what other people gave him for a similar service was not a standard for Hearn, who was anxious to pay for his skill. The barber wrote a letter of thanks to Hearn. He showed it to me, and said that he was infinitely more glad to get it than he should be if he received some high-worded profession of gratitude from the Prime Minister.

Then he brought a black kitten from Yaizu. As he was taking a walk there, he met with a man who had something in his hand, wrapped in a piece of cloth; the thing seemed to budge. Hearn asked him what it was. The man answered it was a small cat, which he was going to throw into the sea. Hearn was moved with pity. He bought the kitten from the man. It was a sprightly little thing, skipping about like a spark. He called it Hinoko (Spark), and fondled it like a child.

Nay, his sympathy extended even to the inanimate. Within the precincts of the temple, Kobudera, there is a grove; and in that grove was a big old enoki, *celtis sinensis*. Hearn liked to see it every day from upstairs of his house. One stormy night its largest branch was broken by the gale, and, in falling upon the ground, damaged the fence and some tombstones. Two days later a committee of the parishioners held a meeting in the temple, and decided to cut down the tree. Hearn heard of this, and remonstrated with the men, saying that the old enoki had stood there for hundreds of years, and that it would be a great pity to cut it down, since the poor old patriarch of the grove had suffered enough by losing his great arm. In order the better to dissuade the committee, he mentioned some classical Japanese poems about the ghosts of ancient trees, and begged them to have mercy on the spirit of the aged enoki. But none of the men was of a poetical turn of mind; they said they would get good timber and fuel out of the tree. Thereupon Hearn proposed to buy it, with the ground on which it stood. The terms, however, were difficult to settle; the negotiation terminated, after much discussion, in exactly nothing. The enoki was felled, and its roots were dug up. Hearn missed it greatly. It was one of the causes that induced him to build a new house in Okubo, more than a mile distant from the temple, for he could not bear seeing the big gap that was made in the grove.

A man of such character could not well mingle in the busy, practical, or fashionable life of a city; therefore he shunned it, and was grossly misunderstood by those who were not admitted into his "fraternal circle." I have recently noticed in an English paper an article on Hearn. The writer, after highly praising the merits of Hearn's books, goes on, —

"But to do all this a great price had to be paid. . . . The price was the sacrifice of race, of language, of custom, habit, and very thought. . . . He left the world of his fellows, and entered a new one, he took a wife from among the foreign peo-

[1] *Kuruma;* same as jinrikisha.

ple with whom he lived, he obtained citizenship and therefore had to sacrifice his former name, he changed his food, his habits, and ere long his religion, for Lafcadio Hearn, to still use the name by which he was known to us, became a Shintoist. He buried himself away from the haunts of visitors, so far and so deeply that when he died, two days elapsed ere the news of his death was published." [1]

The paper itself is not worthy of notice; but as it seems to embody the general misunderstanding about my friend, I am tempted to consider it a little minutely. To take up, then, the various points in their order. How *can* a man sacrifice his *race?* He may indeed change his nationality, in the sense of membership of a particular country, but his *race* will remain ever the same. He cannot possibly change it, except by a new birth; so that this point, Hearn's sacrifice of his race, is out of question. And so is his "sacrifice of language," for is it not his books that have made him famous? and are they not all written in English, his mother tongue? He spoke and wrote in English to his last moment. For a man who had lived for so many years in Japan, Hearn did not speak well the language of the country. He never spoke it, unless obliged to. This seems to have been a sort of crevice, through which slipped some mistakes into what he wrote. These are, however, minor ones, being generally about the etymology of some words, or about some details of Japanese etiquette or the plots of some dramas, in no way affecting the principal bearings of his stories or the main trend of his reasoning. His marriage with a Japanese lady was simply a matter of personal liking; and why and how he obtained Japanese citizenship has already been told above, so that it requires no repetition here. The business had no literary object whatever. That he changed his food, custom, and habits, how can a person who has never seen him, never been even to his house, presume to say? Hearn never took Japanese food except when traveling in the interior; and as to his custom and habits, let us have his own words: —

"What you tell me about Count Sasaki [2] rather surprises me. Of course it will be a great privilege to see him. But if I ever have the pleasure of going with you, you would have to pray him to excuse a man, who, although a Japanese in name, remains a barbarian in manners and total ignorance of etiquette."

In fact, Hearn stuck to *his own* custom and habit, and that was the very reason why he was obliged to avoid "the haunts of visitors." He knew very well the inevitable isolation of a man who resolves to be entirely himself. He says, —

"But I suppose you must know, or feel, that any one who wishes and resolves to be purely *himself*, must be isolated in all countries. The world's fight is to prevent men from being themselves, — to mould them into the fashion of a day, deck them with a swallow-tail coat, and educate them to waste life and thought in the cultivation of conventions. Some very clever men are able to make a compromise, at great cost of self-worth; but the best men never obey, and are therefore left alone. I need not cite great names to *you*."

If the reader compares this letter with the one quoted above, in which Hearn expresses his desire to have some kindred soul near him to talk with, the reader will accord at least that I know Hearn's feeling on this matter. He strove to live as far as possible up to his *own* ideal, to be himself. Among his "friends" there were Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, and Italians, as well as Japanese. On the other hand, it was not every Japanese

[1] Hearn desired that his death should be announced only to his friends, who alone were accordingly informed of it immediately.

[2] Count Sasaki is the gentleman in whose library I found the original of the story of the rebirth of Katsugoro, which appears in Hearn's *Gleanings in Buddha-Fields*. The above letter was written in answer to mine, in which I told Hearn that the count was very desirous to see him, having known him so well by name.

who fared well with him, just as it was not every Occidental who found favor with him. He was a cosmopolitan in this respect; his likes and dislikes were not governed by the difference of race. It is not therefore correct to say, "He left the world of his fellows, and entered a new one." It would be more in accordance with fact to say that Hearn endeavored to leave the world of affectation and conventionalism, and to enter another of simplicity and sincerity. I have already quoted from his letters passages bearing on this point. He would have been "left alone" to a certain extent in whatever country he might have been. His success as an interpreter and expounder of the Japanese inner life and thought was due, not to any "sacrifice" he had made, but to his keen insight, deep sympathy, and insatiable desire to learn. It has always seemed to me wonderful that Hearn is almost sure to be correct, when he gives his own interpretation of Japanese ideas, rather than when he gives what he got from some unthinking student.

We come now to the most important of the points raised; the question whether he gave up his thought and religion. It is rather surprising to find that any one who has read Hearn's books should think the author had given up his thought. Indeed, the author described Japanese life, and interpreted Japanese thought, as no foreigner had ever done before him; but that was not sacrificing his ideas. He kept his thought intact; nay, he was maturing it. It was because some Japanese ideas coincided with *his own* that he took so deep an interest in them. To say that he sacrificed his thought in order to imbibe Japanese thought is to confess to a dead failure to perceive the evolutionist ideas that pervade his works on Japan. Unless a person has mastered the works of Herbert Spencer, whom Hearn almost adored, — especially the *Principles of Biology*, *Psychology*, and *Ethics*, — he cannot read Hearn's books on Japan in the light in which the author meant that they should be read.

Did Hearn "sacrifice" or "change" his religion, and become a Shintoist or a Buddhist? Nothing would be more absurd than to answer this question in the affirmative. For, first of all, Lafcadio Hearn had absolutely no religion. To say that a man "sacrificed" or "changed" that which he had not, is a sheer nonsense. Being a firm believer in Evolution, especially as expounded by Herbert Spencer, Hearn was a thorough-going agnostic, and remained so till he died. The only thing this over-diffident man used to pride himself on was his "fair knowledge of Herbert Spencer." [1] Yet he was at the same time a poet, though he versified little. Being a poet, he naturally found pleasure in the emotional, and he saw the emotional side of Evolutionism, so to speak, in Buddhism and Shintoism. Hence his delight in handling some tenets of these religions. All the efforts of his literary life, at least while in Japan, were centred in an endeavor to propagate Evolutionism by means of the emotional; and by way of expedients to attain that end, he made use of some doctrines of Buddhism and Shintoism, because in them he found quaint, beautiful symbols wherewith to clothe his favorite theories. I am inclined to think that, had Hearn lived longer and taken to versifying, he would have been to Evolutionism what, in a sense, Pope was to the philosophy and theology of Bolingbroke. As Pope embellished his ideas with Christian tenets, so Hearn ornamented, in prose, his ideas with Buddhist and Shintoist beliefs; and as some verses of Pope's have been thought models of orthodox Christian devotion on account of their beauty concealing their real sentiment,[2] so a similar illusion has been created with regard to Hearn's books because of their uncommon charm. But

[1] See the quotation *ante* where he objects to being addressed as Professor, and the other one in which he expatiates on the affectation of learning in Tōkyō.

[2] See, for example, Pope's *Universal Prayer*, or *The Dying Christian to his Soul*.

Hearn was an agnostic, though he made use of Buddhism [1] and Shintoism. Even the old philosophical systems of Europe did not please him, if not interpreted by evolutional philosophy; much less an Oriental religion. On these points allow me to quote again from his letters, in order to substantiate my foregoing statements. He says, —

"Unless one has made a special study of evolutional philosophy, one is likely to be disappointed in reading philosophical books. Anything outside of the advanced thought of our time, is almost certainly barren and useless, unless it has been taken up and revivified — as Hume and Berkeley have been by Huxley."

And about Buddhism, thus: —

"Real science is very much in accord with Buddhism; and Huxley said that only a very shallow thinker could reject Buddhism as irrational. The deepest thought of to-day is so nearly Buddhistic that I have no doubt of its finding sympathy in the West. But, as you know, the number of real thinkers is very few."

And, a little more particularly: —

"I have half-written a volume of psychological sketches, — from the same point of view as that expressed in the philosophic papers in *Kokoro*, — a mingling of Buddhist and Shinto thought with English and French psychology — (they do not simply mix well, — they absolutely unite, like chemical elements, — rush together with a shock). For instance, I take the history of the most common enigmatic sensations — such as pleasure in color, etc. — and attempt to explain them by preëxistence as the exact symbol of compound psychical inheritance."

Or, still more fully: —

"An apple represents to the senses form, color, odor, weight, and other qualities. These qualities to science signify only vibrations. Remove the qualities, or the vibrations which represent them, one by one, — there is no apple. What are the vibrations separated? Motions of ultimates. What are the ultimates? Centres of forces only, — vortices in an infinite of which we know nothing. Form is emptiness. So vanishes the apple into absolute nothing — except incomprehensibility.

"A mind represents conceptions, sensations, feelings, perception — the units of all being simple sensations. Remove the sensations one by one, — there is no individual mind. Buddhism declares that there is no self, — no individuality. Forms are phantoms. The mind is a combination, and therefore doomed to disintegration. But if there be disintegration, there must be ultimates. What are the ultimates? Spencer supposes psychical units as the ultimates of sensation. Buddhism supposes the combination called the karma. Thus both Science and Buddhism seem to me to agree in denying the simple character of that which we call self. By Buddhism and Science alike the individual is a composite. But the composition is different. Science gives the multiple for the past ten centuries at about fifteen quintillions of ancestral inheritances for each individual. The nature of karma is still a puzzle to us all. But that the psychical karma is a mere temporary combination involves the idea of other combinations. Worlds, mountains, etc., are created (as phenomena) by acts. Do not these acts imply combinations of phenomena? I think they do. The suggestion of science to me is that the whole universe consists of nothing but vibrations representing soul-polarities. And I feel pretty sure that in the West we must soon throw away the idea of individuality, which leads only to selfishness. Science will force us to do so; for the new schools of philosophy teach that the Self is an almost infinite compound. And I think this is Buddhism. . . . My slight studies have forced me to abandon the idea of individuality, and to frankly attack it — as an enemy of progress. And I think all the evidence is in my favor. Na-

[1] Indeed, Buddhism in its highest form may be called a transcendental agnosticism, but I have above used the name in its popular acceptation.

ture offers no individual analogies. Everything material is compound. The mind is a mass of souls as the body is of cells — figuratively, — that is, ultimates of sensation. . . . Without pantheism the Mahayana doctrine affords an explanation of the universe in such a harmony with scientific philosophy, that I think the religious world must eventually accept it."

So Hearn accepted some doctrines of Shintoism and Buddhism, because and so far as they seemed to him to agree with scientific, evolutional philosophy. Having accepted them, he gave them to the world. But how? Here are his own words describing his method.

"It occurs to me more and more that I can reach the cultivated class abroad on the subjects of philosophy and Buddhism most readily by spreading the bread with jam. Everybody likes sketches, stories, reveries; few love thinking for the mere sake of thinking; but all people of real culture can be made to like it by being betrayed into doing it. So, when I flank a paper on abstract questions with two little sketches or stories, the medicine is taken for the sake of the sugar."

The "sugar" of Hearn was so delicious that the "medicine" was forgotten, and the physician came at last to be mistaken for a confectioner! In other words, Hearn wished to expound Evolutionism, the only "medicine" he thought good for human progress; and with a view to attracting the attention of his readers by some novelty, he approached it through some tenets of Buddhism and Shintoism; and again, to get those tenets "taken" with more ease, he "flanked" them with some strange, weird sketches or stories illustrative of some Shintoist or Buddhist beliefs: but these sketches, stories, or reveries were so charming that the author came to be misconceived as a Buddhist, or Shintoist, or even as a mystic.

When we met together, — and we did so quite often, — he used to express his wish for ability to devote his whole time to the contemplation of truth. Once he wrote me jestingly,—

. . . "but the Hokekyō [1] says that the merit of him who even speaks well of the sûtra shall be incalculable. Surely *we* ought to have merit enough to give us in even this perishable world at least enough wealth to devote ourselves altogether to the study of beautiful truths and thoughts and to leave the detestable struggle for bread-and-butter to those who do not speak well of the Lotus of the Good Law."

Born, in 1850, of an Irish surgeon and his Greek wife, in Leucadia, Ionian Islands, Hearn had roamed far and wide — in Ireland, England, France, and Spain, the United States of America and the French West Indies, — finding nowhere peace to his mind or to his body; and finally came to Japan to end his life in maturing the ideas he had gotten from his studies and travels. One summer he went to Ishiyama in the province of Omi, where the ancient poetess, Murasaki Shikibu, composed her well-known novel, *Genji-Monogatari*. He liked the place immensely. "Ishiyama is not of this world;" he wrote to me, "it is Paradise. Just to live there one summer, — what happiness!"

But that happiness was not to be his lot. While he was working hard to realize his ideal life, he passed away without realizing it.

Such was the guileless man, Lafcadio Hearn, a poet, thinker, loving husband and father, and sincere friend. His ashes now rest in the quiet cemetery of Zōshigaya. His tombstone bears this legend,—

SHŌGAKU IN-DEN-JŌ-GÉ HACHI-UN KOJI

Believing Man Similar to Undefiled Flower Blooming like Eight Rising Clouds, who dwells in Mansion of Right Enlightenment.

Yes, like an undefiled flower, a lotus, the man was in his heart. In outward appearance he was no way prepossessing. Slightly corpulent in later years, short in stature, hardly five feet high, of somewhat stooping gait. A little brownish in

[1] *Hokekyō:* Saddharma — pundarîka — sûtra.

complexion, and of rather hairy skin. A thin, sharp, aquiline nose, large protruding eyes, of which the left was blind, and the right very near-sighted, requiring an eye-glass of grade No. 4, which was tied to a button of his vest by means of a long string, and carried in the pocket. He usually put on Japanese clothes at home. Out of doors he wore his native costume, which was clean but of coarse material. He never wore a starched collar nor cuffs, except in full dress; nor carried an umbrella when going out. If it rained, he usually took a jinrikisha. Moderate in habits, the only dish he relished was thick, well-done beefsteak, and his habitual drink was orange-squash and claret, of which he took not more than two glasses in an evening; but he was very particular about its quality, taking only the best French brand procurable. In tobacco he was rather an epicure. He kept himself supplied with Havana cigars and Japanese tobacco, both the best in the market. He smoked the latter with Japanese pipes, of which he had many of various shape and workmanship, their number reaching in later years to eighty-six. These he kept in boxes of his own design; two long cases, without lids, fixed on a stand one over the other. In the upper case he kept clean pipes, putting into the lower one those which needed cleaning. When he had a visitor, he would light one of these pipes, and talk like a man who was extremely afraid of offending his superior. Then he would slowly take out from the pocket his eyeglass. With it he would first look at the garden, and call the visitor's attention to some tree or stone. While the guest was looking at the object, receiving thereby the light on his face, Hearn would quickly turn, and steal an electric glance at him. The glass was then put back into the pocket, and the conversation carried on as if nothing had happened. But this one quick glance had a power stronger than flash-light photography, for it enabled Hearn to take in the entire picture of the man: the color, material, and make of his clothes, the peculiarities of his countenance, — nay, even to read his mind.

Hearn was an early riser, although he sat up late at night. When in his writing mood, he wrote till two or three o'clock in the morning. I shall ever retain the vivid remembrance of the sight I had when I stayed over night at his house for the first time. Being used myself also to sit up late, I read in bed that night. The clock struck one in the morning, but there was light in Hearn's study. I heard some low, hoarse coughing. I was afraid my friend might be ill; so I stepped out of my room and went to his study. Not wanting, however, to disturb him, if he was at work, I cautiously opened the door just a little, and peeped in. I saw my friend intent in writing at his high desk, with his nose almost touching the paper. Leaf after leaf he wrote on. In a while he held up his head, and what did I see! It was not the Hearn I was familiar with; it was another Hearn. His face was mysteriously white; his large eye gleamed. He appeared like one in touch with some unearthly presence.

Within that homely looking man there burned something pure as the vestal fire, and in that flame dwelt a mind that called forth life and poetry out of dust, and grasped the highest themes of human thought. One day he wrote me a reverie.

"An idea has been growing — getting wings; but I have not yet got it fairly out of the chrysalis. Probably you remember Carlyle's Infinite Bootblack. Your letter this morning made my Imago stir in its cocoon. Evolution tells us that our desires are relatively infinite because of the relatively infinite inheritance of dead wishes composing them. Carlyle's notion is that they are infinite, because man is infinite; and that is also Buddhism, but Buddhism also tells us something in accord with modern ethics, that desire defeats itself, and that we obtain things once wished only on ceasing to wish for them. There are strange suggestions in all this. If we had the love of all mankind, we should pine for the love of the races of other

worlds. If we possessed a solar system, — even that of Sirius, — we should want the Milky Way! When we have All by becoming All, then perhaps (?) desire will cease. Will it thereafter dream, and by dreaming create the yet-not-existing?"

Has the man who wrote this reverie obtained All by becoming All? Is that All now creating some yet-not-existing? These things are not given us to know. Of one thing, however, we are certain: that a portion of his karma, his works, will go on producing in the multitudes of his appreciating readers innumerable waves and impressions on their nerves and brains, thus calling into existence new countless selves that are images reflecting the milliards of souls that once constituted the charming being known among men as Lafcadio Hearn.

OUR CHANGING CONSTITUTION

BY ALFRED PEARCE DENNIS

THE political life of the constitutional state is never adequately represented in its formal governmental organization. No states, except the stagnant sacerdotal despotisms of the Orient, are governed by the unchangeable words of dead men. The expanding needs of progressive societies demand a readjustment of creeds, formulas, and constitutions. These changes may proceed silently, under cover of legal fictions, and by the slow accretions of parasitic growth, or obtrusively, through the violent processes of revolution. "Leo X," comments Sarpi, "would have been a perfect Pope, had he been able to combine with his many fine qualities some knowledge of the affairs of religion." Our "rigid Constitution" would indeed be rigid if only it possessed in reality a true character of immutability.

The constitutional state is peculiar to highly civilized peoples, but this does not imply that the essence of constitutionalism resides in reverence for the written word, and that reverence for the written word is confined to highly civilized peoples. A close adherence to the letter of the law is not necessarily a mark of political genius, nor of capacity for self-government. Among crude early societies the prescriptions of law are usually quite definite and the penalties for its violation are quite rigidly enforced. As Ihering notes, the motto over the first chapter in the history of law could very properly be: "In the beginning was the word." It is the simplicity of early peoples that invests the word with supernatural power, and regards it with reverential awe. Progress is the law of political life in western civilization. Even the supreme courts of theology sometimes reverse decisions based upon earlier interpretations of the written word, in order to reach conclusions which more closely harmonize with the spirit and needs of the age.

A comparison of the English common law with the fabric described by Blackstone will show an almost complete transformation of its substance, if not of its form. The common law of Blackstone's day, described by jurists as the "perfection of human reason," could be more accurately described in Carlylean diction as a "tortuous, ungodly jangle." In like manner, the English criminal law of a hundred years ago has undergone changes which are little short of revolutionary. Blackstone remarks with unaffected complacency "that the female sex is so great a favorite of the law of England," yet in Blackstone's day married women occupied about the same legal status with respect to contract and property rights as

do infants, idiots, lunatics, and convicts. A husband might legally beat his wife, lock her up, or appropriate her earnings. To-day in England the death penalty may be inflicted for only four offenses, while a hundred years ago two hundred crimes were punishable by death. As late as 1811, Lord Eldon was greatly alarmed by a "dangerous bill," which abolished the death penalty for the theft of five shillings from a shop. In the same period the English Constitution has undergone fundamental transformation. Blackstone, in his description of the royal authority, finds all executive power vested in the Crown. The eyes of the jurist were blinded by unrealities. The ascription of political omnipotence to the Crown was not true in his own day, much less in ours. What he described was the archaic monarchical system, rather than the modern ministerial system.

It was in Blackstone's time that our Federal Constitution was adopted, with great forebodings, as a possible solution of a difficult problem. It was an instrument of compromises, and its most loyal friends never ascribed to it a sacrosanct character, nor regarded it as the "perfection of human reason." Social, industrial, and political changes of a hundred years, which no human wisdom could foresee, and which no human power could prevent, have wrought corresponding changes in the fundamental law.

Our constitutional development is proceeding along British lines. The true character of the British Constitution is to be found, not so much in the positive rules which courts will enforce, as in the spontaneous, institutional growths which have supplemented, or have superseded, the rule of law. In like manner the true genius and character of our institutions, in much greater degree than we commonly suspect, are to be found in forms of political life unknown to the written Constitution, and unenforced by the courts. The exposition of the law of the Constitution has been largely committed to jurists. The treatment of the jurist, from its very nature, is incomplete, simply because our national life, as expressed through governmental agencies, is a larger thing than any code of positive law. One must look beyond the provisions of the written word and its legal interpretation properly to appraise the value and character of our Constitution. This is precisely what the jurist is unwilling to do. He will not admit that a rule can be binding which is not enforcible by the courts. For this reason the extra-legal institutions of our governmental system have not always received just attention in the exposition of our constitutional fabric. As language may be employed to conceal thought, so the forms of governmental organization may effectually conceal the true character of the political life of the state.

The external forms of republicanism endured in the Roman world long after the Republic had actually assumed a strictly imperial character. In external governmental form America is a democratic republic, and England a monarchy. But if democracy imply a diffusion of power among many, and monarchy the concentration of power in the hands of one, the contrast breaks down absolutely, since the American president actually possesses far greater power than the British king. Again, the British Cabinet, through which the state effectually expresses and executes its will is, as every one knows, an institution unknown to English law. Indeed, it is not only an extra-legal institution, but in the early days of its development was regarded as strictly illegal. To the term "cabal," as applied to the second Charles's kitchen cabinet, a sinister meaning was attached, and from the dyslogistic sense in which the term was then employed two centuries have not availed to rescue it. A young and vigorous cell, — the modern cabinet, — has been grafted upon an unproductive stock — the Privy Council. This ancient, worm-eaten stock has to-day a dignified and well-recognized legal standing, but virtually no political significance; while the vigorous young graft has paramount

political significance, but no recognition whatever in the field of positive law.

Growth is spontaneous — life an inner principle. The spirit within, and not the outer form, is the true measure of what we call character. We must penetrate beneath the outward disguising shell of law to understand the nature of our constitutional system. The written word points out the general direction, but not the distance, in which the state is moving. Our governmental structure is the creation of the Constitution, but our Constitution is the creation of the state. Government is merely the agency through which the state acts. We must look to the state, therefore, as well as to the formal governmental organization, in order to discern the true character of our Constitution. We estimate what we call character in a human being largely in terms of personality. But the most distinctive and striking aspects of personality are of an immaterial nature. Anthropometry and craniology can go but a little way toward explaining the true character of a friend. Our notion of character is determined by the measure of individuality, — by points of variation from the fundamental pattern according to which the ordinary mortal is assumed to be constructed. In a certain sense a three months' old infant has no character, — you know one, you know them all. A sheep has little or no character, — simply because little or nothing is to be discovered in one sheep which is not found in a flock. So with the savage: he possesses an ethnic character, but little personality, — see one savage, and you see them all. The characterless man is the conventional man, — the man who is cast in the same mould with his fellows, — the man who regulates his life in the minutest details by prescribed rules. We grant the immateriality of the entity called the state, but when we begin to describe this abstraction we at once employ word-pictures, not of real character or "personality," but only of the outward material structure in which the real political self is lodged. And so it is that the measure of the interpretation of our Constitution is found in the logic of personality, rather than in the logic of legalism. The unfolding of our national life according to this logic has involved three processes: first, new meanings have been written into the fundamental law by judicial interpretation; second, the unrebuked exercise of doubtful powers by the executive and legislative branches has extra-legally enlarged the sphere of governmental action; finally, through the spontaneous out-workings of our political genius, new rules, understandings, and convictions have been introduced into our constitutional system, without the intervention of direct governmental agency.

I

Illustrations of the expansion of the Constitution by judicial interpretation may be briefly offered. Let it be borne in mind that the jurisdiction of federal courts is, by custom, limited to the determination of concrete cases. Federal judges do not decide abstract questions or settle disputed points of constitutional law unless such points are raised in a *bona fide* suit. It follows that judicial decision is ordinarily the second term of which legislative enactment is the first in the interpretative series. A decision adverse to a claim based upon the alleged unconstitutionality of a state or federal statute tends, of course, to enlarge the field of legislative competence, and to widen the scope of the written Constitution. Constitutional development has not followed the direct line of strict legalism, nor the haphazard line of pure circumstance, but rather the resultant of these forces. The logic of legalism and the logic of facts are never in exact accord. Congress, following out the logic of legalism, has power to declare war, and did declare war against Spain in 1898. Spain's sovereignty in Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands was extinguished as a result of the war. The United States succeeded to the sovereignty thus relinquished, and

a kind of political relationship with the peoples of these islands has been imposed upon us which heretofore had not been deemed compatible with our legal scheme of political existence. According to the logic of legalism, it would seem that the Tagalogs and Moros, since they are subject to the jurisdiction of the United States, are possessed of the civil and political rights of United States citizens. The highest judicial authority, however, following a resultant between the logic of legalism and the logic of events, decides that the islands ceded to us by Spain have not been "incorporated into the United States." Hence it is perfectly possible for territory to be part of the United States in a geographical sense, without being an integral part of the United States; and that, in spite of the constitutional requirements as to uniformity of legislation, Congress can legislate pretty much as it pleases for the different territories, according to their varying requirements. As a result, then, of the decisions in the so-called "insular cases," it is judicially settled that the non-contiguous territories of the United States are to be governed in very much the same way as Great Britain governs her vassal states, — the Crown Colonies.

Again, under the commerce clause of the Constitution, federal authority over great commercial corporations chartered by individual states has been exemplified in the application of the Interstate Commerce Act. The Anti-Trust (Sherman) Act of 1890 did not in the view of its framers apply to railroads nor to reasonable restraints of trade, but the courts held that it did apply to railroads and to all restraints of trade, whether reasonable or unreasonable. The scope of federal activity was further widened in the "Northern Securities Decision," according to which the mere ownership of stock in an interstate railroad brings the owner into such direct relation to interstate commerce as to subject him to the plenary powers of the federal government. This decision, coming upon the heels of the Lottery case, marks an epoch in the history of federal centralization of power. Two important points were decided in the Lottery case: first, that the transmission of lottery tickets from one state to another is commerce, and therefore subject to federal regulation; second, that the power to regulate commerce includes the power to destroy it.

The inclination of the Congress and the President to give the Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix railway rates, subject to review by the courts, or the conferring of such power upon a new court created for this purpose, as under the provision of the Elkins Bill, are epoch-making proposals in the exertion of federal power through the elastic commerce clause. The creation of the Department of Commerce, with its Bureau of Corporations, marks another stage in the progressive unfolding of federal power over commerce. Mr. Garfield, Commissioner of Corporations, in his recent report, recommends that all corporations doing an interstate business shall be compelled to do so under a federal license. Under the proposed licensing act the national government may impose such conditions as to the organization, capitalization, and management of corporations as it may deem conducive to the public welfare. A proposition to take from the states the power to charter corporations engaged in interstate commerce, and to vest that power in the federal government, is already commanding a strong following. We hear little talk about the constitutionality of these measures. It is assumed, and rightly, that the courts would support the government in the exercise of these powers, although they are far beyond anything ever contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. The truth is, the courts will not, in interpreting the words of men who lived in the eighteenth century, place an injunction upon American progress in the twentieth century. While the great land-owning, ship-owning, or slave-owning individual was the most potent force in our

economic life of a century ago, the great corporation is the most potent force in our economic life of to-day. These great artificial beings, the creatures of state law, have outrun the control of their creators. It is inevitable that the nation should take hold where state control has broken down. A hundred years ago the only media of interstate communication were coastwise sailing vessels and the occasional stagecoach that lumbered across state lines. But to-day steam and electricity are welding the states together, commercially and industrially. With the destruction of the states as industrial entities will follow, in the fullness of time, their destruction as political entities. Historically, federalism is like the grave: it takes, but it does not give.

II

The development of the commerce clause has been cited as an illustration of the expansion of the Constitution by judicial interpretation. Equally good illustrations may be found in the interpretation of the war power grant or the grant of the power to borrow money. We may pass, however, from this point to note that, while the Supreme Court is legally the ultimate guardian of the Constitution, the legislative and executive branches have frequently exercised wide powers of independence in interpretation. Illustrations may be offered, in the first place, of the expansion of the Constitution by legislative action without the actual intervention of the courts. This may proceed by affirmative action, as in the case of the congressional statute prescribing limited tenure of office for federal judges sitting in territorial courts. Or, secondly, the Congress, by refusing to act, can virtually nullify provisions of the organic law. For example, the Congress has never provided adequate machinery for enforcing the extradition clause of the Constitution. Governor Durbin, of Indiana, has steadily refused to surrender ex-Governor Taylor, indicted by a Kentucky court for complicity in the Goebel assassination. The Constitution provides that the governor of the asylum state shall "deliver up the fugitive on demand," but the Governor of Indiana pays no attention to the demand of Governor Beckham of Kentucky, and the Congress has provided no means for the execution of the constitutional mandate. It is possible, therefore, for a state governor to set himself up as a trial court, and arbitrarily refuse to surrender a fugitive from justice. Again, the provisions of the fourteenth amendment, penalizing by a proportional reduction in representation any state which excludes from the suffrage adult male citizens, is to-day as worthless as a counterfeit note drawn on a broken bank. The constitutional provision appears to be automatic, but no legal provision is self-executing unless the government provides the means. Again and again the Congress has refused to take affirmative action in support of the constitutional mandate. More than this, the fifteenth amendment is cynically nullified in its spirit, if not in its letter, by the constitutions of the Southern states. The Supreme Court recently refused relief to an Alabama negro seeking the suffrage denied to him by the constitution of that state, on the ground that the court lacked jurisdiction over the case as presented. Thus it happens that, when the disfranchised negro petitions the Congress for relief, he is told to go to the courts, because a legal question is involved; when he invokes the aid of the courts, he is told to go to the Congress, because a political question is involved. The truth is, the Congress and the courts recognize that the bitter experience of an entire generation stamps the fifteenth amendment as a cruel error of national judgment. Next to secession, it was perhaps the greatest political mistake of our history. The South has long known it; the North is fast learning it. American common sense, as represented in legislative and judicial councils, goes to the root of the matter, and, by acquiescence in the

nullification of the written word, constitutes an unwritten amendment to the organic law.

III

In the third place, important changes have been made in our constitutional fabric by executive interpretation. It is of interest to recall that Jefferson, Jackson, Tyler, Buchanan, and Lincoln successively declared that they did not regard as binding and final an interpretation of the Constitution by the United States Supreme Court. Jefferson was not scrupulous in performing a legal duty as defined by the Supreme Court in the celebrated Marbury *v.* Madison decision. Jefferson was also responsible for the Embargo Act and for the Louisiana Purchase, — measures of doubtful constitutional standing. Jackson vetoed a bill for rechartering the United States Bank, on the ground that it was unconstitutional, although the Supreme Court had previously decided to the contrary. President Tyler, later on, endorsed Jackson's position in his veto of a new Bank Bill. Mr. Buchanan, then a member of the House, voted against the Bank Bill, declaring the legislator to be as independent of the court as the executive. Lincoln impugned the constitutionality of the Dred Scott decision, and, had he been President in 1858, it is doubtful whether he would have employed the executive arm of the Government to enforce the decision of the Court. In the manumission of the slaves, and the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, he made no appeal to constitutional sanction. Legal limitations were brushed aside in order that the life of the nation might be preserved.

Not a few of the discretionary acts of the present chief executive have fallen within the shadowy realm of extra-legal powers. The following so-called executive "usurpations" may be noticed: —

1. Ad interim executive appointments, the validity of which rested upon a "constructive" recess of the Congress. The metaphysical subtleties involved in an appeal to the doctrine of infinitesimals baffled the simple intelligence of the plain man, and the "constructive" recess has been challenged as an unwarranted exercise of executive authority.

2. Executive order number 78, constituting the age of sixty-two a prima facie evidence of disability in the adjudication of pension claims. This act has been widely viewed in the light of the appropriation of public revenues by executive decree, rather than by act of the people's representatives in the Congress.

3. Mr. Whitelaw Reid's appointment as special ambassador to attend the coronation of his Majesty, King Edward VII, without the advice or consent of the Senate.

4. The executive order excluding a great newspaper from the news of the departments because that paper had published a silly canard about the President's children.

5. Intervention in the Panama affair, amounting, in the view of many thinking men, to a usurpation of the war power vested by the Constitution exclusively in the legislative branch.

6. The interposition of the President in the Pennsylvania coal strike through the creation of a commission to arbitrate a labor dispute.

7. The Executive "Agreement" with the Republic of San Domingo.

8. The creation by executive act of the office of Chief Engineer of the Irrigation and Reclamation Service, without the authorisation of the Congress.

The exercise of these and other doubtful powers by President Roosevelt received no rebuke from the courts. From no responsible source came any suggestion of impeachment. Finally, the President received over-whelming vindication by the people at the polls. Hence the so-called usurpations are not to be regarded as usurpations at all. It all goes to show that executive and legislative officials (though this is true of the latter in less degree) are bound to the extent of their conscience and their political responsi-

bility. As Walter Bagehot remarks, in one of the profoundest of political aphorisms: "Success in government is due far more to the civil instincts and capacity of our race, than to any theoretical harmony or perfection of the rules and formulæ of governmental conduct."

IV

Finally, radical changes, unrecognized as yet in the written law, but embodied in what may be called the organic "common law," have been wrought in the Constitution by custom, precedent, and the silent pressure of public opinion. The unfolding political consciousness of the nation reveals itself in spontaneous processes of growth, which without legal recognition are gradually transforming the body of written law. Nature's live growths rive even the rocks. Young and vigorous institutional plants thrust their roots into the crevices of crumbling constitutional walls, and at last overthrow them.

Our Constitution provides a theoretically perfect plan for the indirect election of president and vice-president. The demand of the popular consciousness for a direct choice has nullified this provision. Presidential electors have become mere pawns. They register, they do not elect. They must take what has been proposed at a convention and ratified by the people. Furthermore, while as late as 1824 presidential electors in the majority of states were chosen by the legislatures thereof, they are now, in all cases, chosen on a general ticket by a direct vote of the people. This practice, with rare exceptions, — as, for example, Maryland's split electoral vote in the last general election, — throws the entire weight of each state for the candidate whose list of electors happens to be carried. The device of indirect election has thus gone to the constitutional scrap-heap. The growth of democratic sentiment has not only reduced the choice to a direct popular basis, but has hinged the decision on a vote by states.

In like manner, the growth of democratic sentiment is demanding the election of United States senators by direct popular vote, and we may look to see a progressive nullification of the legally prescribed plan of indirect election. The demand for formal amendment breaks fruitlessly against the determined opposition of the Senate itself, but the desired end is being sought through extra-legal channels. As, for example, in South Carolina, where a senatorial nomination in a primary election is considered binding upon the formal action of the state legislature. Under such a condition the legislature, like the electoral college, no longer elects, but merely ratifies the popular choice. In other states the legislature is not infrequently called upon to ratify a selection made by a knot of party bosses, in some back-parlor conference, weeks before the legislature convenes. Mr. Depew affably receives congratulations upon his return to the Senate three weeks before the convening of the legislative caucus nominally charged with the function of naming a junior senator for the state of New York. The old Frankish Mayors of the Palace were accustomed to pay elaborate homage to the kings of the Merovingian dynasty. Yet the king was a mere trapping of state, a glittering puppet, and the will of the enthroned monarch actually yielded in all important matters to the will of the uncrowned vassal. Thus it is that the body vested with independent choice may be reduced in great states, such as Pennsylvania, New York, and Indiana, to a mere ratification assemblage. Of the three branches of the government only one sixth, in the beginning, was popularly elected; to-day one half is popularly elected, and the sappers and miners of Democratic tendency are already beneath the foundations of another sixth, the Senate.

Again, the great national nominating conventions are absolutely unknown to the federal Constitution or statutes. The National Convention, made up of a thousand delegates, and as many alter-

nates, elected by all sorts of process, not knowing one another, bound by no oath of office, is an absolute and final judge of its own procedure and its own results. Such a body, as in the case of the last Democratic Convention, passes through a four-day delirium of intrigue, oratory, and uproar, proclaims its creed and its nominees, and with adjournment goes down to a death that knows no resurrection. The conduct of public affairs, even when not veiled from the public eye, is humdrum enough. A convention, with its brass bands, its mad cheering, its high-keyed oratory, its thousands of spectators, and its frenzied enthusiasm, furnishes the most stirring, dramatic, and grandiose exemplification of public action which the political processes of this country afford. Yet of the conduct, function, and place of the convention in our political system the foreign student would gain not a hint nor suggestion from the entire body of our written organic law with all the commentaries thereon.

Equally without recognition in the organic law is the spoils system, the great foundation upon which party service rests. The practice of the executive today in appointments and removals is, barring the limitations of the Civil Service Law, substantially what President Jackson made it seventy years ago by the removal, during the first year of his administration, of two thousand placemen for political reasons. In recent years there has been a practical transfer of the appointing power in the case of postmasters from the president to members of the House. The appointing power is, of course, legally shared by the Senate. The president must take somebody's recommendation, and the custom of allowing congressmen the right to name postmasters implies a disposition on the part of senators to "go halves" on the spoils of office. Washington was called upon to appoint but seventy-five postmasters; this number has since increased a thousandfold, and it is absurd to suppose that any mortal can, on his own judgment and intuition, pick out suitable men for all these places. The president, in the majority of cases, can do no more than ratify an antecedent choice. In the *cause célèbre* of the recent Haverhill appointment, the President asserted a dormant prerogative and rejected the candidate for postmaster named by the local representative, Mr. Gardner. But even this exercise of so-called independence reduces to the acceptance of another's nominee. In this case Attorney-General Moody was given the right of way in nominating an official for his home city. The outpourings of Mr. Gardner on the occasion are of interest. He felt that he had been beaten by a series of moves not allowed under the rules of the game. He relied upon his "rights," and speaks of the "unwritten law" which vests in congressmen the right to name the postmasters in their respective districts. The representative from the sixth Massachusetts district received a stinging rebuke for bluntly insisting upon the observance of a custom which is tacitly recognized. In this respect he reminds one of Helvetius, who put into print in his book, *L'Esprit*, theories which contemporary thinkers had been content to advocate only in private. "They make so much ado about Helvetius," said Madame du Deffand, "because he has revealed everybody's secret." There is no reason other than the letter of the Constitution why postmasters should not be named by legislatively determined post-office districts, just as congressmen are chosen from legislatively defined congressional districts. The appointment of a postmaster who is *persona non grata* to the locality immediately concerned, as in the Indianola case, is foreign to our political habit, and one may assume that the attitude of the executive in this matter will tend even more to become one of mere acquiescence in a predetermined choice.

Again, one discovers no statutory basis for the custom which limits the choice of a congressman to the district in which he resides. American local pride rejects

the notion that one's district cannot be suitably represented by a local product; then, too, each district feels itself entitled to special legislative favors, and bases its hopes of realization upon a representative's familiarity with home needs, rather than upon the quality of his influence in legislative halls. The idea that Mr. Bryce, a Londoner, may acceptably represent the constituency of Aberdeen in the British House of Commons, is quite foreign to the average American's notion of representative government. This custom of limiting the choice of a congressman to the district in which he resides has entailed a distinct loss in the character of our representative body. An important state, and the nation, as well, were deprived of the fine legislative capacities of the late William L. Wilson, because a passing party upheaval changed the political complexion of the particular district in which the distinguished member from West Virginia happened to reside.

Without any sanction of positive law is the rule which declares the president ineligible for a third term, and the senatorial rule of confirming, without question, the president's cabinet appointments.

Again, both legislative houses are bound by a mass of rules which possess no legal sanction whatever. Invoking the rule of senatorial courtesy, Senator Hill was able, single-handed, and for purely personal and factional reasons, to defeat President Cleveland's excellent nomination of William B. Hornblower to the bench of the United States Supreme Court.

Unlimited debate in the Senate may now be regarded as an extra-legal feature of our Constitution. This unwritten rule is defined by failures repeated through a hundred years to secure the adoption of a closure rule. Limitation of debate has been found necessary in the parliamentary bodies of England, France, Germany, Denmark, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, and Canada. The United States Senate alone of all the great deliberative, law-making bodies honors no demand for the "previous question." The populistic outpourings of the Allens, Peffers, and Pettigrews, constitute a heavy price to pay for absolute freedom of debate, but perhaps not too high a price when one reflects that Senator Carter, invoking the equal protection of the unwritten law, held the floor of the Senate for ten hours during the last legislative day of the fifty-sixth Congress, and thus killed the River and Harbor Bill. By the failure of the bill, a saving of fifty million dollars was accomplished, and, as Senator Carter phrased it, "no injury was done to any living human being anywhere." In like manner, through the inflexibility of this unwritten rule, the whole fifty-seventh Congress, in its closing hours, was whiplashed by Senator Tillman over an old war claim of South Carolina's for forty-seven thousand dollars, which an auditor of the Treasury had appraised at thirty-four cents. Chairman Cannon of the Appropriations Committee denounced this transaction on the floor of the House in memorable words: "In another body," said he, "an individual member can rise in his place and talk for hours. . . . Your conferees had the alternative of submitting to legislative blackmail at the demand, in my opinion, of one individual, or of letting these great money bills fail. . . . In my opinion, another body must change its methods of procedure, or our body, backed up by the people, will compel the change, else this body, close to the people, shall become a mere tenderer, a mere bender of the pregnant hinges of the knee, to submit to what one member of another body may demand of this body, as a price for legislation."

Another extra-constitutional rule, which will undoubtedly prevail in future cases of ad interim gubernatorial appointments to Senate vacancies, was recently established in the Quay case. The Senate, by majority of one, decided that Mr. Quay was not entitled to his seat on a certificate of appointment issued by Governor Stone after the legislature of Pennsylvania had adjourned without making a choice.

That the governor has no power to appoint in case the legislature fails to elect is a rule which may now be described as a principle of Federal "Common Law."

In like manner a binding customary rule provides that all appropriation bills shall originate in the House, although the written Constitution is silent upon the subject.

Equally without legal sanction is the Congressional Caucus, which silences the opposition of party dissenters, and secures unity of party action; or the unwritten rule of the Senate that seniority shall govern in the make-up of committees. Under this latter custom the most distinguished lawyer in the country probably could not reach the head of the Judiciary Committee until all party members who preceded him on the committee had retired from the Senate.

Finally, we search the Constitution and statutes in vain to discover legal sanction for the tremendous legislative and political power now exercised by the Speaker of the House. The precedent which had the greatest influence with the men who sat with the Philadelphia Convention was that of the Colonial Speaker. He, like the Speaker of the House of Commons, was nothing more than an impartial moderator. The imperfect organization of the House, the rise of the party system, the vast increase in the amount of congressional business, have united to transform the speakership into a great political office. The central, vital weakness in our legislative system is found in its lack of unity and coherence. By processes of slow and inappreciable adaptation, our political genius applies empirical remedies to our constitutional defects, just as nature herself, by silent and inscrutable agency, applies to a wound or sore her processes of healing. Our income is raised by one set of men, our expenditures are applied by another. Government by standing committees means government by fifty-five jarring, petty legislatures. A unifying influence in legislation is demanded, and partial coordination is found in the paramount political and legislative control now exercised by the Speaker. One admits that his power, through recognition, seems tyrannical, that his authority to appoint all committees seems arbitrary, and that his control over the order of business, as Chairman of the Rules Committee, seems dictatorial. But what then! The House acquiesces in "one man power," and there is a reason for it. Macaulay observes that an army cannot be led by a debating club; neither can the House, which, without rigid discipline, would degenerate into a debating club, lead itself. Individuals, for the sake of order and efficiency, must under military discipline surrender their capricious, conflicting, casual wills to the will of a common superior, just as, in the thought of Hobbes, the warring human atoms in "a state of nature" confer, for the sake of peace and order, all their powers upon a common coercive superior, called by Hobbes the great Leviathan, or mortal God. The British House of Commons is able to govern because obedience to leaders is of its essence. It lives in a state of perpetual potential choice of leaders, but leaders there will always be, and these leaders must be obeyed. The penalty of disobedience is legislative impotence. In a sense the House of Commons does not rule; it merely elects the nation's rulers. This, in larger measure than is generally suspected, is true of the House of Representatives. The three hundred and eighty-six members who may occupy the floor constitute the House on parade. The House at work is a disintegrate body, grinding away behind the closed doors of fifty or more committee rooms. The House in session is no longer the real legislative power, but rather the maker of the real legislative power,—the Speaker and his appointees, the chairmen of the great standing committees. Instead of a responsible ministry, as under the British system, the House appoints a hierarchy, which in the present state of evolution consists of four members, three a constant, and one a variable,—the constant

being the Speaker and his two party associates of the Rules Committee, the variable being the chairman of the committee having jurisdiction of the measure which has been given right of way by the Rules Committee. While the House has the constitutional right to determine its own rules of procedure, it cannot be maintained that the Fathers intended to grant a power which should deprive the popular legislative branch of its deliberate functions, or impair the free representative character of the body itself. The transformation of the popular branch has proceeded in obedience to the laws of our political evolution. This development has been largely along extra-constitutional lines, and, in the opinion of the writer, changes will continue to work themselves out along the line of coördinating, with the legislative power of the rulers of the House, a reciprocal measure of defined political responsibility.

Who, ten years ago, could have divined the mighty changes wrought in our institutional fabric within the narrow limits of a single decade? To-day the thoughtful man turns to the future and wonders what is coming to the Republic. One notes the drift toward strong government and the growing disposition to appeal to Washington for the correction of all manner of public ills. The conclusion is borne in upon us on every side that out of the federal state is rising the unitarian state, just as out of the federation, — a band of states, — rose the Federal Republic, — a banded state.

The Constitution can be treated no longer as a written instrument defining the measure of American destiny, but rather as the sum of the political habits and convictions of the nation. This is not the place to deplore nor to approve. What is written, is written. *Litera scripta manet.* The written word does not change, but the consciousness of a progressive society, like that of the human organism, is always changing. Herein is a relation between a constant and a variable, — fixed law and changing life. Life cannot be expressed in a formula or reduced to a syllogism. In a tempest the sea anchor, fixed in nothing more stable than the watery element, holds the ship to windward when otherwise the craft might be blown helplessly from her course. Our political development has followed the course laid down by the rigid, written constitution, but the anchor of limitations is fixed in an element which is itself shifting and unstable. The old conflict between the unyielding law and the living organism has resulted, as it must always result in any expanding life, in a victory for the organism. For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.

TWO SONNETS

BY HARRIET MONROE

THE TELEPHONE

THY voice, beloved, on the living wire,
Borne to me by the spirit powerful
Who binds the atoms and doth softly pull
Great suns together! Ah, what magic lyre,
Strung for God's fingers, sounds to my desire
The little words immortal, wonderful,
That all the separating miles annul
And touch my spirit with thy kiss of fire!
What house of dreams do we inhabit — yea,
What brave enchanted palace is our home,
Green-curtained, lit with cresset stars aglow,
If thus it windows gardens far away,
Groves inaccessible whence voices come
That call in the ear whither we may not go!

THE TEMPLE OF VISHNU

(Grand Cañon of Arizona)

VISHNU, the gods of eld are dead. Long dead
Are Zeus, Astarte, and that lotus-flower
Isis of Egypt. Unto each his hour.
Yet thou, silent within thy temple dread,
Locked against prayers, mounted above the tread
Of climbing feet, thou from thy purple tower
Contemplatest the stern inscrutable power
Whence all things come and whither all are led.
The day in splendor of lilac and clear blue
Visits thy mighty seat. The sapphire night
Broods in the abyss with darkness, and the rain
Veils thee with clouds, hails thee and bids adieu
In thunder. Steadfast on thy terraced height
Thou seest bold time besiege thy throne in vain.

THE MAKING OF CAMILLA

BY MARSHALL ILSLEY

I

If her good sister-in-law Rachel had not backed her up, Camilla would never have attained her independence in the face of the family phalanx. Though she had been living with her aunt for seventeen years, and had not been beholden to her brothers and sisters, and at nine and twenty was discreet enough to be her own mistress, still these elderly relatives, the two sisters and their husbands, and the three brothers and their wives, all old enough to be her aunts and uncles, were united in regarding her as an immature and unprotected female, who could not with propriety live alone, especially as with her small independent means and gentle self-sacrificing nature, she would be a most desirable addition to any one of the five bustling, prosperous households. But Camilla had served her time with her vain and captious aunt, and now dreamed of freedom. That gorgeous old woman had died, and her fair income had reverted to her late husband's estate. She had been able to leave her niece only the houseful of furniture of a kind nobody wanted, and cupboards full of splendid raiment that the modest girl would probably never make use of.

Camilla bent to the family arguments like a reed to the current, but after all was said, she found herself serene and secure in her own purpose. With the smallest and least shiny of her aunt's things she furnished a flat, and attained a home of her own, and a qualified independence, for she could hardly escape, nor did she want to, the many demands of a large family circle.

To each sister impartially she gave a piece of the fine lace; to each of the sixteen nephews and nieces a bit of pretty silver as a memento of their great aunt; other things were sold. When all was settled, aside from what she kept, she found her inheritance amounted to just twenty-three hundred dollars in money.

With the familiar old things about her Camilla kept the continuity of her life unbroken. She looked round her little parlor with satisfaction in its simple, old-fashioned, almost conscious quaintness, which was not at all that of revived mahogany and Colonial effects, but of the homelier black-walnut day of the mid-nineteenth century, freed of its atrocities. Camilla herself had always been called homely by her relatives, and she was certainly old-fashioned. As a child she had been thin and angular, eager and absent-minded by turns, and as a woman she was tall and thin and pale, with gentle, pretty gray eyes, and an abundance of fine light brown hair which she had always tried to believe was blond. It was the only feature her sisters had ever envied her.

She had lived more with old people than with youth, for her aunt had absorbed her, to the exclusion of intimacies with the nephews and nieces who were near her own age. She knew her Jane Austen by heart, and she lived leisurely with Trollope when other young persons were rushing breathless from one latest "seller" to the next; and Christina Rossetti was an unshared pleasure, Emily Dickinson a secret joy, in a circle oblivious to the charms of poetry.

For all the worldliness of her aunt, and the matter-of-fact ways of her other relatives, demure as she appeared, Camilla Weddleton concealed a delightfully romantic nature. For one thing her family name seemed to her impossibly ugly, and like any maiden of Jane Austen she dreamed of the Prince Charming who

should turn up to change it. He was to be unlike any of the eligible men she knew, for Camilla was a virgin curiously afraid of the male of her species. A man of business, she decided, and the family acquaintance almost without exception were men of business, could never satisfy her, for business and poetry seemed to be incompatible, and a love of poetry was one of her touchstones. She knew there were men who liked poetry, for there were men who wrote about it, and lectured about it, there were even men who wrote it, though she did not want one of them; the most possible fulfillment of her ideal rested in a professor on a small salary, which her little income was to eke out, in the classic shades of a college town.

It was not true to say that she had never met a man who might satisfy this ideal, for several times had she met such; but, alas, he was always middle-aged, married, with a wife and family, and somehow it was these very impediments that disclosed the man's worth. Poor Camilla seemed to herself to have come too late into the world; all the safe, sedate, thoughtful men appeared to be of an earlier generation.

The first week in April, after she was settled in her new quarters, in an ebullition of unheard-of extravagance that set the family tongues to wagging, — and with a telephone in each house the discussion of family events brooked no delay, — Selina, one of the sisters-in-law, asked Camilla to be her guest in Chicago for a week of Grand Opera. "That is," Selina hedged, "four operas; for of course it would be more than I could stand to go every night. If you wished to go more often I would n't keep you home." Selina was the invalid of the family, but of the sort who could rise from her bed to attend the play.

II

Anything must be an anticlimax after that first night's experience, Camilla was sure. She had throbbed for hours in the darkness of her room after it, and now the next morning she was still floating in a world undreamed of. Her aunt had detested German opera, so that during the winter visits in New York Camilla had never heard "Tristan and Isolde." Selina was spending her morning in bed, and Camilla had crossed in the bright April sunshine, which even Chicago smoke could not rob of all its gold, to the Art Institute near the hotel, for some long rich hours alone with the treasures of that admirable museum, so beautifully housed, so well lighted, well ordered, well chosen, and generously dowered. She walked through all the galleries for a general survey, for she intended in her conscientious manner to spend there part of each morning of her visit, and to study carefully the different collections, to make her outing profitable in art as well as in music.

In the south galleries she found the spring exhibition of paintings by local artists, and thinking to leave it until the last as least important, to visit only after she had satisfied herself with the bronzes and sculptures, and the great French paintings, she was passing out with a cursory glance here and there, when her attention was caught by a sunny canvas,— green leaves, yellow lights, transparent purple shadows, and delicious pale blue in summer sky, and in the frock dappled with sunlight of a little girl reading out of a blue fairy book. But more than charm of color and line drew Camilla to the picture, more than subject and story told, and she approached it with palpitating curiosity, for something had struck her from half across the room, and she could hardly believe that it would not disappear upon closer examination. Who was this enchanting little girl, with her pale, eager, imaginative face and heavy hair, her sharp elbows and thin legs, curled up under an apple-tree, her child-heart wholly given to her Prince Charming, and alike unconscious of the painter-man, or humming bee, or even of the long shadows of imminent tea-time. It seemed to Camilla

the very image, the very body and soul of herself of twenty years before. But who carries years about? We are eternally ourselves to ourselves, and Camilla did not have to put herself back, it simply was herself as she knew herself, and all the pale sweetness and blueness and purity of the picture was the very color of her life. She studied the face minutely; it was exactly her own as she knew it in faded photographs, and as she always imagined she had looked. It was not the painting of a sunny orchard with a little girl in it, it was the presentment of a quite particular, individual, unforgettable little girl, with an accessory of orchard, book and summer sky.

Other people passed in and out of the room, and Camilla moved about not to attract attention by her absorption, but she saw only one picture from different angles, and listened only for comments on that one canvas. Camilla had no doubt; it *was* the *clou* of the exhibition; the most beautifully composed, the best painted, the freshest vision; and when the discerning came to it, it won instant praise; and such pleasant praise, Camilla thrilled to it. Poor, plain, homely, lonely, orphaned Camilla, all of whose beauty was of the spirit, how she had pitied her own unappreciated childhood; for she knew in her heart that she had been an adorable child, if there had been any one beside her mother fine enough to adore her, — gentle, dainty, dreaming, gay; all spirit when the spirit is wonderful in its innocence. And now to be appreciated! The blood flew back and forth from her face to her heart. One little plain figure in a short skirt, evidently an artist from her intelligent criticisms, a vivid, dark, bright-eyed creature, seized her companion's arm, a slow-moving, middle-aged woman in black. "There," she cried, "see what he has come to! Is n't that wonderful? Are n't you glad we know him, are n't you proud? Why, these others paint with the earth, with mud; he paints with sunshine and light. Arrived? Well, I guess! Don't you feel like crying?"

"Oh, Addie, how you do run on!"

"Run on? I guess I am fixed here for all time. You can run if you like. I knew it would be fine, but really!" She approached, and gloated over the canvas with her short-sighted eyes; she walked backwards from it. Her companion seated herself resignedly on the bench in the centre of the room, and abandoned the little woman to her enthusiasm.

"If that is n't the spirit, the soul, the heart, the very essence of childhood, I would like to know! And such brush work, — it is as easy and free as if his hand could n't go wrong. If I see him I know what I shall do; I shall hug him."

Camilla flushed scarlet at this, and turned her back on the little woman, who after all was no younger than she. That mysterious "he" back of it, — who, what, was he? She had begun by falling in love with the picture, and now it was dreadfully complicated with this "he" who was its author, who could so pluck out the pure heart of mystic girlhood.

"Of course," said Camilla bitterly to herself, "he is married, and this child is his daughter, whom he paints so wonderfully; only a father ever loved a homely little girl so much."

"After the too, too solid English children of the Christmas annuals, is n't it a relief to get this dear, ethereal, lovable creature, who is infinitely more plastic?" said the enthusiast to her companion.

"It is nice; but I won't be late to lunch, Addie, and if we are to get out to Winnetka by one — " The large figure rose.

"Oh, bother these lunch parties!" cried Addie, tearing herself from her friend's triumph.

Camilla went out into the next gallery after them, too much excited to stay longer with her portrait; "too much of a fool," as she put it to herself. She would try to think of something else. Nordica's voice was still echoing through the chambers of her soul. That after that tremendous first act there could have been heights unscaled and depths unsounded! How

curious that Art can unlock such extraordinary capacities for emotion. Demure, self-contained, old-fashioned, apparently prim Camilla had lived through that extremity of passion, and made it all potential to herself. She imagined her proper self in a gorgeous Gothic abandonment of love. She sat down in the next room, but her eyes were unable to take in anything, and she found herself watching to see who went into and who came out of the adjoining gallery. There were not many visitors that morning. Almost unconsciously she got up after a little and went back, silly as she felt, for she must hear what was said about the girl. She had been with the picture but a few minutes when a tall dark man with French-cut beard, without hat in hand, so possibly a painter or teacher in the Institute, came with a short, round, rosy-faced, spectacled young man, and led him directly to the picture. "There, now don't say that is 'clever,' for it is n't. He never brought that home from Paris, he took it over with him, and he did n't lose it in Paris. That's simon-pure American. That's our note, — clean, delicate, iridescent, transparent, sunny, the inside of a shell, the flash of an opal; just as pure as that child he has painted." He looked at the jolly round face for approval.

"Bully!" the good-natured lips pronounced.

"Do you want me to batter your head? Pump for something."

"It's great!"

The elder man shrugged his shoulders in despair, with the old gestures picked up in Paris. "You never could talk, but you can write. I tell you, I am proud. I have had a lot of nice industrious ducks, but he is my first and only *ugly* duckling. I still claim him: he knew a thing or two before he went to Paris."

They discussed the technique, they compared it with this and that on the walls about, all in a flash, for their morning evidently held other duties beside the study of one picture; and then they were off.

A very splendid, white-haired lady hovered behind the men during their talk, glancing at the picture through her tortoise-shell lorgnettes, and dropping occasional words to her companion with the catalogue, whose neat self-effacement bespoke a salary. "Go and find out how much it is. That is safe to buy, and it is a darling. Mr. Clemmer for once will approve of my accession. Don't be stupid." The companion was turning over her catalogue.

"But please, I must be sure of the number."

When the woman returned, Camilla passed as near to her as she dared, but the grand white lady with the thick lips was not one to be conscious of any one but herself. "Well?" she demanded.

"It was eight hundred, but it is sold," the companion said.

"Provoking! If they knew who wanted it now, I should have to double the price. I shall have him do something for me. Let me see, you have his name?" The ladies passed on.

Camilla felt as if she were being bought and sold. No one ought to have it but herself, and how ridiculous for one to want a picture of one's self; but who else was there to care for it? She looked at her watch; her time was up, Selina would be dressing, and would want her to talk to. But that name; she sought the woman at the desk for a catalogue, and turned the leaves with trembling fingers, quite conscious of her nervousness, and saying, "What a goose I am!" *No. 408, A Fairy Story. Walford Deane, Chicago.* "'Deane;' I had n't thought of the last name having an 'n.' Walford is n't very pleasant, but still it is n't common. I rather like the combination."

Camilla was almost run over by an electric cab as she crossed the broad avenue on her way back to the Annex, she was so preoccupied picturing Walford Deane on the background of thirty-two violins divided into eight parts, pouring out waves of passion, against which all the events of the morning had been projected.

III

This was on Tuesday; by Friday Camilla had made up her mind. She decided she was quite over the sillies, and that the preposterous imaginings about "him" in which she had indulged for a few brief romantic hours were only a youthful freak unworthy of a sedate woman. Still, she did not consider that a sojourn in an expensive hotel, in a whirl of glittering movement, with seductive music every night, — for Selina had succumbed to temptation, and literally risen to the occasion, and they had missed no performance, — was not conducive to modest and prudent meditation. Each morning Camilla had visited her picture, and in an atmosphere where all the world seemed to have every last whim gratified, she came to believe that if she could not possess the adorable little girl, she had a sort of right to possess its equivalent. She never had had what she wanted, she had never expressed herself, no one really knew her or appreciated her; why should she not seize her opportunity, regardless of the scorn of the bristling family phalanx headed by Sister Mary Toler? Her absence from them gave her a reckless courage. If no one had ever admired her, all the world should be made to admire her effigy: she would be some one for once, some one forever, and she would be beautiful.

Before her visit to the gallery, while Selina still slept, Camilla composed the following letter.

Walford Deane, Esq.

My dear Sir: I am captivated by your painting of a child in the exhibition at the Institute, and would very much like a picture by you. Are you in the way of painting a portrait at present, and if so, may I ask what would be your fee? I shall be here until Sunday afternoon; after that please address me at 404 Spring Street, Blaireau. Very sincerely,

(Miss) Camilla Weddleton.

How she hated to subscribe that last name; it was enough to prejudice an artist against her.

Saturday brought no reply, and it was not until Sunday noon when she returned from church that a special delivery letter was handed to her.

My dear Miss Weddleton:

Thank you very much for your kind words about my picture, I am glad you like it. I like it, too! I wish I were a portrait painter, and could say straight off that I would be charmed to paint a portrait for you, but portraits are n't really going to be my line, and I fear I should dreadfully disappoint you. If you want to run the awful risk of buying a picture in the dark which may never satisfy you, I will honestly try to please myself, the only person I can sincerely aim to please, but I am ashamed to say I should have to ask you two thousand dollars for my work. I would n't advise you to run the risk!

As you see, I am in Blaireau. I am with my cousin Deane Chorley for Sunday. If you care to have me stay over Monday, please wire me at 226 Southern Ave.

Camilla read this over with flushed face in the privacy of her own room. Every word satisfied her, the modesty, the frankness, the touch of humor; and even the price did not daunt her, for of course the painter of A Fairy Tale could afford to double his price. He was sure to be the kind to detest fashionable portrait painting, he knows he is great, and won't conform to any standard but his own. Why should n't she use her aunt's bequest as she liked, even if it were almost a tenth of all she possessed in the world? She would see him anyway; and before lunch time she secretly flew to the office and sent a dispatch to Walford Deane.

When her letter had reached him at his cousin's, — and it was not the first demand for a portrait since the exhibition

had opened, — Deane asked, "Who are the Weddletons?"

"A large family here, and mostly rich, I believe," replied his cousin. "Two have a wholesale grocery, and one is a lawyer."

"Do you know Miss Camilla Weddleton?"

"No, I don't." Chorley was a recent comer to Blaireau, a flat dweller, and just beginning his fortune. "Matey," he called to his wife in the front room, "do you know Miss Camilla Weddleton?"

"Yes, slightly, she is in the 'Guild of Needlewomen,'" replied Mrs. Chorley from the depths of the Saturday night's society column, which she read as she swung herself back and forth in a cherry rocker, punctuating her reading with chocolate creams from the box at her elbow, which her guest had brought home for her.

"What is she like?" Deane asked.

"Oh, she is a tall, thin old maid, who wears a lot of hair, a sort of Boston type," replied Matey who saw life from the view point of three-and-twenty.

"Is she rich?"

"She inherited all her aunt's money, and there was no one in St. Jude's Church more handsomely gowned than that white-haired old woman; she must have been rich."

"What does she want of a portrait?"

"Her portrait? It must be her aunt's; the old lady was stunning. She must have money to burn if she wants a painting of herself." The rocking continued, and the hand went out for another chocolate.

"I won't paint from a photograph," exclaimed Deane grandly.

"Come off!" laughed Chorley. "You talk as if you were a millionaire. Charge a good round sum, and paint anything they ask for: the higher your price the more they will think of you. It is a game of bluff. Of course the old woman left a sum to have her picture done. What are you working for, glory? Glory is glory only when it pays, my dear boy, and nowadays nothing pays better."

Walford was not a prig and he did not try to explain the ideals of art to his business cousin. The eight hundred dollars from A Fairy Tale in his pocket, and the praise from quarters he respected, had made him a trifle "cocky." He felt quite superior to fashionable patronage, and he rather hoped Miss Weddleton would not order a portrait.

Monday morning Camilla flew about dutifully to the sisters, though they were too busy to pay much attention to her, so that she might have her afternoon free. She felt as guilty as if she were plotting an awful crime, instead of an awful folly, and she wondered how she would survive the family scenes that it would bring upon her.

At noon she arranged her hair carefully, and put on her best black frock; but after she was quite ready, on the stroke of dinner time, she told Augusta to keep things hot, and flew up to her storeroom where all her colored dresses were packed away, and pulled out a dark blue soft silk that she used to think particularly becoming, and came down and hurriedly slipped into it. She felt Augusta's eyes boring through her as she served the dried chops, and she knew Augusta's ears would hear a man's voice later on, and draw her own inferences.

Deane sensibly came to his business engagement early, and in the simple arrangements she had instituted for her modest *ménage*, Camilla admitted him herself. His "prehensile eyes" seized instantly the old-fashioned effect of the exceedingly simple, cheerful little parlor, with its pots of pale primulas and snowy cyclamen in the window, and the harmony between it and its slender, delicate mistress of the heavy hair; but they could not blink the tall panel photograph, in an expensive silver frame, of the wonderful aunt in all her trappings, which stood on the table, a picture taken for an album of the "Descendants of Colonial Courts," which of all Aunt Camilla's counterfeit

presentments, and they were not few, had most richly satisfied that lady's ideal of a high-born dame.

Camilla was not prepared for the close-cropped, square-jawed youth who presented himself, and who appeared to her startled vision as certainly several years her junior: a stocky, strong-shouldered, brown-haired, blue-eyed man, who carried not a trace of Paris in manner or dress, nor even of cosmopolitan Chicago. He might rather have played football in a Western university, and been a hero of battle.

He waited for her to strike the first note as he settled back quietly in one of Aunt's capacious, round, black-walnut chairs, without letting his prehensile eyes wander too inquisitively. He decided directly that it was the aunt whose portrait was desired for some woman's club-room; it probably had been arranged for in her will; for he doubted from the look of the flat if Miss Weddleton had inherited the fortune Mrs. Chorley supposed; he had discovered that Matey's suppositions were often beyond the mark; and as his hostess sat against the sheer white drapery of the window, with its pale primulas, he thought how much more he would enjoy making a study of her than to try to make an ancestral Moroni out of the brocaded dame of the panel photograph.

And Camilla, who since the fatal Tuesday had been as it were shutting her eyes, and leaping wildly from roof to roof, wondering at each landing to find herself alive, now blindly prepared for a further plunge. How could she make it seem not only not unbecoming for a poor plain spinster to desire a portrait of herself, but quite simply sensible, a reasonable wish, devoid of fatuous vanity?

"Do you think you can do it?" she mildly asked, implying that now he had seen her he might refuse if she were absolutely impossible; and after a timid glance into his steady, merry blue eyes, she turned with the color mounting in her face unconsciously toward the gorgeous lady in the silver frame.

Deane felt uncomfortable; it was not easy to hold to his art conscience before this gentle and timid woman; he was too good-hearted to betray the æsthetic innocence she naïvely offered him, along with her two thousand dollars. Hang it all! he said to himself, I will make a life-size effigy with every last lace flounce and diamond ring, and put in all the white pompadour, and do what I can to resurrect the dead. "I feel sure you could find some one who could do it better than I," he answered, thinking to be modest.

Poor Camilla! this seemed the last prick to the seven days' bubble floating in a rainbow light. Now he saw her, he did not want even to try; she was too plain, too faded, there was too little left of the dreaming child, to make even a bait of two thousand dollars attractive. She could hardly keep back the tears. Deane saw the lips quiver, and marveled at the tender heart: that she could care so much for the vain old woman!

"Oh, if you really want me to try, I will, only I never have tried to make a live person from a photograph; they touch out all the lines, you know, and the expression to begin with is usually the acme of self-consciousness. You have the dress, I suppose. She must have been exceedingly handsome," he added, to be nice.

Suddenly the glittering object upon which their eyes were both glued swam into focus, and Camilla saw what Deane meant. But after all, this new revelation was no comfort, for the other idea, that *she* should want to be painted, had been so impossible, it never even had occurred to him. Of course it was natural she should want a picture of her beautiful aunt, and for the minute the silver frame glowed like a door of escape; in a flash she thought, that of all uses for her inheritance, this would have most pleased her aunt. How did it happen that colorless photography had ever satisfied that spirit which had worshiped for so many years at the shrine of her own chromatic splen-

dor? In a sudden relief, as of a freed spring, Camilla jumped to this turn of fate. Had not the Ladies' Club begged for a portrait of their first president? She found herself alive after the last leap, and now she plunged again. "She was handsome, and I have the dress;" there was almost fervor in the words as she took the picture into her hands, and turned it to the light. Quite unmitigated, it was truly the whole of the aunt she had suffered from, — all the endless vanity, the voluble pride in plain ancestors of whom they knew nothing but bare names and empty dates; and here was the mounting passion for display on platforms at meetings; while the homely everyday side of her aunt the photograph had left out, the side that made life jog on with no rapture of love perhaps, but with genuine affection and kindly tolerance. A portrait of this human side, in which, Camilla fancied, her aunt was kin to her dear mother, might have been a treasure that each year would have enhanced as the trials over the vanity faded away, and the happy hours of companionship and service asserted themselves in the memory; but to perpetuate the silly passion for display? — never! Camilla's good sense rebelled; besides, if Mr. Deane did not want to do it, why should she insist? Perhaps he might after all be a little sorry to lose his two thousand, and she just then rather wanted him to feel sorry about something. After longer study of the picture, she added calmly, "I will accept your decision, if you think it so hard to do; no matter, this photograph is excellent. I don't believe you could improve on it. I know how real artists hate to be asked to paint such things. Let us say no more about it." She turned and put the picture back in its place. "But the little girl was lovely; tell me about her."

Deane did feel a bit queer at being suddenly dropped so hard, and his superior phrases rang oddly in his ears. His eight hundred dollars did n't seem such a fortune, after all. This slender lady had a quick decision that surprised him. Now that she saw him she evidently did not trust him, and was glad to be free of her offer. "Oh, the little girl," he said lamely.

"I not only like the painting," Camilla hastened to put in, "but she reminded me of a child I know. Who is she?" As she spoke, she turned again toward her aunt's picture in the shy manner she had.

Deane's trained eyes saw something then, and he wondered why he had n't seen it before. "She was charming," he said, "a little rustic nobody had discovered. The mothers offered me their beauties, and could n't comprehend why I should put Letty, as they said, into a picture. It was in New Jersey last summer I made the studies, but I finished the picture during the winter. I paid her five cents an hour to sit, and then I was afraid I was spoiling her, for she could n't understand why she should take money for doing what she most liked to do, especially after I gave her the *Blue Fairy Book*." A smile teased his lips as he spoke.

Camilla's face was averted, drooping slightly forward, a shadow falling on her cheek from the heavy hair. "She was so like the child I know that I was fascinated," she said, lifting her eyes to his. "Have n't you another study of her?"

"I could make one," he replied, "but she is older now, and it is hard to do just the same thing over again." He smiled as he said this, a frank, kind smile, Camilla thought.

"Were you long in Paris?" she asked, suddenly veering off from the painting.

"Three winters, and the summers down in the country."

"But you had worked a lot before you went?"

"My father is an engraver in Kansas City. I have worked with him since I was a boy, and then I studied four years in Chicago at the Institute before getting to Paris."

"And you like to paint children especially?"

"I like to paint anything that is beautiful. It is a waste of time to do anything

that is n't just the very most beautiful and lovely thing an artist can possibly imagine."

"Oh, did you think that of her?" Camilla exclaimed.

"I thought only a delicate, imaginative little girl fitted into the freshness and purity of that blue June day in the orchard, as no grosser spirit possibly could, when every color was young and transparent." He paused a moment and then added, "I would like to make a study of the little girl grown up." He smiled again, showing his splendid strong teeth.

Camilla flushed, and tried to maintain her dignity. "What do you mean?"

"You are the little girl grown up, only I fear you would scorn the kinship if you saw the Jersey farmhouse, and the faded blue print dress with a patch on the sleeve."

Camilla thought of some lame pretense, of a niece, of a family resemblance, but what was the use? She looked up with her flushed face, and smiled back at him, "It did interest me."

"And will you sit for me? I can't come until the end of May, though."

IV

Sister Mary Toler could not quite make out how Camilla had scraped acquaintance with the artist. "There was a fancy picture in Chicago that she imagined looked like her as a child, though how it could I can't see, for you never saw a homelier young one than she was. Was n't it funny that she never took Selina to see it?"

"But Selina was probably in bed most of the time," Rachel sensibly suggested.

"Now, somehow or other, the man wants her to pose for him: though what can he see in Camilla to put into a picture?"

"You don't do Camilla justice," Rachel declared.

"I hope he does n't think she has money," Eliza Grass, the other sister, worried. "We ought to find out who he is."

"I can trust Camilla," said Rachel loyally. "I never knew any one so sensitive to men; if he were n't good she could n't stay in the room with him. She is n't a child, you know."

"Of course it flatters her to be asked," Mary Toler said.

"I don't see where Camilla got her romantic streak, certainly not from father or mother. Thank Heavens, none of us have it! Our grandmother Eustacia Spence, though, had Irish blood." Eliza Grass could n't abide things of the imagination.

"Well, so long as it does n't cost anything, I don't know as we can criticise," Mary Toler summed up, "though it is a piece of folly to waste her time for a woman of Camilla's age." However young Camilla seemed to herself with her relatives, the relatives never allowed but that she was their contemporary.

Deane returned toward the end of May, and the sittings commenced. After extended explorations of the adjacent country to find a spot that pleased him for an out-of-door picture, he hit upon the back yard of a fisherman's cottage, half a mile from the end of the trolley. Here a group of birches grew on the edge of the bluff and down the bank, their slender white stems veiled in a mist of tiny sharp blades, making a delicious screen against the pale cool blue waters of the lake. The old wrinkled Dalmatian woman, mother of the two lusty brown-skinned fishermen, hovered about her back door with kind, curious eyes. Communication with her was limited to dumb show, and to offerings of oranges, strawberries, pictures of the saints on gilt cards, and such trifles as Camilla's imagination thought appropriate for a daughter of the Adriatic, stranded in old age upon these cold inland waters.

The picture was to be all atmosphere and sunshine, an arrangement of a slender, pale woman against the slender, pale birches, a blue gown blue water, and

blue sky. The sittings consumed much time, for the journey out and back took nearly two hours. On dull days there would be no painting. Deane worked rapidly, for the warm days were unfurling the sharp leaves too fast for his purpose. At night the picture reposed in the shed where the Dalmatians kept their seines and oars, and here Deane was at it when the afternoon was rainy.

At the seventh sitting the painting was well along, and Rachel was allowed to inspect it. By this time the whole family had met the painter-man, dined him, and discussed him afterwards in and out, and up and down. Lindley voiced the family sentiment when he said of him that he was *nothing* like an artist. In other words Deane was discovered to be simply a manly sort of man, a discovery that said more of the social opportunities of Blaireau than of the tribe of Weddleton, or of the painter himself.

It was of a Sunday, when no sittings, or more literally, standings, were allowed, that Camilla was called to the telephone directly she came in from church, and an excited voice began "Miss Camilla," — they had got that far in the course of conversations that had ranged widely and revealed many tastes; among others that she particularly disliked her surname; and that he had never heard of Emily Dickinson, and knew almost nothing about poetry, — "Miss Camilla, can you hear me? I am at the saloon at the end of the trolley. Please, do you know, it is the most wonderful day, there was never one like it, and there will never be again? There is a deep gray-blue luminous mist, most Japanese effect you can imagine, there is no horizon, the birches are transfigured. I have a new canvas, and am working like mad. Really, if you care for art you must sacrifice your principles, I must have you in this light. Won't you, can't you, please, come right off? Get the one o'clock trolley."

"Selina is expecting me to dinner."

"Nothing can take precedence of this; the Queen does n't make such a command once in ten years, once in a lifetime. Put a sandwich in your pocket, or don't stop for it or you will lose your car; I have food here. Only, I pray, come, and come soon."

"Shall I put on the blue dress?"

"You *will* come?" piped the telephone so as to be heard across the room.

He had worked like mad, and his football shoulders and neck had been given him to good purpose. It was an entirely new arrangement, everything simplified in the deep, diffused, wonderful blue light, and Camilla stood all the afternoon, beyond all endurance, consuming dry rye bread in the intervals of rest, for the cheese and butter were as impossible as the Dalmatian's kitchen. Deane knew what he wanted, and he got it. At sunset the mysterious glassy water through the Japanese mist was laced with almost invisible bands of mauve, to be caught only unawares out of the corners of the eye. It was an unearthly day, and Camilla suffered a sea change into something rich and strange, — the spirit of woman, a something of purity and gentleness and heavenly innocence.

It was lucky that Lindley came for her in his auto, for she could hardly have walked to the cars. He was too good a brother to scold at her pale exhaustion, and none of the five sisters was with him, nor was there room for Deane to return with them.

When the two pictures were hung the next winter in the New York show the critics tried to lay them to this and that door, — he never could have done them without Whistler, said one; or Monet, said another; or Dagnan-Bouveret; or Aman-Jean; or Cazin; or Japan; but the more influences mentioned, the securer became Deane's right to his own vision. That year there was nothing else to compete with them.

"It will spoil him," said a wise man; "you will see him grind out his annual Lady of the Birches, for she is his wife now, you know."

"I did n't know. But for that matter

how many types did Perugino, or Botticelli, or Luini, or Leonardo, or Rossetti perfect? This is just as individual, — a type that seems to exactly express the artist. I am glad he has discovered her; she is adorable."

"By the way," said Walford Deane, — he was doing "just one more" arrangement of her in the New York studio, — "your aunt has never been enlarged; are n't you going to have it done?" Camilla looked to see if he were teasing. "Did n't she leave the money for it?"

"She left me just twenty-three hundred dollars, and all my fine feathers and furs," replied Camilla, "which I never dreamed of wanting, as I never dreamed of being somebody in New York."

Walford studied his wife's face deliberately, and she could look at him now without blushing. "Camilla," he said severely, "I would n't have believed it of you if you had n't confessed it with your own lips."

"Confessed?" she said. "And it never occurred to you before?"

"Of you! That I was lured in my unsuspecting youth, trapped, ensnared, taken in?"

She put her hand over his mouth, but he pulled it down. "You gambler, you dared to stake all! You did not want *her* portrait at all, not even at first!"

"Be still, it was only your art; I was in love with myself," she cried.

"You were in love with me, with me first, and I thought I had discovered you!"

Even John Milton would have been satisfied with her triumphant, "You did n't discover me, Walford Deane, you *made* me!"

THE GAME OF LOVE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

It was an ancient and honorable convent custom for the little girls in the Second Cours to cultivate an ardent passion for certain carefully selected big girls in the First Cours, to hold a court of love, and vie with one another in extravagant demonstrations of affection. We were called "satellites," and our homage was understood to be of that noble and exalted nature which is content with self-immolation. No response of any kind was ever vouchsafed us. No favors of any kind were ever granted us. The objects of our devotion — ripe scholars sixteen and seventeen years old — regarded us either with good-humored indifference or unqualified contempt. Any other line of action on their part would have been unprecedented and disconcerting. We did not want petting. We were not the lap-dog variety of children. We wanted to play the game of love according to set rules, — rules which we found in force when we came to school, and which we had no mind to alter.

Yet one of these unwritten laws — which set a limit to inconstancy — I had already broken; and Elizabeth, who was an authority on the code, offered a grave remonstrance. "We really don't change that quickly," she said with concern.

I made no answer. I had "changed" very quickly, and, though incapable of self-analysis, I was not without a dim foreboding that I would change again.

"You were wild about Isabel Summers," went on Elizabeth accusingly.

"No, I was n't," I confessed.

"But you said you were."

Again I was silent. The one thing a child cannot do is explain a complicated situation, even to another child. How

could I hope to make Elizabeth understand that, eager to worship at some shrine, I had chosen Isabel Summers with a deliberation that boded ill for my fidelity. She was a thin, blue-eyed girl, with a delicate purity of outline, and heavy braids of beautiful fair hair. Her loveliness, her sensitive temperament, her early and tragic death (she was drowned the following summer), enshrined her sweetly in our memories. She became one of the traditions of the school, and we told her tale — as of another Virginia — to all newcomers. But in the early days when I laid my heart at her feet, I knew only that she had hair like pale sunshine, and that, for a First Cours girl, she was strangely tolerant of my attentions. If I ventured to offer her the dozen chestnuts that had rewarded an hour's diligent search, she thanked me for them with a smile. If I darned her stockings with painstaking neatness, — a privilege solicited from Sister O'Neil who had the care of our clothes, — she sometimes went so far as to commend my work. I felt that I was blessed beyond my comrades (Ella Holrook snubbed Tony, and Antoinette Mayo ignored Lilly's existence), yet there were moments when I detected a certain insipidity in the situation. It lacked the incentive of impediment.

Then in November, Julia Reynolds, who had been absent, I know not why, returned to school, and I realized the difference between cherishing a tender passion and being consumed by one, between fanning a flame and being burned. To make all this clear to Elizabeth, who was passion proof, lay far beyond my power. When she said, —

"Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here,"

— or words to that effect, — I had not even Romeo's feeble excuses to offer, though I was as obstinate as Romeo in clinging to my new love. Tony supported me, having a roving fancy of her own, and being constant to Ella Holrook only because that imperious graduate regarded her as an intolerable nuisance.

Julia's views on the subject of satellites were even more pronounced. She enjoyed a painful popularity in the Second Cours, and there were always half a dozen children abjectly and irritatingly in love with her. She was held to be the cleverest girl in the school, a reputation skillfully maintained by an unbroken superciliousness of demeanor. Her handsome mouth was set in scornful lines; her words, except to chosen friends, were few and cold. She carried on an internecine warfare with Madame Bouron, fighting that redoubtable nun with her own weapons, — icy composure, a mock humility, and polite phrases that carried a hidden sting. It was for this, for her arrogance, — she was as contemptuous as a cat, — and for a certain elusiveness, suggestive even to my untrained mind of new and strange developments, that I surrendered to her for a season all of my heart, — all of it, at least, that was not the permanent possession of Madame Rayburn and Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was not playing the game. She was nobody's satellite just then, being occupied with a new cult for a new nun, whom it pleased her to have us all adore. The new nun, Madame Dane, was a formidable person, whom, left to myself, I should have timorously avoided; but for whom, following Elizabeth's example, I acquired in time a very creditable enthusiasm. She was tall and high-shouldered, and she had what Colly Cibber felicitously describes as a "poking head." We, who had yet to hear of Colly Cibber, admired this peculiar carriage, — Elizabeth said it was aristocratic, — and we imitated it as far as we dared, which was not very far, our shoulders being as vigorously supervised as our souls. Any indication of a stoop on *my* part was checked by an hour's painful promenade up and down the corridor, with a walking-stick held between my elbows and my back, and a heavy book balanced on my head. The treatment was efficacious. Rather than be so wearisomely ridiculous, I held myself straight as a dart.

Madame Dane, for all her lack of de-

portment, was the stiffest and sternest of martinets. She had a passion for order, for precision, for symmetry. It was, I am sure, a lasting grievance to her that we were of different heights, and that we could never acquire the sameness and immobility of chessmen. She did her best by arranging and rearranging us in the line of procession when we marched down to the chapel; unable to decide whether Elizabeth was a hair's breadth taller than Tony, whether Mary Aylmer and Eloise Didier matched exactly, whether Viola had better walk before Maggie McCullah, or behind her. She never permitted us to open our desks during study hours, or when we were writing our exercises. This was a general rule, but Madame Dane alone enforced it rigorously. If I forgot to take my grammar or my natural philosophy out of my desk when I sat down to work (and I was an addle-pated child who forgot everything), I had to go to class with my grammar or my natural philosophy unstudied, and bear the consequences. To have borrowed my neighbor's book would have been as great a breach of discipline as to have hunted for my own. At night and morning prayers we were obliged to lay our folded hands in exactly the same position on the second rung of our chair backs. If we lifted them unconsciously to the top rung, Madame Dane swooped down upon us like a falcon upon errant doves, — which was dreadfully distracting to our devotions.

"I don't see how she stands our hair being of different lengths," said Tony. "It must worry her dreadfully. I caught her the other night eying Eloise Didier's long plats and my little pigtails in a most uneasy manner. Some day she'll insist on our all having it cut short, like Elizabeth and Agnes."

"That would be sensible," said Elizabeth stoutly; while Lilly put up her hands with a quick, instinctive gesture, as if to save her curly locks from destruction.

"*You* need n't talk," went on Tony with impolite emphasis, "after what you made her go through last Sunday. You and Agnes in your old black veils. I don't believe she was able to read her Mass prayers for looking at you."

Elizabeth grinned. She was not without a humorous enjoyment of the situation. Our black veils, which throughout the week were considered decorous and devotional, indicated on Sundays — when white veils were in order — a depth of unpardoned and unpardonable depravity. When Elizabeth and I were condemned to wear ours to Sunday Mass and Vespers, — two little black sheep in that vast snowy flock, — we were understood to be, for the time, moral lepers, to be cut off from spiritual communion with the elect. We were like those eminent sinners who, in the good old days when people had an eye to effect, did penance in sheets and with lighted tapers at cathedral doors; — thus adding immeasurably to the interest of church-going, and to the general picturesqueness of life. The ordeal was not for us the harrowing thing it seemed. Elizabeth's practical mind had but a feeble grasp of symbols. Burne-Jones and Maeterlinck would have conveyed no message to her, and a black veil amid the Sunday whiteness failed to disturb her equanimity. As for me, I was content to wear what Elizabeth wore. Where MacGregor sat was always the head of the table. The one real sufferer was the innocent Madame Dane, whose Sabbath was embittered by the sight of two sable spots staining the argent field, and by the knowledge that the culprits were her own Second Cours children, for whom she held herself responsible.

"She told me," said Elizabeth, "that if ever I let such a thing happen to me again, I should n't walk by her side all winter."

Lilly lifted her eyebrows, and Tony gave a grunt of deep significance. It meant that this would be an endurable misfortune. A cult was all very well, and Tony, like the rest of us, was prepared to play an honorable part. But Elizabeth's persistent fancy for walking by our idol's side at recreation had become a good deal

of a nuisance. We considered that Madame Dane was, for a grown-up person, singularly vivacious and agreeable. She told us some of Poe's stories — notably *The Pit and the Pendulum* — in a manner which nearly stopped the beating of our hearts. We were well disposed even to her rigors. There was a straightforwardness about her methods which commended itself to our sense of justice no less than to our sense of humor. She dealt with us after fashions of her own; and, if she were constitutionally incapable of distinguishing between willful murder and crossing one's legs in class, she would have scorned to carry any of our misdemeanors to Madame Bouron's tribunal. We felt that she had companionable qualities, rendered in some measure worthless by her advanced years; for, after all, adults have but a narrow field in which to exercise their gifts. There was a pleasant distinction in walking by Madame Dane's side up and down Mulberry Avenue, even in the unfamiliar society of Adelaide Harrison, and Mary Rawdon, who was a green ribbon, and Ellie Plunkett, who was head of the roll of honor; but it would have been much better fun to have held aloof, and have played that we were English gypsies, and that Madame Dane was Ulrica of the Banded Brow, — just then our favorite character in fiction.

Ulrica sounds, I am aware, as if she belonged in the Castle of Udolpho; but she was really a virtuous and nobly spoken outlaw in a story called *Wild Times*, which was the most exciting book — the only madly exciting book — the convent library contained. It dealt with the religious persecutions of Elizabeth's glorious but stringent reign, and was a good, thorough-going piece of partisan fiction, like Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, or Wodrow's *Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*. I cannot now remember why Ulrica's brow was banded, — I believe she had some dreadful mark upon it, — but she was always alluding to its screened condition in words of thrilling intensity. "Seek not to know the secret of my shame. Never again shall the morning breeze nor the cool breath of evening fan Ulrica's brow." — "Tear from my heart all hope, all pity, all compunction; but venture not to lift the veil which hides forever from the eye of man the blighting token of Ulrica's shame." We loved to picture this mysterious lady — whose life, I hasten to say, was most exemplary — as tall, high-shouldered, and stern, like Madame Dane; and we merged the two characters together in a very agreeable and convincing way. It enraptured us to speak of the mistress of the Second Cours as "Ulrica," to tell one another that some day we should surely forget, and call her by that name (than which nothing was less likely), and to wonder what she would say and do if she found out the liberty we had taken.

A little private diversion of this kind was all the more necessary because the whole business of loving was essentially a public affair. Not that we were capable of voicing our affections, — Marie alone had the gift of expression, — but we ranged ourselves in solid ranks for and against the favorites of the hour. The system had its disadvantages. It deprived us of individual distinction. I was confirmed that winter, and, having found out that Madame Dane's Christian name was Theresa, I resolved to take it for my confirmation name, feeling that this was a conclusive proof of tenderness. Unfortunately, three other children came to the same conclusion, — Ellie Plunkett was one of them, — and the four Theresas made such an impression upon the Archbishop that he congratulated us in a really beautiful manner upon our devotion to the great saint whose name we had chosen, and whose example, he trusted, would be our beacon light.

As for my deeper and more absorbing passion for Julia Reynolds, I could not hope to separate it, or at least to make her separate it, from the passions of her other satellites. She regarded us all with a cold and impartial aversion, which was not without excuse, in view of our reprehensible behavior. Three times a day the Sec-

ond Cours filed through the First Cours classroom, on its way to the refectory. The hall was always empty, as the older girls preceded us to our meals; but at noon their hats and coats and shawls were laid neatly out upon their chairs, ready to be put on as soon as dinner was eaten. Julia Reynolds had a black and white plaid shawl, the sight of which goaded us to frenzy. If Madame Dane's eyes were turned for one instant from our ranks, some daring child shot madly across the room, wrenched a bit of fringe from this beloved shawl, and, returning in triumph with her spoil, wore it for days (I always lost mine) pinned as a love-knot to the bib of her alpaca apron. Viola Milton performed this feat so often that she became purveyor of fringe to less audacious girls, and gained honor and advantages thereby. Not content with such vandalism, she conceived the daring project of stealing a lock of hair. She hid herself in a music room, and, when Julia went by to her music lesson, stole silently behind her, and snipped off the end of one of her long, brown braids. This, with the generosity of a highwayman, she distributed, in single hairs, to all who clamored for them. To me she gave half a dozen, which I gummed up for safe-keeping in an envelope, and never saw again.

It was a little trying that Viola — certainly, as I have made plain, the least deserving of us all — should have been the only child who ever obtained a word of kindness from our divinity. But this was the irony of fate. Three days after the rape of the lock, she was sent to do penance for one of her many misdemeanors by sitting under the clock in the corridor, a post which, for some mysterious reason, was consecrated to the atonement of sin. In an hour she returned, radiant, beatified. Julia Reynolds had gone by on her way to the chapel; and seeing the little solitary figure — which looked pathetic, though it was not — had given her a fleeting smile, and had said "Poor Olie," as she passed.

This was hard to bear. It all came, as I pointed out acrimoniously to Tony, of Viola's being at least a head shorter than she had any business to be at ten years old, and of her having such absurdly thin legs, and great, melancholy eyes. Of course people felt sorry for her, whereas they might have known — they ought to have known — that she was incapable of being abashed. She would just as soon have sat astride the clock as under it.

One advantage, however, I possessed over all competitors. I took drawing lessons, and so did Julia Reynolds. Twice a week I sat at a table near her, and spent an hour and a half very pleasantly and profitably in watching all she did. I could not draw. My mother seemed to think that because I had no musical talent, and never in my life was able to tell one note — nor, indeed, one tune — from another, I must, by way of adjustment, have artistic qualities. Mr. James Payn was wont to say that his gift for mathematics consisted mainly of distaste for the classics. On precisely the same principle, I was put to draw because I could not play or sing. An all-round incapacity was, in those primitive days, a thing not wholly understood.

The only branch of my art I acquired to perfection was the sharpening of pencils and crayons; and, having thoroughly mastered this accomplishment, I ventured in a moment of temerity to ask Julia if I might sharpen hers. At first she decisively refused; but a week or two later, seeing the deftness of my work, and having a regard for her own hands, she relented, and allowed me this privilege. Henceforward I felt that my drawing lessons were not given in vain. Even Dr. Eckhart's unsparing condemnation of my sketches — which were the feeblest of failures — could not destroy my content. Love was with me a stronger emotion than vanity. I used to look forward all week to those two happy afternoons when I was graciously permitted to waste my time and blacken my fingers in humble and unrequited service.

Julia drew beautifully. She excelled in

every accomplishment, as in every branch of study. She sang, she played, she painted, she danced with bewildering ease and proficiency. French and Latin presented no stumbling-blocks to her. The heights and abysses of composition were for her a level and conquered country. Logic and geometry were, so to speak, her playthings. We were bewildered by such universality of genius, — something like Michael Angelo's, — and when I remember that, in addition to these legitimate attainments, she was the most gifted actress on our convent stage, I am at a loss now to understand why the world is not ringing with her name.

Certain it is that she was the pride of Dr. Eckhart's heart, the one solace of his harassed and tormented life. He was an elderly German, irascible in disposition, and profane in speech. His oaths were Teutonic oaths, but were not, on that account, the less thunderous. He taught music and drawing, — those were not the days of specialists, — so all the time that his ears were not vexed with weak and tremulous discords, his eyes were maddened by crippled lines, and sheets of smutty incompetence. The result of such dual strain was that his spirit, which could hardly have been gentle at the outset, had grown savage as a Tartar's. When Christopher North ventured to say that the wasp is the only one of God's creatures perpetually out of temper, it was because he never knew Carlyle or Dr. Eckhart.

This irate old gentleman was an admirable teacher, — or at least he would have been an admirable teacher if we could have enjoyed eternal youth in which to profit by his lessons, to master step by step the deep-laid foundations of an art. As it was, few of us ever got beyond the first feeble paces, beyond those prolonged beginnings which had no significance in our eyes. Yet we knew that other children, children not more richly endowed by nature than we were, made real pictures that, with careful retouching, were deemed worthy of frames, and of places upon parental walls. Adelaide Harrison had a friend who went to a fashionable city school, and who had sent her — in proof of wide attainments — a work of art which filled us with envy and admiration. It was a winter landscape; a thatched cottage with wobbly walls, a bit of fence, and two quite natural looking trees, all drawn on a prepared surface of blue and brown, — blue on top for the sky, brown underneath for the earth. Then — triumph of realism — this surface was scraped away in spots with a penknife, and the white cardboard thus brought to light presented a startling resemblance to snow, — snow on the cottage roof, snow on the branches of the trees, patches of snow on the ground. It seemed easy to do, and was beautiful when done, — a high order of art, and particularly adapted, by reason of its wintriness, for Christmas gifts. I urged Adelaide to show it to Dr. Eckhart, and to ask him if we might not do something like it, instead of wasting our young lives, and possibly some hidden genius, in futile attempts to draw an uninspiring group of cones and cylinders. Adelaide, who was not without courage, and whose family had a high opinion of her talents, undertook this dangerous commission, and, at our next lesson, actually proffered her request.

Dr. Eckhart glared like an angry bull. He held the landscape out at arm's length, turning it round and round, as if uncertain which was earth and which was heaven. "And that," he said, indicating with a derisive thumb a spot of white; "what, may I ask, is that?"

"Snow," said Adelaide.

"Snow!" with a harsh cackle. "And do we then scratch in the ground like hens for snow? Eh! tell me that! Like hens?" And he laughed, softened in some measure by an appreciation of his own wit.

Adelaide stood her ground. But she thought it as well to have some one stand by her side. "Agnes wants to do a picture, too," she said.

Dr. Eckhart gasped. If I had intimated a desire to build a cathedral, or write an epic, or be Empress of India, he could not

have been more astounded. "L'audace, l'audace, et toujours l'audace." Words failed him, but, reaching over, he picked up my drawing-board, and held it aloft as one might hold a standard; held it rigidly, and contemplated for at least three minutes the wavering outlines of my work. Most of the class naturally looked at it too. The situation was embarrassing, and was made no easier when, after this prolonged exposure, my board was replaced with a thump upon the table, and Dr. Eckhart said, in a falsetto imitation of Adelaide's mincing tones: "Agnes wants to do a picture, too." Then without another word of criticism — no more was needed — he moved away, and sat down by Julia Reynolds's side. She alone had never lifted her eyes during this brief episode, had never deemed it worthy of attention. I felt grateful for her unconcern, and yet was humbled by it. It illustrated my sterling insignificance. Nothing that I did, or failed to do, could possibly interest her, even to the raising of an eyelid. At least, so I thought then. I was destined to find out my mistake.

It was through Elizabeth that the new discovery was made. All our inspirations, all the novel features of our life, owed their origin to her. The fertility of her mind was inexhaustible. A few days after this memorable drawing lesson she drew me into a corner at recreation, and, rolling up her sleeve, showed me her arm. There, scratched on the smooth white skin, bloody, unpleasant, and distinct, were the figures 150.

I gazed entranced. A hundred and fifty was Madame Dane's number (the nuns as well as the girls all had numbers), and for months past it had been the emblem of the cult. We never saw it without emotion. When it stood at the head of a page, we always encircled it in a heart. When we found it in our arithmetics, we encircled it in a heart. We marked all our books with these three figures set in a heart, and we cut them upon any wooden substance that came to hand; — not our polished and immaculate desks, but rulers, slate borders, and the swings. And now, happiest of happy devices, Elizabeth had offered her own flesh as a background for these beloved numerals.

The spirit of instant emulation fired my soul. I thought of Julia's number, twenty-one, and burned with desire to carve it monumentally upon myself. "What did you do it with?" I asked.

"A pin, a penknife, and a sharpened match," answered Elizabeth proudly.

I shuddered. These surgical instruments did not invite confidence; but not for worlds would I have acknowledged my distaste. Besides, it is sweet to suffer for those we love. I resolved to out-herod Herod, and use my hand instead of my arm as a commemorative tablet. There was a flamboyant publicity about this device which appealed to my Latin blood.

It did not appeal to Elizabeth, and she offered the practical suggestion that publicity, when one is not a free agent, sometimes entails unpleasant consequences. My arm was, so to speak, my own, and I might do with it what I pleased; but my hand was open to scrutiny, and there was every reason to fear that Madame Dane would disapprove of the inscription. Her arguments were unanswerable, but their very soundness repelled me. I was in no humor for sobriety.

I did the work very neatly that night in my alcove, grateful, before it was over, that there were only two figures in twenty-one. The next day Viola followed my example. I knew she would. There was no escaping from Viola. Tony cut seventy-seven, Ella Holrook's number, upon her arm. Annie Churchill and Lilly heroically cut a hundred and fifty on theirs. The fashion had been set.

In three days half the Second Cours bore upon their suffering little bodies these gory evidences of their love. And for four days no one in authority knew. Yet we spent our time delightfully in examining one another's numerals, and freshening up our own. Like young savages, we incited one another to painful rites, and to bloody excesses. That Viola's

hand and mine should for so long have escaped detection seems miraculous; but Madame Dane, though keenly observant, was a trifle near-sighted. She may have thought the scratches accidental.

On the fifth morning, as I came out from Mass, Madame Rayburn's eye lighted by chance upon the marks. She was not near-sighted, and she never mistook one thing for another. A single glance told her the story. A single instant decided her course of action. "Agnes," she said, and I stepped from the ranks, and stood by her side. I knew what she had seen; but I did not know what she proposed doing, and my heart beat uneasily. We waited until the First Cours filed out of the chapel. Last, because tallest, came Ella Holrook and Julia Reynolds. "Julia," said Madame Rayburn, and she, too, left the ranks and joined us. No word was spoken until the long line of girls — burning with futile curiosity, but too well trained even to turn their heads — had passed through the corridor. Then Madame Rayburn took my hand in her firm grasp, and held it up to view. "Look at this, Julia," she said.

I had supposed it impossible to move Julia Reynolds to wrath, to arouse in her any other sentiment than the cold contempt, *la fierté honorable et digne*, which she cultivated with so much care. But I had not calculated on this last straw of provocation following upon all she had previously endured. When she saw her number on my hand, she crimsoned, and her eyes grew dark. She was simply and unaffectedly angry, — what we in unguarded conversation called "mad."

"I won't have it," she said passionately. "I won't! It's too much to be borne. I won't put up with it another hour. Why should I be tormented all my life by these idiotic children? Look at my shawl, — how they have torn off half the fringe! It is n't fit to be worn. Look at my desk! I never open it without finding it littered with their trash. Do I want their old flannel penwipers? Do I want their stupid pincushions and needle-cases? Can I possibly want book-markers of perforated cardboard, with 'Julia' worked on them in blue sewing silk? I've had three this week. Do they think I don't know my own name, and that I have to be reminded of it by them? They have no business to go near my desk. They have no business to put anything in it. And I don't want their candy. And I don't want them to darn my stockings in hard lumps. I've never encouraged one of them in my life. (Alas! Julia, this was your undoing.) I've never spoken to one of them. I did let her (a scornful nod at me) sharpen my crayons in drawing class, and I suppose this impertinence is the result. I suppose she thinks she is a favorite. Well, she is n't. And this is going a good deal too far. My number belongs to me personally, just as much as my name does. I won't have it paraded around the Second Cours. It stands for me in the school, it's mine, and she has no right to cut it on her horrid little hand."

There was a moment's silence. Julia's breath was spent, and Madame Rayburn said nothing. She only looked at me.

Now I possessed one peculiarity which had always to be reckoned with. Timid, easily abashed, and reduced to nothingness by a word that hurt, I was sure, if pushed too far, to stand at bay. Nor had nature left me altogether defenseless in a hard world. Julia's first glance had opened my eyes to the extravagance of my behavior (Oh, that I had followed Elizabeth's counsel!), her first reproaches had overwhelmed me with shame. But the concentrated scorn with which she flung her taunts in my face, and that final word about my horrid hand, stiffened me into resistance. My anger matched her own. "All right," I said shortly; "I'll scratch it out."

Madame Rayburn laughed softly. She had brought upon me this dire humiliation because she thought my folly merited the punishment; but she was not ill-pleased to find me undismayed. As for Julia, she bent her keen eyes on my face (the first time she had ever really looked

at me), and something that was almost a smile softened the corners of her mouth. It was evident that the idea of scratching out what was already so deeply scratched in pleased her wayward fancy. When she spoke again, it was in a different voice, and though her words were unflattering, her manner was almost kind. "If you are not altogether a fool," she said, "and that sounds as if you were not, why do you behave like one?"

To this query I naturally made no reply. It was not easy to answer, and besides, at the first softening of her mood, my wrath had melted away, carrying my courage with it. I was perilously near tears. Madame Rayburn dropped my hand, and gave me a little nod. It meant that I was free, and I scudded like a hare through the corridor, through the First Cours classroom, and down into the refectory. There the familiar aspect of breakfast, the familiar murmur of "Pain, s'il vous plaît," restored my equanimity. I met the curious glances cast at me with that studied unconcern, that blankness of expression, which we had learned from Elizabeth, and which was to us what the turtle shell is to the turtle, — a refuge from inquisitors. I had no mind that any one should know the exact nature of my experience.

That night I made good my word, and erased the twenty-one after a thoroughgoing fashion I hardly like to recall. But when the operation was over, and I curled up in my bed, I said to myself that although I should never again wear this beloved number upon hand or arm, it would be engraved forever on my heart. As long as I lived, I should feel for Julia Reynolds the same passionate and unalterable devotion. Perhaps, sometime in the future, I should have the happiness of dying for her. I was arranging the details of this charming possibility, and balancing in my mind the respective delights of being bitten — while defending her — by a mad dog, or being drowned in mid-ocean, having given her my place in the lifeboat, and was waving her a last farewell from the decks of the sinking ship, when I finally fell asleep.

The next morning was Sunday, the never-to-be-forgotten Sunday, when Marianus for the first time served Mass. And as I watched him, breathless with delight, Julia's image grew pale, as pale as that of Isabel Summers, and faded quietly away. I looked at Elizabeth and Tony. They, too, were parting with illusions. Their sore little arms might now be permitted to heal, for their faithless hearts no longer bore a scar. The reign of our lost loves was over. The sovereignty of Marianus had begun.

A SIGNIFICANT BIOGRAPHY

BY THEODORE T. MUNGER

THE only justification of an autobiography is truthfulness. But the chances against this are so many that the discreet reader hesitates until he finds if he has fact or fiction before him. The *Confessions* of Rousseau comes near to an exception. It is disagreeable to the last degree, but so exact in its details that it has a certain interest as a theory of society; but the too plainly told story of his miserable life offsets both its truth and its charm. Nature no longer delights us when a lie is written upon her fair face.

I need not say that the autobiography of Mr. White bears no relation to this book. It escapes the usual fate of such a history by its self-evident truth, and the unimpeachable value of the story from title-page to colophon. Its interest is due not to any novelty of fact, for the entire book is an open page of history, but to an instinct or habit of truthfulness that pervades its pages like an atmosphere. There are two kinds of truth: accuracy and spirit. He might err in the former, but by no possibility in the latter. One closes these open-paged volumes feeling that one has stayed a while in a world where "no part is dark, the whole full of light."

The first seven years of Mr. White's life were spent in his birthplace, — Homer, one of those towns in central New York, the names of which seem drawn at hazard from Lemprière's Dictionary, unlike the rivers, whose Indian names were as musical as their waters. Mr. White tells us that Bismarck once said to him: "Since you were born in *Homer* and resided in *Syracuse* and presided over a University in *Ithaca*, I infer that you belong in a *classical* region." A clerk in the Land Office in Albany, a hundred and more years ago, is responsible for the Chancellor's humor.

The generation of Mr. White was the second after that which broke into the forests a little before the beginning of the century, not as stragglers from the frontier, but as solid ranks of emigrants from the best sections in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Almost the first houses that followed log cabins were as ample and well finished as those left behind. They brought New England with them: its institutions, its church, schools, habits, civil instincts, respectability, industry, and resistless energy, — all so inwoven with conscience that they not only lost nothing, but grew stronger and keener as the years went on. Hence Dr. Bushnell's great sermon on *Barbarism the first Danger of Emigration* had no application here. They brought a salt from New England that did not lose its savor in transportation. After twenty years of vigorous growth, the fellow factor of Puritan society — the Academy — came along, and soon students were flocking thither from all over the "military tract," where they were prepared for Yale and Hamilton, coming back as ministers and lawyers and physicians, for they would have whatever had been in the old home.

Thus the unbroken tradition of New England was preserved, — Church and School side by side in a wide square of six acres, that they might have the honor and endowment at least of space. As heretofore, Church and Academy played into each other, and together they held the people to what was best in each. An undenominational board of trustees diffused a tolerant and generous spirit throughout the community. The teachers, carefully selected, gave the tone to society. In a very real sense and degree, learning was counted as essential to respectability. It even created a genuine and salutary

aristocracy, based on church-going and school attendance.

It was in such a soil as this that Mr. White found root, and lived until he was seven years of age; a short time, but long enough to receive strongest influences in the development of character. In nearly all superior minds early religious impressions are deep and persistent. "The master light of all our seeing" seldom fades away as a trailing cloud.

Our purpose in part, in this article, is to call attention to the ethical and religious conditions that surrounded him in his early years, — peculiar in their intensity, and from the personality of two men who largely created them. We refer to Henry Gregory, and to John Keep, pastor of the First Church in Homer, who in the latter half of his life was closely and even vitally connected with Oberlin.

Mr. White was too young to come under the direct influence of Dr. Keep, except as it literally saturated the entire community. But I refer to him because when Mr. White was planning to introduce coeducation into Cornell University he examined it at Oberlin, where Dr. Keep had introduced it, having first established it in Homer. Madam White received her education there, and prompted her son to adopt it at Cornell.

The other direct influence upon the growing boy was that of Dr. Gregory, rector of the Episcopal church that had suddenly sprung up under the shadow of the powerful ministry of Dr. Keep. It embraced the family of Mr. White, for reasons perhaps wider than those realized by themselves. The Catholic and the Protestant each has his natural *credo;* one because he *feels*, the other because he *thinks*. When one is summoned or tempted to think in cruel and abnormal ways, one turns away from the hard and rough of the common faith and finds the creed of feeling of easier acceptance. It is beyond question that Calvinism, as it clothed itself in the revivalism of the earlier part of the last century, opened a wide door to Episcopacy, that would have been wider still if that church had possessed a clearer idea of what is meant by breadth. There are flourishing dioceses in New York where Finney and Burchard once possessed the ground. As they passed over it, casting lurid flames of eternal misery fed by a logic that defied reason, the region came to be called "the burnt-over tract," — referring to its cause and its condition. This period left behind quarrels over what were called "measures," — sober and wise men resisting and standing by, but always a minority, while weaker ones fell in with the whirling storm. The pastor was often the helpless victim. Mr. Burchard for six weeks was in full authority, — "presbyter writ large," — but the "measures" remained with fatal mischief. So far as we can find out, for there are few records and no living memory to tell us to-day, Dr. Keep strove to guide the storm in his parish, for he was not a strict Edwardsian, and he had already written a treatise of which tradition says it covered nearly the entire ground of Dr. Bushnell's *Christian Nurture*, a book that substantially quenched the revival system in the Congregational Churches of New England, and put the nurture of religion closer to that of the Episcopal Church. It is improbable that Dr. Keep turned his back on his pre-Bushnell views and yielded the heart of them to "measures" in utter conflict with anything akin to an approach to *Christian Nurture*. But whatever his action may have been, there was enough to lead the White family to choose whether to remain amid the storm of "measures," or to retreat to the quiet of Episcopacy, for which a chance reading of the Prayer Book had prepared the way.

Side by side with Dr. Keep was Dr. Gregory, rector of the Episcopal Church; they offered the strongest possible contrast in all respects. Dr. Gregory, far inferior to Dr. Keep intellectually, was yet a man strong in graces of character and points of belief. It was the period of Pusey and Newman at Oxford, and it was by a strange casting of lots that these

two New World ministers fell into the same place. They finely illustrated their two schools of thought and faith. Pusey and Newman represented so closely the Mother Church of Rome that one of them fell into her arms, curbing his splendid intellect into obedience to her hard rein, winning well-nigh half the church, and with them this far-away follower in Central New York. The Puritan Church of New England, at a point when it was at the very height of its intellectual greatness and religious fervor, sent to the same place one of its most representative leaders, an idealist, and forerunner of what it is still pursuing. Yet the two men were not unlike in some points. Each was intense, almost fanatical over his methods. Dr. Keep continually haunted the schoolhouses throughout the town "at early candle-light," while Dr. Gregory held early morning services whenever the rubric required them. Dr. Gregory, a gentle, mediæval saint, was given to continuous prayer and care of his flock, while Dr. Keep reminds one of Dr. Arnold in the intensity of his nature, and the strenuousness of his labors. The entire region was his parish, every schoolhouse became a chapel, and every dwelling was literally made a confessional down to the finest point of pastoral duty. Dr. Keep's parish and that of a faithful Roman Catholic priest were strikingly alike in leading points. Each made himself responsible for the religious condition of every soul in his care, and by watchful oversight, and even confession, brought all into obedience to the Church. If one is to be sneered at or praised, so is the other. For myself I would neither sneer nor withhold praise so long as the results were such as those that followed "Father Keep," for so the people by instinct called him. If there were some things that would seem behind the present in faith and practice, there were others in which we lag behind. Some of these things Mr. White, coming later to a knowledge of them, adopted as leading purposes in his life.

The White family changed its residence to Syracuse, thirty miles north, where rapidly a large fortune was amassed, that passed to Andrew, and of which he has been a wise and worthy steward, reminding us of Sir Henry Taylor, — wisest of men, — who said that "if we take account of all the virtues with which money is mixed up and of their correlative vices, it is a knowledge which goes near to cover the length and breadth of humanity." It was fortunate that the inevitable reaction from the orthodoxy of his early years was undergone in the Episcopal Church and in his youth; it was a gentler way out. Had he remained in the Calvinistic world, that vast body of doctrine beginning with the fall of Adam and all its sequent impossibilities would have overwhelmed his keen and truth-loving nature, and left him in a chaos of unbelief from which recovery would have been slow and hard. The very absence of emphasis on doctrine in the Episcopal Church saved him from the strain of rejecting his faith. Happily he was led into the fold, — for this church has long sheltered the storm-caught lambs of hard orthodoxy. The strength of Calvinism has been held to be in its thought, — unanswerable because logical, — but the evidences and the material of its thought were fast passing away, and belief was slipping into doubt and protest. The great world of nature was coming face to face with it, and smiting it with irresistible blows. Let it not be supposed that we deny thought to the Episcopal Church, for of all vain things is a religion that strives to be strong without it, but this church begins its training with a lullaby, and not with a thesis.

Mr. White tells us it was the dream of his mother that he might follow the footsteps of the revered Dr. Gregory. She little saw what weighty obstacles would spring up in the way. As the boy grew man-ward in Syracuse, where the rector had followed them, he began to take in the sense of the sermons he had heard as a child, and the slumbering nature in him rose in protest against the mediæval rec-

tor who contended that "the promises were made to the Church alone," and that those outside were probably lost, and worse still, that "unbaptized infants" shared the same fate. Then the fountain of doubt and denial began to flow deeper and stronger, — from entanglement in the two genealogies of Jesus to "Apostolic Succession," and "replies" to Hume and Gibbon that left the argument on the wrong side, until the natural end came in reading Butler's *Analogy*, which he found to be "equally valuable for any religion which had once got itself established" By the way, something might be said in behalf of the great Bishop's argument to-day, but nothing then. As the outcome, he describes himself as a "religious rebel." It is not an uncommon nor a bad *dénoûment*, if there are about and within one the stout guards of nature and of circumstance. White might stay awhile in a tangle of doubts, but he could not long remain without a religion, though false logic and inhuman ethics are heavy burdens for a warm-hearted young man to carry. He describes the process and effect in his last chapter: "The old dogma of 'the fall of man' had soon fully disappeared, and in its place there rose more and more into view the idea of the rise of man. But while my view was thus broadened, no hostility to religion found lodgment in my mind; of all the books which I read at that time, Stanley's *Life of Arnold* exercised the greatest influence upon me. It showed that a man might cast aside much which churches regard as essential, and might strive for breadth and comprehension in Christianity, while remaining in healthful relations with the church." Already, the great bases of religion were outlined in his nature, where they finally became the warp and woof of his career. His inwrought humanity and sense of justice, his quick vision of truth, and honesty of nature, furnished the chief elements of religion. Undoubtedly, in his case, the church where he was reared was upon the whole best fitted to await the development of these generic graces. There is in this worshiping church a world of sentiment and commanding beauty that softens the blows with which logic belabors one, and even wins one into something like faith, even as the stars suggest heaven.

Mr. White has frankly spoken of his "religious development;" he does not name it as experience, — for in his case, at least, the former word is the truer. A religious experience is a varied, uncertain thing, of which a wise man will not often speak with confidence. But a development of what is within one, wrought out by influences accepted, by a life lived, and by the sum total of one's knowledge, — of this, one may speak with confidence, and as the best thing in one's life. As he says in his final chapter: "The general effect of all these experiences, as I now think, was to aid in a healthful evolution of my religious ideas."

It may seem strange that the strongest influences felt by White all through the formative period of his life are to be ascribed to clergymen, or to professors wearing the cloth. Dr. Wayland, in a speech of ten minutes, determined White's purpose to take a position in a Western college; "The best field of work for graduates is now in the *West*." A few words followed, that required only the forecasting brain of White to measure their truth, and he was soon on his way to the University of Michigan, where he remained six years as professor of history. Among others who influenced him were President Porter, a keen and broad-minded critic, the most necessary teacher of all in a university, if the aim is to find and develop strong men instead of valedictorians; Professor Fisher, a scholar who gave charm to even the dullest pages of history by good companionship, and not only softened the rigors of orthodoxy, but gave it a reasonable cast; and President Woolsey, whom White might well remember with gratitude, for to the present day he recalls a sermon heard while in college, on "Religious Anger." Even in

reading these volumes one can see the practical value of such a sermon, well digested and set down in memory, for perhaps no man in public service is more tempted to anger than an ambassador, and more imperatively requires that it must be righteous. No one of Mr. White's calibre and responsiveness to high traits of character could have been insensible to such a man as President Woolsey. He felt the vast bulk of his character, and recognized a debt of lasting gratitude, to which we refer later on. If his scholastic robes were rather closely worn, when they were drawn aside there were revelations of thought and political forecast, for those who had ears to hear. White, yet in college, was thoroughly saturated with abolition sentiments, due in a measure to Gerrit Smith and Samuel J. May, but most of all to his own soul, for in those days and times political sentiments sprang from such a source; and in his address at the Junior Exhibition upon "John Quincy Adams on the Floor," there was, for the first time in the century at Yale, an anti-slavery speech of the true ring. President Woolsey did not shake his head nor look askance.

In tracing Mr. White's own recapitulation of the things he engaged in, we believe he needlessly deprecates the possible charge that he attempted too many; it depends upon what things are, and how they come about, whether self-chosen and through a vagrant will, or whether they are laid upon one in matters where choice is little and conscience everything. The dative case may have its fascination and requirements, but the world may have other claims. A straighter line of work seldom falls to one than fell to Mr. White, yet from nearly everything he had chosen he was called away to something different. Still it happened that, whatever the thing was, it accorded with his ruling passion; for such he had. All he did was subdued to that complexion. A broad man, — as a student of history is apt to become, — his dominant characteristic was *humanity*. The good rector had failed to sow its seed in his young heart. That sacred growth found better nurture under Rev. Samuel J. May, — a name which Mr. White never fails to speak with profound and tender respect. No better thing can be said of him than that Mr. May was the most congenial mind in the list of his friends, for he was a saint of the highest order; no à Kempis, or Edwards, or Bunyan, but a simpler and profounder nature, who every day planted his feet in the very footsteps of the Master, and caught the breath of his charity. In reading an autobiography, it is well to follow the whim or wisdom of the writer. One can only be grateful to Mr. White for enshrining Samuel J. May in his pages.

If Providence moves by correlation, it was illustrated in certain things that greatly needed to be done in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and here at least was one man well fitted to do some of them. Mr. White was a foreordained humanist, by which we mean one in whom there is a special coördination of natural gifts, circumstances, and spiritual movements, fitted to work out certain decreed events, merciful in their nature. There was no lack of such men at that time to do such work, but they were chiefly looked for among the clergy. The service grew broader and more varied than could be filled by this class. The clergyman renders all important service at the fountain head of human needs where principles are to be laid down, and motives are to be stirred into action, but he is prone to blunder when he undertakes the practical thing. This is apt to happen so long as one is governed by formal rules and precedents, instead of a living spirit which is ever working freely in a growing world. Thus the best of clergymen, when they get immeshed in some doctrinal notion from which they cannot escape, lose their way into the new order ordained to come.

Such was the state of things in which Mr. White found himself when he entered upon the organization of Cornell

University. In this greatest work of his life, he fulfilled the saying of President Eliot: "the surest pledge of long remembrance among men is to build one's self into a university." Harvard and Yale were founded by clergymen, — following the example of the Old World. They are to be accorded success, and even crowned with glory, but their early histories are often grotesque in their leading features, and are almost blotted out with change. Yale rewrote her charter after a hundred years, in order to catch the breath of the New World, and has recently given over the necessity of making the president a cleric, and has broken into the ranks of the governing board of "ten Colonial ministers of Connecticut," by placing among them a layman from New York. Mr. White in founding Cornell had no trouble with clergymen from within, but no end of it from without. There is always a two-handed force that brings about so great a result as a real university. Emerson humorously describes the ease and speed with which Americans turn out a college: "a meeting of a few rich men after business hours, a board of trustees before the winter evening is over, a president elected and placed in his chair within a week, a charter secured, professors appointed, buildings erected, and before green pease are ready, the University is opened and in full action." We would not repeat Mr. Emerson's badinage if it were not a literal history, and — greatest wonder of all — the university is highly prosperous to this day. But Cornell did not so rise in air. Two things were needed, — the will of the people, and the brain of a man fit for the work. Land grants from the nation were to be secured, and great necessities were to be provided, — all possible only through arduous work and long waiting. Mr. White entered into the enterprise not as a novice, for, save a few sessions in the state senate of New York, he had never been out of sight of a university. But he had a better preparation than experience; he had seen a vision and heard a call. His life in the senate had proved his skill in business, but he had not yet shown that he was gifted with the special power of steadily working under an ideal when confronted by great difficulties.

One of the most revealing passages in Dr. White's pages is that in chapter seventeen, where he describes the dream of a university first pictured in his fancy on the shores of Seneca Lake, and realized later as president of one on Cayuga. He writes: "As I read in this new-found book (Heber and Newman on the English universities) of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and pored over the engraved views of quadrangles, halls, libraries, chapels, — of all the noble and dignified belongings of a great seat of learning, — my heart sank within me. Every feature of the little American college seemed all the more sordid. But gradually I began consoling myself by building air-castles. These took the form of structures suited to a great university: with distinguished professors in every field, with libraries as rich as the Bodleian, halls as lordly as that of Christ Church or of Trinity, chapels as inspiring as that of King's, towers as dignified as those of Magdalen and Merton, quadrangles as beautiful as those of Jesus and St. John's. In the midst of all other occupations I was constantly rearing these structures on that queenly site above the finest of the New York lakes, and dreaming of a university worthy of the commonwealth and of the nation. This dream became a sort of obsession. It came upon me during my working hours, in the classrooms, in rambles along the lake shore, in the evenings, when I paced up and down the walks in front of the college buildings, and saw rising in their place and extending to the pretty knoll behind them, the worthy home of a great university. . . . I made provision for other studies beside classics and mathematics. There should be professors in the great modern literatures — above all, in our own; there should also be a professor of modern history and a lecturer on architecture. And next, my

university should be under control of no single religious organization; it should be free from all sectarian or party trammels; in electing its trustees and professors no questions should be asked as to their belief or their attachment to this or that sect or party. So far, at least, I went in those days along the road toward the founding of Cornell."

While a dream, it was not such as plays about the youth when he awakes to the beauty of the world, but such as attends that more stable thing that comes over him later, — a sense of the reality of life. White saw the charm of things, and he never failed to realize it. Whatever was beautiful he strove to make real, in music and art and architecture, — but the dream did not become more than a dream until it found shape in humanity. While Cornell is the most enduring and substantial achievement of his career, the most spiritual and ideal is the part played in the formation of the Hague Tribunal. He heard in it Milton's *Hymn of the Nativity*. "No war or battle's sound" would he listen to if he could quell it. Here he struck the keynote of highest human need, and he followed the law of his life as he had heard it framed by Dr. Wayland: "I go for humanity," not in mere protests against bloodshed, but using the special way open to him in the service of diplomacy. He had learned how to win the hearts of those in power, and to weave together the growing threads of good will to men into strands of mercy and reason until the law of peace seems at last about to become a reality.

Few men ever more closely hit the mark aimed at in youth, but one must note that it was not the outgrowth of ambition, but sprang from the logic of his nature and his circumstances. The time had come when the New World needed a new university. The faint reflections of the great schools of learning — largely made up of Aristotle and "gerund-grinding" — clearly had passed their day, at least here. Mr. White, grasping the situation later on, saw that the dons of Oxford no longer furnished the models of education for a democracy. There is a great deal in his life that grew, by some necessity of his nature, out of this absolute sense of the American democracy, and the way he would deal with it. I name it as a sign and measure of not only his far-sighted outlook, but his humanity and the fineness of his nature. He saw that aristocracy and humanity, though long coexisting, are not compatible in their nature. Few Americans have been more deeply immersed in the higher ranks of European society, but though often a relentless critic of his countrymen, never was there a touch of pessimism or contempt, except for infidelity to the nation.

When Mr. White was trying to do what he believed to be the best possible thing, he encountered the severest trial a well-meaning man is ever called on to undergo, — namely, the criticism of good men as to his personal religion. To endure the contradiction of sinners is counted grievous, but it is bliss compared with enduring that of saints. Mr. White encountered it in full measure, but he was saved from the sting by having attained a clear view of evolution as the order of the moral as well as the material world, for it was on the former that the new university was held to have denied the faith, and its young president to be the arch-heretic. It would have been useless to laugh at or to curse those who in the name of religion had set their faces against him. He said to me at the time, that their criticism and its methods were enough to have made him a howling atheist, had he yielded to them. Jonathan Edwards was a gentleman, even while he scuttled the ship of humanity, but the common courtesies of good society were withheld by his critics from Mr. White. As I recall the gentleness of his comments upon those of every profession, church, and calling, and of newspapers, from the worst to the best, — if the best were not the worst, — all alike tearing his soul and body asunder, and undermining the foundations of his university, laid in the name of humanity, I am amazed

at the patience and quietness with which he endured, indignant only when his co-laborers were maligned along with himself. My suspicion is, that in all this bitter stress of undeserved fortune, the memory of Samuel J. May stayed by him as a spirit of consummate wisdom and goodness, for so had he endured, and opened not his mouth.

The larger part of his critics were not hypocrites, nor evil-doers. They kept the commandments, except that on bearing false witness against their neighbor, and offered their prayers in all sincerity, but were simply terror-stricken over something, they knew not what, called *evolution*. Mr. White, fed by a gift of inexhaustible good nature, that has carried him beyond threescore and ten without a known enemy, and also having a keen insight into human nature, waited for the universities throughout the country to come to him through the sure-moving wheels of evolution. For, in the early sixties, not a university in the country had recognized the great Law, except in some chance lecture room, nor taken a step to free itself from that vast burden of superstition and enthroned blunder found in every science, from theology to physics. Of course but few of these universities openly opposed Mr. White, but they did a thousand times worse. Is there any criticism so exquisite in its sting, so deadly in its effect, as silence? There was one exception. Mr. White says, "An eminent and justly respected president of one of the oldest Eastern universities published a treatise, which was widely circulated, to prove that the main ideas on which the new university was based were utterly impracticable; and especially that the presentation of various courses of instruction suited to young men of various aims and tastes, with liberty of choice between them, was preposterous. It is interesting to note that the same eminent gentleman was afterward led to adopt this same 'impracticable' policy at his own university." Another exception of a different kind came from one whose weight of opinion was worth the entire mass of frightened criticism and crazed abuse. Mr. White was asked to lecture in New Haven, for Yale never ceased to love him, however much she bewailed his "wild and erratic views," —very like her own at present,—when he wrought into his address the entire substance of his future book, *The Warfare of Science with Theology*. President Woolsey presided over a large audience, and at the close of the address thoroughly supported his position and bade him "God-speed." What others thought is not told, but it is not necessary to know; Plato had spoken. In due time, the entire company, according to their vision and their prudence, followed, though in a manner somewhat like the attendance of the Oxford dons on the decennial meetings of the Royal Academy of Science: at the first, they stayed away; ten years after, they went but remained silent; at the third, they took the floor. By steps so graded does the wise and prudent world move on in the path of human progress.

One asks, when this storm of bigotry was raging so near, why Harvard and Yale did not offer a helping hand, or at least a word of sympathy? For it cannot be denied that Mr. White was fighting a single-handed battle, not for himself and his half-born university, but for all, and for the churches as well, as time will show. Only a partial answer can be given. None of us care to question the early stages of our own souls or our universities; it is pleasanter to forget, than to put on sackcloth. Perhaps the simplest answer would be the truest; few men in the country believed in evolution. Mr. White was regarded as simply a student of history, wandering in a foreign field and putting out vagaries in a radical magazine. It must also be said that while there was enough thought in Boston, it confined itself to its peculiar questions and fads. It was too well satisfied with its own prophets of reconstructed theology to ask if there were another. But evolution spares no old or new creeds unless reorganized on the central law of creation, when it be-

comes eternal law. Harvard was feeling still the castigations of Emerson, and Wendell Phillips, and Theodore Parker, and had too much at home to look after, to concern itself with a university grounded on an hypothesis; for so it regarded what was going on in central New York. The spokes of Dr. Holmes's wheel did not in that day radiate far beyond Boston. As for Yale, she was busy grinding away the roughness of her Calvinism, and squaring Scotch metaphysics with German mysticism. Evolution she might tolerate in part, but would have none of it as a whole. Besides, when was it ever true that a prophet had honor in his own country? Years earlier, Mr. White was not considered by Yale for a professorship of history because of his "views." The fact is, Mr. White, while building his university on the shores of Cayuga, was for ten years the most solitary thinker in the country. Others were thinking, but none with a university on his shoulders, and all the churches at his heels.

Some of his critics were fellow state senators, and worthy coadjutors on public education, but, strange to say, fell in with the cry of the churches. While evolution is a wide-sweeping tide, there are some people who are left behind — caught by projecting rocks or sand-bars, or by whirling eddies held in perpetual motion which is thought to be progress — until some high tide of melting snow or heaven-dropping rain sweeps them into deeper waters. Sometimes, indeed, one gets land-locked and never escapes, as when caught in the meshes of a binding creed. Such are the exceptions, and sometimes they puzzle one as to a *raison d'être*. But the power not ourselves that makes for righteousness treats humanity as it does the rest of nature, as an endless diversity. It is a fact that makes one tolerant and patient with others, and bids one to look out for his own motion, rather than jeer at those who lag behind. The profoundest words perhaps set down by the divine Shakespeare are, —

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil."

It is the first lesson in evolution, and time seems to lengthen in order to leave men space to consider the second line of the inspired couplet, —

"Would men observingly distil it out."

There is something more important than exactness of opinion over newly discovered truths, whether held under denial or acceptance. We are all in the vast human swim, moving along the current of constant change, nothing true but for the hour, some greater reality swinging into view for its moment. Nothing remains fixed but charity for our neighbor. When that goes, the shifting drama of humanity dissolves, leaving nothing with reason or purpose. If it remains, and "men observingly distil it out," there comes a certain repose that one feels, as when watching Dante's wheels, — so swiftly moving that they seem to sleep on their axles.

Our friend Mr. White, whom we left chafing a little under the roughness of his theological neighbors, did not forget the lesson he had learned in his studies of history, that the churchman has always been the laggard in human progress, while by a strange contradiction he is its best friend. The church carries a large amount of *impedimenta* in this war of human life; much of it is more than useless, but a little is absolutely necessary. The balance of general opinion is that the two factors are essential to each other. However it might be in the churches, Mr. White, after long consideration how to secure the best religious service for his students, decided to cast out the sectarian element, and make the pulpit as open and broad as the audience, presuming only on the simplest form of Christian worship. It was a flank movement against all the churches in the region. If their best preachers were captured there could no longer be complaints of infidelity in the pulpit.

Here again Mr. White proved himself a reformer, by first leading the way out of the perplexing problem of the university pulpit. Harvard held to its one preacher,

and while he was Andrew Peabody none could be diviner, but it was still within a sectarian wall. When Mr. White was at Yale, Dr. Fitch, a genius of the pulpit, was preaching a creation of six days' duration, five thousand years ago, while Professor Silliman, on Monday morning, declared it to be a development of infinite duration; but as one who took notes in those days, I can bear witness that no notice was taken of the flat contradiction between pulpit and lecture room, beyond naming it as due to idiosyncrasy on the part of the professor. Mr. White could only regard such contradiction as fostering infidelity on one side or the other. He saw no way to overcome this dilemma but to open the field, — the refuge of all thought in all ages, though with many half-won battles to gain the ground that belongs to neither, but to both as one.

It will occur to careful readers of this *apologia pro vita sua*, that while Mr. White does not pose as a philosopher, but is a teacher of history, he has led the only way in which a university can show the harmony of science and theology. To leave them in contradiction is as intolerable as it would be to assert a flat and a round globe. This absurdity lingered in every university in the country, until Mr. White, like Columbus, stood the egg on end. The doctors of theology begged the question, when they claimed that science was atheistic, because it denied the "faith held *semper, ubique et ab omnibus*," and clinched their argument by saying that it was opposed to Scripture. Mr. White said: "Come into the open field, and let us see." And indeed we have seen. All mankind believe in the rotundity of the earth, and most intelligent people are slowly yielding to the suspicion that theology and science are not antagonists.

One does not perceive the full import of Mr. White's creation of Cornell, until one has in mind the history of education as it sprang from the Renaissance in Italy, and spread throughout Europe, — passing through phases of loss and gain as it fared under the Roman Church and the Reformation, now at the hands of the people and then of the aristocracy. Thus one learns that Mr. White was not a mere critic and crude innovator, but instead, was carrying out a normal process correlated to the progress of human development. Education, as brought hither, was under the lead of the aristocracy and the church, and in them had elements of great value and power, which, however, were sure also to weaken and pass away. It is true that Sturm taught better Latin in the sixteenth century than Harvard and Yale taught a half century ago, but little else did he teach. These universities were indeed humanistic, but with heavy limitations, especially under the method of rigid drill in a narrow range of studies. The real life of the Renaissance lost in part its meaning and life as it moved northward.

Mr. White's mind instinctively shaped itself to the bettering of whatever he encountered or undertook. He was first sent to a small and ineffective college, but left it without parental permission, and forced his way to Yale as a better one. Finding it such, he at once began to conceive one still better, though Yale at the time was the foremost of American colleges. He was the most brilliant graduate of his day, and no one has won brighter honors since. The fault of method that White encountered was lack of inspiration, growing in part out of the predominance of classical studies, and a consequent lack of general knowledge, as found in history and science. It was the system on which Carlyle poured out his wrath as "endless gerund-grinding," which had for a theory a discipline of the mind by a certain balance of studies on a narrow range of subjects. To awaken the mind by interesting it was incidental, and, if we remember, it was carefully avoided, and the more pain involved in the process the completer the education was regarded. It was an ancient method, the secret of which is still to be read in Latin on the walls of old Winchester as wise advice to her students: "Aut Disce: Aut Dis-

cede: Manet Sors Tertia Caedi." (The translation may be found in the notebook of an American tourist, with absolute correctness, but national freedom in its vocabulary: "Learn your lesson or take a licking.")

We have directed our readers chiefly to the part played by Mr. White in what may be called the drama of education so far as it has gone on in the University of Cornell. Valuable as were his public services at home and abroad, the year that ushered Cornell into existence was worth all the other years of his life, for all else might have been done by others. Yet not simply to create a university, which is often done, but to create that special type of a university needed in the nation, with its soul of democracy, its religious freedom, its assertion of science as coequal with letters, as coördinated to universal utility, as a full place for woman in all intellectual labor and culture, its endowments in all the fields of human service, the three professions broadened and made honorable unto as many as deserve honor; — this university, so won into existence with dreams that led him through labors heavy and sad, and built up into unquestioned greatness, is an achievement that will not be measured until its fuller proportions are carried out as they have been conceived in the mind of its builder.

Mr. White did not come to his place at Cornell with a few criticisms of defects, sure to be corrected in time, but to plant his university upon the fundamental principles and uses of education, having come to a full realization of what Hegel had said, that "the history of humanity is a progress in the consciousness of freedom;" and of what Professor Seth indicates in his profound analysis: "It is not in knowledge as such, but in feeling and action that reality is given." Mr. White had felt his way into the heart of these truths, and made himself a "Bahnbrecher," — a breaker out of paths, into the humanity that had become to him the sole reality of existence, as it must to every man who has gained a clear vision of it.

Mr. White is a great educator, under the conception that education is the final stage in the evolutionary process, — the purpose of evolution being the realization of free, moral personalities. Educators are completing consciously the world's unconscious processes.

PORTENTS

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

Do modern children, those of to-day, children of the period, have their own omens, portents, spells, little superstitions, as did the children of fifty years ago?

I knew intimately two children of those old days, — there is but one now, — and have been recalling some of the many signs and tokens, the scarcely formulated beliefs, dreads, fears which were half hopes, filling their young lives with mystery. Where did they find these things from which they snatched so many a fearful joy? Were they intuitive, inherited, or learned from their nurses or from other children?

The father of this boy and girl was a very practical man, of strong common sense and little imagination. One of his favorite topics of conversation was the absurdity of popular superstitions; he himself, he said, held none of these baseless beliefs. Yet these children remembered to mature age how, each month, their father lifted them, one at a time, that each might see the little new moon, a slender crescent in the sky, and always the children, the dark-haired boy, the fair-haired girl, felt at such times a strong, gentle hand lightly pressing the left side of each little head, and so turning it almost imperceptibly toward the right. Somehow they knew — I cannot remember just how they knew — that this was to help them see the thin little moon over the right shoulder, and that this was best.

That they often heard their father in wise talk inveigh against such idle customs, even instancing this very superstition concerning the first glimpses of the new moon as particularly silly and not to be believed or regarded with any seriousness by sensible Christian children, — this made little difference to the boy and girl. Such talk was the sound parental counsel one expected from a father at his best, or at least his wisest, but it was vague, unimpressive, meaningless, compared with that significant though perhaps involuntary pressure of the strong, gentle hand on the left side of the curly head. I know that one of these children, the girl, feels still that touch of a vanished hand when the new young moon is in the sky, and turns in response to see the crescent as of old over the left shoulder. Does the boy, too, remember?

There were many of these half-beliefs which the children held but loosely, not allowing them to interfere seriously with their simple pleasures, but which were never quite dropped or forgotten. The late Laurence Hutton in his delightful story of a New York city boyhood speaks of one of these, the sort of fear or dread of stepping on the cracks or divisions between the flags of a pavement or sidewalk. With this dread the boy and girl were quite familiar. There were few paved walks in the little seashore village, at that time, but in passing over those few the children carefully observed the unwritten rule, and lifted their small feet over each dividing line, never by any chance stepping upon these cracks or boundaries. There were some board walks, too, and here the same practice was followed. But best of all was carrying out the rule in stepping only upon the natural stones which cropped up everywhere in Rockby. With great care, close attention, and some very long strides and agile leaps, they could go all over the village without touching their feet to the level ground. They could go to and from school in this way, or vary their course by turning one corner where in front of a few scattered houses lay a board walk. Here they stepped cautiously in the middle of each board,

avoiding the cracks or seams, till they came to the little street on which was the post office and the few village stores. They then took to the flagged sidewalk, still following strictly their rule till they were again in the rocky road and near home. If by any chance a passer-by crowded the little pilgrims till one foot touched the forbidden line, the day seemed spoiled, and nothing went quite right. I do not know why this was, and no one can tell me. But I know that it was a very serious and grave business. I can see so plainly in memory the quaint little pair, going solemnly upon their interrupted way; the girl's gray eyes and the boy's black ones bent earnestly upon the ground, as for a time they took short, mincing steps over the small, uneven flags of the rude pavement, then sprang far out, one after the other, to reach and rest upon a large stone whose top just showed above the soil. The girl's two pigtail braids of flaxen hair swung wildly in that leap, and the boy's black curls were tossed about, as they clung, panting and triumphant, to each other upon the rock they had safely reached. The children carried this custom into the house, also. The kitchen floor was uncarpeted, and its boards narrow, so that the avoidance of the cracks in walking over it became a difficult matter. Therefore one of their unwritten but well understood creeds was that, though it was safer to observe the time-honored custom of stepping only upon the centre of each board and skipping the dividing lines, still one could change this procedure when in a hurry, — when "mother called," for instance, — without dire consequences.

To show what a grave matter all this was, I must tell you that when the girl first heard the expression "crack of doom," — I think it was in a sermon, — she at once jumped at its meaning. It was the crack between two boards or flag stones upon which you must not step, and was a most fitting and appropriate term. She did not speak of this to her brother. Perhaps this was because she thought him too young to appreciate and understand; perhaps because she feared the mysterious and awesome words might frighten him; he was so small, full two years her junior. But often, after this, the old-fashioned girl, as she trod cautiously the uneven pavement, or the narrow board walk, said to her own grave little self, but under her breath so that nobody heard, "I must not touch that line; it is the crack of doom."

Peggy McMahon, a rosy young Irish lass employed in the family, was responsible for many of the children's superstitions. She told them many strange things, and they thought they believed them all. Peggy said that if any one approached a sleeping cat and spoke these strange words, "Salamander is dead," something wonderful would follow. Pussy would "lep up," dash frantically away, and never, never return to her old haunts. The children knew that their belief in this was well founded, for Peggy had explained the whole matter to them. Salamander, she said, was king of all cats, and every pussy in the world had hopes of some day succeeding him as sovereign. Therefore when they heard of his death — *le roi est mort* — they were excited and full of eager hope, each one thinking it might be chosen reigning monarch. Thus the children understood the tale. After they heard it, no cat in the neighborhood ever enjoyed an unbroken nap. The whole village was scoured in search of drowsy feline listeners to the tragic cry, "Salamander is dead." And as they invariably accompanied their loudly yelled announcement of the mournful event with jumps and bounds at or over the sleeping animal, with waving arms and other lively demonstrations, the experiment was always successful, the poor, frightened, abruptly awakened creatures "lepping up" and fleeing from their vision. That these identical cats were soon after seen in the old places, calmly pursuing the duties and pleasures of cat-life, in no wise shook the children's cherished faith in the story. Clinging to the belief they loved to hold, or to think

they held, they always ignored the reappearance of the animals, never speaking to one another of the return, which according to Peggy should never have taken place. When they grew up they learned that the Irish girl's story was founded upon one of the well-known folk-tales of the world, existing in different forms in many lands.

Then there was the story of the banshee, the wailing, lamenting spirit that came at night to warn people of approaching death. Peggy herself had once heard it, before her grandmother was killed by falling downstairs. Though the children questioned her closely as to the nature of the sound, she could never make them understand it, nor why it was so dreadful. They asked her if it was like crying, and she said it was "a thrifle," but she added that it was "jist the laste bit like laughin', too." Once, after she had heard of this sorrowful voice, the little girl woke at night in her bedroom with its east window looking out upon the sea, and heard a mournful sound. Like Peggy's banshee, it was a "thrifle like cryin', but the laste bit like laughin'," — a wild cry, a dreadful laugh. The little girl drew the bedclothes over her head and tried not to hear. As she lay thus, panting, perspiring, her heart throbbing wildly with a terror that was half a joy, a soft hand drew away the coverings. Mother was awake — do mothers ever sleep? — and had come to see how her child fared. Before the girl could tell what had frightened her, the melancholy, hysterical cry rang out again.

"The loon is awake, too," said the mother; "the pretty black and white bird is swimming about out there, and singing his song."

Well, she might think so, the child said to herself, half relieved at the practical explanation, half disappointed; but she herself should not accept the theory; birds did not laugh or cry, and as for singing, this was never a song. And always afterward the little girl believed — or rather made believe — that she had heard a real banshee. To be sure, nobody she knew died soon afterwards, but some one somewhere had died, and the banshee knew it was to happen, and she had heard the telling of it.

There were only pleasant thrills, half-fears that were almost comfortable ones, associated with these semi-beliefs of which I have spoken. But there was one real terror which haunted the little girl in those days, and which even now is fearful in memory. It was a strange one, and I have no idea as to its beginning or origin. Perhaps it arose from some story told by Peggy or black Ephraim; perhaps from some picture only half understood. The child herself does not know when it began, but it seems to her as if it was with her even from babyhood. This was the consciousness of a hand, a real human hand, following her. It was a slender, white hand, with a ring on one finger, and a wide ruffle of lace about the wrist. And it walked, or progressed, not by gliding like a snake or lizard, but by a curious motion like stepping or treading, the fingers first lightly touching the ground, then the wrist doing the same. As soon as dusk came on she began to fear it, to dread seeing it behind her. That she never did see it with her bodily eyes mattered not. She was afraid of it, deadly afraid. If she went upstairs she felt that it was climbing after her. When she came down again it was slipping from step to step behind her, and she dared not look around to see if it was really there. She never told any one of this terror. A sort of shame, a fear of being ridiculed, kept her from speaking of it to her mother, Peggy, or any grown person; and she felt that she ought not to burden her small brother with the dreadful thing. So she suffered alone, and it was real, acute suffering, as I well know. Whether the boy, too, had a private and personal terror of his own, unshared by any, I cannot say. But he once told his sister in confidence that he had "made up a sign," and explained it at great length. The details are forgotten after all these long years, but it had something to do with hopping a certain

distance on one foot and then "turnin' round as fast as you can" before entering the schoolhouse in the morning. This was "to keep things from happenin'," the boy said. He was a restless, mischievous, fearless little lad, and things often did happen, if the teacher attended to her duties and maintained order. So such a spell as this professed to be would have been a blessing. But the girl would have none of it.

"You can't make up signs yourself," she said, "they'd never come true."

"Somebody made 'em first, did n't they?" asked the boy scornfully.

"No," replied the little maid, with decision, "they were n't made up, ever, they just came so."

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE MELODRAMA OF REFORM

In the recent thrilling discussions of various phases of civic transgression, our popular magazines have discovered a new method of entertainment that puts old ways to shame. Character sketches of menagerie animals and of variety actresses pall in the presence of these accounts of boodling, graft, corruption, trust-management, and dissemination of microbes. Who can fail to be delighted at finding pictures of gifted criminals, accompanied by crisp, sensational phrases setting forth their misdeeds; or, better still, at finding the portrait of the Bad Man on one page, of the Good Man on the next, with the privilege of guessing before reading which is which. It is a very melodrama of reform, in which every moment is a climax; an all-pervasive Madame Tussaud's chamber of horrors in pen and ink. These cheerful histories of crime, set in the midst of gay pictures, dashing bits of verse, and smart stories, recall irresistibly to my mind an announcement which I saw a few years ago at the door of a prominent religious edifice in Boston: "Meeting at 3 P. M. Subject: The Unpardonable Sin. Bright and Enjoyable Service. All are invited."

While a certain danger might be apprehended from these very explicit accounts of the methods and the successes of noted, if unconvicted, criminals; while many a buyer of ten-cent magazines might be thus turned to a career which promises, *en route*, rich rewards in the way of boodling and the glory of magazine portraiture at the end, with the reiterated assurance that such criminals invariably go uncaught, it is better to suppose that all these shots strike home, that the effect upon the erring is tremendous, and that the Bad Man, at the first glimpse of his sinister face upon the left-hand page, will turn from his evil ways, endeavoring to appear next among the godly on the right.

Doubtless the effect upon the heroes of these tales is all that could be desired. It is not for sinners that I fear, but for the virtuous. With the wide public as father confessor, a public that has not learned the inviolability of the confessional, reformer after reformer unflinchingly recounts the wrong-doing of his fellow men; yet from time immemorial but questionable benefit has been derived from confessing other people's sins. If the wicked are growing better under these methods of exposure, the fairly good are becoming unendurable. Listening greedily to accounts of many transgressions that I do not commit, I have detected in myself a share of the writer's smug enjoyment, have found my inner man congratulating himself as one who must be better than the average person, and have come to feel that my private and particular sins, being

unworthy of the attention of the great public, are unworthy of my own. The failing that I observe in myself I see, as is always the way with critics, in those about me. In whatever company I have been of late, the conversation has turned upon the many heinous things that other people do. Virtuous woman is growing more aggressively virtuous in theory, quiescent man more contentedly quiescent. How many people steal! runs the burden of our talk. How many lie! How lonely is this world for the good! Truly, under editorial effort the gently congratulatory mood in which we listen to accounts of people worse than ourselves is being unduly prolonged. That mediocre virtue should become more complacent than it is would surely be a national misfortune as blighting in its effects as civic corruption, and we need less to hear of the crimes that we have not yet committed than of certain high qualities of mind and of conduct that we have not yet attained. The wolves can take care of themselves, — this they are proving abundantly; but who shall protect the silly sheep? One recalls, with fear lest this state of mind should spread over the entire nation, the explanation given by one business man to another of the nature of a social settlement: "Why, you see it's this way: you go down to live in a tough neighborhood and you seem a —— sight better than you really are."

GOING BACK OF THE FACTS

When I was about ten years old I overheard a remark of my grandmother's, which seemed to me to knock the bottom out of things. I remember running out of the house, and, when I was sure that I was alone, lifting my eyes to the heavens to see if they were still there, and treading hard upon the earth to make sure that it was still firm under my feet. Finding everything apparently as it should be, I sat down in the shade of a retired lilac bush to ponder; and if a yellow dog had not chanced to come along just then and make irresistible overtures toward conversation, I don't know what important conclusions as to the nature of human life I might not have reached. What my grandmother said was simply this: "But I really think I ought to have married the other man." She spoke in her usual placid tone, not even lifting her eyes from her knitting-needles. She was an altogether satisfactory grandmother; the sort of grandmother who knows more than her daughter about housekeeping, more than her son about what is going on in the world, more than any new-fangled parson about religion, and almost more than her grandchildren about the duty of keeping the doughnut-jar in commission. And yet she was capable of an utterance so abysmally irreverent as to shock the sensibilities of the smallest of her devoted doughnut-eaters. As he has grown older, he has come to understand the feeling, but it has not grown less. It is an amusing exercise of the fancy to speculate upon what may happen, but is it either amusing or decent to go back of the facts? Is n't it silly, is n't it impious, even? Is there, when one comes to think of it, any stranger trick of the human mind than that which wantonly challenges a finality?

Why should your reminiscent private citizen and your grave official historian find it equally delightful to speculate upon what would have happened if what did happen had not happened? Anybody, to be sure, can play this kind of solitaire; the rules are extremely flexible, and it always "comes out." Here is the card that was played at a certain moment in the original game; suppose that Providence had slipped it under the next, and then look you what the subsequent play would have been. If Keats had not died of consumption and Shelley by drowning, the later course of English literature would have been greatly changed. Works of such and such a nature would doubtless have been produced, and it is hardly possible to deny that So-and-so would have been moved to an utterance less —— and more ——. If Neighbor Jones had n't

bought that brindle calf seven years ago, he would n't have got into a quarrel with that tramp down at the Corners, his barn and live stock would n't have been burned, the mortgage would n't have been foreclosed, and (here is the fatal leap for our ex-post-facto prophet) he would now be married again and be worth, say, sixty-four thousand dollars and thirteen cents. It remains to be said, further, that if Charlotte Brontë's father had been Swedish instead of Irish, Rochester would have had yellow hair; and if Charlotte herself had not been a governess, Jane Eyre would have taken in sewing.

But, as we have suggested, the futility and the absurdity of this method of criticism are not its only vulnerable points. It would have been bad enough to hear my grandmother say something merely silly; what mainly appalled me was that I seemed to have heard her deliberately blaspheme. It appeared that everything was a matter of luck, and might just as well be wrong as right. My grandmother ought to have married the other man, and by that same token I ought not to exist. So easily might the universe have been deprived of its central point of interest! Incidentally, my mother ought not to have existed, nor my aunts and uncles and cousins and all their to-be-misbegotten progeny to the third and fourth generation, and so beyond to the end of the world. Nothing that was, should be, and nothing that was to be, should be about to be. It was all very confusing. Only one thing was clear: that marriage was a failure, and that I should never have allowed myself to become engaged to the yellow-haired daughter of the grocer. Also I had a feeling (though I could not then analyze it) that my grandmother had not spoken according to her faith. What were her prayer meetings, what her good works? If she had said that in her opinion Providence would do better to mind its own damned business, I should hardly have been more confounded. Yet she ranked among mortals, and, it may be, in the eyes of the Ironic Powers, as a most pious old lady; at all events she was suffered to continue to live for many years; and to make, it must be said, the best of doughnuts.

THE ETHICS OF THE STATIONERS

"M. le Comte," remarked Saint-Simon's valet to him every morning, according to orders, "remember thou hast great things to do in this world." History fails to record whether Saint-Simon received this daily remark with unvarying complacency, and we wonder if occasionally the valet did not dodge a boot.

Absurd as this reminder may seem, it has had many parallels. "Sire, remember the Athenians," observed Darius's servant daily at dinner; and in those times, whose traditions gave rise to that of Alice's Queen, we doubt not that Darius's favorite retort was "Off with his head!"

These sturdy reminiscents have their modern as well as ancient counterparts. To-day Darius would hang a photograph of Athens beside his desk, and write "Get busy" underneath it. Saint-Simon would purchase a Van Dykelet and set it on his chiffonier. The up-to-date stationer is on his way to become a great reformer. He does more preaching and gives more advice than the average clergyman or the Salvation Army. He gets better pay, too, for his trouble. The clergyman makes his parish calls and strives to leave a word of encouragement and inspiration at each place; his remarks are received with mingled suspicion and reserve. The stationer, on the other hand, is busy all day handing out quotations from Emerson, Newman, or Stevenson, and gets ten cents each time in return. He puts them in his window; the passers-by stop, gaze, and go on their way toiling and rejoicing, like the worthy blacksmith they have just been reading about. Moreover, the stationer need not be consistent. The cynic's calendar may be hung above the "Pathway to Peace," and Emerson con-

tradict Newman from the opposite side of the window, and no one thinks of calling the stationer to account. If his sense of responsibility is keen, if he realizes that his incandescent light is not to shine upon a bushel of flippancy, and that the illuminated maxims, by the barter of which he gets his bread and jam, are put down by his recording angel as his good deeds in a naughty world, then he will be careful to display most conspicuously the purely ethical. Of course, flippancy and cynicism have their use. They serve to keep level the balance of sanity and common sense. They cater to the sense of humor, which, after all, is a requisite to righteous living.

But to go back to the stationer's window. Here you get a consensus of opinions. You are told how to conduct your life by teachers, preachers, poets, essayists, philosophers, from Thomas à Kempis down to Fanny Crosby. Here are many men of many minds. You go inside, pay ten cents or a quarter, and whatever system of ethics you want, in Tiffany text, with illuminated initial, on a piece of cardboard in neat passepartout, and provided with a ring to hang it up by, is yours. You take it home and refresh your good intentions with it every morning over the shaving mug.

So far, so good. The wife of your bosom comes in and reads it. You survey her furtively, not wishing to appear aggressively sanctified. She makes no comment, acting, she believes, with consummate tact, but she thinks to herself, "I never knew George cared for this sort of thing." She goes shopping; then appear mysteriously a few other placards, panels, plates, with various devices upon them. Evidently, if you have shown a desire to live a better life, as the Christian Endeavorers have it, she is going to aid and abet you. Stevenson comes down. Up goes Phillips Brooks. You were, she tacitly inferred, trying "to be honest, to be kind, to make a family, on the whole, happier for your presence." You also professed to believe that this is a task that takes "all a man has of fortitude and delicacy." Evidently Ethel does not think this is suited to your needs. Your new spiritual adviser exhorts you "not to pray for an easier life, but rather to be a stronger man." You accept the change with that meekness which has characterized you since your marriage, and trust that the matter will stop there.

But no; the passion for mottoes is upon Ethel. In the front hall she hangs the "House Blessing." The parlor fireplace soon bears the legend; "Friend, speak evil of no man around this hearth." "Sleep sweet within this quiet room" dangles from the bedpost. Ethel's workbasket, her waste basket, her hairpin tray, all bear mottoes that might have been clever once, but now are weakly flat. She broaches the subject of a sun-dial in the back yard, and it is easy to elicit the fact that she has already chosen a motto for it. The climax, however, is reached one day when you come home to dinner and find Ethel has introduced the skeleton at the feast. Above the sideboard hangs a china plaque which reads: "We never repent having eaten too little."

"I got that for you, George," she remarks. "I know you like that sort of thing."

This goes to show, you conclude, that even ethics can be overdone. They tell us that the moral code is fairly adequate, that most men mean well, but that the impulses to make the best of life are intermittent. Hence it is the duty of stationers to provide us with spurs for our lagging consciences. The daily motto, no one can deny, is a good thing, if you do not run motto-mad.

The most joyous use of all for our dodgers is to give them to our friends. Personally, I have always longed to distribute tracts. I could play the part of parish missionary with unction, I believe. But since my minister thinks otherwise, I have had to content myself with sending dodgers to my friends. I have selected and distributed according to special needs and temperamental deficiencies. I have

tried to reform the scold, the hypochondriac, and the shirk. I have thus freed my mind in a way with which not my most fiery outburst of temper could compare, — and not given offense. To be sure, Aunt Eliza sent one back, saying that since the coat did not fit, she could not put it on; and other acceptances have reminded me of the Christmas when I gave all my mission boys a cake of soap apiece. Nevertheless, I know that I am engaged in a good work, and if I am ever called upon to earn my living, I shall open a stationer's shop.

CAVE-DWELLERS, OR THE HALL-BEDROOM

And yet it is not precisely about either of the historical extremes of civilization designated above that I am going to write. The abode which I celebrate has no name of generic import. Ignored by the masses, it plays its part humbly enough in the process of evolution, and few are they who discover its charms, though several are they who scorn it.

Three flights up it lies, always at the top of the house. On the second and third floors its use is perverted into closets, — curious mistake. It is patient and bides its time, climbing higher, determined on consummation. A closet quietly setting itself to become a room, — what else is the scheme of life? Arrived at the fourth floor, it looks about. The fourth floor front and the fourth floor back and the two hall-bedrooms have appropriated all the windows. Now a window, of course, is the *sine qua non* of a room, its distinction from a closet. Have a window or fail. The dauntless closet! It settles itself in the midst of the house, lifts its firm intention one degree higher still, and breaks through the roof to the sky. There! Is not that a fine attainment? Let the other rooms look forth if they will on narrow sections of city streets, dreary and confused; this little room will look up to the stars and have the heavens for boundary. It has not only won for itself the roomship which it desired; it has become a unique abode, full of peculiar charm.

When I took possession and closed the door, dropping my things upon the bed because there seemed at first sight to be no other receptacle, the room was noncommittal. I cannot say it stood back and waited; it was too small to stand back. But its effect was one of reserve. What was I? Possible lover? Or impecunious vagabond, taking up with a last resort? If the latter, antagonistic and dull, no single charm should I see; but rather I should be smothered at once and so gotten out of the way. Fine-spirited little room; excellent mettle there! I raised my eyes to the dangling ropes which controlled the skylight. One strong pull, and half the ceiling (which is not saying so much, after all) was lifted from above my head. Instantly I turned out the gas, and there was the moon looking in on me, and the quiet stars and the deep night sky, exactly as clear and untroubled as if I were viewing them from a meadow in the heart of the country. We were friends from that very moment, the little room and I.

As I lay in bed, looking up at the stars, I smiled with satisfaction. Even in the country one cannot do this, unless one is painfully camping out. How still it was, moreover! City rooms with windows deafen one. Here there was only a faint, far sound of the murmur of the streets; the blowing of whistles, the ringing of bells, aerial noises of the city which must rise high to reach me. When I woke in the morning and again looked up, a fleecy cloud was sailing across the blue.

It was like a ship's cabin, I decided, as I settled down to live, — so small, so compact; and that murmuring tide beyond and below was the sea. Fine! I set sail on voyages endless as those of Ulysses. There is, of course, no farthest port which one may not reach in a room like this. One may even touch the Happy Isles. One may see the great Achilles.

Sometimes the wind rose and blew a gale, hurtling over the reefed skylight. Then we plunged and flew; the stars went

by us like sparks of fire, the moon reeled giddily. Foghorns and bell-buoys warned us, but we sailed steadily and safely. Through the stormy seas we held our way to the new port which we never failed to make, the new port of To-morrow.

All our sailing was done by night, contrary to nautical rules in general, save those perhaps of smugglers. By day we anchored, moored fast to, say, December 6, and went soberly to work. The sea was still there; we heard it washing beyond our little harbor; but it did not lure us forth. Shut in by our narrow boundaries of present time and space, we assorted the treasures of our voyages and made what use of them we could. Some of them we dropped overboard. Oh, yes. But never mind.

The first snow surprised me greatly. The rain made a noise and woke me up, so that I rose and reefed the skylight; but the snow fell unobtrusively on the foot of the bed. It was not until it began to melt and drip from the edge of the blanket that I stirred into damp consciousness. Again I had a feeling that the room was watching to see what I would do. It had been a catastrophe like this which had brought the despair of the last incumbent to a climax. But mariners must have courage and faith, loyalty unshaken. I repaired the damages as I could, with the help of all my towels; then I moved into the driest corner of the bed and went to sleep again.

In the morning it was apparent to me that I was not a mariner any more at all, not for to-day, at least. I had gone back several thousand years, and was a cave-dweller. A cold, greenish light filled my room, struggling through the snow above me. How was I going to get out, I wondered, to hunt and kill my breakfast? It had been clever of me, take it all in all, to contrive this snug abode in the heart of the earth, working at it from above, shaping and polishing it. How symmetrical it was, to be sure, how cosy and safe and warm! I snuggled down in my pile of skins and took another nap.

Adventurer bound on vast voyages into unknown seas, primitive man snowed under in the early wilderness, — can one make me believe that a little room which fosters such rôles as this in a modern New York boarding-house is not possessed of genius? Country abodes have poetry enough as a matter of course. It is nothing to have the imagination stirred by a château, a rose-covered cottage, a picturesque farmhouse. But to find a hall-bedroom — no, not even that, a closet just evolved — bestowing magnificent dreams upon you is a thing not lacking in greatness. Finer triumph than that of this room, mounting from its closet estate, I have not seen this year.

They took me to see the Hotel St. Regis. Sadder and sadder and more depressed I grew as the grandeur unrolled before me, the outrageous magnificence. Finally I stopped and fastened my eyes on a corner of red carpet. There were yards and acres of it besides, but that corner was all I wanted. "What is the matter?" they asked me. "Go away; let me alone," I answered; "this is like the carpet in my room; I'll stay and look at it."

Ah, how glad I was to get back! I ran up the stairs, I burst in at the door, I dropped into the one chair, I looked up through the open skylight. The little room smiled inscrutably, closing its small space round me and shutting me in. We had a famous voyage that night. But that is our own affair.

WRITING FOR THE SYNDICATES

Having failed to sell to the magazines certain short stories of my own manufacture, I appealed to what is known as The Press. There I was advised to try the syndicates, as the Press purchased most of its fiction from these concerns because it came cheaper. The syndicate in turn failing to respond to my overtures, I complained of this fact to a newspaper friend, who told me that unless I could write perfect thrillers in the way of detective stories, bulging out with murder and mystery,

then my tales must have a heart interest, and should end happily. There are so many different ideas of happiness that I was bothered to know whether I should end the story with a marriage or not. Hence I was forced to make a study of the short story of the syndicate, and think it only right and proper to make known the result of such study for the benefit of beginners in the short story line.

The most acceptable story that can be written for a syndicate, the one above all others for which the syndicate yearns, and for which the appetite grows with feeding, is the one in which the eccentric uncle leaves his money with a proviso attachment. Either she must marry him or he gets the wealth, or he must marry her or she gets it; or they must marry each other to prevent being cut off without a shilling. I have been told by a well-known statistician that this story is capable of four million variations. This sounds big, but when we recall the astonishing results of arithmetical and geometrical progressions we have no reason to doubt the assertion. This astonishing mobility accounts for its prominence among syndicate stories. It is impossible to make a failure of it. There is but one thing important to remember, and that is, the couple foreordained to wed must be strangers up to the time of the reading of the will. It is a fatal, an unheard-of mistake to have it otherwise.

A close second in the favor of the syndicate is the story of the woman who places ambition above love. She longs to be an actress, a writer, a singer, or a wife of a millionaire; but concludes finally that love is best. Since first *Aurora Leigh* set the fashion, this yarn has been a steady perennial bloomer. From time to time there have been rumors that this story has suffered an eclipse, but just then it invariably looms up again livelier than ever. It is an immortal story, and will never die.

Then there is the story of the grave man whose hair is streaked with gray, — the guardian of the fair young woman who sat on his lap in childhood, but now is surrounded by youthful adorers and holds her court like a queen, dazzling like the fair Inez when she went into the West. The guardian who — but why repeat a household story?

There is the story of the man who meets the wrong girl at the railway station or some other place, and finds out afterward that she is the right one for him after all, — though really this story may be considered an adaptation of the story of the uncle of the freaky will.

There is a new story that goes with the syndicate. That is, it is only some thousand times old. It is that of the man who takes the fair female out in the boat, the carriage, the automobile, or in something else, and refuses to restore her to civilization and chaperonage till she has promised to become his bride. He seems, at first, a refreshing daredevil of the Mr. Rochester type; but alas! how he wilts at the end of the yarn and tells her, after the manner of the model parent of other days, how it hurt him more than it did her, but that he was obliged to do it for her own good.

One other story there is that the syndicate purchaseth, — the one modeled after the *Dolly Dialogues*, in which a married woman, sometimes a widow, and a bachelor man converse in cabalistic terms. Originally this conversation was supposed to contain a pinch of the spice of wickedness, but all this has been carefully eliminated till now it is as harmless as a dish of dried apples, and of somewhat the same flavor.

Occasionally we see these stories somewhere else than in the syndicate columns, but they look out of place; and likewise any other manner of story looks queer in the syndicate provinces.

For comment on the contributors to this number, see advertising pages 33 and 34.

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THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF LITERATURE

BY HENRY HOLT

A RECENT little volume containing *A Publisher's Confession*,[1] has been received with enough interest to lead the editor of the *Atlantic* to believe that the views of another publisher upon some of the points discussed in it, and perhaps upon one or two others, may not be unwelcome. But I should say frankly that the general subject is one where analysis can be only qualitative, seldom quantitative; where conclusions cannot always be demonstrated, and are in unusual danger of being influenced by temperament; and that my own conclusions are open to special weakness from my having reached the age when a man is apt to become *laudator temporis acti*. But realizing at least these dangers, I shall guard against them as well as I can.

While our confessing publisher is evidently up to the requirements of his trade, he is also alive to the higher responsibilities of what he is pleased persistently to call his "profession;" and in connection with it he even uses such a word as "glory." He says: "The great difficulty is to recognize literature when it first comes in at the door, for one quality of literature is that it is not likely even to know itself. . . . To know its royal qualities at once under strange and new garments, — that is to be a great publisher, and the glory of that achievement is as great as it ever was." Now if such words as "profession" and "glory" tend to make any publisher more faithful to his higher responsibilities, much can be said in justification of them. But many things need saying on the other side, — among them not a few for which the publishers themselves, or many of them, are responsible. Hence I fear this may turn out an essay in "the gentle art of making enemies;" but I trust that the cause justifies the risk.

A "profession" is generally understood to be conducted only by men whose qualifications have been approved by a body of experts; but anybody who has enough cash or credit to start the business can be a publisher: a publisher who gave me more than one bit of good advice in my callow days was a jolly, ignorant Irishman who had lately been a porter in a bookshop. The services of professional men are paid for by their clients; but publishers (the best of them) generally pay their clients, and seldom accept work for which their clients pay them. Men in a profession consider it anything but professional to advertise; but publishers advertise more, probably, in proportion to their chances of return, than any other traders. Men in a profession consider it unprofessional openly to seek clients, and not only unprofessional, but disgraceful, to seek one another's clients; but publishers are more and more being drawn into these habits.

Yet there certainly are features of publishing which rise to a professional dignity. In addition to the stimulating utterance already quoted, our author justly says: "From one point of view the publisher is a manufacturer and a salesman. From another point of view he is the personal friend and sympathetic adviser of authors, — a man who has a knowledge

[1] *A Publisher's Confession.* New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

of literature and whose judgment is worth having. . . . We know something about books, about the book market, about the public, that no author is likely to know. With this knowledge we can serve those that write; and with our knowledge of the author and of his work, we can serve the public. . . . A publisher who is worthy of his calling regards himself as an educator of the public . . . no publishing house can win and keep a place on the highest level that does not have at least one man who possesses this true publishing personality."

Farther, it may be remembered that a few publishers exercise an appreciation of literature in large superiority to financial considerations, often giving their efforts and money to the exploitation of what they believe good, even when they believe that it is a kind of good too far outside of general appreciation to bring them any adequate direct return. Yet no man with views broad enough to command success can be unconscious that the indirect returns of judicious indulgence in such a policy may be very satisfactory indeed. Professional, too, may be considered many of a publisher's activities, — such as suggesting the titles (a weak point with new authors and not a few old ones) and determining the style and suggesting the illustration and decoration of his books. Higher still, perhaps, is his frequent suggestion of the topics of books, or perhaps the topics and arrangement of a great series of books, and the selection of men of the capacities requisite to carry out his ideas.

These functions are certainly professional. How far the American publishers are living up to them, we shall have some indications as we go on. Yet in considering them, as it is always well to see both sides, we may bear in mind the story of the first Appleton saying to that splendid gentleman, his son William: "The only misgiving I have regarding your success after I am gone, arises from my having noticed in you some symptoms of literary taste." But on the other side, all that our author says goes to support the view that books are not bricks, and that the more they are treated as bricks, the more they tend to become like bricks, — the more authors seek publishers solely with reference to what they will pay in the day's market, the more publishers bid against one another as stock brokers do, and the more they market their wares as the soulless articles of ordinary commerce are marketed, the more books tend to become soulless things.

Our confessor, or, canonically speaking, our penitent, virtually limits his consideration to the publication of books of literature from living writers, — "miscellaneous books," as we call them in the trade, as distinct from technical books on the one hand, and established classics on the other. I will follow his discussion of the relations of author and publisher, of publishers to one another, and of the publisher to his market.

I AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER

Touching the relations of authors and publishers of such books, he says: "It is a personal service that the publisher does for the author, and almost as personal a service as the physician for his patient, or the lawyer for his client. It is not merely a commercial service. Men of most crafts work with their fellows, and they forget how much encouragement they owe to this fellowship. A dreary task is made light by it, and monotonous labor is robbed of its weariness. Lawyers work with clients and with associated and opposing lawyers. Even teachers have the companionship of their pupils in the work. But the writer works alone. Almost the first man to be taken into his confidence about his work is his publisher. A peculiarly close friendship follows in many cases — in most cases, perhaps, certainly in most cases when the author's books are successful. Almost every writer wishes to consult somebody. If they do not wish advice, they at least wish sympathy. Every book is talked over with somebody. . . . A publishing house needs a

head — an owner — who will read every important manuscript, and freely or frankly talk or write about it, and can give sympathetic suggestions."

As confession is in order, perhaps I may not be too forward in saying that while I am writing this, I am sending to press the second manuscript of one heretofore unprinted work, and the third of another, all three rewritings having been made at my instance. There are a good many ways of selling books. The best way is to make books that sell; and, given an author of capacity, his chance of doing that thing is vastly increased by conference with a publisher of capacity, and keeping his books together in the hands of such a publisher. It is not yet proved, however, that in the rewritten manuscripts just alluded to, those conditions meet; and my opinion of the conditions is not shared by several respectable people, among them the ever-delightful Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose name is evidently a corruption of Pshaw, as indicated by his attitude toward things in general; and who, so far as can be ascertained, does not share any opinions whatever. On this topic he has lately said: "Whenever a publisher gives me literary advice I take an instant and hideous revenge on him. I give him business advice. I pose as an economist, a financier, and a man of affairs. I explain what I would do if I were a publisher, and I urge him to double his profits by adopting my methods."

Now if Mr. Shaw has devoted proved capacity for many years to studying the publisher's business, as any publisher worthy of Mr. Shaw must have devoted proved capacity for many years to studying the author's business, such a publisher would highly value Mr. Shaw's advice. I do not know who his English publisher is, but suspicion is cast upon him when his brilliant client says that the author's business advice "always makes the stupid creature quite furious." No man can be much of a publisher without enough sense of humor to keep his temper over anything so charmingly inconsequent as Mr. Shaw always tries so hard, and so successfully, to be. Most types of talent gain by advice, but there are other types which an ideal publisher would no more attempt to regulate than he would attempt to regulate a lightning flash or a humming-bird or a box of monkeys; success is impossible, and if it were attained, the charm would be destroyed.

Mr. Shaw's *non sequitur* regarding reciprocal advice, and the race-track view of his relation to his publisher, which he stated in his well-known article, are strong arguments for the very different relations which some consider ideal, — for the need of a man of imagination being steered by a man of affairs — when he is far enough evolved to be steered at all; for the need of a man with whom theory is generally too nimble to settle into conviction, being steered — when he is far enough evolved to be steered at all — by a man to whom theory is nothing before it has had time to settle into conviction.

Of the relation between author and publisher, our penitent farther says: "Having found a real publisher . . . you will discover as your acquaintance ripens, that he has your whole career as a writer in his mind and his plans."

This point may be farther elucidated by some extracts from a recent actual correspondence: —

A publisher to a young author: —

"When I read your book [this member of the house had not read it before publication], I at once issued an order to advertise it more, although we had probably then spent in advertising more than any return we had received. . . . Whether the encouraging recent sales have been the results of this advertising, or of a recognition of the book's merits, God only knows. Now in connection with this increased advertising, naturally arose the question, 'How much?' and in connection with it arose the further question, 'How much, under the circumstances, is for this book alone, or for the author's future? In the latter case, if the future is ours, let her rip; in the former, be cautious.'

"Now while you have apparently felt every disposition to tie up to us, you have not yet been tempted away. Our advertising, however, and the increased sale of the book, are going to send you temptations to untie, that you have never felt before; so I want you to let me know your intentions regarding the future, in order that we may shape our policy now.

"If this request takes you aback, and you do not know exactly how to answer it, read *A Publisher's Confession*, and perhaps you will receive a little help. We have stood by you in the face of a good deal of discouragement, and our faith and hope at last show some prospect of being justified, and probably there are few persons, outside of your immediate personal *entourage*, who will take more satisfaction, unselfish as well as selfish, in that circumstance than we do."

From the author's reply: —

"Your feeling of course is natural and right, that a share in the success which you help an author to win belongs to you; on the other hand, how can he pledge you his 'future?' Are you asking specifically that I promise to offer you every book I write for the rest of my natural days? It seems to me I might as reasonably ask you to pledge yourself to publish every such work. If there is to be an agreement, let it be specific, at any rate. Without any agreement, merely bearing in mind that it is right that you should have a share in what you have helped to create — why, I have a weakness toward living up to my obligations, and consequently a dread of indefinite obligations."

From the publisher's answer: —

"I don't think we need any cast-iron agreement about the future. Our views of the equities and policies of the situation appear to be about the same, and I only wanted to make reasonably sure that they were. I think an author needs a publisher with whom he shall be identified all his days. Of course if he gets a bad one, or the publisher gets a bad author, the need has n't been met. I take these to be your views, and with that impression, shall feel justified in spending more time and money on your work than if I did not believe that you held them."

By the way, this book responded a little, apparently, to the advertising, and stopped when the advertising did. The advertising was done at a loss. More of this later.

Certainly very different views of the ideal relations between author and publisher are held by a class whose interests in the subject are as real as the publishers'. I refer to the literary agents. Their ideal (though they have begun to see the impracticability of its realization) is that an author shall never see a publisher, and that an author's books shall be scattered among those who will bid highest. I have had literary agents expostulate against my writing to authors whom they had brought me, and I have seen a certain justice in their defining the limits of the intercourse which they have created. The question is where, in justice to all parties, the limits should be placed.

Perhaps some readers need to be told that the literary agent first appeared some dozen or score of years ago, in London. He has found great uses, — great relatively to the little industries of literature, — and great powers. The uses are in finding publishers for new authors, especially authors living away from the literary centres — often steering them away from sharks. He can also be especially useful in serializing matter: for as the periodicals pay all the way from half a cent to fifteen cents a word, it requires an expert to deal with them on behalf of average authors. Moreover, the agent can be very useful in arranging the business of a few authors popular enough to be published in both serial and book form in England, the United States, Canada, and Australia, and sometimes — occasionally through translations — in other places. Although such business could be as well, and perhaps better, arranged by a competent publisher, to such authors as have not been fortunate in their publishers or have

not had confidence in them the agent has been a great convenience, and there is no doubt that at first he materially increased the incomes of some such writers. The most promising author of the present generation told me he could not do without his agent. But Tennyson, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Dickens, not to speak of all who preceded them, did without agents; and somehow the promise of the author I have quoted, who could not, has not been fulfilled. His earliest works were his best, as he frequently says himself. Perhaps some reasons may suggest themselves as we go on.

Among the first things the literary agent set himself to do, in London at least, was to break down the old relation between authors and publishers, and to make the connection mainly a question of which publisher would bid highest. "Business methods" being introduced, and most of the authors who had before been attached — in a double sense — to their respective publishers, being put up to the highest bidder, bidding began with a vengeance. Many a "publisher" without any of the qualities which our author justly declares essential to the publisher's best functions, could or would bid as high as, perhaps higher than, the publisher who had most of these qualities. Young houses felt that they could gain standing, whether they gained money or not, by getting authors of standing; old houses would often "see" the bids, even at a loss, rather than let their authors go; and a few ambitious and perhaps unfriendly rivals would bid beyond all reason, to spite each other. Royalties and payments in advance of them rose wildly. The American agents were of course in the game for English authors, and the fashion spread to our own. I have just been told, reliably, I believe, that one American house pays an author five thousand dollars a year whether he writes or not, and pays him in addition a royalty of twenty per cent on all he does write. Now the publishers who have kept sane, if there are any, know that there is no profit in paying a twenty per cent royalty before a book has sold from ten to twenty thousand copies, not to speak of a five thousand dollar bonus, representing a royalty of twenty per cent on nearly seventeen thousand more.

Soon tales of the marvels the agents were accomplishing raised the mirage of a new Eldorado in the literary world, and authors flocked to the agents, and placed themselves in their untried hands as confidently as they had ever placed themselves in the hands of the longest-tested publishers. Some assumed, and perhaps some were told, that it was to the publishers' interest to rob them (as if reputation were worth nothing in the publishing trade); but that the agent was inevitably disinterested, except that it was to his interest to get as much as he could for the author, in order to make his own commissions large.

Of course all this army of authors wanted their work serialized, though there are not periodicals enough to contain it. For a time the deft agents insisted on the purchase of serial rights as a condition of book rights, thus saving themselves the trouble of disposing of the serial rights separately, and their authors (and themselves) the risk of their not being disposed of at all; and there were publishers enough to take those risks. In the competition serial rights have been bought for the sake of securing book rights, even when the buyers had no magazine, or not enough magazines, of their own, or any definite idea of any other magazine where the purchase could be put. Often these serial rights died unpublished, and one publisher tells me that he possesses a fine collection of their mummies.

Yet, even under all this stimulus, authorship, except to a very few of its votaries, is not a money-making pursuit. Many men would rather be poor as authors than rich as anything else. But nevertheless these poor men not seldom regard their comparatively rich publishers (there are no positively rich ones) with the feeling general among the poor against

the rich. A literary agent told me that among authors the feeling is quite frequent that the publisher is to be squeezed to the last possible cent. The agents have not been slow to please their clients by falling in with this feeling. Between them, the publisher has lately been treated merely as a *corpus vilum* to be exploited for money. The possibility of there being any thought or feeling, not to speak of aspiration, in him has been ignored. And in many cases the treatment has been richly deserved. Many of them have been tempted into the mean and short-sighted competitions that inevitably recoil; many of them have danced to any tune the agents saw fit to play; and many of them, as the one with the collection of mummies bitterly confessed to me, have been "licking the agents' boots." Let it not be taken, by the way, that this man's confessions are the wails of a suffering victim. He is a capable man, who has wrenched success from the situation, while he utterly disapproved it, and blames himself for his share in upholding it. So far as I know, but one prominent publisher in England and perhaps two or three in America have kept out of the scramble. The agents' standard plea was: "True, Mr. So-and-so is your author, but such a house offers so-and-so for his next book; what am I to do?" In at least one case the answer was: "Do what you please; the argument that another man will make a fool of himself if I don't, does n't appeal to me."

At first the success of the literary agents was literally maddening. One of them had his picture published in classic drapery, and one said to a leading publisher — a man whose position compared with his as that of an established banker in high credit, with that of a new broker — that the agents were needed to see that the publishers did their duty. I do not understand that he stated who was to see that the agents did theirs.

How much the recent astounding failures in the American trade were due to the literary agents, and the British branch houses' introduction of British advances and royalties into American conditions, is open to question. They certainly helped on the failures somewhat. There have been three serious failures in the English trade since the agent appeared, and two new houses have rapidly grown to considerable dimensions there, without, so far as I know, possessing any of the qualities considered requisite by our penitent, but, rumor says, with an influential literary agent as silent partner.

The state of affairs I have described does not look like one of stable equilibrium. The golden goose was found for the author, — a whole flock of golden geese; and of course they were killed. The number of books that authors could produce was limited, the capacity to publish them was practically unlimited. The bidders who had failed to get "the next book," and perhaps the bidder who succeeded, came up smiling for the book after the next, and so popular authors were sold three or four unwritten books deep, nobody knowing what he was buying, nobody knowing what he was selling: for successful authors often write unsuccessful books; and they never wrote so many unsuccessful ones before. And yet I have been told that the money in these mad trades was often paid in advance of composition. The author was "relieved from all anxiety," and overflowing with gratitude to the agent, the business genius and faithful friend, who had wrought those happy miracles.

But *was* the author "relieved from all anxiety?" Many of these sales of books before they were written were made to periodicals, and for fixed dates. And when the dates came around, perhaps the author wanted to go yachting, or get sick, or indulge in some other rich man's luxury, now that the agent had made him rich. Perhaps, even if he was not an extravagant man, circumstances in himself or near him made work painful, and good work impossible. Yet work had to be done for all this money, — generally, vastly more work than ever had to be

done before, — and what sort has been done in recent years, the reader knows.

How has the literature thus turned out been fitted, both in composition and handling, to the reasonable conditions of the market? In addition to the effect that the system has on the author's literary production, it deprives him of benefits that he ought to have from the publisher's practical criticism and his business enthusiasm. The number of books that can be sold is not a fixed quantity. There is no more a book fund than there is that old superstition of the economists, a "wages fund." The amount of books sold depends more on the kind produced than probably the amount of any other means for using or killing time. It takes a pretty attractive book, in town at least, to keep many people away from other attractions. A good book may not be an attractive one. Whether it is or not, almost anybody can tell better than the author. If it is not, a good publisher is apt to see how it can be made so; and a very good publisher, how it can be made so without prejudice to its artistic quality. But to give his best advice, he must have his heart in the work, and must know not only the book, but his man, and be in sympathy with him. This is not an affair of hours or days, but of a long intimacy, such as has occasionally adorned the records of literature and human nature.

Now, as our author says, such a relation as this, once started, has no place for the literary agent. He writes: "As soon as a writer and a publisher have come into a personal relation that is mutually profitable and pleasant, a 'go-between' has no place. There is no legitimate function for him."

But this should be supplemented by admitting that sometimes, in spite of the best intentions, the agent may have established a "personal relation" that is not "profitable and pleasant," and he may then be very useful in dissolving it and seeking another. And even when the relation is profitable and pleasant, human nature being what it is, there may be, in spite of obvious dangers to harmony, a justification for a person so unbusiness-like as the author generally is, supplementing himself with a business adviser to look over contracts and royalty statements, — a sort of lawyer and auditor. I do not see how any publisher could fairly object to his closest client having an agent to go that far, — if he would stop there. But I unhesitatingly say that in carrying his functions farther, the agent has been the parent of most serious abuses has become a very serious detriment to literature and a leech on the author, sucking blood entirely out of proportion to his later services; and has already begun to defeat himself. These are hard truths, and I shall probably find it expensive to tell them; but they need telling, and I am trying to do justice on the better side of the agent's activities as well.

The literary agent naturally wishes to have a hand in the author's whole career, and a publisher entertaining the same desire should be slow to find fault with him. Moreover, this desire for a permanent grip on the author should not be laid entirely to avarice on the part of the literary agent, from which you and I, Reader, are happily free; but it is partly a matter-of-course outcome of English ways. Over there, more than here, people leave the management of their interests to others; and the hold of those others on the interests is more permanent. If an English real-estate agent rents a house for you, he is apt to expect a future hold on that house; while lately an American agent's efforts to claim the same thing, lost him business. But so far are we from the English ways, that an American literary agent has said to me substantially: "I won't even take my pay in a commission on royalties, because I don't want to depend, for a future connection with an author, on anything but his actual needs, and the quality of my work. I know the temptations."

Those temptations, however, have no terrors for at least one English agent: for I know that an author brought up a per-

manent contract with him as an excuse for being dragged through a particularly disagreeable, not altogether clean, and absolutely unnecessary and (except to the agent) unprofitable piece of business.

Yet, as already indicated, if an author's books go to a given publisher as a matter of course, the literary agent is a very "superfluous necessity" indeed. Therefore he must be more than human if he is not inclined to give a new book to a publisher different from the one who had its predecessor; and as it is to his interest to appear to earn his commissions, he naturally tries to make as big a racket as he can in disposing of each book. Lately one has tried to cover his tracks by disposing of an author's books in couples.

But the publisher who has the present book (or the present couple), knowing that the next one, or the next couple, goes to another house, not seldom through some process that he feels unjustifiable, must be more than human if he takes the interest or the advertising risks in the present book that he would if he were paving the next book's way for his own interest instead of somebody's else. I have heard a publisher, when told by his staff that the outlook of a new book was not as promising as expected, say: "Well, if this one does n't succeed, we 'll at least have the consolation of not paving the way for the next one, that Blank robbed us of." Whether this feeling was creditable or not, it was to be reckoned with; and it was inevitably shared by advertising clerks, drummers, — the whole staff.

When I told all this very plainly, a few weeks ago, to an English agent, he had the very ready answer: "Why, I have come to America especially to try to get the scattered books of two authors into the hands of one publisher for each author." I have not seen him since, but I was told yesterday that he had gone back without succeeding. In such a task, he certainly could not have had the heart that forces success.

And now I will reward the reader who has been patient through my much expounding and theorizing, with a pretty story illustrative of it all. There are dozens of stories like this one, but perhaps not many quite as full of charm and edification.

Some thousands of years ago, more or less, a lovely lady wrote a book, and got an agent (which is a Latin word meaning "doer") to find publishers for it at home and across a big ocean. He sent it to another "doer" of authors and publishers, across the said ocean. This one took it to many publishers, who would not risk it, till at last he had to take it to a crusty old fellow whom men in the doer's trade did not like, because the crusty one thought that they not only minded their business, but minded too many things beyond their business. This old man made a scanty living by picking up jewels which those who had seen them before had consigned to the dust-heap. He thought he saw some jewels between the covers of the new book, and took it at its price.

"But," said he, "pirates will swoop down for these jewels, and the law will not punish them. Moreover," continued the old man, "this book is not worked out as it should be. Tell the lady to work it out in certain ways that I counsel, and to change its name, and we will get the law to say that the pirates shall not touch it in its new shape; and then we can sell more copies, both because it will be a better book, and because the pirates cannot seize upon it." The lady gave heed to the counsel of the crusty old publisher, and he sent her thousands of shekels, when without him she would not have had hundreds.

In course of time the lovely lady wrote another book, and another lady, whom in gallantry we must believe to be only less lovely than the first, went to her and said: "Behold, I am the 'doer' in this place for certain great men in the 'profession' of publishing, across the ocean; and if your first book had been published by them, they are so much greater and wiser than the crusty old man, that they would

have sold twice as many copies as he. Be wise and give unto my great masters this new book of thine." The lovely lady answered: "Go to! How canst thou prove thy bold saying? The crusty old man hath instigated me to make my book better than it was, and he hath saved it from the pirates, and made for me many thousand shekels. He hath been faithful unto me, and I will be faithful unto him."

But the doer of literature near the old man, learning these things, went to the masters of the lady second in loveliness only to her who had written the book, and said: "How many shekels will ye give in advance on account of the tribute for my lady's second book?" and they answered: "It is not seemly that we of our high profession should make an auction with that old man who hath already done faithful service for thy lady. He will do faithful service for her yet again."

But the doer proceeded to do, in his subtle way. And the men of the great profession wanted the book sorely, that it might add to their fame, even if not to their store, so at last they said: "Well, if we must, we will give thee in advance four thousand shekels." Then the doer went straightway to do the old man, and said unto him: "Lo! other men in the great profession will let my lady have no peace, but they come to her with great offerings for her new book. Wilt thou offer as much as they?" And the old man answered: "So many shekels as that book will make for the lovely lady, that many shall she have; but it is not seemly that because strange men with strange reasons crave that book, the lady should take from me piles of shekels so many that her book may perchance not restore them, and that so there will remain big holes in my little store. So much money as the book shall return unto me for her just share while it is new and men clamor for it, will I give, month by month, and not wait for the time of yearly settlement. Mayhap in that way, the lady will soon have more shekels than my reluctant brothers in the 'profession' have offered to advance."

But the doer said: "The lady hath sore desire for what profane men, not in great professions like thine, call C.O.D." And the young men who worked with that crusty old man, labored with him, and brought forth a doctrine that of late had grown of great power in the "profession," which is to say: "Business is Business," Business being the name of the god most worshiped in that land. And so the old man, being of much religiousness, though thinking he had not been well treated, yielded to the teachings alleged of the god, and suffered that the doer should do him. Yet it should be chronicled that no harm came to him from the doing, though much might have come but for the protection of the gods.

And then, after two or three moons, came the lovely lady, like Venus, over the foam of the sea, and the crusty old man did glad homage to her, not cherishing it against her that her doer, or her doer's doer, had caused him to be done. And she seemed to find under his hard aspect something to make her most gracious unto him. And he put on fresh raiment, and though the sun was passing hot, encased his hands in the yellow skins of dogs, and took the lovely lady to nibble viands and sip wine; and she did talk and smile — talk and smile so sweetly that he — Oh, Paris, shepherd of Mount Ida! And they talked of all things, from the jewels on the lady's hands to the reasons why their souls should live forever, because to each the soul of the other was so — so congenial, as the Romans said, signifying that they were born to find joy in talking together.

And among the many things they talked of was that second book. And the old man, having learned many tricks of books, told her certain tricks for the bettering of that book also, tricks which he and she joyfully did together. And she told him of a third book she would write, and indeed of a fourth, and gave him two or three little pieces which she had even then written for the third. And they made

him to laugh and marvel and admire very much, and to tell her still more tricks to use in the writing of books. Moreover, she gave unto him books that she had written before the book that he had first seen, that he might counsel the putting into them of more of his strange tricks, and that he might publish them also, in form and with names that should both be for their bettering and save them from the pirates. And among the tricks was one to make what they thought would be as great a thing as had yet been written down. And the lady too thought of new tricks; and among their tricks they had much glee, and more still of what the Romans named congeniality.

And after a season that they both said was — like the bitten tail of a terrier offered vainly for a prize — "all too short," the lovely lady sailed back to her home, but leaving the old man a consolation, which was also like the terrier's tail, — something, but not enough, — in that they should write much about all the things they had talked over, and many more (if any were left); and that she would, in the fullness of time, send him the new books, and the old ones with the new tricks and new names, and they should remember in them the happy hours when they had made devices for their bettering, — and should also make together many more shekels.

Of course, before the sailing of her fairy bark, they stepped down together to the front of the stage, and sang a beautiful duet, in which his lines ended with art, and heart, and smart, and part; and her lines ended with prize, and ties, and other skies, and flies, — the verb, not the substantives that get onto the sugar: they came in later.

And being parted, they wrote much to each other. And was n't it all beautiful, and was n't the crusty old man proud of his "profession!"

Meanwhile the stage had been set for a new act. The fellow with green tights all over him, and a big red wig, and electric bulbs over his eyes and in his ears, — you know that fellow, — even Beelzebub, or Sathanas, for he hath many names; or mayhap even Mefisto, who hath red tights, — they began to get in their fine work. They instigated the doer and the doer's doer, who had already done the old publisher, to do certain other things after their manner. And after they had done them, the doer's doer came into the old publisher's office, and said: "The lovely lady is going to write another book."

"I'm aware of it," said the old publisher: for he had long been peculiarly aware of it, and did not see the necessity of anybody who had not been privy to their counsels sticking in his oar.

"What advance wilt thou agree to make on it?" asked the doer.

"Not one cent." The old man was mad now, and did not talk figurative shekels.

"But why? You know that you would be safe, and other publishers are offering large sums."

"Those publishers have not the relations to this lady's work that I have, as you know very well. My relations do not justify your trying to sell me something I have not seen, even if anything can justify such a way of doing business. It is not decent to put me on a par with gamblers who consent to such a way. I 'saw' their bids, indecent as the whole proceeding was, on the second book, because then I knew what the first book had done, and had also seen the second book. But my prognosis from even all that knowledge may be mistaken. Public taste is fickle, but I was willing to take the risk. Now, before the second book is tried, and before the third book is even written, you come and ask me to bid on it. This sort of thing evolved by you agents is sending literature to the devil. That may be none of my business. But it 's sending the publishing business to the devil, too, and that *is* my business."

"But," asked the agent, "is n't it all as much the fault of the publishers as of the agents?"

"So you say, and you 're half right, — mainly, however, because you and your kind began by putting publishers up to it. But they 're not the sort of publishers I am. If I can't make a living in this trade without doing that sort of thing, I'll go into some trade that's at least honest enough to profess to be what it is. I'd respect myself more if I kept a professed gambling house at once, than such a publishing house."

"But here are these offers, — I can't help people making them." (He had begun, the competing publishers say, by worrying the offers out.) "What am I to do? I owe something to the author's interests."

"You may not be a wise judge of her interests, and you are working for your own. If you owe anything to her, it is to leave her where she is. You did us both a good service in establishing our relations, and you've been well paid for it. Your legitimate service ended there. There's nothing more for you to do, unless by breaking the relations up. You know I will do my full duty by her, and pay her all her book warrants. Your legitimate function is ended. You can continue only to her detriment and mine. I will not be forced into taking whatever risks may be taken by anybody who needs authors worse than I do, and who will do *any* foolish thing to get them. I won't advance a large sum on a manuscript before I see it, and in this case, as a matter of principle, I won't advance anything. You ask me what you shall do. Do what you please."

"But you may be throwing away two books. Did n't she speak to you of still another?"

"I don't care if I'm throwing away two thousand. This sort of thing has got to stop, or I've got to."

"Well, if all publishers took the ground you do, the agent's lot would be in some respects a less unhappy one."

"Yes, for then he'd be doing real services, instead of the pretended ones he's making mischief with half the time now."

"Well, I have no authority. I must refer the matter to my principals. I've only acted under instructions, you know."

The story is too long already. The results can be summed up briefly. The agent did not come near the publisher again, even with the auctioneer's usual warning of "last call." The third book, and a fourth, went where the American agent had got the bids. The author received four thousand dollars advance on the second book. Had her agent exacted no advance, but taken the royalties month by month, long before she got any more she would have had nearer eight thousand dollars.

The three books, if with the same publisher, could have been made to support each other in many ways that they could not with different publishers; the publisher of the first two could not push them as lavishly as he could if he had expected the third; very probably the "advance" for which the agent separated them was, like the advance on the second book, less than the publisher would have paid in monthly royalties; and the author paid the agent ten or fifteen per cent of all she got, for doing worse than nothing.

The London agent said that *she* decided to place her third book away from her old friend. She said the matter was entirely in her agent's hands. The New York agent said the competing firm pestered him with bids. The competing firm said that he pestered them to get bids. The New York agent said that he closely followed the orders of the London agent. The London agent said that he gave no instructions to get bids.

The competing firm said that it never takes a book without seeing the manuscript, but that it made an exception in this case of the "third book," and took it after seeing a third of the manuscript. The author said that they never saw a tenth of it. The competing firm said that they went for the author only to get material for their magazine. They hawked

the serial right around to other magazines, and got it into none, so far as I have ever seen; and never offered the book-right, which they said was merely an incidental consideration, to the publisher of the previous books.

The London agent said he offered the third book to the publisher of the second, before he offered it to anybody else. A New York publisher outside of the muddle read from a written memorandum that he refused the third book in London months before it was offered to the publisher of the second book. The London agent then admitted that he did so offer it, but at a "bluff price" which he knew the publisher would refuse. That "bluff price" was the one which, I learn on good authority, the agent eventually got.

The fact that each party to the proceeding tried to put the responsibility for it upon the others, shows what they all really thought of it.

Such situations are inseparable from pushing the agent's business beyond its legitimate functions: for it unquestionably has legitimate functions, even beneficent ones. But the pretense of doing a service where none is really done, inevitably becomes underhand and deceitful, and infects all who are brought in contact with it. Its first victim is the author: his business interests are torn away from a place where they ought to support each other, and grow strong in unity, symmetry, and breadth, as long as they grow at all; they are transplanted for a similar brief, abortive experience into new soil; the care of them is shifted constantly to people unaccustomed to them, and not permitted long to accumulate knowledge or interest regarding them; and their growth in all soils is forced, until their productiveness loses in strength and quality. For all these pretended and far worse than useless services, the author is mulcted in heavy commissions to the agent so long as his books sell.

The other victim, the publisher, loses so much of the legitimate reward of his labors as is inherent in future crops; his interests in authors are narrowed to the moment and to dollars and cents; the dignity and intellectuality possible to his functions — his professional career, as distinct from his money-grubbing career — are destroyed; and his old-time friendships with his authors and "professional" brethren are reduced to games of dog-eat-dog.

But while much of the blame for this belongs to the literary agents, it does not all belong to them. A pursuit that requires no qualifications for admission cannot always be kept up to professional standards: if a business open to everybody is to have a professional character, it requires from such of its members as are capable of appreciating professional standards, all the more rigorous and strenuous observance of them. In the forty-odd years that I have been a publisher, there never before has been so little of that observance among the recognized members of the trade as there is to-day. And as to such relations with authors as prevailed in the days of Fields and the elder Putnam (*Stampa non rupta*), it is at least suggestive that while our penitent names some existing publishers because of their business talent, it did not come in his way to name any because of their sympathy with literature.

II PUBLISHER AND PUBLISHER

We have already somewhat anticipated our second topic, — the relations of publishers to one another, — and have to some extent indicated how those relations affect the author. As we consider them farther, more of this will appear. Our confessing publisher says: —

"It was once a matter of honor that one publisher should respect the relation established between another publisher and a writer, as a physician respects the relation established between another physician and a patient. Three or four of the best publishing houses still live and work by this code. And they have the respect of all the book world. But there are others — others who keep 'literary

drummers,' men who go to see popular writers and solicit books. The authors of very popular books themselves also — some of them, at least — put themselves up at auction, going from publisher to publisher, or threatening to go. This is demoralization and commercialization with a vengeance. But it is the sin of the authors."

Not entirely theirs, I think. A little history may elucidate this matter. Considering that I am on record more than once against "Philosophical Anarchy," it is strange for me to have to testify that never were the relations to one another of American publishers so near our author's "professional" ideal, as for some score of years while the part of their property then most valuable (their English reprints) was unprotected by law. But sometimes, when I have stated this, I have been told that they were an exceptional body of men; and certain it is that a very different body of men soon used that absence of law to destroy the property of the "exceptional body," and force them to work their hardest to secure an international copyright law to protect it. Thus, through the best illustration in favor of Philosophical Anarchy that I know of, it was again proved impracticable in an unphilosophical world.

At first American publishing consisted principally in reprinting British works as they could be got. At the outset they were seldom paid for, and American publishers often reprinted on one another. As anybody who could get a printer to trust him or unite with him could print an English book, it soon became a matter of self-interest among American publishers to respect one another's rights: it gradually became the custom to leave the first publisher of an English reprint undisturbed, and to respect arrangements with British authors, and then to leave an author's later books to the publisher who had introduced him. This practice extended to relations with American authors, and from about 1870 to 1890, no American publisher, among the first dozen, would have been more apt to think of approaching an author identified with another publisher, than men in other professions would be to think of approaching one another's clients.

But, as already indicated, this state of things was too ideal to be general or permanent. Soon arose a lot of jackals who took no risks on new British authors, but whenever one made a success, issued a cheap edition of his book in competition with the house which had taken the risk of the initial edition. Although the international copyright law about cleaned these gentry out, — so many of them as had survived their mutual throat-cutting, — they were succeeded among the publishers who take risks, by some who had not grown up under the old traditions of courtesy, and who, as soon as another's risk on a new author is justified, exert every means, from the dinner-table to the auction block, to get hold of the author. To the credit of the "profession," it can be said that the three houses most active in this way — who turn up as regularly as the three interesting Anabaptists turn up in Meyerbeer's *Prophet* — are in a sense new houses: one of them is literally new, another is an old house under new management, and the third is new in the publication of general literature. While the pirates against whom the international copyright law was leveled were generally unknown in the society of gentlemen, these successors belong to the "profession" and the best clubs.

Such is the result of putting the rude hand of law to the work which before had been done by the gentle hand of courtesy. The law has been abundantly justified, but its introduction, like the introduction of all improved machinery, has wrought much incidental harm. The kind of competition it has engendered must in time destroy itself: it is not only suicidal to the interests of the publishers, but it is also destructive of that continuity of relation between authors and publishers which is of at least as much importance to the authors as to the publishers. Much of this

was because the literary agent got in his fine work; and because the security of literary property bought in London led to the placing there of many American publishers' agents (some have since been withdrawn), who, being generally young, emulous, and ambitious to justify themselves, would do almost anything to secure an author. The fashions spread from there to America, until now there remain only a scant half dozen houses governed in their relations with one another by what were once, and perhaps should be still, regarded as the instincts of gentlemen.

And yet these instincts sometimes lead to unexpected trouble. For instance: an eminent author and valued friend of mine includes in his big intellectual outfit some strong business capacities. An agent of another valued friend — a publisher — tried to get a book from this author. The author told me that the other house had been after him, and that he had concluded to give his book to the higher bidder. I wrote at once that I would not do business in that unprofessional way, and then went to ask my publishing friend if we were to follow the practices of some newer men, and go after each others' authors. He said: "Of course not!" disclaimed the act of his agent, and added that he had *decided before I came*, as I had decided, not to go into any such auction as proposed. But whoever had the writing of his letter announcing this decision to the author, put the decision *on the ground* that I had objected to their competing. My author-friend wrote me that I had gotten up a boycotting conspiracy against him, and he sent his book to a third house. It was long before I found out how the matter had been represented from the office of my publisher-friend. When I did (through the peace-making labors of a common friend of the author and myself, at whose house we had often met), the necessary explanations were made; I confessed that I never before had seen "professional courtesy" quite from the author's point of view; harmony at least was restored, and he sent me his next book.

It's a hard question, this of reconciling the author's right to the benefits of competition with the maintenance of anything like professional courtesy between publishers. But how about the same question among lawyers and doctors? A continuity of relation is as important in the one case as in the others. An intelligent publisher will do justice, even as a matter of mere business policy, without needing to be forced by competition. But certainly professional courtesy should not be carried as far as I once carried it in my young and quixotic days, when an eminent author brought me a work, of his own accord, and I declined it because he would not assert that he had cause of complaint against his then publisher. He now publishes "all over the place," and of course has no publisher with any abiding interest in him; and his books do not support each other as they would if tied together. Partly in consequence of this, his sales are small, though his fame is large.

III PUBLISHER AND PUBLIC

We now come to our third topic, the relations of the publisher to his market, and the effect of them upon the author.

A notable feature of recent publishing has been the growth of advertising, and a consideration of it, though not apt to be as interesting as that of some other features, may be at least as instructive.

Our author begins his treatment of it by saying: —

"About the advertising of books nobody knows anything." I have to take issue at the outset with this statement. There are several things known about the advertising of books, — among them, that it must be paid for, whether it repays or not; that it can repay only through the books that would not be sold without it; that probably more of it, in proportion to sales, is now done for books than for any other merchandise; and that it is like poking the fire, — everybody (but our

author) believes he can do it better than anybody else.

Before illustrating this last point by my own beliefs, I may give a more amusing illustration from recent experience. An American woman became enthusiastic over a novel by an English woman, and wanted to do all she could for its success. Among other efforts, she warned the author that her American publishers were "smothering it" with inadequate advertising. The letter crossed one from the author to her American publishers, saying that her English publisher (presumably a competent and not over-lenient judge), who had just returned from a visit to America, "says you are advertising it splendidly." The book is a brilliant success in America, and it probably would have been without any advertising at all.

Our author, despite his disclaimer, goes on to show that he knows several more things about advertising. In various ways he substantially supports the following propositions, which I have distilled from his expressions: —

1. Books cannot pay for advertising, like things which everybody uses and which are sold everywhere.

2. Books are not generally long-lived: so their advertising must do its work in a short time or not at all.

3. Some books do not need advertising.

4. Some books cannot be made to sell by advertising.

5. The sale of some books can be helped by advertising.

6. There is great danger of a publisher advertising too much.

7. It is not wise to advertise before a book shows its quality, on the chance that the book will pay for it.

On this point our author goes so far as to say: "I have sometimes thought that your upright publisher, if there be one, would risk nothing in advertising a new book by an unknown writer, until the book began itself to show some vitality in the market."

He has "*sometimes* thought!" Why, I have been in business over forty years, and I never thought anything else, if by "nothing" is to be understood nothing beyond enough to let the makers of opinion know that such a book exists.

Of the opposite policy, our author says very wisely: "It is only now and then that a novel has a big 'run' by this method. The public does not see the hundreds of failures. It sees only the occasional accidental success. . . . This is not publishing. It is not even commercialism. It is a form of gambling."

Now, despite our author's modesty, those seven propositions seem to contain a pretty good theory of book advertising. Let us consider them more fully. There are three classes of books: the first class do not need advertising; the second class cannot be helped by it; and the third class can. Much money spent on class one is wasted: every expert knows that there was no more money spent in advertising *Called Back*, *Ben Hur*, *David Harum*, *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, *Looking Backward*, or *The Prisoner of Zenda*, than in advertising the general run of books. All money spent on class two is wasted. Money can be profitably spent, then, only on class three.

Yet these classes shade into one another, and there is no way of telling in advance to which class books by new and doubtful authors belong: experiments must be tried, and the loss on them must be faced. Yet there is a strong chance against any one such book responding; and if it appears to respond, there is a strong chance that it is only the book's native strength asserting itself, and that it belongs in class one, and does not need much advertising after all. The only dead certainties are that the advertising must be paid for, whether the book responds or not, and that the response will not last long, unless it lasts on the inherent power of the book, which puts it above need of much advertising.

"But," would say the advertising agents, "you prove too much: the re-

views would start such a book: so it needs no advertising at all."

My answer would be: I believe that to be nearer the case than most people would think. But a little advertising, to remind busy people, may not be a waste, whatever much may be.

Plainly, then, experiments should be tried very tentatively, stopped as soon as a book is found not to need advertising or not to respond to it, and then continued tentatively on others.

Now I am going to make a very startling assertion, which probably the majority of publishers will not at first sight agree with, — *the sales of books that do not need much advertising constitute the bulk of the miscellaneous publishing business, and nearly all of the business done at a profit; while books that will not return dollar for dollar spent in advertising, make up the bulk of the remainder.* If this is true, my class three, that will return a profit on advertising, *cannot* be a very large class. The advertiser's art, then, is in recognizing this minor class; but generally he employs that art so little, that his greatest expense is wasted on the other classes.

I know a book which, after trial, appeared unable to respond. When its fate seemed fixed, one of the firm publishing it read it for the first time, and concluded that, after all, it must be able to respond. He ordered it advertised more, and it did respond, but only about enough to return the advertising; and when the advertising stopped, the sales stopped. He only exchanged one dollar for another, if indeed he did as well as that; and he had his labor for his pains. The experiment only proved, as nearly all such experiments do, that the book belonged where the first experiment had put it, among those unable to respond. The same was true of the book touching which I have quoted some correspondence with a young author. I believe the cases are typical of the vast majority of books.

What is the reasonable average amount to experiment with? On a book by an unknown or doubtful author (and the vast majority of books published are by such), before the reviews come out, I say little, if any: for nobody will pay any attention before a favorable review can be quoted, unless the publisher himself can give a very convincing puff, and get a skeptical world to believe it disinterested — a likely case! In this I may be taking issue with our penitent, who has a very slight opinion of the effect of reviews, — apparently slighter, even, than my opinion of the effect of advertising. If there is not enough favorable reviewing to quote, advertising money would better be saved, and the book let go to its predestined death, — unless the author's saying that the death was the publisher's fault, is more damage than the loss of the advertising money.

One of my staff has asked: "How would this affect the bookseller's first orders?" and others may ask the same question. My answer is that, for a book by an unknown author, the difference would be too small to be worth taking into account, unless the orders are inflated by means — including premature advertising — that cost more than they effect. A few books will be ordered, anyhow, as our author points out, before any considerable advertising would begin, even if reviews were not waited for.

But when there is something to go on, either from an author's reputation, or from notices, what is a reasonable amount to start the advertising experiment with? Has the reader patience for a few figures? A liberal advertiser told me: "When I want to boom a book, I start with $800;" but of course he does not often dare very early to boom an uncertain book. We were discussing one whose predecessor had sold some 3000 copies, and he thought $200 a reasonable start for it. That amount will make the "opinion-makers" well aware of a book's existence and character, and seems a fair one to assume for an average. But it would use up all the profits of a $1.50 novel selling 2000 copies, after plates and its share of office

expenses are paid. It is twice too much to risk on the four books out of five that will not average 2000 apiece. The trouble is to know *which* four. A generation ago nobody thought of starting an average book with more than half of $200, and the books in the "Leisure Hour Series" did very well on less than half. But advertising cost less then than now (largely because the publishers have lavishly increased the demand for it), and the New York papers used to do the work for the West, which they do not now. Well, let us be bold and enterprising: for that's the present fashion, and risk $300 on each book. Where do we come out? Take as an example a house that advertises thirty new books a year. As we have figured, $9000 would be a very liberal amount for it to spend in initial advertising before books show to which class they belong.

But our author says, "Even a small general publishing house must spend as much as $30,000 or $50,000 a year, in general advertising," and a house advertising thirty books a year, is not a very small one. Then such a house either wastes money on classes one and two, that do not need advertising or will not respond to it, or spends from $20,000 to $40,000 a year on class three, — more than twice as much on a very minor part of its sales, as on all the rest. This may be wise, but is it probably so? Of course all figuring on the question must be based on assumptions and guess-work, and results can at best be but conjectural. The best figuring I can do converges toward indications that, with the output we have been considering, a house advertising thirty books a year may, with fair success, reach a year's sale of about 200,000 copies of them, of which 80,000 would be fairly apt to come in class three. Half of these, say 40,000, could reasonably be expected to pay for their advertising. A net profit on them, exclusive of advertising, would reasonably be about $15,000; then the "small publishing house" would, according to our author's figures, have to pay out of this $15,000, from $20,000 to $40,000 in advertising.

Now I have proved too much, or our author has asserted an error, or our publishing house has failed. Each is probably the case. But I figured according to my best knowledge, throwing all doubtful details against the conclusion reached, and without any idea where I was coming out, except the general idea that most publishers advertise vastly more than they can afford.

But perhaps our author's statement was erroneous, or at least needs some qualification. When he wrote of small houses spending from $30,000 to $50,000, and a big house spending $250,000, he probably included what was spent on advertising magazines, and at full prices in the pages of the advertiser's own magazines, and in circulars and postage, and, I suspect, in some cases on drummers, schoolbook agents, and even on advertising dinners. Now, the dozen publishers who meet at monthly lunches in New York are the leaders of the trade there, and I *know* that at least one of them never spent over $25,000 in any one year in newspaper and periodical advertising of books; I have excellent reason to believe that a second never did; and that a third, whom I suspect of being one of the richest men in the group, never spent half of it. And the "income bonds" of the $250,000 advertiser have lately been offered at fifteen cents on the dollar!

I cannot but think that lately many American publishers were as crazy about advertising as the Dutch ever were about tulips, or the French about the Mississippi Bubble. This belief is supported by the facts that they are now advertising much less; that some think they are still advertising too much, but nevertheless let competition force them to it; and that none, so far as I know, think they are advertising too little. It is not long since the proprietor of the paper in which probably they advertised most, used to laugh at them, saying: "But I think I can stand it as long as they can." I state this on the

authority of one of his staff. He may laugh still, for all I know: he is not without cause.

The history of the craze was substantially this: Some years ago a bookseller published a novel. All booksellers want to publish (just as all publishers want to criticise, and all critics want to create); and all booksellers think that publishers do not advertise enough. This one did advertise enough, — more than anybody had ever advertised before. His novel reached an enormous sale, and he attributed it to the advertising. He published more novels, and advertised them in the same way. Some of them took: he had a keen scent for novels that would take, but he believed that they took because of the advertising. He noticed a phenomenon which he reported to an author, and the author reported it to me. As nearly as I can, I reproduce the words; they were: "I set aside, for advertising, a sum, say $50,000." ($50,000 would absorb the profits, after royalties and reasonable office expenses were paid, of at least 250,000 books, and I doubt if one in five of this man's books, or any other man's, have sold 250,000. But the author told me $50,000, whether the bookseller told him that amount or not.) The story went on: "I spend, say, $4000, and the book hardly moves. I spend $4000 more, and the movement is noticeable. I spend $4000 more, and the movement is rapid. I spend $4000 more, and it becomes a perfect rush. I spend the rest of the $50,000, and the rush keeps up." He made these remarks quite early in his experience. He probably did not tell the fact that most of the great "sellers" before his day went through something the same course, without having more money than usual spent on advertising them, — sold very little until they began to find themselves, or the public began to find them. *Peter Stirling's* third year was its best, — long after anybody had thought of advertising it. Its experience was perhaps extreme, but it was quite of the usual kind. That of *Ben Hur* I understand to have been substantially the same.

The first boomer's booming, of course, made imitators, and while they were making so much noise, nobody else could be heard without making a good deal of noise too: so publishers generally began increasing their advertising. In this advertising avalanche, the two greatest and oldest houses went under, not mainly because of it, perhaps, but who shall say which pound turns the scale?

Nevertheless, advertising became a charm, a fetich, a "great medicine," a thing to be taken whenever anything went wrong. One day the papers contained the intelligence that a great house had failed; the next day *The Times* had a full-page advertisement from it; and within two or three days, one or two more, unless my memory is at fault. Competition spread the rage. After the great houses went down, the struggle for the front place among the survivors settled down into a duel. If one combatant took half a page of *The Times*, in the next issue the other had a page. If one had a page, the other took two. Once, I think, one of them had three. Now, a page in *The Times* is all very well for a department store that appeals to everybody, and does more business than all the advertising publishers put together, but these publishers' flinging pages at each other had no more real "business" in it, than if they had competed in the size of their watch-chains or scarf-pins, and some slow people thought it about as dignified; but most of the rest of the "profession" followed the fashion the two and the original boomer had set. When I joked one of the leaders about it, he said: "Well, this year I've spent only $25,000 more than usual." Now in publishing, $25,000 is a good deal of money. Of course it is not much in Wall Street, but there are not a dozen publishers in America who ever averaged that amount of clear annual profit out of publishing widely advertised books; I doubt if there are six; I should not be surprised if there were not one. Half a dozen

who publish "miscellaneous books" have made as much, — several times as much, but it has been contributed to by books that were not of the kind extensively advertised. Our author says: "There is not a publisher in the United States who is to-day making any large sum of money on his general trade."

Moreover, despite the big figures of our boomer, and even of our confessing publisher, $25,000 is a big fraction of what any publisher has spent in book advertising in one year, even in the mad days.

The authors have been as wild as the publishers, or would have been if they were in the publishers' case, — the money they propose to spend, their own, and the only certain profit, somebody's else. I have known at least two to propose as a condition of entrusting publishers with books, that more should be spent on advertising them than I believe to have been the entire profits of their next preceding books. Probably the authors had not figured on the situation; and I think I have known cases where publishers did not seem to figure any more than these authors did.

Well, I have learned from sources that convince me, that the discoverer of the magic of advertising has not found his later experience confirmatory of his earlier, and I know that for *some* reason he does not advertise nearly as much as he did. But his authors have made money: for, unless I read all the signs wrongly, he, generous soul, has spent two dollars that he might give them one. For this, in these latter days, are we publishers !

Much observation and not a few figures satisfy me that even in a conservative house, from three quarters of the new books more money goes to the advertising mediums, and even to the much-pitied author, than to the publisher ; and that from one book out of five, money goes to them and merely goes away from him.

In England they have been bitten by the same mania. A brief story will sufficiently illustrate its influence on both authors and publishers. A very enterprising London publisher lately told me that he had spent a large sum filling the front page of a London daily paper with an advertisement of a certain book. I exclaimed: "Why, great Heavens, man, have you sunk to our level? And do you expect to get your money back?" His answer was (I think I can give it substantially *verbatim*): "No, I shan't get the money back directly, but it will give authors a great idea of my enterprise, and I may get one or two big ones to pay for it." Now, if his judgment was sound (and it generally is), English authors have been commercialized by *some* influence, so that they can now be expected to be attracted by a style of advertising which would have repelled them a dozen years ago. And the English literature of our generation (not to speak of the American) abundantly illustrates the proposition.

Yet it is wise to advertise some things widely, why not books? Glance back at the first three propositions supported by our author, and then consider what things are most advertised, — patent medicines, drinks, tobaccos, food stuffs, clothes, real estate, investments, and other things demanded by everybody with money to pay for them.

There is the advertising that appeals to the eye, and the advertising that appeals to the intelligence. One shapes popular habit, independently of deliberation: everybody has eyes, and everybody uses food and shoes; so this kind of advertising may take root anywhere, and it pays to scatter it.

But the eighty million people using food and shoes in the United States did not include a hundred thousand who would buy a single book advertised last year, and probably do not include fifty thousand who spend as much on books as they do on shoes. Whatever the number, they are the very people least affected by the sort of advertising that appeals to habit. Let them know sufficiently clearly what there is in the market that they may

care for, and they will make up their minds whether they want it or not; and the more damnable iteration you bother them with, the more apt you will be to turn them away. Very little advertising beyond that which appeals to the intelligence can pay for itself if addressed to them.

Moreover, books are generally short-lived. Not only does a small portion of the public want any one book, but it does not "want that little long." It takes longer than most books live to advertise into a paying reputation even a shoe or a soap — or any other thing which everybody wants; and the few books that do live that long, are those that do not need advertising at all.

In the things most widely advertised, too, there is most competition. But the competition between books is relatively small. A book is a thing by itself: there is nothing like it, as one shoe is like another, or as one kind of whiskey is like another. Intelligent book buyers want *that* book; no other will fill its place; no amount of advertising of another will substitute it.

The next lower class of buyers, and a very large and respectable one, — with a love of books, but without faculty or energy always to make up their own minds, — depend largely upon the advice of their booksellers; but these booksellers often *are* able to make up their own minds, and are comparatively little influenced by advertising. On the other hand, however, one of the most intelligent of them thinks that so far as the readers make up their own minds, they are influenced more by a flaring advertisement than by a full and capable review: they will not read the review, while the big letters of the advertisement impress them at a glance. These very big letters, however, under normal conditions of advertising, — conditions which the trade has wandered away from, but, I think, is drifting back to, — arouse the skepticism of the bookseller, who does more to make up such a reader's mind than the reader does himself.

Yet many buyers of the lower range of books *are* largely influenced by claptrap and imitation. But the amount of money necessary to affect this grade of mind, regarding even a thing that everybody wants, is so great that the booming publishers themselves do not approximate it. More than a generation ago, when advertising cost vastly less than it does now, and vastly less was needed for any special result, a wholesale druggist told me that a concern in his line which had a very good thing for universal and persistent use, failed because they had only $250,000 to advertise it.

Professor Cooley says that competition varies inversely as the intelligence and character of the customers appealed to. In other words, it is not on books alone that people of intelligence and character make up their own minds. What he says is as true of competition in advertising, as of any other competition. Is it too much to say that the vulgarest things are most widely advertised, and that wide advertising, while it has its justifications, inevitably has, unless it conveys knowledge that people actually want, a note of vulgarity? Is there anything more alien to its coarser features than books? And yet, of late years, the broadside page, the loudest type, the showiest pictures, the street-car sign, even the circus form of poster, have been dragged into the advertising of books, till now it has got to the point where many discriminating people discriminate against books much advertised.

But although, for all these reasons, publishers' advertisements seem to be in great part wasted as far as the large majority of the public is concerned, they can appeal to their special public through special organs. Yet here is so good a publisher as our penitent plainly is, saying, "The old-fashioned way was to insert a brief, simple, dignified announcement of every book, as is still done in *The Spectator*, of London, for example. Good; but such an advertisement does n't go very

far. A very few thousand persons see it. They wait until the books are reviewed or till some friend or authority speaks about them. For this perfectly good reason, some publishers do not insert many advertisements in those publications that go only to the literary class, — they are to a degree superfluous. Those that are inserted, are inserted to give the publishers and the books a certain 'standing,' and to keep pleasant the relations between the publishers and these journals."

Now I am bold enough to believe that our author's "perfectly good reason" is entirely overborne by vastly better ones, — that those "very few thousand persons" are the only persons to whom books can be profitably advertised; and that a book's fate is sealed by what is said about it by them; in other words, by the "friend or authority" most readers "wait for." The friend or authority naturally belongs among those who habitually read book advertisements, and look into the new books; one of them recommends one book, and one another; they differ as much as the doctors; they praise all the way from *The Crisis* to the *Synthetic Philosophy;* but what they say determines what books people are going to begin to buy. After they have begun to buy, the general opinion decides what books are going to be favorably talked about, and are going to continue to sell. No advertising materially influences this general verdict. Any amount of it that can be done, in a dozen or two papers, must generally, even in the matter of space, be a trifle beside the reviews in hundreds of papers; and microscopic beside the reviews, favorable or unfavorable, in general conversation. And yet even the immense mass of printed reviews has little influence. Our author says it has none. Why, then, spend large amounts of money for advertising space that, compared with the review-space, is a trifle, and must have even less relative influence? The sales of many books can be somewhat influenced by keeping the public reminded of them, as they are reminded that they "needa biscuit," — the more vulgar the public, the more vulgar the reminder, — but not with as profitable results, seldom with any profitable results at all; often, as our author states again and again, with fatal loss.

It would appear, then, unless there is some big flaw in the reasoning, that the wide advertising lately indulged in by the publishers is in imitation of methods which, though very successful regarding some other utilities, are falsely reasoned regarding books; and that they are falsely reasoned is doubly indicated by their being in entire disregard of all previous experience, by their being now distinctly on the decline, and by there having been, as shown, abundant adventitious causes for their meteoric appearance.

The state of affairs I have described in connection with the advertising craze, was also promoted by the passage of the International Copyright Law. One unquestionable result of that law was that, instead of mainly relying on English fiction as before, America "found herself:" within a decade after the passage of the law, American novels reached enormous sales. Moreover, as there was no longer fear of the reprinter, these novels were issued in much more substantial form and at much higher prices than the non-copyright English ones had generally been, and publication of them was so profitable as to attract new publishers and authors. A lot of adventurers, including established men of adventurous disposition, were led to think they had found still another Eldorado, and they began a competition fiercer than ever before dreamed of, in advertising, drumming, discounts, credits, royalties, and advances to authors. In the latter particular, English standards had been, as already said, introduced by the English literary agents, and the American agents of British houses, and introduced in spite of the fact that, while American prices are the same, American drumming, advertising, and transporting have to

be done over much larger territory, and American competitive spirit has bred much larger discounts. Hardly any houses escaped the infection of these things. The most dignified and conservative were forced into some of the antics of the most reckless: unless they performed them, authors thought that they lacked enterprise, and went to those whose "enterprise" was beyond all question.

It need hardly be said that when the new raw country "found itself" in literature, the literature was of a corresponding kind. As far as selling power was concerned, the centre of literary production moved to the centre of population, away from the coast, which had been more directly under the influence of the culture accumulated in the older world. At first the stir created by the enormous sales, acting under the "Laws of Imitation," set many people reading, if only out of curiosity, books to which they would not ordinarily have condescended; and made the larger undiscriminating hosts confine themselves to these books, to the loss of their old chance of occasionally lighting on better ones. When booming was at its height, a retailer told me: "My customers come in and ask 'What's the seller?' and take it." All this has made it more and more difficult to get books that are not "sellers" fairly before the public, without an amount of advertising, drumming, discounts, and credits, that makes them unprofitable; or even, with all those risks, to sell them in profitable numbers. Literature, in fact, is (as Dr. Holmes would perhaps have condescended to say) crowded into the cellar, and in all seriousness, its situation is dark enough to justify the pun.

Moreover, as any "saleslady" can identify and sell a "seller" as well as the most accomplished bibliopole, the book business has gone largely, if not mainly, into the department stores. Certainly, despite the great increase of population during the last fifteen years, the bookstores have not increased, nor have the educated booksellers, who are almost as good guides as the educated librarians.

The increased number of authors led to an increased number of great "sellers;" but the population and the total number of books read did not keep pace with the increase of authors: therefore, as the total sales had to be divided among an increased number of writers, the sale of each particular book began to diminish. The diminution appears to have been increased by a falling-off in the fiction reading habit, — or at least the habit of reading such fiction. The total result was lately indicated to me by a publisher who issues as many "sellers" as anybody, in the remark that: "Lately, the hundred-thousand-men have had to put up with sales of twenty-five thousand." But at the rate most publishers have lately been advertising and paying advances, about the same money is apt to be spent on a 25,000 book as on a 100,000 book. The profit, therefore, has got to begin somewhere in the 75,000 that are not sold. As a consequence, advertising has already diminished, and, apparently, drumming, discounts, "advances," and royalties have got to follow: for a cure at the other end, by forcing prices up to meet all this extravagance, seems, in spite of our author's opinion, out of the question.

There is some hope, however, in the fact that now there is faintly visible a tendency to inquire regarding a book: "Is it a seller?" and to avoid it if it is. The present seller, too, is a great advance on the "yellow-covered literature" of the same class of readers of a generation ago. But it will take yet a long time to get the enormous public which is at last educated up to the seller, educated beyond it to a different sort of seller. On the other hand, many of the other class of readers have been brought down to the seller, partly by the force of imitation, as illustrated by my bookseller's customers, and partly by the increased rarity of anything better, some of the reasons for which we have seen.

The history we have surveyed certainly justifies our penitent in saying: — "Authorship and publishing — the whole business of producing contemporaneous literature — has for the moment a decided commercial squint."

But he adds: "It would be wrong to say, as one sometimes hears it said, that it has been degraded; for it has probably not suffered as nearly a complete commercialization as the law has suffered, for instance."

I fail to see the *sequitur*, and I think that his admission does not state the gravity of the case. I think that he puts it so mildly because he evidently began business when the commercializing was well under way, and therefore does not appreciate the total increase of it. My opinion, based upon a very long experience, is that the remarkable concurrence of the many exceptional conditions I have described, — the piracy under the old non-copyright license, the chaos of the transition from the old license to the new law, the advertising mania, the mad competition stimulated by the literary agent, — has produced a strange and abnormal condition in publishing, and that this condition is destructive and cannot last. It has already wrought great ruin, and how much more ruin it must work before a healthy condition can arise, and how that ruin can be minimized, is matter for anxious consideration. One class of remedies is clear, if the trade has character enough to apply them, — more subordination of the present to the future, more avoidance of petty games that two can play at, more faith in the business value of the golden rule, more feeling for the higher possibilities of their "profession," and more plain, homely, commonplace self-respect. The publishers probably have their human share of the needed virtues; but they have been strangely and sorely tried.

During all this time of upheaval and chaos, the experiments that make up the miscellaneous publishing business, even in the calmest times, have grown much more expensive. As our author indicates, drumming has been introduced, and advertising has been quadrupled, — doubled both in cost and volume, — dummies are sent out with the drummers, posters have become works of art, and each novel must have a fifty-dollar cover-design, where a couple of dollars' worth of lettering used to fill the bill. Yet not as many books pay for themselves as did before; but the few that do sell, sell more widely, and thus may still do their share to pay the losses and expenses on the rest. Hence the mad quest of the golden seller, the mad payment to the man who has once produced it, and the mad advertising of doubtful books in the hope of creating the seller, — by pictures, dummies, big letters and other methods fit only for candy, whiskey, tobacco, and other articles of unlimited sale. All this reacts, as has been explained, to crush out all books but the seller.

Even temperately conducted, the miscellaneous publishing business — the kind that advertises and, to a large extent, the kind that drums — is an extremely hazardous business. A hazardous business must select its risks carefully, and therefore cannot successfully be a large one, relative to its rate of possible profit. At its wisest, it must be a small business with large margins for profits. The only living American publisher whom I know to have retired with a competence was in a business conducted on this principle, and his chief reason for retiring was the recent tendency to drive publishing into a large business with small margins for profit. Such a business is practicable in staples, for which there is always a market; but is not practicable for experimental books, many of which sell virtually not at all, and three quarters of which, even in the hands of the wisest experimenter or the wildest boomer, do not sell enough to pay for outlay and trouble. Until this very obvious lesson is learned, more houses must fail, or depend upon other publishing than that of miscellaneous books.

As to the authors: largely at the expense of the publishers who have been paying abnormal advertising bills, abnormal advances, and abnormal royalties, authorship has become a business to get rich in. The literature of our mother tongue has been commercialized to an extent not dreamed of in any time of which I have knowledge; and — let him who will, say *post hoc propter hoc* — within our generation our literature has fallen to a lower estate than it knew for generations before. The priest who entered the temple with bowed head and under the vow of poverty has been replaced by the man with the yacht and the motor-car. This morning I saw that an author of national, probably international, reputation is entered to ride in a horse race. Certainly the author is seeking more and more the amusements and the society that are alien to his art, and his reverence for his art is gone.

Yet the unsuccessful authors are a larger majority than before. More and more men have taken up the profession as a means of livelihood, and entered upon what generally proves a most oppressive slavery — the dependence of the man of only average power upon his pen for daily bread. Few men have ever done it happily. Until these new, and, I trust, transient, conditions, most good authors, from Shakespeare down, have had other resources. There are some pursuits in which it is almost as dangerous to make money the main end, as, in the general conduct of life, it is to make personal happiness the main end; and the higher the pursuit, the greater the danger.

To follow classic precedent, and end where we began, even if by returning to smaller things: along with the deterioration in literature, — whether independently, or as cause, or as effect, — the trade of publishing has come to a pass such that great changes must take place before it can deserve the name of "profession," and before the suggestion in connection with it of anything like "glory," can cease to sadden more than it inspires.

SEED TO THE SOWER

BY SEWELL FORD

It was going to be risky, unusually risky. Sam Trimble admitted as much to himself, and there was little timidity about Sam. He even speculated as to his chances if they should get him before a country grand jury. They would be hostile, those small taxpayers. They always were. Hint to them of a slight juggling with the county funds, and they buzzed like a lot of hornets. You would think each felt a hand on his own pocketbook.

This affair concerned a new courthouse at Cedarton. It had been an unpopular project from the first, and now some of the Freeholders who had voted for it wanted to back out. They looked to Proutt and waited. Proutt was their chairman. He had been the one who had first suggested that the old building ought to go. But now Proutt was non-committal.

Trimble knew the game. Proutt was in the market. After to-day things would be different, for Proutt and Trimble were to meet. Incidental to the meeting would be a little business transaction. Snugly stowed within a long envelope in Trimble's inside pocket were several yellow-backed banknotes of large denomination, — clean, uncreased banknotes, which rattled crisply as he pushed back his lapel to hunt for a cigar.

By to-morrow those crisp banknotes would have changed hands. Likewise Proutt's manner would have altered. To-morrow he would stand for progression, for enterprise, for civic pride. And the county would follow Proutt as sheep follow a bell-wether. Why not? Chairman Proutt owned much real estate, he had a crop of highly respectable white whiskers, he was deacon of a church.

Yet Proutt was in the market, and Trimble was there to buy. It was the particular kind of business in which Sam Trimble was expert. The judicious distribution of yellow-backed banknotes brought him in a living, a very comfortable, silk-lined, down-padded, gold-mounted living. That his business manœuvres were often indictable troubled Sam Trimble not at all. It is one thing to do something indictable, and quite another to be indicted. As yet Mr. Trimble had never been indicted. He had skated over some very thin ice, to be sure. Twice he had "appeared;" but once the public prosecutor had experienced a change of heart at the eleventh hour, and once the chief witness had been sent to Europe on a pleasure trip.

Not that the mere handing over to Chairman Proutt of that long envelope would be risky. That was only a preliminary. It would be the things which must inevitably follow that might stir the hornets' nest, might bring that meddlesome grand jury on the scene.

If only that bridge job had been less recent. That had made the tax rate climb. The new courthouse would jump it up another peg or two. Would the taxpayers recognize in the methods of the Colonial Construction Company the methods of the Amalgamated Bridge Building Concern? Mr. Trimble hoped they would not. Chairman Proutt had come through that affair without a blemish. He would be sanguine about this one. Well he might. Who would attempt to accuse Proutt in his own county?

Besides, Proutt covered his tracks like a fox. No checks for him. Catch him putting his name to anything which would not stand the light of day. Why, even this very meeting with Trimble was cloaked by a quarterly church conference. He was there now, probably leading in prayer,

while Mr. Trimble, with the crisp bank-notes in his pocket, awaited his pleasure.

This would be Proutt's programme throughout. If things went wrong, if some meddler stumbled on the irregularities which were scheduled to follow, who would be the first to take up the hue and cry? Why, Proutt. Trimble, you see, knew the variety. But when it is your business to take chances, you take 'em.

Still, Trimble wished that for this once the grand jury possibility might be a trifle more remote. Ordinarily he would have faced the risk smilingly. Here, however, were outside complications. If, for instance, he should find himself mixed up with a grand jury at any time during the next three or four months it would be confoundedly awkward. Edith would n't like it. He was going to marry Edith. Honeymooning under bail was not a cheerful prospect, even to the exuberant soul of Sam Trimble.

With this reflection there recurred to him an unanswered proposal which the morning's mail had brought. Five years before he would have hailed it as manna from the sky, accepted it off-hand. But then he had not discovered the gentle art of raiding county treasuries through the medium of sub-let contracts. Now anything else would seem slow and tame to him. Even grand juries can lend a spice to life. What was ten thousand a year? Why, this courthouse job ought to be good for thirty, net. He and Edith would just about need that much, at the start; for Edith was quite used to the things which such sums could buy. Mr. Trimble was getting used to them, too. Yes, he must take the risk. He had set out to give Cedarton a brand new courthouse, and that was what Cedarton must have. The Colonial Construction Company needed the money. Mr. Trimble was positive about this, for he was the Company.

Having disposed of his momentary hesitation, Mr. Trimble leaned luxuriously back in a wide-armed wicker chair, lighted a cigar, and allowed his dark, audacious eyes to wander approvingly around the palm-decked sun room of the enormous hostelry in which he found himself a guest. It was the most expensive hotel in this most expensive of pine-belt winter resorts. For this reason he had chosen it. Mr. Trimble had a comfortable, if not an original theory that the best was none too good for him.

Looking at him casually you would have said that Mr. Trimble was entirely in harmony with his present surroundings. It was not simply that he was a well-groomed, handsome fellow. He was more than decorative. To use a trite phrase, he had about him an air of distinction. Perhaps it was the liberal sprinkling of premature white in his otherwise black hair which added this last touch. Also, his figure was erect and his every pose was grace. His fresh-colored, clean-shaven face suggested wholesomeness. A very pleasant face it was.

Those dark, audacious eyes, however, were his strong point. They made the personality of Mr. Sam Trimble a complex problem. Women, seeing the gray hair above the youthful cheeks, concluded that he had known some great sorrow. After looking into his dark eyes they were certain that he had suffered some grave wrong. Feminine instinct led them to suspect their own sex. This won him much sympathy, too much. Mr. Trimble had been obliged to adopt the habit of declining to answer scented notes. The scores of embroidered things made for him he gave away or burned. He found life sufficiently complicated without avoidable entanglements. So it was not vanity which prompted the niceties of his apparel. These were indulgences to his well-developed sense of luxury.

Mr. Trimble was thinking of ordering a cocktail,—he had almost decided on a Manhattan, with a dash of absinthe in it,—when he became conscious that some one was looking intently at him from the door of the sun room. A moment later the person hesitatingly approached.

Trimble knew him at a glance. Yes, that pallid, ascetic face, the colorless hair,

those big, eager, faintly blue eyes, could belong to none other than "Whitey" Wright. His name was Upshur, but at school the boys had called him "Whitey." He was probably the Reverend Upshur by this time. His clothes indicated as much; at least, they would had they been new. They were somewhat rusty now.

Trimble puffed a little blue ring of cigar smoke up at the tinted ceiling, watching it absorbingly. Perhaps Upshur would not recognize him. No such luck. Timorously, as a new boy in a strange neighborhood, he had crossed the rug-strewn expanse of waxed parquetry, and now he was standing tentatively at his elbow.

Without enthusiasm Trimble regarded the prospect of a reunion with this half-forgotten schoolmate. As a youth, Upshur had been rather a tiresome little prig. He doubted if being a minister had much improved him. The company of a minister he did not in the least desire at that moment, for several obvious reasons, of which the inclination to order a cocktail was not the major.

However, there was no escaping Upshur. He was there. He might as well be accepted cheerfully. In that bright, friendly way of his, a winning smile on his handsome face, a quizzical look in his fascinating eyes, Trimble glanced up.

"It — it's Mr. Trimble, is n't it?" There was a note of repressed eagerness in the soft, rich-toned voice.

"No, just Sam," said Trimble, with a laugh, his hand outstretched. "How are you, Upshur? Pull up a chair. You're the Reverend Upshur now, I expect."

A pleased flush flamed fitfully in the pale face. The faintly blue eyes lighted.

"Yes, I suppose I am. They call me Reverend. But I am most unworthy, Sam, most unworthy."

Trimble grinned appreciatively at the conventional wail. Evidently Upshur was not of the new school. He thought it necessary to lug his canting phrases around with him. Trimble told himself that he might have known "Whitey" Wright would grow into that kind of a preacher. Well, the only thing to do was to humor him.

"Unworthy!" exclaimed Trimble. "Nonsense! Absurdly modest, you mean. I'll bet there are mighty few wearing your cloth who are more of a credit to it."

"No, no, Samuel! You don't know."

"I knew you as a boy, did n't I?" demanded Trimble.

"Yes, but" —

"Oh, I'll back you, Upshur, against the best of them."

It was good fun for Trimble. Why, "Whitey" was actually blushing. He was taking every word at its face value. What a gullible lot they were, these preachers! And how execrably they dressed! Trimble wondered if Upshur wore those trousers in the pulpit. It must have required years to bag them at the knees like that. Were frayed cuffs a part of the clerical outfit, too? Trimble was very near to feeling sorry for him when he saw those cuffs.

"How are you getting on, Upshur?" he asked.

He rose to this avidly. The eager, pale blue eyes beamed with gratitude and pleasure and kindred emotions, beamed on Mr. Trimble. He forgot to say how he was getting on, in his haste to voice his thankfulness. You might have thought Trimble had dragged him from a floating spar in mid-ocean.

Trimble hardly knew what to make of this gentle demonstration. It was a most unexpected response to his somewhat perfunctory show of interest. But then, Trimble never could quite account for the enthusiasm which he often inspired in his friends.

"Ah, Samuel!" sighed the Reverend Upshur, "you don't know how good it seems to me to meet an old friend at such a time."

"Me too," said Trimble easily. "I was wondering only the other day what had become of you. Have you struck a rich church yet, or are they trying to starve you?"

"The very topic that is uppermost in

my mind, the very one!" promptly responded the Reverend Upshur, emphasizing his words by reaching out a thin hand and gently tapping Trimble's chair-arm. "I have at last, as you put it, Sam, struck a rich church."

"Why, that's good! Congratulations, old man! Let's — er — let's shake on it. Got the deal all cinched — that is, the arrangements are all made, are they?"

The Reverend Upshur sadly waved away the proffered hand.

"No," he sighed, "they are not."

"There's a hitch, eh?"

The Reverend Upshur smiled, just the ghost of a weak little smile, and nodded his head.

"It's here," he said, pressing his hand to his left side, and eclipsing a raw metal button that had once been cloth covered.

Trimble stared. Heart trouble? That was bad.

"I wish I might tell you about it," resumed the Reverend Upshur. "It's a distressing situation, very distressing. I am at the forks of a road, and don't know which way to turn. I must decide to-day, within an hour, almost at once."

Then it was not heart trouble. Trimble felt relieved. Invalids were depressing.

"Wish I could be of some help to you," he returned. Surely, it was a safe enough thing to say.

"Do you? Oh, but you can, Sam. I am sure you can. You will know exactly what I ought to do. May I tell you about it? Do you mind if I do?"

Trimble was fairly caught. After what he had said, how could he refuse such a plea? He could not. He was in for it, that was plain. The grotesque irony of the situation appealed to his sense of humor. He had come down here to bribe a county official into winking at a crooked contract; he found himself asked to advise a minister.

Well, he had often thought he would like to give advice to some of them. Here was his chance. Mr. Trimble had his private opinion of clergymen. It was not flattering to them. Perhaps, after all, he could not spend a quarter of an hour more to his own satisfaction. So he settled himself comfortably in the big wicker chair, fixed his gaze on the lower branches of a pine tree just outside the sun room windows, and told the Reverend Upshur to blaze away.

The reverend gentleman did not do precisely that, but he came as near to it as he could. The recital was not one calculated to stir the blood. To Trimble it sounded petty and sordid. Briefly, Upshur had been called to a bigger church. He had been offered a salary three times as large as the one on which he had been trying to subsist ever since he had entered the ministry. The change would mean a larger field, more congenial surroundings, many material advantages. It would be a step forward in his career. It would mean more, oh, ever so much more than he could express.

"Well?" asked Trimble, faintly curious, "what stands in your way."

"I don't know," said the Reverend Upshur wearily. "Sometimes I think it's my conscience, sometimes I think it's only my vanity. You would n't imagine, Sam, that I had much to be vain about, would you? It is my little church. I fear I'm tremendously conceited about that. You see, when I was first sent to the Junction, three years ago, the society had dwindled almost to nothing. There were only five names on the membership roll. How many do you suppose I preached to last Sunday morning?"

Trimble did not hazard an estimate.

"Thirty-nine! Christmas Sunday we had a congregation of forty-five, counting children and the sexton. That's doing rather well at the Junction. And the church building looks different. It has been newly painted — I did most of that myself. It has a new roof — they gave me the shingles at the mill. Did you ever lay any shingles, Sam? It is n't such hard work. It's play compared to sawing cordwood for the stoves. That hurts my back. I must have a warm church, though. But the younger men are getting so that they

help me a lot. They all help me, for that matter. They're all my people. Perhaps they are a little crude in their ways, being section hands and folks from the Pine Barrens, but I have learned to look below the surface. I know every one of them now, almost as well as if I had always lived there. They have been good enough to share all their troubles, all their joys with me. I have christened their babies, said the last words over their old folks as they dropped off, sat at their bedsides when they were ill, at their tables when they made merry. Some of them I have joined in marriage. They — they seem to like me. They say they don't want me to leave them just yet. They seem to feel that they need me. There are two or three young men who do need me, I am sure. They are just groping from darkness toward the light.

"I cannot help but think that if my place should be taken by a stranger, although he would probably be far abler than I, he might not get on so well with those young men. They understand me, and I understand them. We were a long time in getting acquainted. If I should leave them now, I fear they would slip back into darkness."

Abruptly the Reverend Upshur ceased talking. He had clasped his thin hands, there was a far-away look in his eager eyes. Trimble regarded him curiously, indulgently, mentally casting about for some common ground. Having found it, he asked, —

"What does it pay, this little church of yours?"

"With outside aid counted in, four hundred."

"A month?"

The Reverend Upshur gasped. "Four hundred *a month!* No, four hundred a year."

Trimble did not gasp. He whistled. The frayed cuffs were explained.

"But you can't *live* on that, Upshur!"

"I do, though. I have two nice little rooms. I have learned to cook fairly well, too."

"To cook! You're not married, then?"

The Reverend Upshur blushed. "No — not yet."

"Ah! You want to be?"

"We have agreed to put it off for two or three years more. You see, when this offer came, I could think of nothing but Grace. It seemed to put an end to our waiting. You remember Grace, Sam?"

Trimble did; the girl with the mass of brown hair and a face like St. Cecilia's; one of the sweet, serious kind. Yes, he remembered Grace.

"I was planning to go on after her as soon as the matter was settled. I meant to bring her back as a bride to my installation. I had the letter all written to tell her of our good fortune, when — when I met one of my boys coming to see me. He wanted help. It was then that I realized what it would mean if a stranger should take my place. He would not have come if it had n't been me.

"You can see, can't you, Sam, the things which make it difficult for me to decide? Which is the path of duty? Should I go to this new, this larger field where, as it has been urged, there will be more who need help just as badly; or should I let this opportunity pass and stand by the little band of good souls who would grieve to have me go?"

To say that Trimble was embarrassed hardly states the case accurately. His make-up did not allow such a sensation. He was surprised, perhaps perplexed. Why, in the name of all that was great, should Upshur Wright come to *him* with such a question? As if in answer to his question the Reverend Upshur immediately told why.

"You can see these things clearer than I, Samuel. You are a man of the highest moral standards, the nicest perceptions. I have only to look at you to know that. I should know it even if I did not remember what a manly, straightforward boy you were. You have followed the narrow path. Show it to me."

Mr. Trimble was undergoing a novel experience. He felt warmed and thrilled

by a sudden inward glow. A subtle, soothing enthusiasm seemed to have arisen within him. It was new, unique. He had known the friendship of many men, had learned to cultivate it, had come to appraise his knack of making friends as a business asset.

But this was different. This was respect, esteem. Mr. Trimble could not recall having made a like impression on any one else. If he had done so it had not been acknowledged. Like a stray beggar in a banquet hall, he sniffed hungrily the unfamiliar incense.

For one precarious instant he poised exultingly on his pedestal before realizing that he could make no move without tumbling ignominiously off. It would be better to jump and land on one's feet.

"Have n't you drawn it a little strong, Upshur, about my high standards, and all that? I don't class myself as much of a moralist."

"Of course you don't, Sam. I can believe that you are entirely unconscious of your own strong integrity. You are one of those noble souls whose eyes are firmly fixed on the path of honor. I can read it in your face, as all men must."

Trimble winced. He cast a quick look of suspicion at the Reverend Upshur. No, he was sincere enough. He meant every word of it. There was that in the eyes which left no doubt of this.

In the rich-toned voice there was a little quaver as he continued: "It is a great privilege for me to meet you in this hour when I am so sadly in need of counsel. But do not allow me to importune you. Take your own good time, Samuel. I will wait until you have thoroughly considered my perplexity, for I have determined to abide by your decision."

"Eh! You have!" Sam Trimble straightened himself in his chair and gazed at this slender, white-faced young minister who beamed upon him with such implicit confidence. "You don't mean that you're going to put it all up to me to say whether you make the move or not?"

"Yes, Samuel," said the Reverend Upshur, with complacent resignation. "You may think it mere chance which led me to wander in here and find you. I am convinced that my steps were directed by the great Intelligence. I shall rely absolutely on your advice."

"But, great Scott, man, I can't" —

With lifted hand the Reverend Upshur stilled his protest.

"I know, Samuel, I know. You hesitate to impose on another consequences which you yourself would so nobly face. But remember, I have prepared myself to pursue either course, cheerfully and gladly, so long as I know it to be the course of duty. Now I am going to leave you for half an hour, that alone you may fight out my battle in your own noble, generous way. Before I go, however, let me review for you, from my own selfish standpoint, the details of my perplexity. On the one hand is my little church, with the handful of loyal, struggling souls who cry out that they need me and wish me to stay. On the other there is my dear, patient Grace, there are the larger opportunities, the material advantages, everything for which I have so longed. You must make the choice for me, Samuel. My future is in your keeping. God bless you!"

Before Trimble could stop him he had wrung his hand, patted him fondly on the shoulder, and, his eager blue eyes blurred by tears, had swiftly quitted the sun room. Too late Trimble leaped to his feet to detain him. He caught only a glimpse of a time-glazed black overcoat and a rusty black derby disappearing behind a palm.

"Well, I'll be damned!" ejaculated Sam Trimble.

Instantly the words rang discordantly in his ears. What if he had let them slip a moment earlier! What would the Reverend Upshur Wright have thought of him if — Here Trimble laughed, a hard, cynical, mirthless little laugh. The Reverend Upshur, indeed! Why should he, Sam Trimble, bother his head with the absurd fantasies of this insignificant shabby, white-livered little Bible-pounder who could worry his picayune soul to a

frazzle over such profitless hair-splitting? Why had he allowed him to go on with all that drivel about his two-by-four church, his dear people, and his precious Gracie? Why had n't he told him plumply to go to the devil?

With angry strides Trimble measured the ample length of the deserted sun room, trying to shake from his aristocratic shoulders the preposterous load which had been so unceremoniously dumped thereon. The effort was in vain. Try as he might, he could not blot out from his mental vision the insistent confidence of those pale blue eyes. Never had man looked at him in that way before. It was nothing less than implicit trust. It invested him with all the virtues, made him the repository of all honor, the censor of all morals. It was utterly ridiculous, but it was almost sublime.

Yes, there was no evading Upshur. In less than half an hour he would be back, fatuously beaming with gratitude, expecting the oracle to speak. Nervously Trimble consulted his watch. Upshur had been gone ten minutes.

Well, he could n't tell him to go to the devil. Trimble could say hard things when necessary, but he was no boor. He shrunk from crushing this marvelous flower of faith, as he would have shrunk from planting his heel on a fresh-cut rose. No, he must play the part as best he could. He must tell the man something.

Examining Upshur's imagined dilemma with so much sincerity as he could command, he attempted to see the affair as Upshur saw it. He found the task wholly beyond his power. Here the fellow was offered a living salary in exchange for a starving one; he was asked to leave his little dead-and-alive Junction for a town of some size where there were probably persons of intelligence and refinement, perhaps a library, more than one mail a day, and bathtubs. Then, too, there was the adorable Grace of the saintly face, — Grace, who counted time only by years as she waited.

There was all this, and Heavens only knew how much more; and yet the man backed and filled, hemmed and hawed, and got off rubbish about souls in darkness! He wanted him to decide, did he? That was easy enough. He would tell the Reverend Upshur to jump at the chance, to grab it before it slipped by, to get his offer in black and white. Then he could chuck up his two-by-four church, pack his grip, and send for Gracie.

But how would Upshur take this? Would he expect any frills from the oracle? Trimble groaned. Of course he would. He would look for an ethical solution, for moral filigree. He would want to see just how the hair had been split by this marvel of uprightness, Samuel Trimble, whose eighteen-karat goodness was known of all men.

"Devil take the fellow!" muttered Trimble. "I'm no Solomon."

Once more he tackled the job, pacing with quick, restless strides up and down, a smokeless cigar clenched between his white, even teeth.

No, that first solution would n't do. It was too easy. Besides, it could n't be explained. Whatever there was in that rubbish about souls slipping back into darkness, it was evidently very real to the Reverend Upshur Wright. It was more real to him than a decent salary, civilized comforts, books, friends, — than Gracie. It was the one important thing. Trimble could see that now.

It was the veriest bosh, of course; the distorted chimera of a religion-stuffed brain. But it was the thing. Upshur had as good as said so without knowing it.

Then he must give up Gracie, the decent salary, and all the rest. He must stick in the mud. He must cook and shingle and saw wood. He must stand by his two-by-four. It would be rather tough, especially on Gracie. It would be tough enough for Upshur, though. How he had wanted to take this new place! Why, he had trembled at the thought of it! But all the while, behind everything, was that unexplained, inexplicable maggot in his brain which would not let him.

Would it not, though? How substantial, after all, were these bonds which chained him to the martyrdom of existence at this blessed Junction? Would n't they snap rottenly when the real strain came? Of course they would.

Then this grand pow-wow of his was simply the back wave of joy spending itself against the rock of his determination. Keep him from taking this new church, which meant Gracie and all the rest? Why, you could n't drive him from it with a club! What he really needed was to have the hypocrisy shaken out of him. It would do him good. Trimble thought he saw a way to do it.

"Well, Samuel?"

There he was. Trimble raised his eyes from the polished floor to find Upshur standing before him, a tense expectancy in his pallid face.

"You have made your decision, Sam!" exclaimed the Reverend Upshur, a note of repressed excitement in his soft tones. "I can see it in your look, in your very manner. I am ready. What is it to be; go or stay, Grace or — or those needful ones?"

He stood on tiptoe to put both of his white hands on the elegant shoulders of Sam Trimble. His very soul seemed to be listening just back of those eager eyes, so earnest was his gaze.

Calmly, judicially, Trimble looked down at him; not coldly, nor severely, but with an air of sorrowful benevolence. His habitually pleasant mouth lines, and the gray-sprinkled hair framing the warmly tinted face, carried out the effect. Yet this was his thought: "Now for it. Now to hold up to this simple fellow his shallow pretenses. Now to make him squirm."

"Are you quite sure that you ought to leave this thing to me, Wright?" he asked.

"Yes, yes; quite sure."

Trimble eyed him searchingly for a moment. "Let's see," he resumed, "you're getting four hundred at the Junction. The other folks offer twelve, do they?"

"Yes, twelve hundred, and a parsonage. It is a very comfortable parsonage, too, — eight rooms, furnace-heated, gas. There's a climbing rose over the front door, and a big syringa bush under the study window." He repeated these details as glibly as a priest chanting a prayer.

Trimble smiled. "And you must take up the offer to-day or let it go?"

"Yes, I am to meet Mr. Proutt here, and" —

"Proutt! Proutt of Cedarton?"

"Yes, that is where I have been called, you know. Mr. Proutt is the president of the trustees. He is attending our quarterly conference, and I am to give my decision to him. Do you know Mr. Proutt?"

"A little." Trimble smiled again. "So Proutt is the man you're dealing with, is he? That's nice. Proutt offers you twelve hundred and a parsonage thrown in. But they need you back at the Junction, don't they?"

"I fear they do, Sam."

"Could n't find any one else who would do as much for them as you have, eh?"

"Oh, yes; but not at once. They are such poor folks, and there are so few ministers who can afford or who are willing to take such a pulpit, that it might be a long time before" —

"I see," said Trimble. "But there are a good many more folks in Cedarton, eh?"

"Oh, many more."

"I expect you could make some of them better, could n't you?"

"I hope I could, Sam."

Once more Trimble paused. He seemed to be thinking intently.

"You have fully made up your mind to follow my advice, have you?"

"Absolutely." There was a ring of fanatic courage in the Reverend Upshur's voice as he said it.

"Then, Upshur," Trimble spoke with the measured deliberation of a judge pronouncing sentence, "I guess I shall have to tell you to go back to the Junction."

The tremor of the frail form before him Trimble felt on his shoulders. The eager look failed from the pale blue eyes.

The Reverend Upshur's arms dropped limply to his side. For a moment he stood there with bowed head, a broken, forlorn, pathetic figure in rusty black; stood like one who has been turned away from a threshold, like one sent into exile.

Silently, impassively Trimble waited for the inevitable result, as a student of chemistry watches the working out of a miniature miracle in a test tube. The wait was a brief one. Bravely throwing back his head, revealing the trembling lip, the swimming eyes, the Reverend Upshur grasped Trimble's hand.

"Thank you, Sam," he said huskily. "Thank you, old friend. I — I had sinfully hoped that it might be otherwise. But it could n't, could it? You have kept me in the narrow path. I — I shall go back. God bless you and — and good-by."

Then he was gone.

Suppose the litmus paper should turn vividly green instead of red in the acid? Suppose the oxygen bubbles should cluster at the bottom of the tube instead of rising? The chemistry student would stare. Sam Trimble stared. He even looked for him to turn at the door and come back to say that he could n't give up Grace, that he could n't return to the Junction.

But he did not come back. Gradually the full impertinence of his meddling dawned on Sam Trimble. The fellow meant to do it! He meant to throw away the chance for which he had waited years, for which he might wait other years before it would come again. And on whose word?

Ugh! Trimble tossed his unlighted cigar carelessly at a palm tub, and sank into a chair. He brushed an impatient hand across his fine, dark eyes. They were no longer audacious eyes. They were watching a forlorn figure in rusty black, a figure that walked with bravely held head toward an unspeakably wretched Junction somewhere off in the dreary waste of sand and pines.

Many minutes he sat there. Then he got up, crossed to a writing desk, and busied himself with pen and paper.

Trimble was still at the desk when the keen, bead-like eyes of Jeremiah Proutt, shooting wary glances from under bristly white brows, discovered him. The forward thrust head bobbing between the stooped shoulders wagged a salute.

"I am late, Mr. Trimble. I hope you have n't been waiting long." His words came with gurgling smoothness. He held forth a claw-like hand, which Trimble failed to see.

"You are late," said Trimble dryly.

"I was delayed by — er — a very foolish person." Proutt drew a chair to the side of the desk.

"Not a preacher?" suggested Trimble.

"Yes, a preacher." He made a gesture of impatience. "They have no head for business, Trimble."

"Ah! I suppose they have n't." Trimble's gaze was seeking the wary eyes under the white brows. "You have had a lot of experience with all kinds of men, Proutt," he said abruptly. "What is your private opinion of me? Come now, out with it."

The forward thrust head ducked sinuously, and the beady little eyes snapped a swift glance of inquiry across the desk lid.

"Why — er — why, Mr. Trimble," gurgled Proutt oilily, "you don't need to ask that. I am sure we understand each other by this time. I think pretty well of you, of course."

"Do you? Then you're a mighty poor judge, Proutt. I'm a scoundrel, a mean-spirited, miserable scoundrel. I've just found it out, too."

Proutt responded only with another disturbed, darting glance.

"Do you know what I've been doing as I waited here for you?" continued Trimble. "I've been having sport, Proutt; having sport," he repeated bitterly, relentlessly, "with a human being. I did n't know that he was really human until afterwards. I thought he was just an imitation, a mannikin; a slimpsy,

bloodless thing with no backbone and only half a mind. I played with him, Proutt, as a cub bear would play with a rag doll, — tossed him up, clawed him, trampled him under foot. And after all, Proutt, he was a man; a man with blood in his veins, with a brain in his head, with a heart under his ribs, and, somewhere about him, a something else, — a soul, I suppose it's called. I have n't one. But he has. I had a glimpse of it. Yet I played with him, and he a real man, ten times, yes, a hundred times more of a man than I ever was or will be. Now, Proutt, what do you think of that?"

Under the stern glitter of Trimble's dark eyes Mr. Proutt's head ducked and bobbed uneasily.

"Er — ahem!" The lean fingers of Proutt's clasped hands were working in and out like yellow shuttles. "It is — er — very interesting, this — er — parable of yours, Mr. Trimble. Quite entertaining. But really, my time is limited, and there is that — er — little matter of business, you know. Could n't we" —

"Business, eh? Oh, yes." Trimble seemed to rouse himself as if waking from a dream. "Business, to be sure." He pushed aside some of the desk furnishings, and tapped with his finger a long envelope which lay there. "What do you imagine is in that envelope, Proutt?"

Proutt chuckled. "A donation, perhaps?"

"Excellent! It *is* a donation. Could n't guess the amount, could you?"

The little eyes glistened greedily. "Fifteen hundred?"

"Right again! All of which goes to prove that I am several kinds of a scoundrel. You know why I brought that down here, don't you, Proutt? I ought to be ashamed. You're a nice, respectable old gentleman. You've just come from a church conference. And here I am trying to bribe you — Oh, you need n't look frightened; no one 's paying any attention to us — trying to bribe you, I say, into a scheme to plunder the public funds. And you're willing to be bribed. Proutt, you're something of a scoundrel yourself."

Mr. Proutt's sinuous neck stiffened. His little eyes stared stonily. "Mr. Trimble!" he protested.

Trimble waved a careless hand at him. "Oh, that's all right, Proutt. I'll save you. You shall not be corrupted this time. I have decided to send that fifteen hundred to the Reverend Upshur Wright as a wedding present. See?" — and he turned over the envelope to show the address.

"Why — er — why, Mr. Trimble, I don't think I understand."

"Don't you?" said Trimble, rising and placing the envelope in his pocket. "Never mind; neither do I — quite. I am going to send it to him, though."

"But our — er — our little business arrangement?"

"It's off," said Trimble briskly. "I'm taking up a new line."

IMMIGRATION AND THE SOUTH

BY ROBERT DE COURCY WARD

THE North finds itself greatly burdened with the many problems which have grown out of, or have at least been greatly aggravated by, the enormous and very indiscriminate immigration of the past few years, and is rapidly becoming convinced of the impossibility, even with unlimited resources of men and money, of properly assimilating this alien population so long as it is crowded into the slums, and so long as the stream of new immigrants continues to pour in with increasing volume. It is clear that the only remedies for existing conditions are, first, a considerable restriction of immigration, and second, the distribution of the present slum populations, as well as of the arriving aliens, through the agricultural districts. The second of these remedies alone is wholly inadequate, for to attempt to relieve the pressure in the crowded cities by dispersing their inhabitants, without at the same time further limiting the numbers of newcomers who pour in, is like trying to keep a boat bailed out without stopping the leak. Distribution alone simply opens the way for a still larger immigration; the overflowing populations of Europe can send ten new immigrants to fill every opening that may thus be created.

While the North is thus preparing to unload some of its alien burdens upon other parts of the country, and in this effort is naturally receiving every possible assistance from the railroad companies, who see in this distribution-scheme a large source of revenue to themselves, the South is developing a new-born zeal for immigration. From many parts of the South there comes a demand for laborers in the cotton fields and on the sugar plantations; in mines, mills, and factories; on the farms and in the cities. Newspapers in the North as well as in the South repeat the call, "more labor needed in the South."

It is not difficult to perceive some of the reasons for this new enthusiasm on the part of the South for the immigration which has thus far gone practically altogether into the Northern states.

(1) The rapid growth of manufacturing interests has resulted in a demand for thousands of workmen in mill and factory, which the native population has not been able to meet.

(2) The old methods of working the land, such as "cropping" and renting, which were adopted partly because of the antipathy of the negro to continuous daily work under the wage system, and partly because of the necessities of the planters, have impoverished the land and do not give the best return from it. Diversified or intensive farming will greatly improve existing conditions, and is developing rapidly. It will supply farm products for the growing needs of the manufacturing community and of the plantation, as well as for the Northern markets. It will preserve the fertility of the soil, and reduce the labor cost of the crop. For this diversified farming the negro is by many considered unfitted, while the northern European immigrant, with his skill in this direction, can find good openings throughout the South.

(3) The South has thus far had on the whole an encouraging though somewhat limited experience with aliens of several different nationalities, and therefore naturally favors a larger immigration. In the matter of alien immigration the South has hitherto experienced the benefits of very gentle, scattered, and refreshing showers, without any of the serious consequences of the alien cloudburst which has overwhelmed many Northern communities.

Small Italian colonies, more or less successful in their outcome, have been established at various points, as at Daphne and at Lambeth, Alabama, at Tonitown, Arkansas, and elsewhere. In Texas, Italians have succeeded in cotton and rice culture, in vine-growing and truck-farming. In Louisiana and in Mississippi large numbers of them have proved valuable help on sugar and cotton plantations and in truck-farming. In South Carolina a new Italian colony is to undertake grape and silk culture.

The Italian seems to be well fitted to do much of the work which needs doing in the South, and in many parts of the Southern country where Italians have settled they are praised as industrious, thrifty, frugal, good citizens, and as having increased land values. On some railroads, also, they are reported as being satisfactory laborers. On the other hand, it must be noted that the most successful settlements have been those of *northern* Italians; that the greater desirability of the northern Italian is recognized wherever experience has been had with both northern and southern Italians, and that thus far the number of Italians in the South has been small, and practically none of the less happy consequences of their congestion have been noted. There are also many employers who have found Italians unsatisfactory; have considered them no improvement upon the negro, and regard them as an undesirable element in the community. Numerous colonies of Germans and of many other nationalities have likewise succeeded well; but thus far the foreign elements have been unimportant, except locally, and data are not yet at hand for any exhaustive study of their effects upon the development of the South.

(4) The southern railroads are another and an important factor in creating a demand for more immigration. The inadequacy of the labor supply has stimulated concerted movements on the part of mill-owners, planters, and other large employers in many Southern states to attract immigration, and in these movements the railroads are playing a very aggressive part, albeit their influence is not always apparent on the surface. Efforts are everywhere being made by the railroads to plant colonies of immigrants throughout the South. This movement has already gained great headway. In some cases the new arrivals are brought directly from Ellis Island; in some they are taken from one of the large Northern cities; in most, from the farming districts of the West and Northwest. The importation of Italian laborers into the Delta region has been especially heavy, although it is stated that about sixty per cent of these have already gone to the towns. Among other recent importations there have been Germans, Swedes, Hungarians, Danes, Poles, French Canadians, and Mexicans. So active are the railroads in this matter that it is often impossible to tell how much of the "demand for more labor" is a *bona fide* one, and how much is circulated by the railroads for their own ends. In order to increase the immigration of Italians into the South, the Southern railroads recently provided the Italian Ambassador with an extended tour through the South, from which journey that gentleman returned full of enthusiasm for the courtesies which were showered upon him, and determined to do all in his power to encourage the immigration of his countrymen into the Southern states. At a recent conference on immigration held in one of the Southern cities, the influence of the railroads was so strong that a paper urging some reasonable restriction of immigration was not allowed a public reading, and was not given to the press. That a wholesale distribution of immigrants by transportation companies is not so likely to be controlled by a desire to do what is best for the community as by purely selfish interests, is a fact which has not escaped the attention of observant persons in the South, some of whom have not been afraid to express their views very plainly on the subject.

(5) Probably the most important factor

in the Southern immigration situation is the negro himself. There is in the South to-day a widespread and decided reaction against the negro. Many of the white population are losing patience with him. He is charged with being less efficient than before the war; with incapacity, irresponsibility, and instability; with unfitness for and dissatisfaction with his work; with demanding too much pay and requiring too many holidays. Most of these complaints, it may be noted, are similar to those which are heard in the North with regard to white laborers and servants. Furthermore, many negroes, in common with the whites, are leaving the country and flocking to the cities, often making it impossible to secure negro labor for cotton picking or for work on the sugar plantations. Now, while the North has no special interest in the difficulty which some sugar-grower in Louisiana or some cotton-planter in Mississippi experiences in securing labor, it is vitally interested in the effect which foreign immigration into the South is having on the negro. It is perfectly clear that alien white immigrants are displacing the negro. He is going to the Southern cities, and in increasing numbers to the Northern cities. Italians are proving their ability and willingness to do work at least equal to that of the negro in the cotton fields. They have begun to displace the negro on the sugar plantations and truck farms of Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas. Mexicans are found cheaper and more easily obtainable than negroes in parts of Mississippi. Hungarians, Slavs, and Italians are being imported from New York into the Birmingham district of Alabama to work in the furnaces and mines instead of the negroes. Italians, Mexicans, and Bohemians are replacing negroes in Texas, in Mississippi, in Georgia. On plantation and truck farms; in furnaces and mines; in factories and mills; in the occupations of city and country; even in domestic service, the black is steadily losing ground to the alien white. The result is twofold: there is a tendency for the negro to leave the occupations which require greater skill and intelligence, and to take refuge in those which require less, or the negro gives up the struggle and goes to the city, especially in the North. It is the latter tendency which must attract the attention of thinking men and women in the North, who, already familiar with the conditions of negro life in the cities, cannot fail to view with anxiety the inevitable congestion of these Southern negroes in the slums of Northern cities. Into one city of 100,000 inhabitants in Massachusetts there came during the past winter 750 negroes from the South. This immigration has only just begun; it will gain greater and greater headway as more aliens pour into the South. What the result will be for the negro, time alone can tell, but those who have the welfare of the negro at heart may well ask themselves whether the indiscriminate admission of hundreds of thousands of aliens will not inevitably force the majority of the colored race down. This matter concerns more persons than a few mine owners in Alabama, or a few cotton planters in Mississippi or Louisiana. It is a national question.

The Southern negro is now engaged in a life and death struggle. A Southern editor writes: "The negro must now fight for his very existence. All along the line the battle is on." . . . "The white races . . . are disputing the negro's usefulness in those strongholds heretofore deemed impregnable to white attack." It cannot be denied that there is a distinct feeling of satisfaction in the South that the North is soon to have its share of the negro burden brought to its own doors, and a hope that actual contact with the negro will modify some of the sentimental ideas which have not altogether commended themselves to many Southerners. There is also the feeling that the best thing that could happen to the South, as well as to the colored race, would be the dispersion of the negro by the incoming of alien whites. A Baltimore paper has recently congratulated the South on the fact that

the coming of large numbers of white immigrants will supplant the negro, driving him North; will relieve the negro question of its sectional aspect; and may check the negro's rate of advance. Such statements represent some of the best Southern opinion. In spite of his shortcomings, the larger, although the least aggressive, portion of the Southern population prefers the negro to the alien white as tenant, laborer, or domestic servant. This class is represented in the following communication from West Virginia: "We wish peaceful, law-abiding citizens for the South, not with the idea of superseding negro labor, which must remain the best labor for the South. What we most need is to improve that labor by fair and proper education." Or again, in an Alabama letter, as follows: "The door of opportunity is open to the negro as long as he will enter and occupy it, but when he abandons it, and then finds an alien foe coming in and taking his place, his mouth will be closed against making complaint. . . . This is a critical time for the negroes of the South, and we feel deeply for them."

In the South, as in the North, there is the capitalist, mill owner, or railroad manager who wants "cheap labor;" who cares not whether the community or the immigrant himself is benefited so long as dividends are increased. It is a matter of indifference to such a man whether the labor of wife and child is necessary in order to eke out the low wages of the husband and father, nor does he concern himself about the increasing burdens of hospitals and almshouses which inevitably result from the breaking down in health of the overworked men, women, and children of the "cheap labor" class. Upon this class of employers there is no use in urging that American character is of more importance to preserve and develop than American wealth, and that only such immigration is desirable as adds to the moral and intellectual welfare of the country, as well as to its material wealth. The propaganda for the wholesale importation of ignorant aliens into the South as a means of satisfying the present perfectly natural demand for more labor comes from this comparatively limited number of capitalists, and from the Southern railroads. That plans for importing thousands of "cheap laborers" are being carried out, is clear. It remains for the rest of the South to say how much farther these schemes shall be allowed to go. There is also an increasing demand for Chinese and Japanese laborers in the South, because many employers think that they would be more docile and more servile than either the negro or the European.

In the South, as in the North, there is a class of persons who are ignorant of the conditions which have resulted from the wholesale immigration of aliens of low standards of living and of morals, and who therefore have no opinion regarding desirable or undesirable immigration.

Thirdly, in by far the largest class of all, are found the great majority of the intelligent and patriotic citizens of the South, who say: The South does not want the "derelicts" and the "chronic discontents" of Europe. It does not wish to burden itself with vast expenditures for the support of pauper, criminal, diseased, insane, and physically defective aliens. It knows of the sweat-shops and gorged tenements of the alien colonies in the North, and would have none of them. It realizes that an influx of alien illiterates means a greatly increased expenditure for education, and feels that it has already a very heavy burden of illiteracy to bear. It knows that a great many of our present immigrants are too poor, too ignorant, too weak, and too sickly to be fitted for a successful agricultural life. It is opposed to the incoming of persons of such poor physique that they cannot support themselves by a good day's work. The influential citizens who hold such views as these are making themselves felt in the South. They are forcing their convictions upon the railroads. At the recent Immigration Conference at Birmingham, Alabama

(June 13), they carried a resolution calling for the exclusion of the criminal, the pauper, and the illiterate alien. They believe that the South should think twice before it allows its capitalists and its railroads to flood the country with "cheap" and ignorant alien laborers. They are convinced that while such an importation might give a temporary relief where labor is now scarce, it would bring in its wake, in the future, many vast and complex problems which the South has not yet had to face. It would soon add another race problem.

What the South most wants to-day is not the newly arrived, ignorant, and penniless alien, but the settler with means of purchase, preferably one who has already resided in the United States for some years and who is familiar with American customs, or else the immigrant with money, coming from northern Europe, skilled in intensive and diversified farming, and who can depend on his own exertions, manage his own business, market his own products, and save money. As the large plantations are cut up into small farms, thrifty tenants, not ignorant and pauper laborers, are needed. The newer farms throughout the South have been purchased very largely by farmers from the West and Northwest, either native Americans who have sold their old farms to recent immigrants, or foreigners who have lived in the country for a good many years — "predigested" immigrants, as one correspondent called them. Thousands of immigrants of these most desirable classes have recently been brought into the South from the Western and Northwestern states, and from northern Europe, showing in a most striking manner how easy a matter it is to secure desirable immigrants if the effort is made. Intelligent, industrious, strong, thrifty, skilled, independent farmers, with some money, are the class most desired, and can look forward to the greatest success. With the exception of the demand made by certain large employers, already referred to, there is a distinct feeling that hordes of poor and ignorant laborers are not desirable, and many Southern editors have emphatically stated that the South would forego all the benefits to be gained from first-class foreign immigration rather than have thousands of aliens who are purely of the laboring class sent there.

As Italians constitute so large a proportion of the present alien immigration to the South, it is worth while to note what Baron Gustavo Tosti, Italian Consul at Boston, has to say regarding his own countrymen: —

"There is a misleading idea in certain quarters that 'the agricultural distribution of Italian immigrants' should be obtained simply through the employment of a large number of Italians as farm workers and farm hands. This would be only a palliative measure. The character of agricultural work is, by its very nature, precarious. The Italian immigrants would thus find employment during a few months of the year, when, for instance at harvest time, there is an enormous demand for labor. . . . But after a comparatively short period of occupation they would lapse into enforced idleness which would undoubtedly drive them back to the industrial centres. The only way to get at the root of the question is to transform a large portion of our immigrants into landowners or farmers." It must be remembered that to transform ignorant laborers, with but a few dollars in their possession, into landowners, is not a matter of a day or a year. It involves an expenditure of time and money. It is a matter of the assimilation of the immigrant and of the elevation of his standards of living. Thus neither the interests of those states which desire immigrants who shall at once buy their land, nor the best interests of the Italian immigrants themselves, as set forth by Baron Tosti, are met in a wholesale distribution of ignorant farm laborers. Further, while about 80 per cent of our Italian arrivals were farm laborers in Italy, they are unfamiliar with country life as we know it, for although they worked in the fields by day, their actual

residence was in the crowded towns. Their natural tendency is city-ward.

There are at present before the writer the results of a somewhat extended private correspondence, undertaken within a few weeks, in order to ascertain the views of representative Southerners regarding the immigration problem as it affects the South. Letters of inquiry were sent to the Governors of all the Southern states; to Commissioners of Agriculture, Labor, and Immigration; to other public officials, and to prominent citizens, asking for an explicit statement regarding the particular nationalities and the classes of immigrants most desired in the South, as well as the views of the person addressed concerning any desired changes in the United States immigration laws as a whole. The results of this inquiry, which have not before been made public, show an extraordinary unanimity of sentiment. Taking the replies of public officials alone, which represent every Southern state, 100 per cent prefer native Americans and northern Europeans who are skilled workmen with money, and who come with their families, intending permanent settlement. Between 90 per cent and 100 per cent of the Southern state officials protest against the immigration of Asiatics, of illiterates, and of aliens who desire to settle in cities; 84 per cent do not wish any immigrants from southern and eastern Europe, and 88 per cent are opposed to receiving the aliens distributed from northern cities. As to further amendments to the general immigration laws of the United States, the Southern officials who have been heard from, in every case but one, want the exclusion of aliens of poor physique; 92 per cent favor a head-tax of $25 or more; nearly 90 per cent wish to have "assisted" immigrants debarred, and between 90 per cent and 100 per cent want no illiterates. The Governor of one state in the heart of the industrial South, who reports his state as being in great need of labor, favors the exclusion of aliens of poor physique, and a head-tax of $25.

He writes as follows: —

"While we are inviting such people as we can use in our industrial districts and farms, I, as Governor of the State, am particularly anxious to avoid a too great influx of people whom it will be impossible to assimilate. We prefer very greatly the northern Europeans, but could use handsomely to their profit and to the profit of our people, some from *northern* Italy, say those raised on farms and desirous of a similar life here. . . . I am certain that we do not want, and we should insist that we do not get, people from the southern parts of Italy and the southern and eastern parts of Europe."

A correspondent in Alabama writes: "The craze for more labor is overreaching the bounds of prudence and the good of the country."

The Commissioner of Agriculture of one state says: "Our people will forego whatever advantage might come from immigration of the better class, if this is to be coupled with that of the slums of the cities."

The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture of another state writes: "We have far too many illiterate natives, many of them of course of the colored race, in this state already." And so on, in letter after letter. The replies of persons other than state officials, included in this correspondence, agree entirely with the results above given, and it may be noted that two previous official canvasses of the South, one made in 1896 by the Immigration Investigating Commission and the other made in 1901–02, by the Industrial Commission, as well as another private canvass made two years ago, led to precisely the same conclusions. Finally, within a very few weeks, a canvass made by the *Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore, among the large employers of all kinds of skilled and partly skilled labor, other than agricultural, throughout the South, showed very strong preferences for native and north-European workmen, and on the whole a dissatisfaction with Italians where these have been tried.

The best interests of the South, future as well as present; the best interests of the immigrants themselves; the best interests of the American negro; the best judgment of representative Southern officials and of unprejudiced private citizens, — all give the same answer to the question, What kind of immigrants does the South want? It is clear that the South can have the best, and none but the best, if it insists on having them. Recent experience with the incoming settlers from the Northwestern states and from northern Europe has shown this. It is clear, from Northern experience, that immigration of the less desirable classes crowds out the more desirable. It is clear that the great advantages which the South should gain in the future from the incoming of honest, industrious, intelligent, thrifty, and physically fit aliens can only be secured by making a careful selection of these immigrants, and by preventing the inflowing stream from becoming a vast and destructive flood. Where unskilled labor is needed, it should be sparingly introduced, under careful supervision by the State.

The South may well take to heart the lesson which the North has been learning regarding undesirable immigration. The North would be glad to have many of its city slums emptied into the South, and would rejoice, selfishly, if the South would take its full share of the incoming tide of aliens who are illiterate, who could not pay their own passages, and who are of such poor physique that they are unfitted to support themselves by a good day's work.

HOW TO KNOW THE FALLACIES

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

My friend Scholasticus was in a bad way. He had been educated before the elective system came in, and he had a pathetic veneration for the old curriculum. It was to him the sacred ark; now, alas, carried away into the land of the Philistines. He cherished it as a sort of creed containing the things surely to be learned by a gentleman, and whoso hath not learned these things, let him be anathema. In meeting the present-day undergraduates, it was hard to say which amazed him most, the things they knew or the things they did not know. Perhaps the new knowledge seemed to him the more uncouth.

"The intellectual world," he would say, "is topsy-turvy. What is to be expected of a generation that learns to write before it learns to read, and learns to read before it learns to spell,— or rather which never does learn to spell. Everything begins wrong end foremost. In my day small children were supposed to be 'pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,' until such time as they were old enough to be put to stiff work on the First Reader. Nowadays, the babes begin with the esoteric doctrine of their playthings. Even the classics of infancy are rationalized. I was about to buy a copy of *Mother Hubbard and her Dog* for a dear young friend, when I discovered that it was a revised version. The most stirring incident was given thus, —

'She went to the baker's to buy some bread,
And when she came back the dog looked dead.'

That was n't the way the tale was told to me. I was told that the poor dog was dead, and I believed it. That did n't prevent my believing a little while after that the doggie was dancing a jig. I took it for granted that that was the way dogs did in Mother Hubbard's day. Nowadays, the

critics in bib and tucker insist that the story must conform to what they have prematurely learned about the invariable laws of nature.

"I should n't mind this if they kept on reasoning. But it 's a false start. After the wide generalizations of infancy have been forgotten, the youth begins to specialize. He takes a small slice of a subject, ignoring its more obvious features and its broader outlines. He has a contempt for general ideas. What we studied, he takes for granted. He 's very observing, but he does n't put two and two together. There they stand in his mind, two separate ideas, politely ignoring one another, because they have not been properly introduced. The result of all this is evident enough. How many people do you come across with whom it is a pleasure to hold an argument? Not many! They don't know the rules of the game. You can't enter a drawing-room without hearing questions discussed in a way possible only to those whose early education in the art of reasoning had been neglected. The chances are that every one of the fallacies we learned about in Whately could appear in good society without anybody being able to call them by their Latin names.

"'Does n't this follow from that?' the facile talker asks, as if that were all that is necessary to constitute a valid argument. Of course it follows; his assertions follow one another like a flock of sheep. But what short work our old Professor would have made with these plausible sequences!

"What a keen scent the old man had for fallacies! Even when the conclusion was obviously sound, he insisted that we should come by it honestly. He would never admit that in such matters the end justifies the means. I remember his merciless exposure of the means by which some unscrupulous metaphysicians accumulated their intellectual property. His feeling about the 'Undistributed Middle' was much the same as that of Henry George about the 'Unearned Increment.' How he used to get after the moonshiners who were distilling arguments by the illicit process of the major term! In these days the illicit process goes on openly. The growth of the real sciences does not in the least discourage the pseudo-sciences. It rather seems to stimulate them.

"For many persons, a newly discovered fact is simply a spring-board from which they dive into a bottomless sea of speculation. They pride themselves on their ability to jump at conclusions, forgetting that jumping is an exercise in which the lower orders excel their betters. If an elephant could jump as far, in proportion to his weight, as a flea, there would be no holding him on this planet. Every new discovery is followed by a dozen extravagances, engineered by the Get-wise-quick people. There is always some Young Napoleon of Philosophy who undertakes to corner the truth-market. It's like what happened at the opening of Oklahoma Territory. Before the day set by the government when they all were to start fair in their race for farms, a band of adventurers called 'Sooners' smuggled themselves across the line. When the bona fide settler arrived on his quarter-section, he found an impudent 'Sooner' in possession. You can't find any fresh field of investigation that is n't claimed by these sooners. It all comes because people are no longer educated logically."

When Scholasticus was in this mood, it was difficult to do anything with him. It was in vain to tell him that he was narrow, for, like all narrow men, he took that as a compliment. It is the broad way, he reminded me, that leads to intellectual destruction. Still, I attempted to bring him to a better frame of mind.

"Scholasticus," said I, "the old order changes. You are a survivor of another period. You were educated according to a logical order. You learned to spell out of a spelling book, and to read out of a reader, and to write, not by following the dictates of your own conscience, but by following the copy in a copy book; and

you learned to speak correctly by committing to memory the rules of grammar and afterwards the exceptions."

"And it was a good way, too," interrupted Scholasticus. "It gave us a respect for law and order, to learn the rules and to abide by them. Now, I understand, they don't have grammar, but 'language work.' The idea is, I suppose, that if the pupils practice the exceptions they need n't bother about the rules. When I studied geography, we began with a definition of the word geography, after which we were told that the earth is a planet, and that its surface is mostly water, a fact which I have never forgotten. Nowadays they hold that geography, like charity, should begin at home, so the first thing is to make a geodetic survey of the backyard. By the time they work up to the fact that the earth is a planet, the pupils have learned so many other things that it makes very little impression on their minds."

"Scholasticus," said I, "I was saying the old order changes lest one good custom should corrupt the educational world. They were great people for rules in your day. It was an inheritance from the Past. You remember the anecdote of Ezekiel Cheever, head master of the Boston Latin School, who taught Cotton Mather Latin. A pupil writes, 'My master found fault with the syntax of one word, which was not so used heedlessly, but designedly, and therefore I told him there was a plain grammar rule for it. He angrily replied that there was no such rule. I took the grammar and showed the rule to him. Then he said, "Thou art a brave boy. I had forgot the rule."' That takes us back to a time when there was a superstitious reverence for rules. We don't reason so rigidly from rules now, we develop the mind according to a chronological rather than a logical order. We let the ideas come according to the order of nature."

At this, the wrath of Scholasticus bubbled over. "'The order of nature!' The nature of what? A cabbage head grows according to an order natural to cabbages. But a rational intelligence is developed according to the laws of reason. The first thing is to formulate the laws, and then to obey them. Logic has to do with the laws of rational thought, just as grammar has to do with the laws of correct speech. Nowadays, the teacher seems to be afraid of laying down the law. I visited a model school the other day. It was n't a school at all, according to the definition in the old-fashioned book I used to read: 'A school is a place where children go to study books. The good children when they have learned their lessons go out to play, the idle remain and are punished.' According to the modern method, it is the teacher who must remain to be punished for the idleness of her pupils. It's her business to make the lessons interesting. If their attention wanders, she is held responsible. The teacher must stay after hours and plan new strategic moves. She must by indirection find direction, and while the pupil is resisting one form of instruction, she suddenly teaches him something else. In this way the pupil's wits are kept on the run. No matter how they scatter, there is the teacher before him."

"Why is not that a good way?" I said. "It certainly brings results. The pupil gets on rapidly. He learns a lesson before he knows it."

"He never does know it," growled Scholasticus. "And what's worse, he does n't know that he does n't know it. By this painless method he has never been compelled to charge his mind with it and to reason it out. And besides, it's death on the teacher. Ezekiel Cheever taught that Boston Latin School till he was over ninety years old, and never had a touch of nervous prostration. He did n't have to lie awake planning how to hold the rapt attention of his pupils. If there was any chance of the grammar rules not being learned, he let them do the worrying. It was good for them. There was a race of sturdy thinkers in those days. They knew how to deal with knotty problems. If they survived the school, they could not be downed in the town meeting."

"Scholasticus," I said, "I don't like the way you talk. The trouble with you is that you took your education too hard. I fancy that I see every lesson you ever learned sticking out of your consciousness like the piles of stones in a New Hampshire pasture. They are monuments of industry, but they lack a certain suavity. You are doing what most Americans do: whenever they find anything wrong they lay the blame on the public schools. Just because some of the younger men at your Club argue somewhat erratically, you blame the whole modern system of education. It's a way you clever people have: you are not content with one good and sufficient reason for your statement of fact; you must reinforce it by another of a more general character. It makes me feel as I do when, a faucet needing a new washer, I send for a plumber, — and behold twain! One would be enough, if he would attend strictly to business. Every system has its failures. If that of the present day seems to have more than its share, it is because its failures are still in evidence, while those of your generation are mostly forgotten. Oblivion is a deft housemaid, who tidies up the chambers of the Past by sweeping all the dust into the dark corners. On the other hand, you drop into the Present amid the disorder of the spring cleaning, when everything is out on the line. If you could recall the shining lights in your Logic class, you might admit that some of them had the form of reasoning without the power thereof. It was in your day, was n't it, that the criticism was made on the undergraduate thesis, —

> 'Although he wrote it all by rote,
> He did not write it right.'

I could n't help thinking of those lines when I was listening just now to your reasoning. The real point, Scholasticus, is this, which seems to have escaped you. You talk of the laws of the mind. When you were in college it seemed a very simple thing to formulate these laws. There was no child Psychology, giving way before you knew it to adolescence, where everything was quite different. There was no talk about subliminal consciousness, where you could n't tell which was consciousness and which was something else. The mind in your day came in one standard size."

"Yes," said Scholasticus, "when we were in the Academy, we had Watts on the Mind. Watts treated his subject in a straightforward way; he had nothing about nervous reactions; he gave us plain Mind. When we got into college we had Locke on the Understanding. When it was time to take account of conscience, we had Paley's *Moral Science*. This, with the *Evidences*, made a pretty good preparation for life."

"So it did," I said, "and you have done credit to your training. But since that time Psychologists have made a number of discoveries which render it necessary to revise the old methods."

Seeing that he, for the first time, was giving me his attention, I thought that it might be possible to win him away from that futile and acrid criticism of the present course of events which is the besetting sin of men of his age, to the more fruitful criticism by creation.

"Scholasticus," I said, "here is your opportunity. You complain that Logic is going out. The trouble is that it has been taught in an antiquated way. The logicians followed the analogy of mathematics. They invented all sorts of formal figures and diagrams, and were painfully abstract. When you were learning to reason, you had to commit to memory a formula like this: 'Every y is x; every z is y; therefore every z is x. *E. g.*, let the major term (which is represented by x) be "One who possesses all virtue," the minor term (z) "Every man who possesses one virtue," and the middle term (y) "Every man who possesses prudence," and you have the celebrated argument of Aristotle that "the virtues are inseparable."'

"Now you can't make the youth of this generation submit to that kind of argumentation. They are willing to admit the

virtues are inseparable, if you say so, but they are not going to take time to figure it out. You can't arouse their interest by demonstrating that 'If A is B, C is D; C is not D, therefore A is not B.' They say, 'What of it?' They refuse to concern themselves about the fate of letters of the alphabet. Such methods prejudice them against Logic. They prefer not to reason at all rather than do it in such an old-fashioned way. Besides, they have peeped into the Psychology for Teachers, and they know their rights. Such teaching is not good pedagogics. The youthful mind must be shielded from abstractions; if it is not, there's no knowing what might happen. It won't do to go at your subject in such a brutal way. This is the age of the concrete and the vital. Things are observed in the state of Nature. The birds must be in the bush, and the fishes in the water, and the flowers must be caught in the very act of growing. That's what makes them interesting. If the youthful mind is to be induced to love Nature, Nature must do her prettiest for the youthful mind. Otherwise it will be found that the mental vacuum abhors Nature.

"If there is to be a revival of Logic, it must be attached to something in which people are already interested. People are interested in biological processes. They like to see things grow, and to help in the process as far as they can without disturbing Nature. Why don't you, Scholasticus, try your hand at a text book which shall insinuate a sufficient knowledge of the principles of sound reasoning, under the guise of Botany or Hygiene or Physical Culture, or some of the branches that are more popular? I believe that you could make a syllogism as interesting as anything else. All you have to do is to make people think that it is something else."

At the time Scholasticus only sniffed scornfully at my suggestion; but not many days had passed before I began to notice a change in his demeanor. Instead of his usual self-sufficiency, there came into his eyes a wistful plea for appreciation. He had the chastened air of one who no longer sits in the chair of the critic, but is awaiting the moment when he shall endure criticism.

From such signs as these I inferred that Scholasticus was writing a book. There is nothing that so takes the starch out of a man's intellect and reduces him to a state of abject dependence on the judgment of his fellow-beings as writing a book. For the first question about a book is not "Is it good?" but "Will anybody read it?" When this question is asked, the most commonplace individual assumes a new importance. He represents the Public. The Author wonders as to what manner of man he is. Will he like the Book?

I was not therefore surprised when one day Scholasticus, in a shamefaced way, handed me the manuscript of a work entitled, *How to Know the Fallacies; or Nature-Study in Logic.*

In these pages Scholasticus shows a sincere desire to adapt himself to a new order of things. He no longer stands proudly on the quarter-deck of the good ship Logic, with a sense of fathomless depths of rationality under the keel. Logic is a poor old stranded wreck. His work is like that of the Swiss Family Robinson: to carry off the necessities of life and the more portable luxuries, and to use them in setting up housekeeping on the new island of Nature-Study.

I cannot say that he has been entirely successful in making the art of reasoning a pleasant out-of-door recreation. He has not altogether overcome the stiffness which is the result of his early education. In treating thought as if it were a vegetable, he does not always conceal the fact that it is *not* a vegetable. There are, therefore, occasional jolts as he suddenly changes from one aspect of his subject to another.

I was, however, much pleased to see that, instead of ambitiously attempting to treat of the processes of valid reasoning, he has been content to begin with those forms of argumentation which are more familiar.

His preface does what every good perface should do: it presents the Author not at his worst nor at his best, but in a salvable condition, so that the reader will say, "He is not such a bad fellow, after all, and doubtless when he gets warmed up to his work he will do better." It may be as well to quote the Preface in full.

"Careless Reader, in the intervals between those wholesome recreations which make up the more important portion of life, you may have sometimes come upon a thought. It may have been only a tiny thoughtlet. Slight as it was in itself, it was worthy of your attention, for it was a living thing. Pushing its way out of the fertile soil of your subconscious being, it had come timidly into the light of day. If it seemed to you unusual, it was only because you have not cultivated the habit of noticing such things. They are really very common.

"If you can spare the time, let us sit down together and pluck up the thoughtlet by the roots and examine its structure. You may find some pleasure, and perhaps a little profit, in these native growths of your mind.

"When you take up a thought and pull it to pieces, you will see that it is not so simple as it seems. It is in reality made up of several thoughts joined together. When you try to separate them, you find it difficult. The connective tissue which binds them together is called inference. When several thoughts growing out of the same soil are connected by inference, they form what is called an argument. Arguments, as they are found in the state of Nature, are of two kinds; those that hang together, and those that only seem to hang together; these latter are called Fallacies.

"In former times they were treated as mere weeds and were mercilessly uprooted. In these days we have learned to look upon them with a kindlier eye. They have their uses, and seem to beautify many a spot that otherwise would remain barren. They are the wild flowers of the intellectual world. I do not intend to intrude my own taste or to pass judgment on the different varieties; but only to show my readers how to know the fallacies when they see them. It may be said that mere nomenclature is of little value. So it is in itself; yet there is a pleasure in knowing the names of the common things we meet every day. The search for fallacies need never take one far afield. The collector may find almost all the known varieties growing within his own enclosure.

"Let us then go out in the sunshine into the pleasant field of thought. There we see the arguments — valid and otherwise — as they are growing. You will notice that every argument has three essential parts. First is the root, called by the old logicians in their crabbed language the Major Premiss. Growing quite naturally out of this is the stem, called the Minor Premiss; and crowning that is the flower, with its seed vessels which contain the potentialities of future arguments, — this is called the Conclusion.

"Let the reader observe this argument: 'Every horse is an animal;' that is the root thought. 'Sheep are not horses;' that is the stem shooting into the air. Therefore, sheep are not animals;' that is the conclusion, the full corn in the ear.

"There is a pleasing impression of naturalness about the way in which one thought grows out of that which immediately preceded it. There is a sudden thrill when we come to the 'therefore,' the blossoming time of the argument. We feel that we are entering into one of Nature's secret processes. Unless our senses are deceiving us, we are actually reasoning.

"After a while, when curiosity and the pride of possession lead us to look more carefully at our treasure, we are somewhat surprised. It is not as it seemed. A little observation convinces us that, in spite of our argumentation, sheep are animals, and always have been. Thus, quite by accident, and through the unaided exercise of our own faculties, we have come upon one of the most ancient forms of reasoning, one that has engaged the attention of wise men since Aristotle, — a fallacy."

In the opening chapters, Scholasticus gives a description of the more common fallacies, with an account of their habits of growth and of the soils in which they most flourish. "*Petitio Principii*, or begging the question. This is a very pretty little fallacy of vine-like habit. It is found growing beside old walls, and wherever it is not likely to be disturbed. It is easily propagated from slips, each slip being capable of indefinite multiplication, the terminal buds sending down new roots, and the process of growth going on continuously. So tenacious is it that it is practically impossible to eradicate the *petitio*, when once it has fairly established itself. It recommends itself on the ground of economy. In most arguments the attempt is made to prove one thing by means of another thing. This, of course, involves a considerable waste of good material. In begging the question, by means of one proposition we are enabled to prove a proposition that is identical with it. In this way an idea may be made to go a long way.

"The most familiar variety of this fallacy is that known as the Argument in a Circle. To those who are fond of arguments, but who can afford very little mind space for their cultivation, this is an almost ideal fallacy. It requires only the slightest soil, deriving its nutriment almost wholly from the air, and reproducing itself without the slightest variation in type.

"Its hardiness and exuberant efflorescence make it desirable for many purposes. It is useful as a screen to hide the more unsightly parts of one's intellectual grounds. Often, too, there may be an argumentative structure that has fallen into decay. Its real reason for existence is no longer obvious, yet it may have associations which make us reluctant to tear it down. In such a case, nothing is easier than to plant a slip of the circular argument. In a short time the old ruin becomes a bower, covered with an exuberant efflorescence of rationality. This argument is to be recommended for a Woman's Hardy Garden of Fallacies.

"It is one which gives great pleasure to a home-loving person who finds satisfaction in that which is his own. Often have I seen a householder sitting under its sweet shade, well content. He was conscious of having an argument which answered to all his needs, and which protected him alike from the contradiction of sinners and from the intrusive questioning of the more critical sort of saints. He had such satisfaction as came to Jonah, when the booth he had constructed, with such slight skill as belonged to an itinerant preacher, was covered by the luxuriant gourd vine. Things were not going as he had expected in Nineveh, and current events were discrediting his prophecies, but Jonah 'rejoiced with great joy over the gourd.'

"I may be pardoned, in treating the circular argument, for deviating, for a moment, from the field of botany into the neighboring field of zoölogy. For after all, the same principles hold good there also, and as we are forming the habit of looking at thought as a kind of plant, we may also consider it as a kind of animal, — let us say, if you please, a goldfish. You have often paused to watch the wonders of marine life as epitomized in a glass globe upon your centre table. Those who go down to the sea in ships have doubtless seen more of the surface of waters, but they have not the same facilities for looking into its interior life that you have in your aquarium. A school of goldfishes represent for you the finny monsters of the deep. You see the whole world they move in. The encircling glass is the firmament in the midst of the waters. The goldfishes go round and round, and have a very good time, and have many adventures, but they never get out of their crystal firmament. You may leave them for half a day, but when you come back you know just where to find them. An aquarium is a much safer place for goldfishes to swim in than the ocean; to be sure, they do not get on far, but on the other hand they do not get lost, and there are no whales, or even herrings, to make them

afraid. There is the same advantage in doing our reasoning in a circle. We can keep up an argument much longer when we are operating in friendly waters and are always near our base of supplies. The trouble with thinking straight is, that it is likely to take us too far from home. The first we know we are facing a new issue. From this peril we are saved by the habit of going round and round. He who argues and runs away from the real difficulty lives to argue another day, and the best of it is the argument will be just the same.

"*Argumentum ad Hominem.* This is a large family, containing many interesting varieties. The *ad hominem* is of parasitic growth, a sort of logical mistletoe. It grows not out of the nature of things, but of the nature of the particular mind to which it is addressed. In the cultivation of this fallacy it is only necessary to remember that each mind has its weak point. Find out what this weak point is, and drop into it the seed of the appropriate fallacy, and the result will exceed your fondest anticipation.

"Again, with the reader's kind permission, I will stray from the field of botany, this time into that of personal experience. At the risk of falling into obsolete and discredited methods of instruction, I will ask you for the moment to look in and not out.

"Dear Reader, often, when reasoning with yourself, especially about your own conduct, you have found comfort in a syllogism like this, —

I like to do right;
I do what I like;
Therefore, I do what is right.

The conclusion is so satisfactory that you have no heart to look too narrowly at the process by which it is attained. When you do what you like, it is pleasant to think that righteousness is a by-product of your activity. Moreover, there is a native generosity about you which makes you willing to share with others the more lasting benefits which may ensue. You are ready to believe that what is profitable to you must also be profitable to them in the long run, — if not in a material, then in a spiritual way. All the advantage that comes to you is merely temporary and personal. When you have reaped this scanty harvest, you do not begrudge to humanity in general its plentiful gleanings. In your altruistic mood you do not consider too carefully the particular blessing which your action has bestowed on the world; you are content with the thought that it is a good diffused.

"When out of what is in the beginning only a personal gratification there grows a cosmic law, we have the *argumentum ad hominem.* There are few greater pleasures in life than that of having all our preferences justified by our reason. There are some persons who are so susceptible to arguments of this kind that they never suffer from the sensation of having done something wrong, — a sensation which I can assure you is quite disagreeable. They might suspect they had done wrong, were it not that as soon as they begin to reason about it they perceive that all that happened was highly to their credit. The more they think about it, the more pleased they are with themselves. They perceive that their action was much more disinterested than, at the time, they intended. They are like a person who tumbles into the Dead Sea. He can't go under, even if he tries. It is, of course, a matter of specific gravity. When a conscience is of less specific gravity than the moral element into which it is cast, it cannot remain submerged. The fortunate owner of such a conscience watches it with satisfaction when it serenely bobs to the surface; he advertises its superlative excellence, — 'Perfectly Pure! It floats.'

"The great use of the *ad hominem* argument is like that of certain leguminous plants which enrich the soil by returning to it elements in which it had been previously lacking. After a crop of *ad hominem* arguments has grown and been turned under, we may expect a rich harvest of more commercially valuable fallacies in the next season. Thus to enrich the soil is an evidence of the skill of the culturist.

"Suppose, for example, you were to attempt to implant this proposition in the unprepared mind of an acquaintance, — 'All geese are swans.' The proposition is not well received. All your friend's ornithological prejudices are against it. There is no foodstuff to support your theory.

"But suppose you prepare the soil by a crop of the *ad hominem* argument. You say to your friend, after looking admiringly at his possessions, 'It seems to me that all *your* geese are swans.' He answers cordially, 'That's just what I was thinking myself.' Now you have nicely prepared the ground for further operations.

"While controversial theologians have always had a fondness for arguments in a circle, the *ad hominem* arguments have been largely cultivated by politicians. More than a generation ago Jeremy Bentham published a work called *Political Fallacies*. He described those that are indigenous to the British Isles. Almost all on his list were of the *ad hominem* variety. He described particularly those which could be grown to advantage in the Houses of Parliament. Since Bentham's day, much has been done in America in the way of propagating new varieties. Many of these, though widely advertised, have not yet been scientifically described. I have thought that if my present book is well received, I might publish another covering this ground. It will probably be entitled, *Reasoning for Profit; or Success with Small Fallacies.*

"The great essential in arguments of this kind is to have a thorough knowledge of the soil. Given the right soil, and the most feeble argument will flourish. Take, for example, the arguments for the Divine Right of Kings to rule, once much esteemed by court preachers. Of course the first necessity was to catch your kings. The arguments in themselves were singularly feeble, but they flourished mightily in the hotbeds of royalty. The trouble was that they did not bear transplanting.

"Half a century ago there were a dozen thrifty arguments for human slavery. They are, abstractly speaking, as good now as they ever were, but they have altogether passed out of cultivation.

"In landscape gardening groups of the *ad hominem* arguments skillfully arranged are always charming. Much discrimination is needed for the adornment of any particular spot. Suppose you were called upon to furnish fallacies for an Amalgamated Society of Esoteric Astrologers. You might safely, in such fertile soil and tropical climate, plant the most luxuriant exotics. Such airy growths, however, would be obviously inappropriate for a commercial club composed of solid business men. You would for them choose rather a sturdy perennial, for example, the *argumentum ad Pennsylvaniam*, or Tariff-bearing argument. It grows thus: —

The tariff is that which conduces to our prosperity.

A tax does not conduce to our prosperity.

Therefore, a tariff is not a tax.

Persons who have confined their logical exercises to the task of convincing impartial minds have no idea of the exhilaration which comes when one has only to convince a person of the wisdom of a course of action he has already taken. There is really no comparison between the two. There is all the difference that there is between climbing an icy hill and sliding down the same hill on a toboggan. There is no intellectual sport equal to that of tobogganing from a lofty moral premiss to a congenial practical conclusion. We go so fast that we hardly know how we got to the bottom, but there we are, safe and sound. We have only to choose our company and hold on, — gravitation does the rest. It is astonishing what conclusions we can come to when we do our reasoning in this pleasantly gregarious fashion.

"*Ignoratio Elenchi;* or the fallacy of irrelevant conclusion. This is not a natural species, but the result of artifice. It is a familiar kind of argument. It begins well, and it ends well, but you have a feeling

that something has happened to it in the middle. You have noticed in the orchard an apple tree that starts out to be a Pippin, but when the time comes for it to bear fruit it has apparently changed its mind, and has concluded to be a Rhode Island Greening. Of course you are aware that it has not really changed its mind, for the laws of Nature are quite invariable. The whimsicality of its conduct is to be laid not upon Nature, but upon Art. The gardener has skillfully grafted one stock upon another. The same thing can be done with an argument. You have often observed the way in which a person will start out to prove one proposition and after a little while end up with the triumphant demonstration of something that is quite different. He shows such an ability at ratiocination that you cannot help admiring his reasoning powers, though it is hard to follow him. Your bewilderment comes from the fact that you had expected the original seedling to bring forth after its kind, and had not noticed the point where the scion of a new proposition had been grafted on.

"Many persons are not troubled at all when the conclusions are irrelevant. They rather like them that way. If an argument will not prove one thing, then let it prove another. It is all in the day's work. To persons with this tolerant taste the variety afforded by the use of the *ignoratio elenchi* is very pleasing."

A chapter is given to the Cross-fertilization of Fallacies. The author shows how two half-truths, brought together from two widely separated fields of thought, will produce a new and magnificently variegated form of opinion. "The hybrid will surpass specimens of either of the parent stocks both in size and showiness. Thus a half-truth of popular religion cross-fertilized by a half-truth of popular science will produce a hybrid which astonishes both the religious and the scientific world. If we were following the analogy of mathematics we might assume that two half-truths would make a whole truth. But when we are dealing with the marvelous reproductive powers of nature we find that they make much more than that."

Scholasticus gives a page or two to the Dwarfing of Arguments. "The complaint is sometimes heard that an argument which is otherwise satisfactory proves too much. This may seem a good fault to those whose chief difficulty is in making their arguments prove anything at all. But I assure you that it is really very troublesome to find that you have proved more than you intended. You may have no facilities for dealing with the surplus conclusions, and you may find all your plans disarranged. For this reason many persons, instead of cultivating arguments of the standard sizes, which take a good deal of room, prefer the dwarf varieties. These are very convenient where one does not wish one principle to crowd out another that may be opposed to it. Persons inclined to moderation prefer to cultivate a number of good ideas without crowding. The dwarf varieties are pleasing to the cultivated taste, as they are generally exceedingly symmetrical, while full-grown ideas, especially in exposed places, are apt to impress one as being scraggly.

"Dean Swift, who had no taste for miniature excellencies, spoke scornfully of those who plant oaks in flower pots. I have, however, frequently seen very pleasing oaks grown in this way, and they were not in very big flower pots, either.

"In moral reasoning, it is especially difficult to keep our conclusions moderate enough for our convenience. An ordinary argument always tends to prove too much. This is disconcerting to those who are endeavoring to live up to their favorite text, 'Be not overmuch righteous.' The danger of overmuchness is obviated by cultivating the fashionable dwarf varieties of righteousness.

"Various methods of dwarfing are practiced with success. Training will do much; you have seen trees dwarfed by tying them up to a trellis or against a wall or to stakes, and preventing their growth

beyond the prescribed limits. Incessant pruning is necessary, and each new growth must be vigorously headed back. By using the same means we may cultivate a number of fine ideas, and at the same time keep them fairly small."

The least satisfactory chapter is that on Pests. "It is easy enough," says Scholasticus," to describe a pest, but it is another matter to get rid of it. The most painstaking fallacy culturist must expect to awake some morning, and behold his choicest arguments laid low by some new kind of critic. There seems to be no limit to the pestiferous activity of these creatures. They are of two kinds: those that bite, cutting off the roots of the argument, and those that suck out the juices. These latter destroy the vital tissue of inference on which everything depends. I never met any one who cultivated arguments on a large scale who did not have his tale of woe.

"I had a friend who had at one time a theological friend who had great reputation as a dogmatist. He had for many years a garden of fallacies which was one of the show places. It was in a sheltered situation, so that many fine old dogmas flourished which we do not often, in these days, see growing out of doors. Everything went well until the locality became infested with destructive criticism. He tried all the usual remedies without success. At last he became utterly discouraged, and cut out all the dead wood, and uprooted all the dogmas that were attacked by the pest. Since then he has given up his more ambitious plans, and he has only a simple little place where he cultivates those fruits of the spirit which are not affected by destructive criticism. It is only fair to say that he is making a very pleasant place of it.

"For the encouragement of those who are not ready to take such heroic methods, it may be said that eternal vigilance, though not a panacea, will do much. Some of the most dreaded species of critics are not so dangerous as they seem. Many persons fear the *Criticus Academicus*. I have, however, seen fallacies which survived the attacks of this species and fell easy victims to the more troublesome *Criticus Vulgaria*, or Common Gumption.

The worst pest is what is known as the *Reductio ad Absurdum*. This is a kind of scale which grows upon a promising argument and eats out its life. It is so innocent in its appearance that at first one does not suspect its deadly character. In fact, it is sometimes taken as an agreeable ornament. After a little while the argument is covered over with a sort of dry humor. There is then no remedy."

In the chapter on the use of artificial fertilizers, Scholasticus deals particularly with statistics. He refers incidentally to their use in the cultivation of valid arguments. Their importance here is universally acknowledged. "It should be remembered," he says, "that in this case success depends upon the extreme care with which they are used. An unusual amount of discrimination is demanded in their application. For this reason, if solid conclusions, that head well, are expected, only experts of good character can be trusted to do the work.

"There is no such difficulty in the use of statistics, if the grower is content with arguments of the fallacious order. Statistics are recommended for a mulch. By covering a bed of fallacies with a heavy mulch of miscellaneous statistical matter, it is protected from the early frosts and the later drought. The ground of the argument is kept thus in a good condition. No particular care is here needed in the application of statistics; any man who can handle a pitchfork can do all that is required. I have seen astonishing results obtained in this way. No one need be deterred by the consideration of expense. In these days statistics are so cheap that they are within the reach of all. If you do not care to use the material freely distributed by the government, you can easily collect a sufficient amount for yourself.

"The best way is to prepare circulars containing half a dozen irrelevant questions, which you send to several thousand persons, — the more the better. If you enclose stamps, those who are good-natured and conscientious will send you such odd bits of opinion as they have no other use for, and are willing to contribute to the cause of science. When the contributions are received, assort them, putting those that strike you as more or less alike in long, straight rows. Another way, which is more fanciful, is that of arranging them in curves. This is called 'tabulating the results.' When the results have been thoroughly tabulated, use them in the manner I have described for the protection of your favorite arguments."

In this way the book ran on for some three hundred pages. After I had read it, I congratulated Scholasticus on his effort. "You have almost succeeded," I said, "in making Logic interesting; that is, if it is Logic. Now that you have made such a good beginning, I wish you might go further. You have taught us, by a natural method, how to reason fallaciously. I wish you would now teach us how to reason correctly."

"I wish I could," said Scholasticus.

RECENT PROGRESS IN THE STUDY OF DOMESTIC SERVICE

BY LUCY M. SALMON

A LADY recently called at the house of a friend, who answered in person the ring at the door. With careworn expression and flurried manner she apologized for the confusion that apparently reigned in the house, saying, —

"My parlor maid is upstairs ill, — not ill enough to go to the hospital, too ill to work, too far from home to go there, yet needing attention from me. My waitress is having a fit of the sulks, and I have sent her out to do an errand and get some fresh air. The cook is just now not on speaking terms with her husband, — the coachman, — and is seeking a divorce, so that one or the other must go. The footman came home drunk last night and had to be discharged this morning. My house is at sixes and sevens, my husband lunched down town, my mother has taken the children and the nursery maid home with her, guests arrive this evening, and I have spent the day in a vain search for help in the house. I belong to a club studying household economics, and have allowed it to turn a search light on all my household affairs in the interests of society at large. I am now ready to call a halt, to refuse to have my domestic arrangements considered a hunting ground for theorists, to pronounce all such clubs vain mockeries, snares, and delusions, inventions of the enemy for squandering time, and showing the bitter contrast between abstract theory and concrete reality. The only club I am interested in must provide on tap maids who never get ill or sulky, cooks without a temper, and coachmen and footmen of unimpeachable habits."

It is possible that such conditions are not confined to "the uninhabited districts west of Schenectady," and that elsewhere there may be despairing housekeepers ready to cry out against all serious study of domestic questions, because such study has not yet had an immediate and practical bearing on the management of their individual households. It is, indeed, not improbable, for there is in every clime

the tradition of a time when household helpers were abundant, competent, and cheap, — a golden age when harmony reigned in the household and domestic discord was unknown. Has this peaceful condition been rudely broken up by the meddlesome interference of domestic busybodies? Has progress been hindered by the club studying household economics, by the investigator seeking for facts, by the theorist trying to square the ideal with the real, and by students of social conditions anxious to explain the present by the past? Is the only remedy for present ills the suppression of all discussion, since discussion breeds contempt and unhappiness? Is the club to revert to Browning, the investigator to confine himself to the comparatively safe field of ancient history, the theorist to live in the future, and the student of social conditions to content himself with flower missions and soup-kitchens? If it can be shown that conditions are worse than they have ever been before, and that discussion and investigation are responsible for this deterioration, then assuredly the club should change the field of its activity, and all discussion of the household affairs should cease.

But the immediate dissolution of the club studying household economics is not imminent. The premises on which its detractors base their criticisms are false, and hence the conclusions deduced from these premises are illogical and unreasonable. All literature goes to show that an ideal condition of domestic service exists and has existed only in the castles of Spain. But recent literature and recent legislation do show that some little progress has been made in the study of domestic service as an occupation, in spite of the fact that individual housekeepers still have and always will have trials and perplexities that at times seem almost overwhelming. The Hudson empties its waters into the ocean, yet twice each day the mightier force of the ocean tide turns the current back upon itself, — in winter it bears upstream the moving mass of ice, and in summer it makes its overbalancing power felt almost to the very source of the great river.

The individual housekeeper feels only the force of the household current that bears her helpless to her destination, — she forgets the still stronger force of society that makes itself felt over and beyond that of the individual home.

In balancing the accounts of domestic service and in asking what has been accomplished in the past ten years in the direction of improvement, it must be frankly said at the outset that it is probably just as difficult to-day to secure good household employees as it was ten years ago, — perhaps even more difficult; that wages are probably even higher than at that time; that the service rendered is no more efficient; that recommendations are no more reliable; that cooks still have tempers; that coachmen sometimes drink; that maids have "followers;" that nursery girls gossip in the parks with policemen; that new employees engaged fail to keep the engagement; that valuable china is broken, and that household supplies are wasted.

But if the work of these years has not borne immediate fruit, it has not been without results that will sometime come to fruition. These results are seen in the distinct, positive, and direct improvement in the literature of the subject; flippancy is giving place to seriousness in considering the relations of mistress and maid; historical and statistical investigations of the question have multiplied and become more thorough and elaborate; substantial facts are supplanting sentimentality and visionary theories in the discussions of the subject; a diagnosis of the case is being made and the prescription of a remedy withheld while the examination is progressing; humble-mindedness and willingness to learn are now found where formerly there was absolute certainty and positiveness of conviction in dealing with the question; in a definite way, an improvement in legislation has been made,

disreputable methods of employment agencies have been exposed, social oases have been planted in desert places, and in general a concrete method of procedure has been substituted for polite abstractions and innocuous generalities. All this means that a long step forward has been taken within the past decade.

The great improvement in the character of the general literature of the subject is seen in the gradual disappearance of the fault-finding, the sentimental, the goody-goody magazine article, and the appearance in its place of genuine contributions to the subject, like those recently made to the *Atlantic Monthly* by Miss Jane Seymour Klink and Miss Frances A. Kellor. Miss Jane Addams in "A Belated Industry"[1] has dealt most thoroughly with the economic phases of the subject, as has Mrs. Mary Roberts Smith in her admirable article on "Domestic Service; the Responsibility of Employers."[2] Mr. Bolton Hall has set forth most vigorously the employee's side of the case in "The Servant Class on the Farm and in the Slums;"[3] while a symposium on the subject by a group of men has recently discussed in an impartial manner many of the difficulties of the situation.

Pure literature also makes its contribution, and Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has recently given a charming picture of "A Convent Man-Servant."[4] Nothing could prove more effectively the change in the attitude of the public mind toward the subject, than does the contrast presented between such a sketch drawn with light and sympathetic pen, and that given in the satires of Dean Swift and of De Foe. The very absence of the figure of a domestic servant in the modern novel, and in current popular literature in every form, is in itself an indication of a changed attitude of the public mind toward the question as a whole. Figaro, and even Sam Weller, are almost as far removed from us as are the servants of Potiphar and of the Queen of Sheba.

The attitude of the daily press toward the subject of domestic service certainly leaves something yet to be desired, — the stock jests on the impertinent maid and the ignorant mistress, like those on the mother-in-law and the summer girl, die hard, but they will go in time.

The historical investigations of the subject have been few in number, but they have been of great value. Mr. Albert Matthews has placed all students of the subject under obligation to him by his exhaustive study, "The Terms Hired Man and Help,"[5] as Mr. James D. Butler had previously done by his investigations on "British Convicts Shipped to American Colonies,"[6] and Dr. Karl Frederick Geiser on "Redemptioners and Indented Servants in the Colony and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania."[7]

The Public Library is always first to create as well as to satisfy a demand for literature on subjects of general interest. It is therefore not surprising to find that the Providence Public Library as far back as 1893 issued a bibliography of all works and magazine articles on domestic service, which has been followed by the still more exhaustive reference list published in 1898 on the general subject of domestic science, and that the Salem Public Library has a similar list. The New York State Library has published a comprehensive bibliography of the whole subject of domestic economy, and it sends out, to all parts of the state, traveling libraries of the best volumes on the same subject, — the list of the volumes included being in itself an excellent guide to the study of household economics. But the greatest of all steps in advance has

[1] *American Journal of Sociology*, I, 556–559, March, 1896. Cf. the chapter entitled "Household Adjustment," in Miss Addam's *Democracy and Social Ethics*, 1902.

[2] *The Forum*, August, 1899.

[3] *The Arena*, September, 1898.

[4] *The Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1897.

[5] *Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts*, vol. v.

[6] *American Historical Review*, II, 12, October, 1896.

[7] New Haven, Connecticut, 1901.

been made by those libraries that have changed the classification of works attempting to treat scientifically the subject of domestic service, from the class of Domestic Economy to that of Economics proper. The change seems slight, but it is a recognition of the intimate relation that exists between domestic service and other forms of industry.

The statistician, like the librarian, is also quick to create as well as to respond to the demand for information of a serious nature, and this has been shown in the growing recognition of the importance of domestic service as a field for statistical research. Among the most thorough of these statistical investigations is that carried on by Miss Isabel Eaton, — recently fellow of the College Settlements' Association, in regard to negro domestic service in the seventh ward of Philadelphia.[1] Miss Eaton has made an exhaustive study of one phase of the subject in a limited area, considering not only the number of negroes thus employed, but the methods of living, savings, and expenditures, amusements and recreations, length and quality of the service, conjugal condition, illiteracy, and health. The work has been done in a thoroughly scientific manner, and the results form an admirable presentation of negro service in a single ward of one city.

Similar thorough investigations of special aspects of the question have been carried on by Miss Mary W. Dewson and Miss Edith G. Fabens for the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, and by Miss Gertrude Bigelow, fellow of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, at the School of Housekeeping. They have collected statistics in regard to the hours of labor in domestic service, the social conditions of domestic service, household expenses, and the relative cost of home-cooked and of purchased food. The results of these investigations have been collected by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, and the reports based on them have been commented on by the press. Scientific information in regard to the subject has thus been widely circulated, and this must have been effective in changing somewhat the attitude of the public mind toward the subject as a whole. Mention must also be made of the *Twentieth Century Expense Book*, prepared by Miss Mary W. Dewson: its widespread use would be of service in affording opportunity for a comparative study of household expenses.

It was early recognized that some of the most difficult factors of the problem concerned the intelligence office, and investigations on a somewhat limited scale were carried on in several cities, but largely owing to political considerations it was not deemed advisable to publish the results. The most thorough and systematic investigation undertaken in this direction has been that of Miss Frances A. Kellor, whose *Out of Work*, based on a study of more than seven hundred agencies, has laid bare the evils of the present system of securing new employees, as seen by employer, employee, and manager of the agency. A body of facts has thus been made available that must prove of the highest service in any attempt to cope with the notorious evils attending many agencies.

The state bureaus of labor have in several instances done valiant service to the cause through the official investigations carried on. As far back as 1872 the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor devoted four and a half pages of its annual report to domestic labor. But the first real investigation of the subject made by a state bureau of labor was probably that undertaken by the Minnesota Bureau in 1890. This has been followed by special investigations in other states, — notably Kansas and Michigan, — and in Canada. Moreover, it must be remembered that many bureaus, while they have made no special investigation of domestic service, have incidentally considered the

[1] Isabel Eaton, "A Special Report on Domestic Service," in *The Philadelphia Negro*, by W. E. B. Du Bois. Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, 1899.

subject in connection with their investigations of general labor questions. Most of all is encouragement to be found in the comprehensive investigation recently carried on under the direction of the Industrial Commission.

These investigations enumerated have been of a severely scientific, statistical nature, and have been carried on by state or national organizations. But other studies no less important have been made by organizations of a purely private or of a semi-public character. Notable among these has been the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, several branches of which have been most active in making studies of domestic service, both as a special field for investigation and also in connection with the larger subjects of home economics and domestic science. Students in colleges and universities have made special studies in the same field, and in some instances have made distinct contributions to the subject. This work has been of most value, however, in the indication it has given of a desire on the part of college-trained investigators to make domestic service a subject of serious consideration.

Domestic service has been until very recently a field untouched by the statistician and investigator. The studies already made show not so much what has been done, as how much yet remains to be done. But the territory is already being occupied. Trained investigators are mapping out the field, workers are at hand, and in a few years we shall have a body of facts that will afford a sufficient basis for scientific deductions in regard to the condition of domestic service in the entire country.

Opinions may honestly differ as to whether it is advisable to substitute in schools and colleges subjects along the line of household affairs for other subjects more properly classed as liberal studies. But it is interesting to note how much has been done in this direction. Courses in household economics have been given in recent years in the state universities of Illinois, Nebraska, Ohio, and Wisconsin, as well as in the Leland Stanford Junior University, while Columbia University through the Teachers' College has offered similar work.

In many agricultural colleges, and in seminaries and academies like those in Auburndale, Massachusetts, and Painesville, Ohio, there are such courses in the curricula. On the other hand, there can be no question whatever as to the propriety and necessity of introducing, as has already been done, courses in domestic science into the great technical schools, such as the Pratt, Drexel, and Armour institutes.

The School of Housekeeping established in Boston in 1897 under the auspices of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union went still further, in that it was not so much a technical school, as a more truly genuine professional school for the training of experts in the great profession of housekeeping. The honorable record it made while an independent institution gives reason to believe that, now that it has been merged in Simmons College, it will go on to still greater achievements under the new conditions. The establishment of similar schools elsewhere has been much discussed, while in some places there have been sporadic efforts to establish classes in household training. Indeed, it must be said that in certain classes of fashionable schools it is at this moment the latest fad to have instruction on all household matters, quite as much as on art and music.

Study and investigations have led to organization, and the first association in the field was the National Household Economic Association, formed in 1893, with branches in many states, some of which did admirable work.

The Lake Placid Conference that met first in 1899 is not strictly an organization, but an informal gathering of workers who have discussed the subject particularly on its scientific side, since the attendance has been largely made up of those interested in the educational and

scientific side of household economics. Its proceedings give an admirable summary of the latest scientific discussions of the subject.

The most recent as well as the most important of all such organizations has been that of the Inter-Municipal Committee on Household Research, formed "for the purpose of studying existing phases of household work, to aid in securing fair conditions for employer and employee, and to place their relations on a sound business basis." Much has already been accomplished by it, especially in the direction of investigating employment agencies, establishing a bureau of information, and studying the conditions under which Southern colored girls are brought to the North to enter domestic service. Its programme for the future lays out a constantly enlarging sphere of activities.

All these investigations and educational measures have been undertaken in the belief that household employment has its economic side, like other forms of industry. The widespread recognition of this fact has been a most significant advance, since earlier discussions of the subject had considered only the ethical factors involved. But an interesting reversion to the more purely ethical consideration of the question has been seen in the various efforts to follow the injunction of Charles Reade: "Put yourself in his place." A number of young women have entered domestic service in disguise, and from personal experience have narrated the life of a domestic employee. It may well be questioned whether the actual results reached are commensurate with the effort expended; — the experiment has meant months of unnatural life and strained relationships, and in the end we probably know little more in regard to the condition of domestic employees than could be known by turning the inner sight of our own consciousness on our own households and those of our acquaintances. But the experiment has been interesting as indicative of a determined effort to look at the subject from every point of view.

It is not surprising, in view of all the agitation of the question in our own country, to find that a similar interest has been aroused elsewhere. In Germany, that home of conservatism in all domestic affairs, an elaborate statistical investigation has been carried on by Dr. Oscar Stillich, and its results published in an exhaustive work entitled *The Status of Women Domestics in Berlin*.[1] Nor again is it surprising to find that neither official nor domestic Berlin has taken kindly to the investigation, since bureaucracy has in it no place for private initiative, and the *Kinder, Küchen, Kirchen* theory of domestic life has resented what has been deemed unwarranted interference in private affairs. But it is a matter of congratulation that the author has been of undaunted courage, and that his work stands as a thoroughly scientific investigation, and therefore the most valuable contribution yet made in any country to the theory and condition of domestic service.

Two things of special encouragement must be noted. One is the changing attitude of domestic employees themselves toward their own occupation, and the other is the introduction of men into a field where it has always been held that by divine ordinance women ruled supreme.

The number of domestics who have shown any interest in the question is indeed, as yet, infinitesimal in comparison with the total number in the occupation, but five righteous men shall save the city. Here and there one is found who realizes that domestic employees must be ready to help themselves if help is to come from others, that it is possible for them to improve the conditions of domestic service through their own efforts, that respect for any occupation comes, as those connected with it command respect for it, through their own attitude toward it. This is as yet realized by so few that no appreciable results can be seen with the naked eye, but the leaven is working.

[1] *Die Lage der weiblichen Dienstboten in Berlin*, von Dr. Oscar Tillich. Berlin. 1902.

A very welcome and appreciable change has come through the practical interest in the question shown by men. They have lectured and written on the subject, and have listened to the lectures on it given by women. This means that the subject is being recognized by them as worthy of study and discussion and as of importance to all — to men and to women alike — who are interested in the welfare of society. On its practical side also the interest of men is making itself felt. Chafing-dish courses have been opened for men, where they have learned the preparation of the luxuries of the table, as the rough-and-ready experiences of camp life in summer vacations and in military campaigns have taught them how to prepare the necessities of life. Young men in college and young men living in bachelors' apartments are proud of their attainments in afternoon teas and chafing-dish suppers, while men trained as nurses learn the preparation of delicacies for the sick. It is true, indeed, that cooking-classes are but indirectly connected with domestic service, but everything that breaks down artificial barriers, and permits the free industrial entrance of both men and women into whatever occupation they prefer, is a direct gain to every line of work. Any one whose attention has been turned in the direction of securing household employees must constantly come in contact with the fact that there is a considerable number of men engaged in household employments for remuneration.

Does this enumeration of the progress of the past ten years seem indeed like a Homeric catalogue of the ships? It may, yet the ships are bound for a definite haven, and must in time enter port.

If one lasting gain of these years has come to be an appreciation of the necessity of diagnosing the disease before prescribing a remedy, it must follow that the remedy prescribed fits the disease. Has it been shown as a result of exhaustive and exhausting investigation that the great barrier to the entrance of competent men and women into domestic employment is the social one, — it follows that efforts are being turned toward leveling this barrier. If we have learned that the loneliness of the life is in sharp contrast to the opportunity for comradeship presented in other industrial pursuits, we have thereby learned to ward against this loneliness by encouraging means of wholesome recreation. When scientific research has disclosed the plague spots in the employment agency and the intelligence office, restrictive legislation has followed. If it has been found that the weak and the ignorant have been taken advantage of by the strong and the knowing, efforts for moral regeneration have been put forth. Since we have realized that in the household, as elsewhere, it is impossible for the blind to lead the blind, technical schools have offered instruction in household affairs to employers of household employees.

Yet when we look over the field still to be reclaimed in the interests of comfortable home life, more than enough causes for discouragement remain. House-keepers still carry on their households in defiance of all business methods; ignorant women boast that they "have never so much as boiled an egg in their life," and complain that their cooks will not stay with them; idle women spend their time in playing bridge, and wonder why their maids are discontented; men boast at their tables of their shrewdness in obtaining something for nothing, and cannot understand why petty thieving goes on in their households; society receives the once, twice, and thrice divorced, but draws the social line at the cook and the butler; communities tolerate by the score the places where domestic employees, as others, can find recreation and amusement of every questionable kind, but the communities can yet be counted on one hand where they can obtain genuine, wholesome, attractive recreation; the church, with a few exceptions, is prone to close its doors, except for Sunday and midweek evening service, and to expend its efforts on fine music, with church suppers to foot the bills, — forgetting the

poverty of interests in the lives of so many in the community.

But when all has been said, it must be felt that the balance shows much to the credit of domestic service, — a balance due to the capital invested in it through the study of conditions made by both men and women. In no country are these conditions so favorable as they are in America to-day. England has its well-trained, obsequious butler, Germany has its police regulations of servants, France has its chef, Italy has hopeless machines who are "really servants." America has none of these, but it has men and women who believe that if the future holds for us a solution of the problem it lies, not in the direction of reproducing on American soil the English flunkey, or in the introduction of German governmental control, or in increasing the number of French chefs who shall give us endless varieties of new soups and salads, or yet in crushing all interest in life out of the hearts and souls of those who serve us, as a pitiless fate seems to have done in Italy, but men and women who believe that the solution lies in the path of hard, toilsome investigation, to which students must come without prejudice and with a fearless acceptance of the results of such investigations.

In no country are the conditions of domestic service so hopeful as they are to-day in America, and it is in large part due to our theory of education which has been in practical force for more than a generation. Men and women receive the same school, college, and university training, and this training enables women to order their households, on their mechanical side, in the same systematic way that the business enterprises of men are managed. The result of this is that matters pertaining to the household command the respect as well as the sentimental consideration of men, and that men and women are more and more becoming co-workers in all efforts to secure improvement. Each year the proportion of housekeepers with trained minds increases, and in the same proportion the number increases of housekeepers who make intelligent demands on their employees, who do not encourage poor service by tolerating it, who realize their responsibility to other households, and understand that "every irresponsible mistress makes life more difficult for every other mistress and maid." It is at least significant that this progress has been made in a country where the education of men and women is precisely the same, and that the least advance has been made in those which arrange a special curriculum for women and which profess to train girls and young women specially for domestic life. America holds that education means for women, as well as for men, intellectual training rather than the accumulation of information without it, and that the value of this is seen, in the case of women, in the intelligent study they are everywhere making of household affairs.

When the vital question in Italy was that of independence from Austria and of unity under an Italian government, Mazzini said, with a sublime appreciation of the principle involved, "Without a country and without liberty, we might perhaps produce some prophets of art, but no vital art. Therefore it was best for us to consecrate our lives to the solution of the problem, 'Are we to have a country?'" It is possible to have peace and contentment in individual households along with ignorance of the economic laws that govern the household, but there can be no radical reform in domestic service in this or any other country that does not recognize the inseparable connection between domestic service and all other forms of labor, and that does not make this fact its starting point. If the difficulties in the present situation, which are all too evident, are to be overcome, it can only be by devoting our energies, as did Mazzini in Italy, not so much to temporizing in our households as rather to the slow methods of careful, patient investigation of the conditions without. The immediate gain to ourselves may be slight, but those who come after us may reap the benefits.

SHAKSPERE TO HIS MIRROR

BY RICHARD BURTON

Within thy crystal depths I see
  A figure semblable of me,
But no more me than I am one
  With the brute rock I rest upon;
For how may brow or eye reveal
  The infinites wherewith I deal?

Nay, I will break thee, mirror mine!
  The unseen inward is divine,
The outward body but a bowl
  That covers in the mounting soul.
If any one would truly know
  What manner of man I come and go,
Not flesh alone, but blood and breath,
  Lo, Lear, Lord Hamlet and Macbeth!

Poor mummer, I must shatter thee,
  Since thou dost bear false tales of me!

MISS ELLEN

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

Miss Ellen, the shears still in her hand with which she had been beheading Maréchal Niels, stood up and looked about her.

"It does seem as if the good Lord had given me more than my share," she said.

The young man in clerical dress, lounging in a boyish attitude on the porch step, laughed aloud, and Miss Ellen's own lips relaxed indulgently.

"You *can* laugh, but the oranges never set so heavy before, and just look at those magnolias and roses!"

She swept an angular arm vaguely forward, and, still smiling, he followed her gesture with a glance. Through the frame of tangled rose and passion-flower, he could see the beds of bloom outlining the path beside the orange grove, and the lawn, densely yet delicately green with the shade of temperate tropics, smitten here and there with the fire of pomegranate or the flame of a rosy oleander. From all about arose a chorus of bird-voices, confounding still further the limits of the scant acre, till, lost in the neighboring hedges of lime, of cypress and rose geranium, the place appeared to stretch vast and dim to the base of the far blue mountains. In the rear of the house a thrifty vegetable garden flourished on the sunny slope, and in front deep orange-colored balls glowed from the citrus depths.

"Now *does* it seem as if He intended all

that for just one New England woman?" asked Miss Ellen earnestly.

Paul Dudley's eyes moved from the opulent landscape to rest upon his landlady's spare figure, gaunt, graceless, pathetic, — the antique "backwoods" New England type, extravagantly intensified in this gorgeous environment.

"Well, I think, Miss Ellen, He knew what He was doing when He gave it to you."

"I only hope He won't find me an unprofitable servant," Miss Ellen responded soberly. "It's worried me more'n a little since I came here, — how I'm ever to show Him I appreciate his gifts."

"Are you trying to reduce them?" — he spoke with intentional lightness, glancing at the clothes-basket heaped with fragrant color.

"Oh, *those*, — I was just cutting a few for the Hospital Fair. Mrs. Lippitt stopped in half an hour ago to ask for some, and I expect her back any minute; — there, I guess that's her, now."

The young clergyman rose leisurely to salute one of his most important parishioners, as two fat horses, shining sleekly, sent a premonitory cloud of dust through Miss Ellen's neat garden. So much gold blazed frankly from their harness and the livery of the grooms, so much more was discreetly hinted in the person of the lady who sat behind, that, in common fitness, gold-dust was the least such horses should have kicked.

Plump and cool and shining sleekly, not unlike the horses, and distinctly attractive in her crisp attire, the lady beamed down upon Miss Ellen.

"Dear Miss Ellen, one can always depend on you," she said, conveying a subtle edge of the smile and the whole of a well-gloved hand to her rector. Mrs. Lippitt frankly approved the "Reverend Paul" (his irreverent title of affection). She was of the number of his parishioners who held his tendency to weak lungs as almost a dispensation, since it removed him from the sphere of his uncle, the Bishop, and bestowed him upon a parish in every way capable of appreciating the rose's vicinage, — lacking the rose.

"I cut as many half-opens as I could," said Miss Ellen, helping the young man adjust the heavy basket on the seat. "I do hope they'll keep well."

"They are divine! How I envy you!" and Mrs. Lippitt sighed a little. "Gardeners are such tyrants. Mine grumbles if I touch a rose, and Mr. Lippitt says those about the house are needed for decoration."

"So they are," assented Miss Ellen earnestly. "I often say how the Avenue houses *would* look if it warn't for the roses. Now mine don't do anybody a mite of good, shut in here, except Mr. Dudley and me. Besides, you rich folks have so many ways of helping, — I call it real kindness to give me a chance."

"I am sure that is a very sweet way to look at it. We *do* have many calls upon us," Mrs. Lippitt concurred gently, glancing at the Reverend Paul; — but the Reverend Paul was looking elsewhere. She sighed — gently also. "Well, thank you a thousand times, Miss Ellen."

Miss Ellen gripped the offered hand warmly.

"Don't you mention it, Mis' Lippitt, — and any time you'd like, I'd be proud to send you roses."

"Real neighborly, — not a bit stuck-up nor offish, is she?" she continued, beaming after the visitor still waving gloved acknowledgments as she whirled from view. "Now who'd ever thought it! Don't it seem as if the Avenue folks had everything under the canopy? — and yet *come* to think of it, there's hardly one of them has a garden or a fruit-orchard, — nothing but a meachin' little scrap of lawn that you can't sit on, on account of the sprinkler, and a few stiff growing things to set off their houses, — and I don't s'pose they feel a mite free to pick those. I remember how it used to be back in Vermont with our big purple lilac-bush, — seemed as if 't was robbing the neighbors to take a bloom off it. There's Mis' Howard, — nothing but stiff red

geraniums near that outlandish foreign house of hers; I got up courage the other day and took her some long-stemmed, — and she came right up and thanked me; said the girls were wearing them to the Hunt ball that night, and they'd give anything to have such, the nights they went out. I told her I'd no call to sell flowers for a living, having all I needed, but 't was a pleasure to give them, and the girls were welcome to come round and help themselves. She seemed real pleased and said they'd surely come. I only hope they will" —

"They will," said Paul Dudley, with reassuring conviction.

"Well, I certainly hope they will. It's funny how little we think of such things," ruminated Miss Ellen, leaning back in her chair, an absent look in her keen eyes, "but it's come to me how little the Avenue folks do have to enjoy, — except money. Now, with your board, Mr. Dudley, I just make out to pay my taxes and water-rates, but I've got a whole raft of things they don't have, — and so have all the poor folks I know. There's hardly a cottage in Las Placidas but what's got a garden and some room for the children to play around, and a couple of orange and lemon trees or so; but take the Avenue children, — scarce one of them has a place to play, — not what *I* call play, — and they're tickled 'most to death to come here. Mrs. Nason's two, — since they've found they can swing on the big pine and make toad-houses in the ground, seems as if they could n't keep away. Now that's one thing I can do, — and the roses is another. It's worried me dreadfully that I could do so little for the poor, but I guess if I can help the rich it 'll come to pretty much the same thing in the end. *They* can help the poor. The little mite I make off my oranges and apricots don't count for much, and the poor folks all have 'em; but down the Avenue they don't hardly get a chance to know what a good orange is, for the shippers pick them green, and if they *do* get a good one, I'm told they pay more for it than in New York."

"They are able," remarked the young man dryly.

"Oh, I know they're *able*, but I do say it is n't the same thing as a basket right off the trees, and then, the less they spend, the more they have to give. Why," — she sat upright, glowing with earnestness, — "when I think of all that's needed to be done right here in town, and how every one naturally goes to the Avenue folks for everything, I feel as if the little I could do for them was a *privilege*. I'm only grieved I did n't see my duty long ago."

"I envy you with my whole heart that you can see it so clearly now."

The tone was both weary and bitter, and Miss Ellen leaned toward the speaker with a glance of troubled affection.

"Things trouble you, Mr. Dudley, — I can see that. Maybe they trouble you more than they ought. I don't know but what you expect too much of people. You want to plant a seed and see it come up right away, — but that ain't the Lord's manner. There's bound to be a lot of things that's hard, in a parish like this. Poor folks take a lot of patience."

"They don't take mine," said Mr. Dudley.

Miss Ellen looked diffident. "It's the Avenue folks, then?" she ventured. "I've sometimes thought they tried you."

The young clergyman glanced up at Miss Ellen's simple face of sympathy, shut his lips tight, and glanced hastily away — too late. He threw back his head and laughed a hearty, boyish laugh; but even in the laughter Miss Ellen's quick ear detected a note of scorn, and she looked sorry.

"Mebbe you don't allow enough," she said. "Mebbe if you could get a new light on them, as I have, and see how much those poor creatures *don't* have, you'd feel different."

Paul Dudley rose to his feet and looked silently across the trees to the mountains for a moment.

"I'll try," he said.

"I *would* if I was you," said Miss Ellen. "Now there's one person I wish I could

see my way to do something for," — she fell to musing once more, — " and that's Miss Mayberry."

The young man came back from the mountains with a perceptible start.

"I don't know as you 've noticed, but she's looking real peaked lately; — she always *does* make me think of a church picture; — I would n't wonder a bit if some of my fresh salad and oranges would set her up, — anyhow, I'm going to try. And there's another thing," — she rose energetically, — "I'm going to ask you right *now* to help me carry out that old settee to the entrance. As soon as I can, I'm going to have a couple more made to put outside along the rise. There was a nice, sick young fellow from back East came in this morning and asked leave to sit on the porch awhile. He stayed most an hour, and we had a good visit. I cut him some Lady Banksia, and he said it did him lots of good. I've thought time and again that there ought to be seats somewheres for folks to rest, — with all the invalids there are in town and among the hotel folks, — but everybody's business is nobody's business, I guess. And I guess it's full as much mine as anybody's. They pretty much all come up here for the view. I'm going to fix a dipper and cup at the hydrant, and a deep pail for the dumb creatures, — I don't see how I never came to think of it before. The Lord knows I *ought* to be patient with folks, — I'm so slow myself."

Stopping next evening to admire the effect of the settee and the shining new dipper, cup, and pail, the Reverend Paul was startled by the sound of a clear *young* laugh, — a laugh certainly not nearly so old as Miss Ellen. Quickening his steps, as he advanced within sight of the porch, a terribly well-dressed young person, who had been cuddling Miss Ellen's kitten, rose with sudden dignity and put it down. Mr. Dudley felt distinctly sympathetic toward the kitten.

"Please don't let me disturb you," he said, casting a longing glance toward the step, himself.

"I was just going," replied the young person, with that nice frigidity to which she had accustomed her pastor. "I merely came to thank Miss Ellen for something."

"Miss Ellen is acting-missionary to my parish." As he spoke, he lifted the rejected kitten in his arms.

"For mercy's sake, Miss Mayberry, — I'm nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Miss Ellen. "I'm only trying to pay my own debts. Now I'm going to cut you some of those roses. Which rose would you think Miss Mayberry would favor, Mr. Dudley?"

"The flaming Tokay."

The indignant exclamation of the girl was lost in Miss Ellen's hearty laughter.

"There, you see, Miss Mayberry! — he don't know a rose from a grapevine, let alone one rose from another."

"Well, — I meant that flamboyant thing down by the hedge," explained the gentleman, unabashed.

"The Archduke Charles? — for the land's sake, *why*, now?" ejaculated Miss Ellen. "Now the Duchess just favors Miss Mayberry's coloring."

"Her *usual* coloring?"

There was a silent exchange of hostilities, and the lady, gathering up her skirt and parasol with an air of finiteness, descended the path, down which Miss Ellen preceded her, snipping as she went. The kitten-nursing rector followed. There was silence, except for the crunching of pepper-berries under foot.

"I *hate* Archduke Charleses!" exclaimed the girl.

"You always did," observed her companion calmly, "and yet it's the ideal rose for — the Avenue."

"This *is* a dear old place." The apparently irrelevant admission, with its accompanying sigh, drew a sympathetic smile from the gentleman.

"It is, — a perfect antique, — fifteen years if it's a day. But Miss Ellen comes from the region of antiquities and ancestral traditions; she clings to the past. That cypress-hedge, for instance, — there isn't a broker in town who has n't pointed

out how it would improve the place to 'open it up' by its removal."

"Miss Ellen is an old dear," proclaimed the girl defiantly.

"She is; and as I said, she is acting-missionary to my parish. Heaven knows it needs one," he added under his breath, setting the kitten down.

Miss Mayberry glanced quickly at the bent head, but when the young man straightened himself up, she was airily punching holes with her parasol-point and gazing anywhere but at him.

"It is well for us we *have* a missionary," she remarked. "Our rector does n't appear to think souls down the Avenue worth saving."

"Your rector feels himself unequal to the task." He threw back his shoulders as if shaking off a load, drew a long breath, and faced the girl with sudden confession. "I shall have to clear out, I guess! The College Settlement was better than this. Even that came to seem rather an empty business, — but it was better than this. But for her " — he motioned toward the nodding sunbonnet ahead — "I should have cleared out long ago. Back there they looked bad enough, the old, old shams and sins and greed and emptiness! — but out here" — he swept his hands with a dumb eloquence of gesture which seemed to draw into one embrace the whole splendor of the sunlit spaces about them, — "I can't stand it," he wound up briefly.

The girl's hat did not hide a rising flush; her parasol point made vicious thrusts in the neat walk.

"I think Miss Ellen shows the more Christian spirit," she said coldly.

"So do I." He looked soberly over the green pepper-tops to the blue shapes beyond, — forty-five miles beyond. "We have n't all her gift. I fear I 'm not framed for a cure of souls among the rich. Workers I understand, but these" —

She glanced curiously at the dejected face; her own suddenly cleared; she seemed to recover both her ease and good-humor.

"After all, you have n't changed a *bit* in five years," she said. "If I were you I would n't throw up my 'cure of souls' too hastily. We really *do* have souls, you know. Give — Miss Ellen — another chance." She shot at him a smile full of subtle meaning and mischief, and strolled on.

The young man did not follow; instead, Miss Ellen, returning from speeding the parting guest, found him patiently amassing pink petals from the dust.

"Mercy, Mr. Dudley! I can pick you a better rose than that, if you want one."

"I don't." He stuck a stem and five sorry appertaining petals in his buttonhole. "I only want to know a rose from a grapevine the next time I see one."

"Well, you never will from that! You do beat all!" Then a look of satisfaction swept into Miss Ellen's face as she surveyed the green settle and bright dipper shining against the hedge.

"I declare, it seems to me I can sit down with more comfort now I know other folks can sit down too. I've looked out half a dozen times to-day, and there's pretty much always been some one resting there. Miss Mayberry was so taken with the notion she says she's going to stir up the Avenue folks to fix some under the live-oak down below. Only I do wish that seat was shadier." She cast a glance at the lofty cypress hedge enclosing her shadowed lawn, and an involuntary sigh escaped her. At the sound, she looked guiltily at her companion, but he was absent in those remote blue mountains where no sigh could reach.

His pastoral duty took him a long way toward them the next day, to visit a sick parishioner, and he drove home again in a golden glow of sunset which all seemed to focus naturally in a moment upon a square blue envelope lying on his supper-plate. The first glimpse of the aggressive upright writing made him smile, and he laughed outright at the plump cheque which fell from a piece of paper neatly endorsed: "Please apply — 'on account' — of Miss Ellen's oranges."

"My dear Missionary," he began, jestingly holding up the cheque, and then abruptly laid it down. "What has happened?"

"Nothing," responded Miss Ellen firmly, across the table, "only I've had a fight and won; there's a man coming tomorrow to cut down the hedge."

Paul Dudley stared aghast. He knew how Miss Ellen's New England heart reveled in that green seclusion.

"I've been real selfish about it," — Miss Ellen's lips tightened a little, — "and I don't to say feel real *generous* even now; but it's *right*, and it's going to be done. The Lord never took me out of that barren Vermont to give me all this just for myself. I'm robbing the Avenue and Hotel folks every day of my life."

The young man looked across the lawn with a knot in his throat. It struck no chord of humor in him, — this vision of Miss Ellen as the defrauder of opulence.

"I've heard say that when folks have everything, they get selfisher and selfisher," went on Miss Ellen with a gulp, "and now I believe it! The man's coming at seven," she added in a business-like way, pushing back her chair. "I hope it won't disturb you."

But it did, — it disturbed him so much that at the first dull stroke penetrating his sleepy consciousness Mr. Dudley sprang up, painfully awake.

"It's Miss Ellen's hedge!" he thought with dismay. In ten minutes he was out in the garden. The first of the lofty cypresses was down, revealing through the gap the whitened road beyond. At the extreme other end of the place, Miss Ellen's blue sunbonnet was bobbing about, busy, very busy among the blackberry vines. The young man pulled his hat low over his eyes and walked as fast as possible, out of sight and hearing. He was half way down the Avenue before he realized it.

It was a magnificent triumph of a street, this Avenue which terminated on "the Rise," before Miss Ellen's entrance. Eighty feet of solid white glare ("We must build for the future," had been the motto of its promoters) was flanked suitably by burning asphalt walks enjoying the nominal shade of alternated palms and grevillias, whose telegraph-pole construction left nakedly visible the homes of the local Four Hundred. Soup-tablets, liver-pills, soap, and other useful and honorable products of a higher civilization had here their apotheosis, and flowered eccentrically in Spanish palaces, Colonial dwellings, Dutch mansions, and cottages called of Queen Anne, with nameless blends of all four, as if it had been proposed to sample climate architecturally. The whole was brought violently into a chaste harmony by strips of green grass tacked neatly down like a carpet to the asphalt's edge, and ornamented with a mathematical sparseness of geraniums, calla lilies, or an unwandering rose tied to its own stick; and on every lawn the sprinkler was already at work disinheriting childhood against the coming day.

The young clergyman's mind went back to the coolness and peace of Miss Ellen's acre; he did not wonder that the young tribe of Nason yearned thither, nor that Miss Ellen's fruit and flowers went at a premium in the homes of these destitute rich. The greater part of them were his parishioners, and often during his brief pastorate the smug betrayal of these too-revealing husks in which they sheltered had played havoc with his oversensitive nerves; now, in the light of Miss Ellen's falling trees, a sudden perception of their immense pathos smote him instead.

"She is right!" he thought, "no people in town stand so much in need of help!" And for quite five minutes the young man stood, a very beautiful expression on his face, sweeping with a kindling and kindly eye the blatant and beggared rows.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul!" he murmured at last, and, giving his hat a little pull, strode on with a fresh and vigorous step.

This ardent mood bore him at last to the Avenue's end, advertised to him by an Elizabethan dwelling set square to the road, and ingeniously combined with a Nantucket windmill, up which a solitary trumpet-flower flared by way both of shade and decoration. It smiled at him like a joke, — this absurd house; or was it his own subtle subconscious self which set him smiling in return? At all events, his lips relaxed, but very sweetly.

"Duchess roses, indeed! — the utter fraud!"

To refresh himself he took the first turning and went home by back streets set thick with rosy cottages in groves of orange, lemon, and almond, all breathing of the "immeasurable rose." Breakfast was waiting on the porch when he arrived, and the whole upper front of Miss Ellen's place was lying open in shadowy glimpses between tall pines and soft inward reaches of Bermuda sward.

"It's a real improvement, don't you think?" said Miss Ellen brightly. "I'm going to move up the white oleander, and the man is setting the benches in on the grass. A whole load of Raymond tourists came by a while ago, and I let them help themselves to oranges. You never saw folks so pleased; they acted just like a party of children, — said it gave them a new notion of Californian hospitality. I declare, how grateful folks will be for the least thing!"

Paul smiled back at her.

"And you are not going to miss the hedge, after all?"

"Oh, it seems a little out-of-doors at first, but I'll get used to that, and I make no doubt it's healthier; — the trees give a lot of shade. While the men are here," she went on happily, "I'm going to have them fix a little pond for the children, where the hydrant overflows. It don't cost me anything but a barrel of cement, and you'll see how tickled they'll be. I've told their mothers to let them come up any time, — it brightens up the place, — only I hope it don't disturb you at your studies?" she added anxiously.

He looked with silent tenderness at the thin, eager face.

"No, dear friend, — it does not disturb me."

Later, indeed, he decided that it filled a long-felt want, when, coming home in the afternoon, he found a pair of children deep in the mire of the pond-edge, ably assisted by a child of larger growth warily reclined on the border of the grass.

"We are making toad-houses," explained Miss Mayberry, raising a brilliant face at his approach. "I've something for you in my pocket, just 'on account' from Mrs. Lippitt, but I can't give it to you now. Wait a minute," — she rose, displaying a pair of hands caked to the wrists.

"We've had the finest time," she elaborated laughingly, walking beside him toward the house. "Mrs. Nason can't know what *dears* her children are, or she would never let them out of her sight. I never *could* quite share your enthusiasm for poor, dirty little tenement-children, but nice, clean ones I love. They are just the perfect age, too."

The young man's heart contracted with an inward groan. Outwardly he only said, — "*Clean!*" with a little emphasis and an elevation of the brows as he glanced downwards at her hands.

The girl laughed.

"Well, they *were* clean when we began."

"Oh, — when even their elders have a depraved passion for toad-houses" —

But she had run laughing ahead, and while Miss Ellen with sympathetic haste produced soap, water, and towels, Paul installed himself with nice selection on a lower step, framed idly to command every fastidious grace of white fingers moving through clear water, or pinkly revealed against the whiter linen.

"Well, Miss Ellen," he said, "I hope you are satisfied with these new fruits of your garden, — having corrupted even Miss Mayberry."

"No," responded Miss Ellen, "I'm not satisfied. I've got something on my mind."

At the tone Miss Mayberry looked up interestedly, and Mr. Dudley removed his glance momentarily from the finger-play to fix it on his hostess. Miss Ellen's face was portentously grave.

"I want to make my will," she said.

"My dear friend! — surely you are not feeling ill?" exclaimed the young man anxiously.

"I never felt better; — but I'm liable to die, for all that. 'In the midst of life'— My grandmother was taken in a moment in her chair. I want to get this place off my mind; it's a great responsibility."

The two young people waited in silence.

"I want to draw up some kind of a paper," — Miss Ellen's voice grew more and more earnest, — "and I want to leave it so's it'll do the most good. There is n't a living soul has any claim on me, except the claim we all have got on each other. And I've been thinking the best I can do is to keep it for a kind of breathing-place for the Avenue folks and their children. The poor have the parks and take a sight of comfort in them, but the Avenue folks really *need* a place to get out in, — specially the children."

Paul Dudley cast the first suspicious glance of his whole acquaintance at the speaker, but her thin face was without guile; her anxious eyes met his simply. He turned and deliberately scrutinized his other companion, but nothing was visible save the outline of one flushed cheek, a bending figure, and a hand splashing the water with reckless zeal.

"I don't want it built on, nor yet speculated with," continued Miss Ellen, "but just kept up, with the seats for the invalids, and the pond and the drinking cups, and a pail for the dumb creatures, and the roses for the hospital" — her voice dwelt in loving enumeration.

"You wish to make it a memorial to yourself," suggested the young clergyman gently.

"Mercy! — no!" answered Miss Ellen energetically, "I want it for a memorial to the *Lord*, a thank-offering for his good mercies. But it's more than I know how to fix it so's the speculators and politicians won't get hold of it. This land is real valuable up here."

"You might leave it in trust" — began Mr. Dudley.

"To me," interrupted Miss Mayberry, raising a flushed face and stretching a dripping hand impulsively across the table to Miss Ellen.

"No, — to me," said Mr. Dudley with decision.

"I spoke first" —

"You have too many talents wrapped in napkins already."

"I am going to unwrap them, — and leave them in trust to Miss Ellen."

"Mercy on us, child!" exclaimed Miss Ellen, "you'll outlive me by forty years."

"Maybe, — but it gives me a claim."

"I had no idea you were of such a grasping nature," said the Reverend Paul, rising to his feet, "but it is no use" — he spoke determinedly. "In the first place, this is a serious matter."

"And I am quite serious."

"You cannot assume a trust and then throw it up when the mood takes you to go back East or" —

"The mood will not take me; *you* are the one to throw things up lightly, — like a cure of souls."

Paul's face flushed painfully. He was silent a moment.

"It was merited," he said then, in a low voice, "but — I am not going to throw up my cure of souls. I have seen a new light," — and he turned upon the girl his face shining so solemnly with it that she drew back with a quick breath.

He made a step toward her.

"There is another reason," he said, speaking a little unsteadily; "unless Miss Ellen casts me out, I go with the place."

"I don't care if you do," said the girl defiantly, but she said it very low and caught her breath a second time quickly.

"I am not joking, Eleanor."

"Neither am I."

With a swift movement he took both the girl's only faintly protesting hands in his.

"Dear friend," he said, turning to Miss

Ellen, "I don't see but that you will have to leave it to us *both*, then, in trust. You see," — his hand tightened on the trembling one within, "we have been engaged — more or less — for five years now, and *now* we are going to be married."

Miss Ellen gave a little gasp.

"I — want — to — know!" she exclaimed, looking from one to the other. "Well, you *have* been pretty close about it!"

"It — it was generally so much *less* than more," came in smothered explanation from under Miss Mayberry's hat.

Paul Dudley laughed a low, happy laugh; he kept her hands closely in his, but his face, still full of that solemnity of light, was turned to Miss Ellen, and its reflection seemed suddenly to fill her own. She beamed kindly upon the two, — shining like spirits in that special consecration which had never come to her, — and another and equal love answered them from her patient eyes.

"Well, anyway, — I'm *real* glad," she said, "and as for me, it's just a crowning mercy. There's nothing else to worry me on earth. I'll make that trust-deed a thank-offering for your marriage, — and may the good Lord bless both it and you," she added heartily, holding out her hands to them.

TELEPHONE DEVELOPMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

BY FREDERICK W. COBURN

THE bigness of the telephone interests, present and prospective, of this country is certainly best understood by the engineers. These men of figures and forecasts, whose every-day speech abounds in references to loads, insulations, and relays, have, as is well known, magnificent ideas as to the future of the industry they are building up. Already they are basing their estimates of necessary construction upon a probable twenty per cent development within the next two or three decades — a prediction which means, in every-day speech, that by 1930 or 1935 there should be, if the present rate of expansion continues, one telephone for every five people in the United States, or, as it has been otherwise expressed, a telephone to every other family and as many more in places of business.

A guarantee of the essential correctness of this prediction they believe to have been established by experience. Estimates of the progress of this industry upon which experts are willing to recommend the expenditure of vast sums of money in 1905 would have been regarded as hopelessly visionary twenty years ago. The telephone-using capacity of civilized man is in fact only beginning to be appreciated. Not longer ago than 1889 it was held that when, at some time in the remote future, there should be three telephones to every one hundred people in the United States, the limit of saturation would have been reached. Of course, a somewhat more liberal use than this of the convenient instrument was expected in the cities, large and small, but no one foresaw either the extension which has taken place of farmers' lines and ranchmen's lines into the remotest districts of the land, or the universal popularity which the utility has of late years taken on in the great cities.

After the lean years following 1893 had been succeeded by an era of national prosperity, an unlooked-for demand for telephone service grew up. Long before the

end of the last decade of the nineteenth century the insufficiency of the three per cent calculation had been so thoroughly proved, that daring engineers began to assure doubting financiers of the likelihood that they might henceforth bank safely upon a probable ten per cent development. This, in its turn, was held to be quite the limit, one which would be reached only very gradually as the national wealth accumulated, and the number of individuals able to afford luxuries increased apace.

Yet so rapid since 1900 has been the expansion of the network of local, toll, and long-distance lines over the entire surface of the United States that a revision of all former calculations has become necessary. In the eyes of men who are to raise and spend millions upon further increase of telephone facilities, a forecast of conditions in which every fifth individual will be a telephone-user no longer seems chimerical; the millions needed for such a purpose are actually being raised and invested by cool-headed business men, in the belief that an era of universal telephony is near at hand.

Indeed, the forecasted development, though it fortunately cannot come about all at once, — since to provide for it adequately would be impossible in existing conditions of industry and finance, — is already not so far away in some sections of this country. Once a community, like a family, has acquired the telephone habit, its members are never satisfied to revert to primitive conditions. The tendency of the percentages is everywhere upward, with the far West in the lead. Most of the big towns on the Pacific coast have long since passed ten per cent. The cities of the East, South, and Central West, though still falling a little below the class of the California communities, are in the midst of an equally noteworthy expansion. They are to-day, as they always have been, far better users of the telephone than are the European cities of corresponding size and importance. New York affords the stock example. In the metropolis a decade ago about 10,000 instruments were in use. There were on October 1, 1904, 136,391 subscribers in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. In London, which has a population of 6,500,000, only 62,580 telephones were in operation at that date; in Paris, with a population of 2,600,000, 45,714 instruments; in Berlin, out of an aggregate population of about 1,800,000 there were 61,885 subscribers. The total number of instruments in Greater New York on January 1, 1905, was 176,683. New York, therefore, although it is a little behind Boston and Chicago in percentage development, is actually the first city of the world in the number of stations operated and — such is the growth of the traffic — the local engineering force predicts that practically every family not in destitute circumstances in the metropolis will, before many more years have passed, subscribe to the service, just as now almost every place of business must.

The more general figures of the industry are equally convincing as to the plausibility of the engineers' predictions. Ten years ago the number of telephone conversations over the Bell companies' lines in the United States averaged twelve a year for each man, woman, and child. To-day the average per inhabitant is forty five. This system, whose operating companies have in hand a total of 4,486,564 telephones, transmits an average of more than 7000 communications a minute, 460,000 an hour, and upwards of 11,000,000 a day, the distances traveled varying from a few feet to more than 1600 miles. In 1904 it handled more than three and one half billion messages, nearly forty times as many as the telegraph companies controlled — a number, indeed, equal to about two thirds of all the letters and postal cards forwarded as United States mail. The average number of daily calls per instrument throughout the country is $6\frac{2}{10}$.

With the extension, furthermore, of long-distance and toll services, the value of the telephone is increasing so fast that an accelerated growth is safely predicted.

The limit of the usefulness of a small local system with no outside connections is soon reached; the opportunity readily to call up anybody anywhere is the boon ultimately to be bestowed on mankind by the telephone engineer. As the various communities of the North American continent are brought into communication with one another by the extension of a single comprehensive system, the worth of the individual telephone is enhanced. It is, of course, of greater consequence to be able to talk to fifty million people than to only five hundred people. Bell toll line conversations, according to the latest annual report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, amounted in 1904 to 300,990 daily, an average eight times greater than that of eleven years ago, and more than twice that of five years ago. The mileage of toll line wire has increased from 215,687 in 1896 to 1,121,228 in 1905. In some cities, as in the cotton centres of the Southwest, the annual aggregate of long-distance traffic greatly exceeds the local traffic.

Abundance of amusing as well as statistical proof of the approach of such an era of universal telephony as is implied in twenty per cent development is not hard to find. Newspapers give publicity to all sorts of ingenious schemes for utilizing Mr. Bell's invention in heretofore unheard-of ways. The instrument has come to be of assistance in about all the vocations and avocations of the everyday world. Not only has it annihilated time and space on the superficial earth, but the Norwegian fishermen drop into the ocean depths a line with telephonic attachment by which the swish of the approaching herring, codfish, or mackerel is communicated to the anxious listeners above. In some of the most delicate operations of hospital surgery the telephone proves helpful, and in ordinary medical practice the country mother raises the baby to the transmitter in order that the physician in the village may determine whether or not the cough is croupy. Concerts have been transmitted more or less successfully over the wires, and Sunday morning preaching effectively conveyed. After a recent revival, in which scores of eager "seekers" had put in their requests for prayers, the evangelist handed his secretary a list of names with their telephone numbers and with the instruction: "Just call up each one of these sisters and brothers to-morrow morning, and ask them how it goes with their souls. Tell them to keep on with their prayers and inform them that I am praying for them right along."

Love, too, finds, naturally enough, a telephone way. Engagements, and even marriages, have been brought about over the wire by persons acquainted with each other only vocally. Indeed, a California writer has lately complained that in the progressive and telephone-saturated communities of the Coast the old-fashioned love letter has become quite out of date. There is no longer any occasion for amatory correspondence. An engaged girl whose lover lives in a town distant a score of miles confides that during the two years of their courtship not a solitary letter has passed between them. "We just call each other up a dozen times a day and say all our nice things that way." These young people, it may be said parenthetically in defense of the telephone habit, will, if anything goes amiss and their affairs are subjected to courtroom discussion, at least not be liable to the mortification of having their love letters produced before a tittering audience.

Even weddings have been telephonically conducted. Recently in Philadelphia an attractive young widow gave herself in marriage to a second husband who at the time lay critically ill with a malignant disease at the Municipal Hospital. Four miles away from the pesthouse a magistrate pronounced over the telephone the nuptial-knotting words while the bride sat by the bridegroom's cot. Contagion fortunately cannot be conveyed by the electric currents of the telephone circuit. Indeed, the isolation of hospital wards has been quite done away with since

telephones have become a part of the sick-room fixtures.

These, and almost countless other amusing trivialities which have gone the rounds of the press within the past few months, attest at least the importance which people have begun to attach to the services of the telephone. The serious features of the development now in progress have aspects hardly less astonishing than some of the apparently absurd uses to which the telephone is put. Problems of peculiar and almost sensational moment await solution.

For, in order to enable everybody to reach practically everybody else anywhere in the United States, the engineering department of a great national system must be prepared to construct and maintain a vast number of inter-connected and workable long-distance lines of such a character that stations considerably more than 3000 miles apart can be readily brought into communication with each other. The art of telephony has not yet reached any such degree of perfection. Recent reports to the effect that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is extending a long-distance line from Omaha to Denver, purposes to build forthwith from the Colorado capital to the Pacific Coast, thus joining New York and San Francisco telephonically, have been denied authoritatively. The difficulties of maintaining a line increase progressively with its length in excess of one thousand miles. The electric currents used in telephone circuits are exceedingly minute. All sorts of disturbances along a stretch of 1500 or 2000 miles may render the service ineffectual. Between Boston and Omaha, on the longest line that is anywhere in daily use, even a severe downfall of rain upon any considerable section of the wire seriously affects the insulation, and therefore the transmission. Engineering skill is working all the while, as it has been at work for many years, in the hope so to increase the efficacy of the long-distance service that practically no limit of length will be imposed, and that not only trans-continental, but inter-continental telephony will have been effected. For the present, however, many obstacles remain to be overcome.

Another great problem grows out of the existence of competing companies. As a prime condition for proper expansion of the utility there should be a single efficient management of the telephone lines of the country. Competition makes only for anarchy and inferior service. The maximum of usefulness can be attained only under a comprehensive system.

This point deserves all possible emphasis. There is neither economic nor technical excuse for telephone competition in any American community. The "independent" movement could never have come into being but for the unfortunate persistence in this country of a crude notion that any kind of competition in any kind of industry is good. Of course, in reality what may be the life of one trade easily works destruction in another. The truth is that some forms of competition are beneficial, others extremely unhealthful and undesirable. Competitive activity in telephony has been proved by experience as well as by logic to belong to the undesirable type.

The growth of the so-called "independent" companies has from the outset been accompanied by abuses vastly worse than any that its promoters have claimed to eradicate. It has resulted, as such competition almost invariably results, in distressing waste of the savings of the people and in broad-spread impairment of the value of the utility. The movement began shortly after the expiration of the Bell patents about 1894, with the appearance of a horde of manufacturers of telephonic instruments, who crowded into a field that was popularly believed, because of the large dividends paid by the Bell company in its early years, to be full of fabulous profits. The manufacturers soon discovered that in order to create a market for their wares they must promote companies outside the Bell organization,

Popular prejudice they promptly seized upon as their most valuable asset. In order that people might be induced to put money, time, and energy into independent telephone enterprises, it was necessary to make their policy one of violent criticism, and such it has continued to this day to be.

Save that in an occasional instance an independent company has had economic justification in that it was organized in territory which no Bell company had ever preëmpted, most of the capitalization of these enterprises represents downright waste of national resources, — of the wealth of the people created by toil and by abstention from the pleasures which the rewards of toil might have purchased. An enlightened public policy would have prevented their ever coming into existence, while allowing the Bell companies everywhere to maintain their monopoly, and holding them strictly to account for producing satisfactory results. In every place where a second telephone company has entered into competition with the Bell organization there has been waste, — installation of apparatus beyond the community's need, duplication of services, protracted irritation on the part of citizens, lowering of rates to the extent of interfering with efficiency of work. At enormous expense to themselves a number of the leading centres of population of the United States have learned — and are learning — from telephone competition the elementary lesson that public service corporations ought to be established on a reasonably profitable basis in order that citizens may be able to invest in the stocks of such corporations without the risk of losing either interest or principal.

That the independent telephone companies have no proper reason for existence has been made abundantly clear by the frequency — one might almost say the regularity — with which they go into bankruptcy. An unjustifiable business usually fails to go; the financial troubles of the independents have been many and by no means obscure. The normal course of any one of them is through a period of apparent prosperity at the outset to one of bankruptcy within from five to ten years. Richmond, Jacksonville, Detroit, and a score of other important cities have seen both the rise and the fall of rival organizations to the local Bell companies; other communities which are now subject to the manifold inconveniences of the dual system will before long have reverted gladly to monopoly. Every scheme known to the accomplished promoter has been "rigged" time and again, until the investing public has grown weary and wary. The quotations of the securities of the principal independent companies, as listed in the stock markets of Cleveland, Toledo, and other cities, reveal accurately the status of even the strongest of the independent telephone properties.

What, then, will become of the considerable number of independent companies now operating? Can there be persistence of present conditions, which from the engineering point of view are intolerable?

It seems probable that, because of the gradual disillusionment now going on in the public mind regarding the economic value of competition in telephony, the independent companies will be obliged during the next few years either to place themselves on a very different footing from that they now occupy, or one and all to go out of business, as so many of them have already gone. In order to survive, many of them have already found it to their advantage to ally themselves with the Bell system. In some sections of the country, as not long since in central New York, in Indiana and Rhode Island, "mergers" have been brought about between Bell companies and other companies, by the terms of which the older and more national organization takes care of all the long-distance traffic, relinquishing the local work to those who were formerly the "independents."

Any other outcome than such harmonization of interests will be obstructive to that orderly development of the telephone

utility upon which the engineering experts are basing their estimates. A great industrial combat, which might be prolonged for many years, would be wasteful of resources and destructive of national morality, and at the end one organization must triumph over all others. Peace and a reasonable degree of prosperity are prerequisite to the highest usefulness of the telephone.

Fortunately for the general welfare, the likelihood that the independents will cease to be independent through combination into a national organization of their own is more apparent than real. Obstacles intervene. The public would never endure competition, once it became widespread. The inconvenience of a dual system with long-distance connections in every city, town, and hamlet would be distressing, the expensiveness appalling. We already have, it is true, competition of this character in telegraphy and do not suffer so severely from it, but the conditions are dissimilar. One is not obliged to have two telegraphic instruments at one's home, and two more at the office. Though a correspondent in another city habitually uses the Western Union, one can still send him a Postal message with assurance that it will be promptly delivered. If, however, one is a user of the Bell telephone, while one's correspondent is a user only of the service of an independent company, the two people are still as far apart as if Mr. Bell had not invented the telephone. The only remedy in such circumstances is expensive and cumbersome; each man must use the service of both companies.

Another cause making against any immediate general combination of the independent companies is physical. Their plants have been built without common standards of construction and equipment, and, consequently, cannot usually be made to work in harmony. Theoretically it should be possible for a number of independent companies between, say, Pittsburg and St. Louis, to hitch up and thereby create long-distance services; practically, such a result could be accomplished only through complete rehabilitation, at tremendous expense,of many of the plants involved. The toll connections that have been established between scattered independent companies are operated only over comparatively short distances. To build up profitable long-distance lines is possible only in a system in which the contributory local and toll lines conform to the same engineering standards and are designed each to supplement the others. Independent properties, if truthfully reported upon by expert engineers, are not, therefore, in their present state likely to be attractive to capitalists looking for legitimate investment, however they may allure individual speculators.

The chances, therefore, seem to be against any sensational *dénoûment* in the present drama of telephone competition. Independent companies there will be for some time to come, since economic misconceptions die hard. There is, however, a growing disposition throughout the country to concede the usefulness of well-regulated monopoly in many kinds of public service, and from that disposition the Bell companies will, if they continue to improve their service, normally profit. In all probability the pooling of interests between small local independent companies and the lines of the Bell system will go on apace. The increase of this practice of sub-licensing lines has been marked since the beginning of 1903, when the Census Department's bulletin relating to the telephone and telegraph industries of the United States showed that, of the telephones classified as operated by independent companies, some 84,021 were in fact in alliance under contract with the Bell system. Within two years from the appearance of the Bulletin, — that is, on January 1, 1905, — the number of this class of telephones had increased to 167,215.

So that it now appears extremely unlikely that the people of the United States will within the next twenty or thirty years undertake, as logically they must if two big competing systems of telephone should

be allowed to build rival exchanges wherever there is traffic to be handled, to invest nearly or fully four billions of dollars in properties of which from one third to one half would represent sheer waste of material resources. Both moral suasion and legislation of a general nature may be needed in certain communities to keep the fool and his money from parting company, but the whole American people will not put itself in a position to be indicted of such monumental folly. Rather, the orderly development of the telephone industry will go on up to the twenty per cent stage, and possibly much farther yet.

THE COUNTRY IN NOVEMBER

BY HENRY C. MERWIN

November has a bad name among the months, and yet, in mountain regions at least, it possesses a peculiar beauty of its own. It is, above all others, the month of cloud effects. The clouds gather and disperse more easily and more quickly than at any other time. White, fleecy clouds, left over from summer, spread across the sky at one moment, and then give place to dark, gloomy wind clouds, apparently of immense depth, which seem to betoken a tornado, or at least a furious storm, but which, in turn, sweep over the mountains and leave the sky comparatively clear. November plays at winter. Her cold, blustering winds make you shiver, but your ear tips will not freeze; snow falls, but the roads will not be blocked; the mornings are apt to be cold, but not with that terrible, relentless, New England winter-cold which appalls all but the young and vigorous.

Moreover, this March-like month has at times an entirely different aspect, for November, at least equally with October, can lay claim to the credit of Indian Summer. On October 31, 1850, Thoreau wrote in his diary: "This has been the most perfect afternoon of the year. The air quite warm enough, perfectly still and dry and clear, and not a cloud in the sky. Scarcely the song of a cricket is heard to disturb the stillness. Our Indian Summer, I am tempted to say, is the finest season of the year. Here has been such a day as I think Italy never sees."

In the space of ten years Thoreau noted in his diary the following as being especially Indian Summer days: September 27, October 7, 13, 14, 31, November 1, 7, 8, 17, 23, 25.

This capricious season is a visitor, though an uncertain one, in all temperate climes. In England it is called St. Martin's, or St. Luke's summer. In Scotland the expression "Go-Summer" is, or was once, in use, and in Acadia, if the poet may be trusted, a much more appropriate term was employed, —

> Such was the advent of autumn, then followed that beautiful season,
> Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of all Saints!

Francis Parkman in the *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, after an exquisite description of autumn with its brilliant coloring, goes on to say, —

"A week or two elapsed, and then succeeded that gentler season which bears among us the name of the Indian Summer; when a light haze rests upon the morning landscape, and the many-colored woods seem wrapped in the thin drapery of a veil; when the air is mild and calm as that of early June, and at evening the sun goes down amid a warm, voluptuous beauty, that may well outrival the softest tints of Italy. But through all the

still and breathless afternoon, the leaves have fallen fast in the woods, like flakes of snow, and everything betokens that the last melancholy change is at hand." [1]

November seems to be particularly associated in the American mind with the aborigines, for beside the Indian Summer we have sometimes the "Squaw Winter." The Squaw Winter begins with a light fall of snow, eagerly anticipated by hunters, who are up before daylight the next morning, and are off betimes to the slopes of the mountains in expectation of tracking a deer or perchance a bear. This fall of snow is succeeded by two or three rough, windy days, and then comes a cold, still, beautiful morning. For the first time the ground is frozen hard, and horses' hoofs ring loud and clear on the highway. Ponds are skimmed over, and the pool at the roadside, where the brook widens and the stock are watered, is bordered by thin, brittle ice which shivers like glass when the horses put a hesitating foot upon it. Every twig, every blade and stem of marsh grass are beautifully coated with frost and actually glitter in the sun. There is not a breath of wind, and though the air is cold and makes the blood tingle, there is a promise in the atmosphere of something milder, and more relaxing, — a promise which is fulfilled in the noon hours.

This is the kind of day for mountain climbing. The leaves having fallen, and frost and decay having beaten down the underbrush, it is easy to make one's way through the woods. Thickets that were almost impervious in summer can now be threaded without discomfort. To climb the pathless mountain-side is a pleasant task in this bracing air, and when you reach the summit, and sit down in some sheltered, sunny nook to eat your lunch, you have a sense of cosiness and comfort which no other season can supply. The sun is now not an enemy, but a friend; his beams at noonday cover you up warm like a cloak; their genial heat produces a pleasant feeling of drowsiness and content. Not a twig stirs, not a sound is heard, the birds have gone southward, and though in the damp moss you can plainly discern the fresh track of a deer, he gives you no other sign of his presence. Probably there is a fox somewhere near, sunning himself upon a rock, after the manner of foxes; and, as you climbed the ledges, a hare loped easily across your path, and disappeared in the scrub pines.

These animals are strangely tame on the mountains, and never seem to be in any hurry to escape from the presence of man. Even in woods that border on a highway they may sometimes be seen skipping slowly along in a course parallel with the road, and evidently as curious about the human traveler on the highway as he is about them. In November the hare is in process of changing his coat, and his autumn clothes are different from both his summer and his winter garb. His legs are now encased in that warm, white fur with which nature supplies him in winter, so that he may be inconspicuous on the snow, but his back and shoulders are clothed in russet, — a sort of intermediate fall overcoat.

The ease of getting about in the woods after the leaves have gone, and before the snow has arrived, makes November the favorite month for "running lines" by surveyors, and for inspecting the forest growth. The village "trader," who, by virtue of his numerous mortgages, would become owner of all the land in the town, if he could only live long enough, takes a day off for a trip through the "Sinnamon neighborhood." He is anxious to see if his birch trees are big enough for the bobbin or the spool mill, and to calculate the cords of spruce and "popple" that he can sell to the pulp mills, whose ravenous jaws are fast consuming the forests of New England.

Lumbermen from distant places come to view, and perchance to purchase, tracts of timber land, or even whole slices of a township or "plantation." It is wise to

[1] *The Term Indian Summer* is the title of a most interesting pamphlet written by Mr. Albert Matthews of Boston.

treat such visitors with hospitality, and perhaps it is wiser yet to exercise one's hospitality vicariously. Stillman Keene is not the least shrewd of our townsmen, and when a customer for his "second growth" appeared, he did not himself escort the customer, but turned him over to a certain 'Rastus Partridge. To this man — his debtor for some small sums — Stillman gave a few instructions as to the lay of the land, physical and otherwise, a bottle of whiskey, and a significant wink. The result was that some surprising mistakes were made in traversing the territory. About half of Stillman's lot abounded in well-grown, hard-wood trees, but the rest was of little value, producing almost nothing but alders and scrub pine. How did it happen that those two men spent the whole afternoon in making circles through the good timber, never once going near the alders? Acre after acre of noble, valuable trees loomed upon the astonished gaze of the lumber merchant, — there seemed to be no end of them. Returning to the village in the early evening, they found that Stillman — with what may have been ostentatious indifference — had gone to bed. But the customer was so pleased with what he had seen that he insisted on rousing Stillman up, and making a contract of purchase, then and there.

And yet this ingenious scheme does not always work; people are so suspicious in this wicked world! There was once a certain rich, well-seasoned old gentleman, a lumberman of renown, who, after he had been brought back the second or third time to a particular belt of pine trees, sarcastically called his guide's attention to a chalk mark on one of the trees, secretly placed there by the old gentleman himself upon their first passage through that belt. If we have a fault in our part of the country, it is that we are a little oversubtle.

Almost everybody who goes into the woods, or indeed anywhere else, in November, carries a gun. Partridges are a certainty, deer and bear are always possible, and rumors of wildcats, loups-cerviers, and Canada lynxes are sufficiently rife to thrill the blood of children and timid persons when they pass through a patch of woods after dark. A foreigner might imagine that the county was in a state of insurrection, for in almost every wagon that you meet a shotgun or a rifle is apparent. The rural mail-carrier brings back more partridges than letters; the lawyer, on his way home from court, stands up in his buggy and shoots a plump bird without disconcerting his well-trained steed; two or three shotguns may often be seen outside the door of the district schoolhouse, resting against the wall, while their youthful owners are inside, undergoing instruction in more peaceful arts. What would a city schoolmaster think if his lads of twelve and fourteen came armed to school!

Trapping, as well as hunting, is a November pursuit, especially among the boys. Muskrat skins are easily obtainable, and will sell for about twenty cents apiece. Mink are rare, and a good mink skin will fetch five dollars. It was, doubtless, the knowledge of this fact that enabled Ed Geers bravely to hold on to a mink which, with his bare hands, he once caught in a stone wall; — he held on, I say, although the ferocious little animal bit his thumb and finger to the bone. Mink are very fierce, and sometimes fight so savagely one with another, screaming with anger, that they entirely fail to observe a human witness of the combat.

Skunk skins are not to be despised, for the price ranges from fifty cents to one dollar, according to the absence of white; and the confiding way in which a skunk will walk into a box trap is really pathetic. There is one boy in the village who uses the woodshed of his father's house as a trapping-ground for skunks, and it would require very little encouragement, given either to the boy or the skunk, to transfer the scene of their operations to the kitchen. Once trapped, the unsuspecting, brave, friendly skunk is easily carried to a brook (not, let us hope, a source of water-supply), and there drowned.

He may then be skinned, — and all without exciting any odor that could offend the most fastidious. Let not the City Reader smile! I have seen hands that held a captain's sword in the War of the Rebellion, hands that are capable of wielding the fiddle and the bow, hands strong and skillful to break a colt or shoot a bear; — I have seen such hands employed in skinning a skunk, and doing it so neatly and deftly as to confer an artistic quality upon the humble task.

Beside hunting and trapping, there is not much to do in November except to prepare for winter; and there is a certain luxury in putting off those preparations until the last possible minute: it is like lingering on a railroad track until you hear the roar of the express coming around the curve. Procrastination is, after all, a very real pleasure, — and not always an expensive one. Some ploughing has to be done; and the house must be banked up before the snow comes. Spruce boughs are usually employed for this purpose, and they are both useful and ornamental. The snow gathers about them and over them and fills up all the interstices; and thus a covering is provided which keeps the cellar warm, and preserves the apples, potatoes, squashes, turnips, and carrots from freezing, — to say nothing of the cider barrel. Some æsthetic persons in our village add to the spruce boughs small fir trees which, when the snow becomes deep enough, they plant in a semicircle on the north and west sides of the house, as a wind barrier. Very grateful to the eye is the rich green of the fir contrasted with the spotless white of the snow, and a house thus protected has a comfortable appearance of warmth and seclusion.

In fact the whole population go into winter quarters during this month, for commonly it is not until the first, or perhaps even the second week in November that the colts, the cattle, and the sheep are "taken up," as we say, which means brought down from their mountain pastures to the home farm. Some penurious farmers leave their stock at pasture so late in the season that they suffer much from cold and hunger; and there is a true story of a colt which froze to death in an early snowstorm. Strangely enough, the body was found on the very top of the mountain.

The visitor in summer observes few signs of life about the farm buildings, — some hens, an occasional cow or two; but in late November flocks and herds are scattered over the intervals, cropping the "fall feed;" colts are grazing about the house; brood-mares are sunning themselves in the barnyards. The home-coming of the stock in autumn is a picturesque event, and yet our New England poets and painters have neglected it. You are most likely to meet the little procession just at dusk, on a cold, dark day, — on one of those days when an impending storm warns the merciful farmer to get his beasts home where they can be kept dry and comfortable. First come the sheep, timidly and erratically diverging from the road, shepherded by the farmer's dog, and by his boys; then, the stolid cattle, fat, and reasonably sleek, despite the frosty nights which they have experienced; last of all, the colts and brood-mares, — some running loose, others led behind a light wagon. They also are fat, but rough, shaggy, unkempt, and wild-looking, with long, disheveled manes and tails; somewhat dejected in appearance, as if they realized that their summer holidays were over. Now is the time to harness the two and three-year-olds, and even the yearlings. The grass-fed colt is not so nervous and spirited as the hay-and-grain-fed colt, and therefore can be broken the more easily.

It is the season, too, for matching young steers, and almost every farmer's boy has a miniature pair of oxen, which, when snow comes, he yokes to a miniature sledge, and makes believe at hauling loads of wood. Two boys often put their cattle together, thus forming a four-in-hand of steers, — and a kicking, bolting bucking team it is apt to be, until experi-

ence has chastened it. This kind of thing, however, affords a healthy amusement for the boys, and results in the mutual education of boys and steers.

For the whole community November is an easy-going month, — an interval between summer and winter. Husking bees exist in reality, as well as in magazine illustrations, and red ears of corn are found as often now as they were in old times. Whist parties are not uncommon, and church "sociables" are organized for the winter. It is the season for visiting friends and relatives in adjoining towns, and for exercising a hospitality which culminates on Thanksgiving Day. Just as the landscape discloses itself when the leaves fall, so, in November, when the stress of summer and autumn work is over, the characters of the townspeople begin to reveal themselves to a sympathetic observer. In the city one may know a man well; but in the country we know not only him but his antecedents; we know the strain of blood which he inherits on his father's side, and we know the strain which he inherits on his mother's side. If nature handicapped him at the start, we are aware of the fact, and make allowance for it. If some erratic or even criminal trait develops in him, the chances are that we can find its counterpart in an erring aunt or crazy cousin, and a few aged persons in the village will recollect the common grandsire in whom the taint was first disclosed. Not only the antecedents but the history of our neighbor in the country is familiar to us. What he has done and suffered and gone without; what misfortunes have happened to him, whether by marriage, ill-health, or otherwise, — all these things are known, and the knowledge begets a wide and deep charity. Quarrel and gossip as we may, there is a fellow-feeling, a sympathy, among country people, which anybody who has once experienced it will never forget or be contented without.

Let the reader contemplate our blacksmith, for example. To one who casually employs him, he is simply a tall, gaunt figure whose working clothes are picturesquely patched and stained, and who has a genius for mending unmendable things. But to one who knows his ancestry, and the wild strain of blood which he inherits; to one who remembers how he once, while fox-hunting in early spring, crawled out thirty rods on thin ice in Bass Pond, at the risk of his life, to save his dog from drowning; to one who appreciates his affection for his children and his grief when anything goes amiss with them; to one who is familiar with his poverty, and with his lifelong, unfulfilled ambition to own a fast trotter; to one who has listened to the grim jests at fortune and at himself which he hammers out of red-hot horseshoes, — to such a one, the blacksmith, tramping heavily down the street with firm-set jaw and melancholy, cavernous eyes, is an epitome of the tragedy of the human race.

It is a common remark that New England character is largely the result of New England soil and climate. Now, it is one thing to assent to this remark when we hear it, or when we come across it in print, and it is quite another thing to see it illustrated in flesh and blood. Frost and snow and ice; fierce storms and balmy winds; the cold that stimulates and congeals; the warmth that relaxes; — all these things are transmitted into human character. Thus, human nature and external nature are, in a very real sense, different aspects of the same elemental forces. One may have lived long in a New England town before this truth dawns upon him, but when once grasped, it is a keen and subtle source of satisfaction. With what a human interest is the landscape invested when we realize that the same forces which moulded it have also moulded the lives and characters of the men and women about us! On the other hand, those living personages acquire a cosmic dignity and significance when we reflect that they are, in a measure at least, the human manifestation of that wild energy which nature exhibits in New England.

The humble fact — unrecorded by his-

torians — that, until forty or fifty years ago, the great mass of New England people wore no underclothes, even in winter, speaks eloquently for the toughness and vitality of the race. It is only within thirty years or so that the average farmer has had anything warmer than a horse blanket to wrap about his legs in the sleigh. Fur coats were very rare as late as twenty-five years ago. Even now, the usual dressing and sleeping place of the younger members of the family, at least, is an unheated garret room, where the snow sifts in, and where the wintry winds are imperfectly kept out. If the housing and clothing were of a rough and hardy character, so also was the food. The bill of fare in logging camps used to consist chiefly, if not entirely, of pork, beans, soda biscuit, doughnuts, molasses, and green tea. No fresh meat, no potatoes, no milk, no sugar, and no butter appeared on the table. Instead of butter, the hardy woodchopper used a mixture which in these squeamish days one hesitates even to mention; it was composed of pork fat and molasses.

Now, however, the woodman's table is spread with fresh meat, butter, sugar, potatoes, and good bread. He has coffee once a day, tea twice, and in many logging camps even the luxury of a cow is supplied. Wages also are satisfactory, and the consequence is that in the dispersal of young or unattached men which always takes place in November, the fall work being finished and the winter work requiring but few hands, many go into the woods. Choppers receive from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a month, besides, of course, their board and lodging; drivers, especially skillful teamsters of oxen (who are becoming scarce), are paid even more sometimes, and the cook and cookee (the cook's assistant) fare as well. The cold is not much felt in the sheltered woods; the work is exhilarating, and the life is of that sociable, gregarious kind which suits the American temperament. In the evening, the men sit around the stove, play cards, and tell stories.

The woods, in fact, exercise a fascination which some married men, even, cannot resist. It is a matter of wonder among us, for example, that Church Cutts should leave his young and handsome wife, and be off to the woods in November. The cynics who gossip in the store while waiting for the stage to bring the mail wag their heads, and predict that such rash conduct as that of Cutts will result in his making application for a "bill" at the spring term of court. "Bills," in fact, are almost as common in our community as weddings, and a certain misanthropical bachelor once declared that, to save trouble, every marriage certificate hereafter issued ought to contain, on the reverse side, a blank form of an application for divorce.

It is possible, however, to combine family life with life in the forest. Last November, two young couples in our village, who had been married but a few weeks, started for the woods to spend the winter in a log cabin, the men to get out ship's "knees" while the women attended to their household duties. Who, without envy, could see them depart! The four young people were snugly ensconced in a big wagon half full of hay, with two dogs and a cat as fellow passengers. The remainder of the load comprised two beds, four chairs, a cook stove, a big pile of comforters, a barrel of flour, two shotguns, a rifle, snowshoes, and a few other necessaries. It was simply a prolonged winter picnic, from which they all returned in the spring, venison-fed, and in the best of health and spirits.

But the reader may surmise that November is drawing to a close, and may expect, not without reason, that these slight, but genuine, impressions of the month should come to an end also. There is a kind of typical, late November day, when autumn may be said to take its leave of the landscape, when nature shuts the door of the seasons, and turns the lock which is to hold all vegetation fixed and motionless until the spring. It is a dark, cold, silent day. One vast, lead-colored,

low-hanging cloud covers the sky, and in the still, raw, yet strangely exhilarating air there is an unmistakable suggestion of snow. If anybody has neglected to bank up his house or to fetch his stock from their mountain pasture, let him bestir himself now, for winter is at hand. But to one who loves solitude and the open air, this is the day, above all others in the year, for a long walk, or drive, or horseback excursion. Each of these ways of getting about has its own peculiar advantage, and I will leave the reader to choose for himself, provided only that he takes with him no companion who is capable of speech. A spoken word is more certain to dispel the charm of solitude than it is to bring down an avalanche of snow upon the heads of travelers in high mountains.

One other precaution should be taken, and that is to have some errand, real or pretended. Nature, as we all know, is never at home to the mere sightseer or idle spectator. Stare at her straight in the face, and you will see nothing; it is only the casual side glance which is rewarded by the sight of anything new or substantial. But if there is no business on hand, an errand can easily be invented. There is always a particular colt, ten or twenty miles off, which it is one's duty to inspect; there are friends in adjoining towns to whom one owes a visit; there is a box of books and fashion papers, with some candy for the children, that must be taken to a certain lonely farmhouse in the mountains, situated on a rough, unfrequented road, which may soon be blocked by snow.

Perhaps this last excursion is the most promising, as being the most solitary. The chances are that you will not meet a human being on the highway. There are several houses scattered along the road at intervals of a mile or more, but these are all abandoned farmhouses, fast falling into picturesque decay. Some sociable persons might wish to have it otherwise; they would prefer to see faces in the windows as they go by, to hear the ringing sound of the axe, to see smoke curling upward from the kitchen fire. But give me the dark, deserted home, the cold hearthstone, the smokeless chimney! Not that I have any antipathy to the human race, — rather the contrary, indeed, — but that I love solitude also.

The rough, stony road winds up through a notch in the mountains, with woods and rocky pastures on either side, and over all a profound, brooding stillness. Nothing moves. The sap does not run in the trees. The ground is frozen. The dead leaves, half disintegrated by frost and rain, and now the food of the fungi which convert them into dressing for the ground, — even these scattered, multitudinous leaves neither rustle nor stir. But perhaps the most perfect example of arrested motion which the November landscape contains is exhibited in a small mountain lake, invisible from the road in summer, but distantly revealed when the leaves have fallen. The lake is as still as a block of black marble, for it is covered with a surface of smooth, black ice; but all around its edge is a graceful, escalloped fringe of pure white, frozen foam, — the foam produced by the miniature billows which broke upon the shore before the wind died down and the water congealed. There is nothing in all nature more unsubstantial, more fleeting, than foam; and yet the cold has seized it with frosty fingers, has transformed it into ice, and there it will remain under a covering of snow, its beauty unseen, until the warm sun of spring shall resolve it into water again.

The dearth of vegetable life seems to have driven all animal life from the scene. As you pass the gateway of the pasture, you will notice that the bars are down; the cattle and colts have been "taken up," and the pastures are deserted. The crows have gone southward. The woodchucks crept into their holes long ago; the deer have sought the high, northern slopes of the mountains, where they maintain their winter "yards;" and if any fat bear still lingers anywhere in the land-

scape, you may be sure that he is on his way to some snug hole in a hollow tree or to some dry cave among the rocks which he long since selected for his hibernating quarters. Bears always know when that heavy snowstorm which ushers in the winter is impending, and they "den up" before the first flakes begin to fall.

And yet, silent as is the scene, you cannot help feeling that if only it were a little more silent, you would hear something which you never heard before. You find yourself straining to listen more intently, — unconsciously holding your breath, lest some communication should escape you. What *would* one hear if he could get a little more in sympathy with nature, — could efface himself more completely? — would it be the music of the spheres, or the hitherto inaudible voices of unseen beings! It may be that the indefinable, undescribable charm of solitude consists in the fact that it is not solitude, after all, but companionship of a subtle and mysterious kind.

However, in this latitude, and among these hills, the days are short, and to-day especially night seems to be closing in abnormally early, — so dark and heavy is the pall of cloud which nature has spread over the sky, as if to celebrate the obsequies of autumn. The cold, too, is penetrating, and on the whole it is time to be moving briskly homeward. Reluctant as one is to leave the lonely mountain-side and the solitude or companionship which abides there, yet there is a pleasure also in contemplating the lighted windows of the farmhouses in the valley. Expectations of a good supper, anticipations of warmth and light, of a wood fire and congenial society, — these things are not to be despised even by the solitary. Moreover, the long-threatened snow has begun to fall. The grass and the road are already of the same color, and a fringe of white decorates the tips of your horse's ears and the roots of his mane when you turn into the stable. That evening the wind rises, and a real, "old-fashioned," northeast snowstorm sets in. "It will be hard doing to-morrow," the stage-driver ruefully remarks, as he takes a final look out, before going to bed; and the next morning, long before daybreak, the musical sound of sleigh-bells, mingling pleasantly with your dreams, makes you vaguely aware that another autumn has passed into history, and that winter has arrived.

HOW STATISTICS ARE MANUFACTURED

THE EXPERIENCES OF A CENSUS-TAKER

BY WILLIAM H. ALLEN

THROUGHOUT the civilized world statistics have come to be regarded as public guide-posts, not mere monuments to public whim. The decennial national inquisition conducted by the census agents can be justified only on the ground that some important public end is to be subserved. That end is the guidance of the statesman. Statist, statesman, and statistics are of the same derivation, and refer to public servants. Statistics have in fact always been distinguished from mere facts, in that statistics, instead of being dead and unrelated, are intended to suggest action, social control of future contingencies, social mastery of the forces whose working they chronicle.

In spite of the avowed incompleteness and inaccuracy of former census returns, whether relating to the vitality or to the industrial activity of our population, it must be admitted that the average citizen gives to our official statistics absolute credence. Cynical as we profess to be with reference to the expert's motives or hypnotic skill, nevertheless we are worshipers of the tables whose meaning he is thought to pervert. Rarely is the accuracy of these tables themselves challenged. On the contrary, we submissively accept them as the major premise of the political syllogism, and divide into parties for the discussion of the conclusions. The wag's remark that one should always state, in applying, whether Republican or Democratic statistics are wanted, does not imply that the individual Republican or Democrat questions the infallibility of his own statistics. Thus it happens that, just as we accept as final the population enumeration and base upon it a distribution of influence in national legislation, so upon industrial statistics we base our political and economic policies.

Acting upon this principle, the government questioned in 1900 about 640,000 manufacturing establishments on the assumption that an analysis of the returns would throw light upon the relation to the public welfare of protection, the gold standard, strikes, trusts, expansion, bounties on shipping, immigration, higher education, factory legislation, and the like. The facts gathered four years ago have been classified and compiled at Washington. Immediately upon the advance publication of totals, showing an increase of over 40 per cent since 1890, the political syllogism was exploited, and the figures were said to warrant this conclusion, quoted from a Philadelphia newspaper: "This is not at all in accord with the theory that only great business concerns any longer have any chance of success in this country." It is not extravagant to predict that the material contained in the four volumes of manufactures statistics recently published will form the basis for political controversy for the next two decades.

It is the object of this paper to indicate as briefly and correctly as possible the nature of a large portion of the material. If it should appear that the writer does not share the superstitious reverence for official statistics, let it not be inferred that he wishes to depreciate the importance of the decennial census or of the statistical method. It certainly is not desirable to diminish public interest in our statistics. It has been a very difficult and expensive matter — over one billion dollars for the last census — to collect and compile the voluminous reports of the

last two censuses. Yet it is perfectly obvious that the value of future statistics must depend upon candid recognition of the defects of past statistics. The chief statistician himself, in four pages of Part I, has warned those who might prepare campaign editorials and historical summaries of certain limitations, declaring candidly: "The science of statistics, as applied to manufactures, is yet in its infancy."

The true character of these statistics is probably best known to the census agents. They helped to manufacture the statistics of manufactures. They have, therefore, an intimate knowledge of both the raw material and the workmanship which have gone into the finished product recently published by the census office. The writer had one month's experience as special agent in two districts in the city of Philadelphia. Statements were taken from about one hundred and fifty manufacturing establishments. Acquaintance with the daily experiences of a score of special agents working in the various districts of Philadelphia assures me that the conditions hereafter described are not exceptional. On the contrary, the average intelligence of the two districts cited is considerably above that of most of the districts in any large city.

Nor is it probable that conditions in Philadelphia specially favored inaccuracies. On the contrary, it is most likely that nowhere in the country was a more conscientious effort made to secure reliable results. The Chief Special Agent, Mr. George S. Boudinot, had not only years of experience as manager of commercial agencies, but had won the confidence of the census authorities, for whom he had conducted the bureau of manufacturing statistics in 1890. Furthermore, Mr. Boudinot employed every university or specially trained man whom he could, having on the staff many men experienced in the service of mercantile agencies. It would be interesting to hear from Washington with reference to the qualifications demanded of special agents in other special districts. It will appear from the experiences here recounted that the task assigned to the census agent was too great for any training less than that of a magician or a fortune-teller.

The schedule asked for an exhaustive statement of the preceding year's business. Special industries, such as sawmills, chemical factories, woolen and steel factories, and the like, were reported on schedules calling for minute details with reference to the specific industries, such as the quantity of chemicals, of various grades of lumber, or qualities of wool. The vast majority of industries, however, were reported on "schedule three." In "schedule three," therefore, will be found the principal source of errors.

This called for (1) the capital and its distribution into buildings, land, machinery, tools and implements, stock and cash on hand, and bills receivable. (2) The greatest and least number of persons employed during the year, including men, women, and children over sixteen, whether piece workers, ordinary employees, superintendents, managers, clerks, salesmen, salaried officers of corporations, proprietors and firm members. (3) The total account of wages or salaries paid during the year. (4) The average number of wage earners employed during the year, including piece workers, but excluding all who draw salaries. It is obvious that this information furnishes a check on the statement of wages paid during the year, as well as on that contained in (5), the number of months in operation on full time, on three fourths time, on half time, on one fourth time, and the number of months idle. (6) A statement of the quantity and cost of materials purchased under the following classifications: Raw materials, partially manufactured, fuel, mill supplies, all other materials, and the amount of freight paid on goods purchased. (7) Miscellaneous expenses, including rent of works, rent of power and heat, amount paid for taxes, rent of office, interest, insurance, internal revenue tax and stamps, ordinary repairs of buildings

and machinery, advertising and all other sundries. Under this head is placed the amount paid for contract work. (8) The kind, quantity, and value of goods manufactured, the amount received for custom work and repairing, including a statement of the value of the manufactured products for the preceding business year. (9) Lastly are statements as to the kind, amount, and ownership of power used.

The manufacturer is to answer these questions under penalty not to exceed a fine of $10,000 and one year's imprisonment. His signature on each schedule certifies that the information therein contained is complete and correct to the best of his knowledge and belief.

In the case of establishments which keep detailed book accounts there is obviously no obstacle to an accurate report, except the almost ubiquitous desire of the proprietor to overstate his expense account, or understate his product, or both. The chief statistician has declared that there has undoubtedly been a great increase in the number of establishments which keep adequate records of the year's business. Just what the increase has been we do not know, nor will the present census enlighten us as to the proportion of its material that is based upon book accounts. The census expert did not explain why it was impracticable to ascertain this proportion. It is hard for the casual observer to understand wherein lies the impracticability which Professor Willcox mentions. After a business man has told his age, present and past marital relations, size and sanity of his family, the purity of his blood, his capital, expense account, wages paid to children employed, product and profit of two years' business, it is hardly conceivable that he would object to state whether the abstract to which he subscribes is from his ledger or from his memory.

Judging from my own acquaintance with these reports, not one in ten is based upon ledgers. In one month's experience not one report was taken entirely from books. In the one sworn statement that came nearest to fulfilling these requirements it was necessary to add $25,000 to the product in order to bring it within the limits of reasonableness. In my two districts not ten per cent pretended to keep even partial accounts. Bills payable, with duplicates, are filed on a wire hook, the assets are in the till. The past is buried and forgotten. Cigar factories furnished exceptions so far as concerned amounts of tobacco used, cigars made, and taxes paid. Even here, however, the same internal revenue book once told two entirely different stories in the hands of the two members of the firm. A colleague worked in a district where unbusiness-like methods were so general that he was not surprised to be called in as arbiter in a discussion between a manufacturer and her son as to the number of children in the family. He was able to do what cannot be done with most census returns, — suggest a lining up along the wall for purpose of roll call. The present paper deals with returns based almost entirely upon memory or guesswork, under the censorship of the special agent.

Our instructions were to record every productive industry, no matter how trifling its product, nor how infinitesimal its capital. Industry was productive when it resulted in changing the form of a commodity. To change place or ownership is exchange, to change form is production. There can be no doubt in the minds of special agents that an unnecessarily numerous army of manufacturers are engaged in changing form on a small scale. To make sure that these small factories would not be overlooked or scorned, the government paid by the day, not by the average product. The agent was expected to be on the outlook for signs of productive workmanship. To guaranty that he would not pass by some productive industry in ignorance that it belonged in the category of manufacturing establishments, the government published a list.

Among the many types of manufacturers which the agent, unwarned, might have passed by, may be mentioned the

following: A tailor who makes suits; the custom branch of a department store; a tailor who contracts to have suits made; a tailor who runs a sweatshop; a tailor who "sweats;" a tailor who only patches and sews buttons; a washerwoman who cleans clothes with benzine; the German plumber who repairs clothes at night; the dressmaker who furnishes only her labor and needles; the dry goods merchant who converts unsalable cambric into aprons or doll clothes. Likewise a blacksmith is a manufacturer, as are the jobbing carpenter, mason, plumber, locksmith, cycle-repairer, lamp-mender, wick-fitter, shoemaker, milliner, cooper, paperhanger, plasterer, painter, photographer, printer. An undertaker who trims coffins is a manufacturer, because he, like the others above mentioned, changes the form of the products which pass through his hands. Little wonder that one agent found place for a crematory on his schedule!

Supplementary occupations furnish a still more perplexing list of census factories. One is surprised to learn that the following are manufacturers: the day laborer who works at night, six weeks out of the year, sharpening skates; others who work off and on at spare moments after supper repairing bicycles, mending shoes, rolling cigars, cooling candy, turning ice cream freezers. The housewife who takes in sewing during September and October; the dry-goods firm that sends its shopworn remnants out to be made up; the hardware company with a capital of $100,000 which makes five dollars' worth of blank keys, or earns ten dollars trimming and repairing lamps; these are manufacturing concerns. A department store counts for as many manufacturing establishments as it has departments that repair, renovate, make, or change the form of commodities.

The difficulty of obtaining a report of reasonable accuracy is obvious. Even if complete book accounts were kept, it would be practically impossible to determine the proper relation between expense and profit of such enterprises as above enumerated. The agent had nothing to guide him but his own discretion and the necessity of returning a consistent schedule. The method of procedure may be indicated by citing as typical schedules those for dressmakers, night workers, bakers, and supplementary manufactories.

Out of a large number of dressmaking establishments reported by me, not one was in a special building, nor did one keep books. Oftener was the establishment conducted by one or more members of a family, who thus contributed to the family income by working off and on during the year upon such custom as was attracted by the sign in the window. The problem was, then, to estimate the portion of the expenses of a private residence which should be charged to the manufacturing of dresses. In most cases, the materials were furnished by patrons, — a fact which the census office was quite reluctant to recognize. The employees were for the most part members of the same family, or perhaps unpaid "learners." In many cases the only capital invested was one sewing machine, which would have been in the house even if no custom work were done. The agent learns from experience that it is futile to permit the dressmaker to think over the schedule. This will result in a very imperfect and impossible schedule, or perhaps in the firm decision not to "answer those impudent questions, because her lawyer brother says it is not necessary."

It is also unwise to ask questions in the order on the schedule, for the fabric of guesses is certain crazy patchwork by the time the tenth blank is filled out. Therefore, the agent learns to begin by obtaining some idea of the number of months the "factory" is employed on full time and the number of sewing machines used. If the number of employees seems to correspond to the number of sewing machines, the agent has the basis for a guess at the product. He does not ask what it is. On the contrary, he

suggests $500, $1000, $850, and then, like the Dutch auctioneer, deducts until he and the dressmaker come to a practical and amicable agreement. Or perhaps he suggests the number of dresses made. In the absence of positive proof to the contrary, the manufacturer accepts, often with unfeigned dismay, the *a priori*, inevitable product which is shown to meet all of the requirements of mathematical accuracy and statistical harmony.

Given the product, it is necessary to determine expense. The manufacturer would not continue in business unless it was profitable. By subtracting this reasonable profit from product, the agent has left the gross cost of conducting the business. He begins to inquire. How much rent would you pay, if you paid rent? How much salary would you receive, if you received a salary? How much would you have paid your sister, if she had been some one's else sister? How much material would you have bought, if you had furnished material? How much would fuel and light have cost, if you had paid for fuel and light? How much capital would the sewing machine represent, if it were yours and employed only in manufacturing? "If you had a brother, would he like green cheese?"

Not less enigmatical is the schedule of the day laborer who conducts manufacturing some hours of some nights of some months of the year. How many hours or nights or months he will not know. How many lawn mowers or skates he may have sharpened, how many sewing machines or bicycles repaired, or the amount earned by pressing trousers or cleaning coats or soling shoes or cooling candy, he cannot tell. Infinitely less intimate is he with the expense of conducting what he is astonished to hear is a *manufactory*. He has always thought his profit from this extra industry was pure gain. He is disappointed to learn that his profit must be only reasonable, according to the modest minimum standard of the census office. His disappointment changes to wonderment, however, as he observes the ease with which the agent has convinced him, by the Socratic method, that he pays rent and wages and profits to himself as landlord, laborer, and captain of industry, — each bearing to the other a relation of inexorable consistency.

Typical of supplementary industries is the large retail hardware store which makes ten dollars' worth of keys in the course of twelve months. Having listed this establishment, it is clear that the product sets a limit at once upon the inquiry. The agent must prepare the schedule so as to leave a reasonable profit on key manufacturing. What portion of the $50,000 capital is to be charged to key making? What portion of the $2000 rent? What share of the tinkering clerk's salary of $100 a month? Shall the business be reported as running twelve months a year on one fourth time, or one month on one fourth time? How much may reasonably be charged to fuel, light, and taxes, or to salary of firm members?

Similar to this case is that of the retail dry-goods firm with a capital of $100,000, which manufactures, from unsalable calico, aprons to the value of $12 a year, or doll dresses to the value of $7. How shall unsalable calico be appraised? how many laborers shall be recorded? Here again is the repetition of the problem of adjusting expenditures to product.

Another type of industry which presents numerous difficulties is the bakery. The returns show 14,917 bakers, with a product of $176,000,000. In almost every bakery are combined a manufactory in the basement or kitchen, a ground floor retail shop which sells bread, cake, pies, ice cream, and the like, and a residence. A moment's consideration will show how natural it is for the actual bakery to be treated as a factory in making up the expense column, and as a retail store in the product column. From this situation doubtless arose the conviction expressed by a certain census official that "any baker who says he does not make a profit of 100 per cent is lying."

In determining the expense we had no

instructions regarding the apportionment of capital among kitchen, store, and residence. Nor did we compute seriously the value of the services of wife and children. The product, in practice, was discovered somewhat as follows: The baker gives the capital invested, which the agent distributes reasonably. The baker then guesses at the average number of barrels of flour used per week. A barrel of flour should make 270 loaves of bread. The agent, knowing this, can compute the number of loaves per year and the reasonable cost of furnishing salt, butter, etc. The baker is asked about the number of pounds of cake, cookies, etc., to which items five to fifteen per cent of the flour will go, on the average. If the agent adds this product to the bread without first having deducted fifteen per cent of the flour, he has overstated by $1000 to $4000 the product of a bakery which consumes twenty barrels of flour each week.

The total value of the baker's product depends entirely upon the agent. He may and probably does consider that all of the bread and cake and ice cream are actually sold, and at the maximum market price. The facts would seem to prove the inaccuracy of each assumption. One baker declared that he bought no fuel, and when asked with what he kept a fire in the oven, snarled "Bread!" He partially made good his claim by showing piles of hard bread. Another, who did a thriving business, was astounded at the agent's extravagant showing of profit. He later found the discrepancy in the fact that a large portion of the product was sold at a sacrifice, and from six to ten per cent was waste. Others agreed that bread brought more when fresh than when stale, and that not all of the product found buyers. It is doubtful, therefore, if a strict separation of factory income from retail income and a careful statement of sums actually received, based upon quantity sold, not manufactured, would have convinced the census officials that the reasonable minimum profit for bakers was 100 per cent. In fact, the final returns show a profit of but 35 per cent, including interest on the capital invested.

These cases are sufficient to indicate the difficulties which confront the census agent, assuming that he is honest in his desire to ascertain the truth. They indicate furthermore what splendid opportunities are afforded to the agent whose sense of humor, local patriotism, party loyalty, or desire to rank high among his colleagues, constrains him to look at industrial statistics as puzzles to be skillfully and tastefully dovetailed one with another. And they must also demonstrate the necessity of relying upon the agent for the facts, rather than upon the manufacturer. To the latter the process of filling out a schedule is equivalent to a seminar in business accounting or a laboratory experiment at Monte Carlo. He is astonished to find out how little he knows about his own business, but having had a product named for him, and a reasonable profit of which he never dreamed, he is prepared for any number of surprises in matters of detail. It is all like the education of Alice in Wonderland. His business grows on the income side and shrinks on the cost side, and against his conviction he signs his name to a statement that to the best of his knowledge he has done a reasonably profitable business.

It may be suggested that these cases are unimportant and obviously exceptional. As to the latter point, only the census office can give a satisfactory answer. Unfortunately, its answer must be incomplete, for no provision was made for denoting incidental or supplementary manufacturing. The only incentive to mention the fact was the fear that otherwise the schedule would be returned as not showing reasonable relations, item for item. As to the importance of these minor establishments, that depends upon their number and also upon the use to which the returns will be put. It needs no argument to show how necessary minute

classification is to insure a reliable application of industrial statistics to a discussion of the trust problem. For practical public purposes not one of the above-mentioned establishments, except possibly the bakeries, belongs to the category of manufactories, however necessary they are to a statement of the nation's productivity.

The concentration of responsibility in the hands of the census agents would seem to make possible a degree of uniformity of standards not practicable among manufacturers. So far as the last census was concerned, the central office made no provision for uniformity of standards, except to provide supervisors to judge the reasonableness of a schedule. The agents were left to their own discretion. The result will be, therefore, hundreds of thousands of schedules based upon varying principles of division and adjustment. In his independent helplessness the agent could know but one rule, — that is, to maintain proper proportions. The manufacturer insists upon overstating expenses, — the harmony is restored and the business properly described by the agent's pushing up receipts. The agent employs, therefore, the sliding scale of the physician who sends his bill to the grocer after receiving the latter's monthly statement.

The central office is responsible for the perfect working of this sliding scale. Schedules were time and again returned as unsatisfactory, because they showed that the traditional reasonable profit was not being earned. In time of prosperity manufacturers make money. They would not continue in business if they did not make money. A baker says he is losing capital. A plumber says he is living on rents. A blacksmith maintains that he suffered an accident last year which makes it necessary for him either to continue his patronage at a loss of $600 or to give up his business entirely. These showings were mistrusted by the census office. The agent had to protect himself by appending signed explanations of what is ordinarily accepted as a commonplace of business experience, namely, that a goodly proportion of business experiments fail.

Undoubtedly the feeling was widespread among agents that the object of the census was not to ascertain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but rather to prove a thesis. The moral tone of the agents suffered depreciation, even in a few days. The sliding scale reigned supreme, while the slowest and most ignorant and most venal man on the staff was permitted to set the standard of a day's work for Uncle Sam. The epicurean cynicism and abandon of the staff seemed to justify the warning of a noted statistician to the writer: "If you ever expect to work with statistics, the less you know of their origin, the better."

The difficulties are numberless, but the count is in, and must be used as effectively as possible. Luckily, too, the original material is in charge of skilled statistical experts. By minute and candid classification the inaccuracies may be weighted. The *a priori* reliable statistics may yet be sifted more carefully from the *a priori* unreliable, and the possibility of building upon the inaccuracies of this census in all future statistical computations may be minimized.

A little more time and expense in connection with the analysis of statistics of manufactures for 1900 will save much outlay for the next census, and many mistakes in legislation and administration. It is manifestly poor economy for Congress to spend millions in collecting less complete statements than circumstances permit. Perhaps it might pay for Congress to demand confessions from various special agents, to be used as hints to the experts and stimuli to the permanent census bureau.

HEARTS IN THE LOWLANDS

BY ALICE M. EWELL

I

ROBERT ——
Ignatius ——
Matthew ——
Clement ——

In a certain Family History their names are thus set down. As to the surname which follows, we need not give that here. Enough to say that it was a noble one in Maryland, as it had been in old England. As to our four lads, it was plain that the three last had been dedicated to the Church. Ignatius, Matthew, Clement, — saintly names were these. It was only Robert, the eldest, named after a much-married grandfather, who was expected to continue the line. At the time of which I write the faith of Cecil Calvert was sadly at a discount in the colony which he had planted. But a mother who had suffered much and loved accordingly had set these three apart.

It was, as I have said, Robert who was to go free. But who can tell how things will decide themselves! Before he was ten years old the Mother began to have her doubts. He was a boy that girls admire, yet always from a distance. As for interest in them, he showed none. They dwelt not in his thoughts. He was a slender lad, of medium height and well shapen. His face and hands had the perfect regularity, the color, of carved ivory. His hair and brows were black. His night-black eyes were for his age strangely unsmiling. Cold and clear was his voice. Somehow when the other three talked to or looked at Robert they thought of two facts otherwise partly forgotten. One was that their "family" was very old; the other, that some members of it back yonder in England had stood high for the Majesty of Law. No one thought of the Church at first, yet still it seemed not strange when he made his decision.

After all, the choice was a natural one. The Jesuits were then, as now, the mainspring of their Church in Maryland. In the Ark and the Dove they had come, patient, tireless, "zealous for souls." They were now those who by their secret ministrations kept alive the earlier faith. Father Guesclin, the priest in this manorial household, was not a member of the order, but when Robert expressed a desire to study for its ministry he said, "It seems the will of God." Within a few months after, the boy was in France, duly installed a pupil at St. Omer's.

There are, however, consequences to all such changes. One condition the Master of the Manor had made. One of the other lads must now be let off, must marry, and continue the name.

On the day after Robert's departure they talked it over, — the Master, the Lady Mother, the priest. Which one? was now the question, and they found it open to much discussion.

With a woman's intuition the Mother suggested Clement. Was not he the least spiritual of all? the lover of sport and activity? the born country gentleman? The Master it was who demurred. What! the youngest! He had given his eldest-born. Could he not justly claim the second? But here the priest drew a line. He had doubts about Ignatius, but how could he give him up? A vision of Clem's fine hunting instinct turned soulward also flashed before him. Why not Matthew, the neutral and docile? It seemed a hard knot, but Father Guesclin had the wisdom of moderation. Neither had he forgotten the days of his own youth.

"Let it be," he said presently, "the one who first loves a maid."

And so it was decided.

It was an arrangement which left much to time and chance. As yet no girl to speak of had appeared on the scene. But those were leisurely days, and meanwhile life at the Manor House went smoothly.

Father Guesclin studied, thought, and prayed. The lady saw to the ways of her household. The Lord and Master also kept busy, held his Courts Baron and Leet, saw to his quitrents and escheats, rode, fox-hunted, and made merry. It was the old colonial life of a riverside Maryland manor, and in all its phases the lads had their share. Each had his own way of playing. In work and study they took equal ground. Of the situation indicated they seemed to have an intuitive understanding. One was to be "let off," to take Robert's place as Lord of the Manor, husband and father. Which one or how decided they knew not yet. There was no great cause for hurry. They were all good boys. Even Clem, the hunter, was duly loyal to the Church, though somehow both Ignatius and Matthew were oftener called on to serve in Chapel. Under Father Guesclin's tutorship, with an occasional master from St. Mary's, they were put through the same course of instruction, religious and secular. The same traditions appealed to them. Sometimes on winter evenings, when the wind crept in chill from the marshes, they gathered round the fire and heard tales of Jesuit travel and hardship, of Brebeuf and Jogues in Canada, of the cave-houses in Virginia, where Father Guesclin himself had been. There were stirring tales of the Calverts and their kin, of the famous Battle of the Severn. To the mother this time was strangely sweet. It was good to keep them by her side as long as possible. When matters should be settled, a few years would prepare the young priests for such simple parish duties as the country life of Maryland then called for. So it came to pass that for some time longer Clem hunted and fished on his marsh; Ignatius, the poet, roamed and dreamed upon the inland hills; Matthew, the singer of hymns and songs, the whittler and scribbler, following first one elder, then another. But the very longest lane has a turning, and at last — She came.

It was at a ball at St. Mary's that they saw her first. Though not only the Governor's niece, but their own distant cousin, she was just out of a convent school in England. There was, however, nothing nunlike about that face and form. Of other mould and fashion her beauty. Though, at fifteen, but a promise of more glorious things to come, it was of the sort to make one fetch one's breath. In the quaint yet rich dress of the time, the lustrous silk brocaded with silver, the golden ringlets over white shoulders, no wonder it dazzled — almost blinded — our three lads looking from their corner. It was their first Governor's ball. They were shy, and not among the dancers. This had not been a part of their training, save for Robert, who hated and despised it. As yet they were but onlookers. She was in all the joy of a first triumph. Yet seeing them, she found time to ask their names. As for hers, they had learned it an hour before. It was one which a century back had figured high in English tragedy. On a certain Tower window it was once written Iane. As we write a vision comes; a girl's head on the block, a lover husband soon to follow her. Let our maid be Iania! It hath a noble sound. So to her seemed the names of these young Marylanders.

A few weeks after this she was staying at the Manor House, in all the old-time ease of cousinship.

Now, this is not primarily a love-story. I am not going to tell of moonlight nights out o' doors (for it was early autumn), nor of still more intimate rainy evenings by the fire. I am not going to spin out the tale of what then befell. Let no blame attach to them! She was their first. She seemed of all possible girls the best. If Ignatius held back a little, if at times he fell into strange musing reserves; if Clem ran off some days to marsh or river —

what difference did it make? They were both between whiles no better than Matthew, who did not resist at all. They were all three, if not quite slaves, under her spell. Nor was it that of beauty alone. She had both sweetness and spirit. All the simple school lore of her day she knew — but hers the charm that is born, not taught. Even Father Guesclin's eyes followed her with more than the rather dismayed interest of the situation. He had not planned for this, but it was stimulating. To the Master the humorous side appealed. A puzzle, to be sure, yet it made him feel young again. It was with a loud "Ho, ho!" that he finally asked of the other two, "What do you think on't?"

They were in Father Guesclin's own little study. The Master on the hearth, back to fire. The Lady Mother was sitting, very pale and grave. She knew not what to think or do. The priest was walking back and forth with hands behind him. His brow was slightly knitted, but the ghost of a smile hovered over his lip. "There is but one way to decide, now," he said.

The Master gave a chuckle, then poked the fire most vigorously with his spurred boot heel.

"Well, what way?" he asked. "I've a guess — but never mind."

The priest sighed very softly. "God and Nature look after such things," he said. "The girl can love but one of them that way."

II

A hundred yards or so below the landing at Delabroke, beside the creek that stole down to the river, and just where this same creek left solid ground for the marshes, there stood in those days a mighty ash tree overshading a rude boathouse where Clem kept his boats and fishing-tackle. The ground underfoot was pebbly and strewn with mussel shells. All around, save where the path from the house stole through, was a thicket of "chill bushes" or wild ailantus trees, now leafless. On the tree above a few rust-red leaves yet lingered, but on a certain evening whereof I am telling one might have seen the gray-blue sky overhead, and a yellow sunset to westward.

It was plainly a meeting of serious importance, this. Clem was standing against the log wall of the boathouse, his hands in his doublet pockets, a frown on his brow, his nether lip pushed out. On a fallen tree-trunk near sat Ignatius, very still, his eyes unusually dark and deep. In a sand cove up among the big tree's roots, Matthew, half-lying, leaned on his elbow.

There was silence for a bit, broken only by the river a half-mile away, the cry of a bird on the marsh.

Clem was the first to speak. "Well," said he, "now we've met, and 't is time we were settling it one way or t'other."

He paused, very red. Matthew answered with a long sigh. Ignatius nodded gravely. Clem went on.

"There's but one of us can have her."

Another sigh, another nod from the listeners.

"'T is but young we are, I know, to settle down" (a note of regret here crept into Clem's voice). "Still I am 'most sixteen — and cannot one see what they asked her here for? For the matter of that I'd have loved her just the same" (a sort of groan here came from the others). "So would we all, I reckon. There's nobody like her — there never was. But I've somehow known 't was all talked over, just as I've somehow known since brother Bob went away that one of us was to be let off to marry. 'T is not like we were common folk. There's the name! She was asked here for one of us."

Matthew was sitting up now, and rocking on both elbows. Ignatius with cheek on one hand was tracing something in the pebbly sand with a stick. It began with an *I*. It would probably end with an *a*.

Clem did not often talk much, but he now had something to say. "I'm but young, I know, to think o't," said he. "You're both older. Then I know not which one they mean, and one must mind

one's parents I suppose — not to speak o' the Father! But one cannot be a baby, and, hang it! why did they bring her here amongst us all? They might have settled it, i' faith, another way. But one thing I think they've missed counting on — now that she knows us all, doth anybody think she'll have no say i' the matter? I trow she's not that sort of a maid!"

He took a turn over the shingle, stamping vigorously.

Nace had finished his word, or name. He drew the stick sharply across it.

Matt's piping voice spoke up. "I come next to Nace," cried he. "There's only 'leven months betwixt us. You're the youngest, Clem. I'll stand back for Nace's courting — not yours."

It was Clem's turn to groan. "Oh ninny! hush!" cried he. "Who talks of courting! I can hardly speak to her about the commonest things. Faith, my voice dies in my throat if I but say 'T is a good day, Mistress!' Courting! Why, e'en if 't were right — an' they'd all three given leave — what chance would I have against you two? Have I learned to talk by saying prayers in Chapel ever since I was knee-high to a duck?"

There was here a faint, strangled laugh from Matthew. Nace looked at him frowning, pale and grave. His lips were slightly a-quiver. What memories of "serving" in Chapel, what tender sense of loyalty to Priest and Church were fighting in his breast against a new, surging emotion!

Clem kicked a pebble, then broke forth again.

"Oh," he cried, "I am for fair play. I'm no *priest* to talk! I could fight for Holy Church! If either one of you get her — get her fair — I will take your place like a man. Do not I know how Mamma hath set her heart on't? Do not I know how she was once served? Father Guesclin himself told me. She was a girl like this one, and most — nay, he said, she was more beautiful. She was dragged before the Governor and Council and rebuked like some common wench because of her religion. By the Saints! when I think o't! But never mind! I'll stand by mine own — never fear! But we'll have fair play. I'm not yet sworn bachelor all my days! What I want is a chance, an' the best way 's to fight for 't. Do not girls like a bold fighter? Aye, that do they! And now what say you to *this* scheme?"

He paused and waited, but for several moments no word came. Matt rose to his feet and began feeling his slim arms. "Faith, 't is a bad chance for me," he said at last with a glance at Clem's thickset sturdiness. Nace was staring in pale reverie, in his face both disgust and approval mingled with the surprise of this new idea.

Clem laughed contemptuously.

"Ninny!" said he again. "Do you think I mean a fist-fight or single-stick? There's but one way for gentlemen to fight. For what else, pray, hath the Father been giving us lessons all this while? We will slip the buttons an' meet tomorrow at daybreak here — nay, 't is too near the landing. Down on the Point will be best. And to give you both fair chance (you being the more priestly-like), I'll stand 'gainst you both. Now, what think you?"

His honest face was shining. His curly head went back with a brave air pleasant to see. But Ignatius stood up all at once, straight, and very tall for his not yet eighteen years.

"Nay," he said haughtily, "if I fight, I will not fight two against one."

Matthew also put in a disclaimer, but Clem was firm. He argued thus. They were more than equal to him in some things. There was talking, for one. On that "singing in Chapel," which was supposed to have given them the advantage here, he dwelt again. Even in fencing Nace had sometimes the skillfuller hand, but failing this, who was twice as strong?

"Ye can take it by turns," quoth he, "or not at all. If I'm not mistook you'll both be finely worn out. If instead you beat me fair, talk or fight it out betwixt you, I care not which. I'll be out on 't

then. You may go to her then an' say, 'Well, Mistress, we've beat him.' She shall see my face no more, for I'll get ordained bachelor an' go missioning to the Indians. I will die like old Brebeuf. Then she'll mayhap be sorry. But mind you, sirs, this if I fail. If I win, 't is you that will go a-missioning. I want her to myself. Ye're both too good at talking — you. Faith, now is it a bargain?"

In sooth there seemed to them no other way. If any gentle reader be shocked, let him or her remember that it was a time when the "Triall by Battel" was much in vogue. Not by gentlemen alone and with the small-sword were vexed questions so settled; not only did Tom Hodge and Man Jack go at it with fist and foot; but yeomen, the most law-abiding, in like case fought with oaken cudgels in the presence of witnesses from sunrise to sunset. Even Ignatius could see no better way out of it. So it was agreed that at sunrise next morning they should go to the Point and try their luck.

It was noticed that night, and afterwards spoken of, that our three lads had never been more friendly.

The air was chill and a fire of dry sticks crackled in the great fireplace of the parlor at the Manor House. Around it were gathered the whole family. On one side sat the Lady Mother with her netting; on the other the Master, surrounded by his dogs and busy polishing a set of antlers. His jolly Ho, ho! rang out now and then. In the midst in front sat Father Guesclin. His mood to-night was a reminiscent one. Strange tales of wild life among the Indians, of hardships endured, of perils escaped, were those he told. The young people around him listened eagerly. The one girl sat with softly shining eyes. Her lips were parted, her cheeks warmly flushed. No wonder the lads, looking, adored. More than once did the priest's astute gaze linger on her face. Never once so far had she given sign which one she liked best. Was it (he wondered) cousinly impartial friendliness, or the coquetry of a maid? Girls of this sort puzzled him. It also seemed as if there were something unusual about the boys to-night. An atmosphere of mystery, of somewhat or other kept back, seemed to surround them. Something dogged about Clement, something impish and sly about Matthew, he felt or fancied. As for the one he loved best, the one he thought the girl must surely also prefer, — as for Ignatius, — Father Guesclin's keen sense had never before got such an impression of mental and emotional conflict.

III

Next morning was the first of black frost that year. Down on the Point, a bit of solid ground where creek met river, it was like iron underfoot. On the shallow marsh-pools, on the margin of the creek, the ice broke with a glassy crackle. Beyond the gray-blue river the opposite shore stood out with the clearness of such weather. Far adown stream, toward St. Mary's twenty miles away, sunrise was beginning to tinge the highest points with gold.

Our three lads had stolen noiselessly from the house. As may be guessed, they had slept but little. As they crept, shoes in hand, down a long hallway on which the upper bedrooms opened, Clem stopped, and with awkward gallantry kissed Iania's door-latch. Matthew followed his example, dropping, however, lightly on one knee and kissing the sill. They passed on, half-proud, half-ashamed. Ignatius paused, hesitated a moment, then fell on both knees. He pressed his burning forehead to the door. The hard coldness of it seemed to steady and revive him. As he rose and turned to go, he thought he heard another door, that of the priest's room just opposite, softly close. For a moment the lad paused, startled, irresolute, then ran downstairs like a deer.

There is no need to follow their going. It was, as I have said, sunrise when they found themselves on the Point. There

were only two rapiers between them, one the fine Toledo blade with which Father Guesclin had given them lessons, the other an ordinary weapon bought for their own use. They had looked with longing eyes, but in vain, at some choice swords which the Master kept under lock and key. However, but two weapons were really needed, and they were fain to be content.

Clem felt the edge of his, the Toledo, with the air of a connoisseur.

"Shall we toss up for 't?" he asked.

"No, you take that," was the short reply.

But Clem still hesitated. "To be sure you're older," said he. "Then you're oft the skillfuller hand. When it comes to Matt we might trade — still" —

Ignatius gave a stamp. "Take it!" cried he.

He had pulled off his doublet and stood neatly folding it. Though still at times seemingly irresolute, it was plain that excitement was stirring in his veins. His hands were steady, but a red spot had come into each cheek. As he threw himself tentatively on guard next moment, he was a slender, graceful figure in the morning light. Clem, now also capless and jacketless, was much stouter, and seemed a mere rustic by contrast. His face bore only its natural rosy sunburn, his gray-blue eye was cool as the morning. Both of them appeared older than their years, the early maturity of their time and class. Matthew in the background had sunk to one knee. He looked like a watchful attendant spaniel.

All was ready, and yet Clem still hesitated.

"Well," he said at last with an effort, " if it's wrong may our name saints forgive us!" (He crossed himself piously.) " Some folk might think so,— but I've thought on 't a heap, and hang me if I know any other way!"

Nace made a trial pass, his look dreamily set on the glittering point of his weapon.

"No," he said with a long breath. " No better — no other."

"He that first draws blood is victor," said Clem, emphasizing the already settled understanding.

"I know," answered Ignatius.

"No need of aught more than that 'mongst gentlemen and brothers, I trust," went on Clem pompously.

"Surely not," said Nace. Under his breath he muttered, "St. Ignatius and Mary Mother forgive me!"

Meanwhile Matthew was chafing. He piped up here.

"I've two or three old kerchiefs for bandages," he cried cheerfully. "My cap holds water an' it's needed. For my part, you may stick more than once, an' ye give me a chance back." He had evidently set his mind on a rousing fray. But the two other lads took it more seriously.

"Give me your hand, Nace," said Clem, huskily. They shook hands.

"We won't hurt each other worse than can be holpen, will we?" he added. "For my part I've no mind to vex Mamma unneedfully. She hath had trouble enough i' this world. Now, ready? Till you want a rest! — St. Clement to me!"

In a moment they took stand, Matthew's one, two, three rang out, and the Battle had begun.

At this very time it was that a black-robed figure, which had been advancing quickly along the creekside, through a strip of fringing wood, paused and stood gazing. To one seeing, as this person had done, the handshake just given, it did not look like a quarrel. He did not rush forward. A play is — a play. Where the lads stood the ground was clear. He could see every outline, each movement sharp and dark against the morning.

And now to worthily describe that fray! To her sorrow be it owned that the Present Writer cannot claim a knowledge of the fine art of fence, being in that respect much behind some of her contemporaries. This is a great pity. It is now the fashion to dwell knowingly upon such encounters. As to our lads, they did well. For some years Father Guesclin

had been giving them occasional lessons. As they now passed and parried, cut and thrust, there was something like pleasure in the eyes of that watcher at the wood's edge. It was a fairly matched game; for Ignatius, as Clem had said, had the skillfuller hand, but Clem the stronger. It was, moreover, plain that Nace was in high-strung mood, Clem as cool as the morning. They had both forgotten Matthew, who presently began to fret. "Am not I to have my turn?" he cried shrilly. But the others only paused for a breathing space. "I am not tired," said Nace. He spoke calmly enough, though as he did so he wiped his brow. Clem was not even breathing hard. So to work they fell again, all unknowing that in that space two more spectators had been added. One of them was a stout, red-faced gentleman, the other a lady who hung panting on his arm. He was bare-headed, she with a hood falling off her roughened hair. With wide eyes and pale lips she stared at the scene. Her companion opened his mouth as if for a shout. But no sound came. A gesture from that first comer said, "Wait! be still!"

It was evident, however, that a time for interference would soon come. This was getting beyond play. Over the faces of the lads a change was creeping. Clem's eyes had narrowed. From his cheek the ruddy hue faded. It looked simply brown and hard. It would seem on the contrary as if all the blood in Nace's body had surged into his face. A dull flush had overspread it. His hand was still steady, but his breath fetched hard. And now for a full understanding of this tale we must change our point of view a little. So far it has been from the outside, now for a peep within!

Of all my lads Ignatius was the only one whose nature had the interest of complexity. Mastiff Clem, Spaniel Matthew, what did they know of that conflict which the priest had divined! Clem had cut deep with that taunt of "singing in Chapel." Ah! those hours of gentle "serving," those long talks by the fire, those readings with the Father! They had struck deep here. It is doubtful if the spiritual side had been deeply touched, but his hereditary Church, her late trials, her sufferings in this Province of Maryland, had made an appeal not in vain. Behind the Virgin Mother's shoulder he saw ever his own mother. It was a persecuting age. She had, as Clem had said, been indeed harshly dealt with. Who was this girl to turn him from her will? What strange revolt was this of body against soul that had brought him here, and for this! Let us here point the meaning. That it was to him a revolt showed which side was, though obscured, still uppermost. For all the poet nature which for weeks had been sailing amid roseate clouds, here was the born priest. All this while, as he parried, thrust, passed, and reversed, the mind was actively busy. Did he after all want to send poor Clem "a-missioning?" Even now he was not quite sure. It was the old, old question. To take or give up? Which? For all Clem was pressing him hard, it was still his to choose. Did not such conceited precocity need a prick? As to what would come afterward, well, was he not the oldest and cleverest? True he dared not think of the blank where that other thing had been, but even with her he would make it right somehow. He would do penance — atone —

"Ah-h-h!"

Involuntarily that long sob broke from him. His own wrist had not faltered once, but Clem's excitement had surely gotten the better of him. As he lunged forward, stumbled and fell, Nace's point took him fairly in the shoulder. It was high up, just the place for the blood-letting that was to end this conflict. But in Nace's sudden, involuntary effort to avoid even this much, he simply inflicted a jagged wound. In the same instant he knew at last his own mind. But Fate was deciding in more ways than one just now. There came, louder than his groan, a cry out of the wood; not, however from the

Mother there a-watching. It was a swift newcomer, a slim girl figure that rushed forward ahead of all the rest; rushed with hair wildly flying and disheveled garments to throw her two arms around — Clem.

It was late in that same day when Ignatius and Matthew started on their journey down the river. There had been farewells to say, preparations to make before the setting off. They were going for the present to St. Mary's. Clem was doing well, but home was now no place for them. In the other end of the barge sat Father Guesclin. He too was going away for a time. His place was now with these. He had come into his own and was content. After all, he reflected, the woman is a mystery. To choose Clem! Well, was it not best? Surely the Virgin Mother herself had so ordained it for that other mother's sake!

As they went, the sunset faded and the stars came out. As the last light of the Manor House disappeared, Matthew gave a great choking sob. He had wept more than once to-day. His eyes were quite red. Not so Ignatius. He sat very straight and still; his arm around the other boy, his face upturned to the stars. On it was a look never seen there before by Matthew. The eyes seemed deep as wells. The mouth had thinned, not hardened, but had taken on another sort of sweetness. Matt gazed, slightly awe-stricken. Here, in the years to come, he was to seek and find strength.

Just now, however, weakness had the best of it.

"Oh-h-h!" he said quiveringly. "To think that I never struck once for her!"

The priest heard, and smiled involuntarily. Ignatius neither smiled nor spoke. His arm pressed closer. He had struck too well, and yet — but had he failed? Was not such failure the best winning, such giving up best gain? Clem at least would be happy, — and Mamma! It is well for us all that some are made this way. Very fair was the girl-face now lost to him. Not an hour ago had he seen it last. But already it shone far off and dim. The one that he saw up yonder in the twilight, though crowned with thorns, attracted him more.

REVEREND MOTHER'S FEAST

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"MOTHER'S feast" — in other words the saint's day of the Superioress — was dawning upon our horizon, and its lights and shadows flecked our checkered paths. Theoretically, it was an occasion of pure joy, assuring us, as it did, a *congé*, and not a *congé* only, but the additional delights of a candy fair in the morning, and an operetta, *The Miracle of the Roses*, at night. Such a round of pleasures filled us with the happiest anticipations; but — on the same principle that the Church always prefaces her feast days with vigils and with fasts — the convent prefaced our *congé* with a competition in geography, and with the collection of a "spiritual bouquet," which was to be our offering to Reverend Mother on her fête.

A competition in anything was an unqualified calamity. It meant hours of additional study, a frantic memorizing of facts, fit only to be forgotten, and the bewildering ordeal of being interrogated before the whole school. It meant for *me* two little legs that shook like reeds, a heart that thumped like a hammer in my side, a sensation of sickening terror when the examiner — Madame Bouron — bore down upon me, and a mind reduced to sudden blankness, washed clean of any knowledge upon any subject when the simplest question was asked. Tried by this process, I was only one degree removed from idiocy. Even Elizabeth, whose legs were as adamant, whose heartbeats had the regularity of a pendulum, and who, if she knew a thing, could say it, hated to bound states and locate capitals for all the school to hear. "There are to be prizes, too," she said mournfully. "Madame Duncan said so. I don't like going up for a prize. It's worse than a medal at Primes."

"Oh, well, maybe you won't get one," observed Tony consolingly. "You did n't, you know, last time."

"I did the time before last," said Elizabeth calmly. "It was *La Corbeille de Fleurs*."

There was an echo of resentment in her voice, and we all — even Tony — admitted that she had just cause for complaint. To reward successful scholarship with a French book was one of those black-hearted deeds for which we invariably held Madame Bouron responsible. She may have been blameless as the babe unborn; but it was our habit to attribute all our wrongs to her malign influence. We knew *La Corbeille de Fleurs*. At least, we knew its shiny black cover, and its frontispiece, representing a sylphlike young lady in a floating veil bearing a hamper of provisions to a smiling and destitute old gentleman. There was nothing in this picture, nor in the accompanying lines, "Que vois-je? Mon Dieu! Un ange de Ciel, qui vient à mon secours," which tempted us to a perusal of the story, even had we been in the habit of voluntarily reading French.

As for the "spiritual bouquet," we felt that our failure to contribute to it on a generous scale was blackening our reputations forever. Every evening the roll was called, and girl after girl gave in her list of benefactions. Rosaries, so many. Litanies, so many. Aspirations, so many. Deeds of kindness, so many. Temptations resisted, so many. Trials offered up, so many. Acts, so many. A stranger, listening to the replies, might have imagined that the whole school was ripe for Heaven. These blossoms of virtue and piety were added every night to the bouquet; and the sum total, neatly written out in Madame Duncan's flowing hand, was to be presented, with an appropriate

address, to Reverend Mother on her feast, as a proof of our respectful devotion.

It was a heavy tax. From what resources some girls drew their supplies, remained ever a mystery to us. How could Ellie Plunkett have found the opportunity to perform four deeds of kindness, and resist seven temptations, in a day? We never had any temptations to resist. Perhaps, when one came along, we yielded to it so quickly that it had ceased to tempt before its true character had been ascertained. And to whom was Ellie Plunkett so overweeningly kind? "Who wants Ellie Plunkett to be kind to her?" was Tony's scornful query. There was Adelaide Harrison, too, actually turning in twenty acts as one day's crop, and smiling modestly when Madame Duncan praised her self-denial. Yet, to our unwarped judgment, she seemed much the same as ever. We, at least, refused to accept her estimate of her own well-spent life.

"Making an act" was the convent phraseology for doing without something one wanted, for stopping short on the verge of an innocent gratification. If I gave up my place in the swing to Viola Milton, that was an act. If I walked to the woods with Annie Churchill, when I wanted to walk with Elizabeth, that was an act. If I ate my bread unbuttered, or drank my tea unsweetened, that was an act. It will be easily understood that the constant practice of acts deprived life of everything that made it worth the living. We were so trained in this system of renunciation that it was impossible to enjoy even the very simple pleasures that our convent table afforded. If there were anything we particularly liked, our nagging little consciences piped up with their intolerable "Make an act, make an act;" and it was only when the last mouthful was resolutely swallowed that we could feel sure we had triumphed over asceticism. There was something maddening in the example set us by our neighbors, by those virtuous and pious girls who hemmed us in at study time and at our meals. When Mary Rawdon gently waved aside the chocolate custard, — which was the very best chocolate custard it has ever been my good fortune to eat, — and whispered to me as she did so: "An act for the bouquet;" I whispered back, "Take it, and give it to me," and held out my plate with frank, defiant greed. Annie Churchill told us she had n't eaten any butter for a week; whereat Tony called her an idiot, and Annie — usually the mildest of girls — said that "envy at another's spiritual good" was a very great sin, and that Tony had committed it. There is nothing so souring to the temper as abstinence.

What made it singularly hard to sacrifice our young lives for the swelling of a spiritual bouquet was that Reverend Mother, who was to profit by our piety, had so little significance in our eyes. She was as remote from the daily routine of the school as the Grand Lama is remote from the humble Thibetans whom he rules; and if we regarded her with a lively awe, it was only because of her aloofness, of the reserves that hedged her majestically round. She was an Englishwoman of good family and of vast bulk. There was a tradition that she had been married and widowed before she became a nun; but this was a subject upon which we were not encouraged to talk. It was considered both disrespectful and indecorous. Reverend Mother's voice was slow and deep, a ponderous voice to suit her ponderous size; and she spoke with what seemed to us a strange and barbarous accent, pronouncing certain words in a manner which I have since learned was common in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and which a few ripe scholars are now endeavoring to reintroduce. She was near-sighted to the verge of blindness, and always at Mass used a large magnifying glass like the one held by Leo the Tenth in Raphael's portrait. She was not without literary tastes of an insipid and obsolete order, the tastes of an English gentlewoman, reared in the days when young ladies read the *Female Spectator*, and warbled "Oh, no, we

never mention her." Had she not "entered religion," she might have taken Moore and Byron to her heart, — as did one little girl whose *Childe Harold* lay deeply hidden in a schoolroom desk; — but the rejection of these profane poets had left her stranded upon such feeble substitutes as Letitia Elizabeth Landon, whose mysterious death she was occasionally heard to deplore.

Twice on Sundays Reverend Mother crossed our orbit; in the morning, when she instructed the whole school in Christian doctrine, and at night, when she presided over Primes. During the week we saw her only at Mass. We should never even have known about Letitia Elizabeth Landon, had she not granted an occasional audience to the graduates, and discoursed to them sleepily upon the books she had read in her youth. Whatever may have been her qualifications for her post (she had surpassing dignity of carriage, and was probably a woman of intelligence and force), to us she was a mere embodiment of authority, as destitute of personal malice as of personal charm. I detested Madame Bouron, and loved Madame Rayburn. Elizabeth detested Madame Bouron, and loved Madame Dane. Emily detested Madame Bouron, and loved Madame Duncan. These were emotions, amply nourished, and easily understood. We were capable of going to great lengths to prove either our aversion or our love. But to give up chocolate custard for Reverend Mother was like suffering martyrdom for a creed we did not hold.

"It's because Reverend Mother is so fond of geography that we're going to have the competition," said Lilly. "Madame Duncan told me so."

"Why can't Reverend Mother, if she likes it so much, learn it for herself?" asked Tony sharply. "I'll lend her my atlas."

"Oh, she knows it all," said Lilly, rather scandalized. "Madame Duncan told me it was her favorite study, and that she knew the geography of the whole world."

"Then I don't see why she wants to hear us say it," observed Elizabeth, apparently under the impression that competitions, like gladiatorial shows, were gotten up solely for the amusement of an audience. It never occurred to her, nor indeed to any of us, to attach any educational value to the performance. We conceived that we were butchered to make a convent holiday.

"And it's because Reverend Mother is so fond of music that we are going to have an operetta instead of a play," went on Lilly, pleased to have information to impart.

I sighed heavily. How could anybody prefer anything to a play? I recognized an operetta as a form of diversion, and was grateful for it, as I should have been grateful for any entertainment, short of an organ recital. We were none of us surfeited with pleasure. But to me song was at best only an imperfect mode of speech; and the meaningless repetition of a phrase, which needed to be said but once, vexed my impatient spirit. We were already tolerably familiar with *The Miracle of the Roses*. For two weeks past the strains had floated from every music room. We could hear, through the closed doors, Frances Fenton, who was to be St. Elizabeth of Hungary, quavering sweetly, —

> Unpretending and lowly,
> Like spirits pure and holy,
> I love the wild rose best,
> I love the wild rose best,
> I love the wi-i-ild rose best.

We could hear Ella Holrook announcing in her deep contralto, —

> 'T is the privilege of a Landgrave
> To go where glory waits him,
> Glory waits him;

and the chorus trilling jubilantly, —

> Heaven has changed the bread to roses,
> Heaven has changed the bread to roses.

Why, I wondered, did they have to say everything two and three times over? Even when the Landgrave detects St. Elizabeth in the act of carrying the

loaves to the poor, his anger finds a vent in iteration.

Once again you 've dared to brave my anger,
Yes, once again you 've dared to brave my anger;
My power you scorn,
My power you scorn.

To which the Saint replies, gently but tediously, —

My lord they are,
My lord they are,
But simple roses,
But simple ro-o-oses,
That I gathered in the garden even now.

"Suppose that bread had n't been changed to roses," said Elizabeth speculatively; "I wonder what St. Elizabeth would have done."

"Oh, she knew it had been, because she prayed it would be," said Marie, who was something of a theologian.

"But suppose it had n't."

"But it *had*, and she knew it had, because of her piety and faith," insisted Marie.

"I should n't have liked to risk it," murmured Elizabeth.

"*I* think her husband was a pig," said Tony. "Going off to the Crusade, and making all that fuss about a few loaves of bread. If I'd been St. Elizabeth" —

She paused, determining her course of action, and Marie ruthlessly interposed. "If you 're not a saint, you can't tell what you would do if you were a saint. You would be different."

There was no doubt that Tony, as a saint, would have to be so very different from the Tony whom we knew that Marie's dogmatism prevailed. Even Elizabeth was silenced; and, in the pause that followed, Lilly had a chance to impart her third piece of information. "It 's because Reverend Mother's name is Elizabeth," she said, "that we 're going to have an operetta about St. Elizabeth; and Bessie Treves is to make the address."

"Thank Heaven, there is another Elizabeth in the school, or I might have to do it," cried our Elizabeth, who coveted no barren honors; and — even as she spoke — the blow fell. Madame Rayburn appeared at the schoolroom door, a folded paper in her hand. "Elizabeth," she said, and, with a hurried glance of apprehension, the Saint's unhappy namesake withdrew. We looked at one another meaningly. "It 's like giving thanks before you 're sure of dinner," chuckled Tony.

I had no chance to hear any particulars until night, when Elizabeth watched her opportunity, and sallied forth to brush her teeth while I was dawdling over mine. The strictest silence prevailed in the dormitories, and no child left her alcove except for the ceremony of tooth-brushing, which was performed at one of two large tubs, stationed in the middle of the floor. These tubs — blessed be their memory! — served as centres of gossip. Friend met friend, and smothered confidences were exchanged. Our gayest witticisms, — hastily choked by a tooth-brush, — our oldest and dearest jests were whispered brokenly to the accompaniment of little splashes of water. It was the last social event of our long social day, and we welcomed it as freshly as if we had not been in close companionship since seven o'clock in the morning. Elizabeth, scrubbing her teeth with ostentatious vigor, found a chance to tell me, between scrubs, that Bessie Treves had been summoned home for a week, and that she, as the only other bearer of Reverend Mother's honored name, had been chosen to make the address. "It 's the feast of St. Elizabeth," she whispered, "and the operetta is about St. Elizabeth, and they want an Elizabeth to speak. I wish I had been christened Melpomene."

"You could n't have been christened Melpomene," I whispered back, keeping a watchful eye upon Madame Chapelle, who was walking up and down the dormitory, saying her beads. "It is n't a Christian name. There never was a St. Melpomene."

"It 's nearly three pages long," said Elizabeth, alluding to the address, and not to the tragic Muse. "All about the duties of women, and how they ought to

stay at home and be kind to the poor, like St. Elizabeth, and let their husbands go to the Crusades."

"But there are no Crusades any more for their husbands to go to," I objected.

Elizabeth looked at me restively. She did not like this fractious humor. "I mean let their husbands go to war," she said.

"But if there are no wars," I began, when Madame Chapelle, who had not been so inattentive as I supposed, intervened. "Elizabeth and Agnes, go back to your alcoves," she said. "You have been quite long enough brushing your teeth."

I flirted my last drops of water over Elizabeth, and she returned the favor with interest, having more left in her tumbler than I had. It was our customary good-night. Sometimes, when we were wittily disposed, we said "*Asperges me.*" That was one of the traditional jests of the convent. Generations of girls had probably said it before us. Our language was enriched with scraps of Latin and apt quotations, borrowed from Church services, the Penitential Psalms, and the catechism.

For two days Elizabeth studied the address, and for two days more she rehearsed it continuously under Madame Rayburn's tutelage. At intervals she recited portions of it to us, and we favored her with our candid criticisms. Tony objected vehemently to the very first line, —

A woman's path is ours to humbly tread.

She said she did n't intend to tread it humbly at all; that Elizabeth might be as humble as she pleased (Elizabeth promptly disclaimed any personal sympathy with the sentiment), and that Marie and Agnes were welcome to all the humility they could practice (Marie and Agnes rejected their share of the virtue), but that she — Tony — was tired of behaving like an affable worm. To this, Emily, with more courage than courtesy, replied that a worm Tony might be, but an affable worm, never; and Elizabeth headed off any further retort by hurrying on with the address.

A woman's path is ours to humbly tread,
And yet to lofty heights our hopes are led.
We may not share the Senate's stern debate,
Nor guide with faltering hand the helm of state;
Ours is the holier right to soften party hate,
And teach the lesson, lofty and divine,
Ambition's fairest flowers are laid at Virtue's shrine.

"Have you any idea what all that means?" asked Marie discontentedly.

"Oh, I don't have to say what it means," returned Elizabeth, far too sensible to try to understand anything she would not be called upon to explain. "Reverend Mother makes that out for herself."

Not ours the right to guide the battle's storm,
Where strength and valour deathless deeds perform.
Not ours to bind the blood-stained laurel wreath
In mocking triumph round the brow of death.
No! 't is our lot to save the failing breath,
'T is ours to heal each wound, and hush each moan,
To take from other hearts the pain into our own.

"It seems to me," said Tony, "that we are expected to do all the work, and have none of the fun."

"It seems to *me*," said Marie, "that by the time we have filled ourselves up with other people's pains, we won't care much about fun. Did Reverend Mother, I wonder, heal wounds and hush up moans?"

"St. Elizabeth did," explained Elizabeth. "Her husband went to the Holy Land, and was killed, and then she became a nun. There are some lines at the end, that I don't know yet, about Reverend Mother, —

Seeking the shelter of the cloister gate,
Like the dear Saint whose name we venerate.

Madame Rayburn wants me to make an act, and learn the rest of it at recreation this afternoon. That horrid old geography takes up all my study time."

"I've made three acts to-day," observed Lilly complacently, "and said a whole pair of beads this morning at Mass for the spiritual bouquet."

"I have n't made one act," I cried aghast. "I have n't done anything at all, and I don't know what to do."

"You might make one now," said Elizabeth thoughtfully, "and go talk to Adelaide Harrison."

I glanced at Adelaide, who was sitting on the edge of her desk, absorbed in a book. "Oh, I don't want to," I wailed.

"If you wanted to, it would n't be an act," said Elizabeth.

"But she does n't want me to," I urged. 'She is reading *Fabiola*."

"Then you 'll give her the chance to make an act, too," said the relentless Elizabeth.

Argued into a corner, I turned at bay. "I won't," I said resolutely; to which Elizabeth replied, "Well, I would n't either, in your place," and the painful subject was dropped.

Four days before the feast the excitement had reached fever point, though the routine of school life went on with the same smooth precision. Every penny had been hoarded up for the candy fair. It was with the utmost reluctance that we bought even the stamps for our home letters, those weekly letters we were compelled to write, and which were such pale reflections of our eager and vehement selves. Perhaps this was because we knew that every line was read by Madame Bouron before it left the convent; perhaps the discipline of those days discouraged familiarity with our parents; perhaps the barrier which nature builds between the adult and the normal child was alone responsible for our lack of spontaneity. Certain it is that the stiffly written pages despatched to father or to mother every Sunday night gave no hint of our abundant and restless vitality, our zest for the little feast of life, our exaltations, our resentments, our thrice-blessed absurdities. Entrenched in the citadel of childhood, with laws of our own making, and passwords of our own devising, our souls bade defiance to the world.

If all our hopes centred in the *congé*, the candy fair, and the operetta, — which was to be produced on a scale of unwonted magnificence, — our time was sternly devoted to the unpitying exactions of geography. Every night we took our atlases to bed with us, under the impression that sleeping on a book would help us to remember its contents. As the atlases were big and our pillows very small, this device was pregnant with discomfort. On the fourth night before the feast, something wonderful happened. It was the evening study hour, and I was wrestling sleepily with the mountains of Asia, — hideous excrescences with unpronounceable, unrememberable names, — when Madame Rayburn entered the room. As we rose to our feet, we saw that she looked very grave, and our minds took a backward leap over the day. Had we done anything unusually bad, anything that could call down upon us a public indictment, and was Madame Rayburn for once filling Madame Bouron's office? We could think of nothing; but life was full of pitfalls, and there was no sense of security in our souls. We waited anxiously.

"Children," said Madame Rayburn, "I have sorrowful news for you. Reverend Mother has been summoned to France. She sails on her feast day, and leaves for New York to-morrow."

We stared open-mouthed and aghast. The ground seemed sinking from under our feet, the walls crumbling about us. Reverend Mother sailing for France! And on her feast day, too, — the feast for which so many ardent preparations had been made. The *congé*, the competition, the address, the operetta, the spiritual bouquet, the candy fair, — were they, too, sailing away into the land of lost things? To have asked one of the questions that trembled on our lips would have been an unheard-of liberty. We listened in respectful silence, our eyes riveted on Madame Rayburn's face.

"You will all go to the chapel now," she said. "To-night we begin a novena to *Mater Admirabilis* for Reverend Mother's safe voyage. She dreads it very much, and she is sad at leaving you. Pray

for her devoutly. Madame Dane will bring you down to the chapel."

She turned to go. Our hearts beat violently. She knew, she could not fail to know, the thought that was uppermost in every mind. She was too experienced and sympathetic to miss the significance of our strained and wistful gaze. A shadowy smile crossed her face. "Madame Bouron would have told you to-morrow," she said, "what I think I shall tell you to-night. It is Reverend Mother's express desire that you have your *congé* on her feast, though she will not be here to enjoy it with you."

A sigh of relief, a sigh which we could not help permitting to be audible, shivered softly around the room. The day was saved; yet, as we marched to the chapel, there was a turmoil of agitation in our hearts. We knew that from far-away France — from a mysterious and all-powerful person who dwelt there, and who was called Mother General — came the mandates which governed our community. This was not the first sudden departure we had witnessed; but Reverend Mother seemed so august, so permanent, so immobile. Her very size protested mutely against upheaval. Should we never again see that familiar figure sitting in her stall, peering through her glass into a massive prayer-book, — a leviathan of prayer-books, as imposing in its way as she was, — or blinking sleepily at us as we filed by? Why, if somebody was needed in France, had it not pleased Mother General to send for Madame Bouron? Many a dry eye would have seen *her* go. But then, as Lilly whispered to me, suppose it had been Madame Rayburn. There was a tightening of my heart-strings at the thought, a sudden suffocating pang, dimly foreboding the grief of another year.

The consensus of opinion, as gathered that evening in the dormitory, was not unlike the old Jacobite epitaph on Frederick, Prince of Wales. Every one of us was sincerely sorry that Madame Bouron had not been summoned, —

> Had it been his father,
> We had much rather;
> but glad that Madame Dane, or Madame Rayburn, or Madame Duncan, or some other favorite nun had escaped.
>
> Since it 's only Fred
> Who was alive, and is dead,
> There is no more to be said.

The loss of our Superioress was bewildering, but not, for us, a thing of real concern. We should sleep as sweetly as usual that night.

The next morning we were all gathered into the big First Cours classroom, where Reverend Mother came to bid us good-by. It was a solemn leave-taking. The address was no longer in order; but the spiritual bouquet had been made up the night before, and was presented in our name by Madame Bouron, who read out the generous sum-total of prayers, and acts, and offered-up trials, and resisted temptations which constituted our feast-day gift. As Reverend Mother listened, I saw a large tear roll slowly down her cheek, and my heart smote me — my heart was always smiting me when it was too late — that I had contributed so meagrely to the donation. I remembered the chocolate custard, and thought — for one mistaken moment — that I should never want to taste of that beloved dish again. Perhaps, if I had offered it up, Reverend Mother would cross the sea in safety. Perhaps, because I ate it, she would have storms, and be drowned. The doubtful justice of this arrangement was no more apparent to me than its unlikelihood. We were accustomed to think that the wide universe was planned and run for our reward and punishment. A rainy Sunday following the misdeeds of Saturday was to us a logical sequence of events.

When the bouquet had been presented, Reverend Mother said a few words of farewell. She said them as if she were sad at heart, not only at crossing the ocean, not only at parting from her community, but at leaving us, as well. I suppose she loved us collectively. She could n't have loved us individually, knowing us only as two long rows of uniformed, curtsying schoolgirls, whose features she was too

near-sighted to distinguish. On the other hand, if our charms and our virtues were lost to her, so were our less engaging qualities. Perhaps, taken collectively, we were rather lovable. Our uniforms were spotless, our hair superlatively smooth, — no blowsy, tossing locks, as in these days of libertinism, — and our curtsies as graceful as hours of practice could make them. We sank and rose like the crest of a wave. On the whole, Reverend Mother had the best of us. Madame Bouron might have been pardoned for taking a less sentimental view of the situation.

That afternoon, while we were at French class, Reverend Mother departed. We heard the carriage roll away, but were not permitted to rush to the windows and look at it, which would have been a welcome distraction from our verbs. An hour later, at recreation, Madame Rayburn sent for Elizabeth. She was gone fifteen minutes, and came back, tense with suppressed excitement.

"Oh, what is it?" we cried. "The *congé* is all right?"

"All right," said Elizabeth.

"And the candy fair?" asked Lilly, whose father had given her a dollar to squander upon sweets.

"Oh, it's all right, too. The candy is here now; and Ella Holrook and Mary Denniston and Isabel Summers are to have charge of the tables. Madame Dane told me that yesterday."

Our faces lightened, and then fell. "Is it the competition?" I asked apprehensively.

Elizabeth looked disconcerted. It was plain she knew nothing about the competition, and hated to avow her ignorance. We always felt so important when we had news to tell. "Of course, after studying all that geography, we'll have to say it sooner or later," she said. "But" — a triumphant pause — "a new Reverend Mother is coming to-morrow."

"*Ciel!*" murmured Marie, relapsing into agitated French; while Tony whistled softly, and Emily and I stared at each other in silence. The speed with which things were happening took our breath away.

"Coming to-morrow," repeated Elizabeth; "and I'm going to say the address as a welcome to her, on the night of the *congé*, before the operetta."

"Is her name Elizabeth, too?" I asked, bewildered.

"No, her name is Catherine. Madame Rayburn is going to leave out the lines about St. Elizabeth, and put in something about St. Catherine of Siena instead. That's why she wanted the address. And she is going to change the part about not sharing the Senate's stern debate, nor guiding with faltering hand the helm of state, because St. Catherine did guide the helm of state. At least, she went to Avignon, and argued with the Pope."

"Argued with the Pope!" echoed Marie, scandalized.

"She was a saint, Marie," said Elizabeth impatiently, and driving home an argument with which Marie herself had familiarized us. "She persuaded the Pope to go back to Rome. Madame Rayburn would like Kate Shaw to make the address; but she says there is n't time for another girl to study it."

"When is the feast of St. Catherine of Siena?" cried Tony, fired suddenly by a happy thought. "Maybe we'll have another *congé* then."

She rushed off to consult her prayer-book. Lilly followed her, and in a moment their two heads were pressed close together, as they scanned the Roman calendar hopefully. But before my eyes rose the image of Reverend Mother, our lost Reverend Mother, with the slow tear-drop rolling down her cheek. Her operetta was to be sung to another. Her address was to be made to another. Her very saint was pushed aside in honor of another holy patroness. "The King is dead. Long live the King."

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS OF SCIENCE[1]

BY E. T. BREWSTER

THE progress of knowledge appears immediately only in special papers, brief for the most part, highly technical, hardly readable except by the professional investigator. The amateur of learning, like another Lady of Shalott, sees but in a glass more or less darkly. Now the books which to the general reader mirror the gains of science fall rather naturally into three classes. There is, to begin with, the great negligible mass of works whose authors are more familiar with the typewriter than with the instruments of scientific research. Not infrequently, however, it happens that some special occasion, the leisure of old age, a worthy desire to turn an honest penny, induces some man of science to climb down from his high tower and converse on level terms with the man in the street. Once in a while, often apparently by sheer accident, a new contribution to science comes in readable form. Books of the first sort give one some idea of the outward fact;

[1] *Rational Geometry:* a Text-Book for the Science of Space. Based on Hilbert's Foundations. By GEORGE BRUCE HALSTED. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1904.

The Face of the Earth. By EDUARD SUESS. Translated by Hertha Sollas and W. J. Sollas. In four volumes. Vol. I. New York: H. Frowde. 1905.

Principles of Physiological Psychology. By WILHELM WUNDT. Translated from the Fifth German Edition by Edward Bradford Titchener. Vol. I. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

The Evolution of Man: a Popular Scientific Study. By ERNST HAECKEL. In two volumes. Translated from the Fifth (enlarged) Edition by Joseph McCabe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

The Wonders of Life: a Popular Study of Biological Philosophy. By ERNST HAECKEL. Translated by Joseph McCabe. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1905.

The Evolution Theory. By Dr. AUGUST WEISMANN. In two volumes. Translated with the Author's coöperation by J. Arthur Thomson and Margaret R. Thomson. London: Edward Arnold. 1904.

Species and Varieties: Their Origin by Mutation. Lectures delivered at the University of California. By HUGO DE VRIES, Professor of Botany in the University of Amsterdam. Edited by DANIEL TREMBLY MACDOUGAL. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 1905.

Modern Theory of Physical Phenomena: Radio Activity, Ions, Electrons. By AUGUSTO RIGHI. Authorized translation by Augustus Trowbridge. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Physical Chemistry in the Service of the Sciences. By JACOBUS H. VAN'T HOFF. English version by Alexander Smith. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1903.

Light Waves and their Uses. By A. A. MICHELSON. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1903.

"*N*" *Rays:* A Collection of Papers Communicated to the Academy of Sciences, with Additional Notes and Instructions for the Construction of Phosphorescent Screens. By R. BLONDLOT. Translated by J. Garcin. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

An Attempt toward a Chemical Conception of the Ether. By Professor D. MENDELÉEFF. Translated from the Russian by George Kamensky. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

Studies in General Physiology. By JACQUES LOEB. In two volumes. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1905.

Contributions to the Study of the Behavior of Lower Organisms. By H. S. JENNINGS. Washington: The Carnegie Institution. 1905.

Wasps, Social and Solitary. By GEORGE W. and ELIZABETH G. PECKHAM. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals: a Study in Mental and Social Evolution. By FREDERICK MORGAN DAVENPORT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Science and a Future Life. By JAMES H. HYSLOP. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. 1905.

A History of Science. By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M. D. and LL. D. In five volumes. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1904.

only those of the second, and especially of the third, reveal the inner spirit of science, its efficiency and its patience.

I

In certain ways the most remarkable book ever written is Euclid's Geometry. Older texts are known to scholars, a few books as ancient are read by the multitude; what other work after twenty-two hundred years is still one of the best of school text-books and among the first authorities in its field? Moreover, for every schoolboy of a larger growth, the country which he entered by way of the Asses' Bridge remains his home as no other portion of the realm of knowledge ever does. Even though he remember the parallelopiped only as a dragon of the prime, he will, until he die, continue to think in terms of that Euclidian space into which he thinks he was born; while the higher criticism of Euclid's axioms will always have a flavor of impiety.

Now for the first time in English, the writer of an elementary work attempts to go behind the intuitions which Euclid mistook for self-evident truths, and to introduce the race of schoolboys to a geometry based on pure reason. To be sure, when it comes to the parting of the ways, Professor Halsted's pupils are to follow Euclid in assuming that through a given point there is only one parallel to a given line, and are to accept the conventional opinion concerning the sum of the angles of a triangle. Unlike Euclid, however, they will do these things with their eyes open, recognizing their choice as a convenient assumption among a group of possibilities equally reasonable and equally in accord with their daily experience. No longer, if the Non-Euclidians have their way, is the human mind to be fettered to the superstition that space is continuous, or that a line rotated about one of its points still retains its original length. Thus is the innate idea hunted from its last refuge. Thus is self-evident truth crushed permanently to earth.

II

Three books, hardly older in decades than Euclid in millenniums, have lately appeared in translation from new German editions. Wundt's *Physiological Psychology*, Haeckel's *Evolution of Man*, Suess's *Face of the Earth*, are too well known to require comment; too important to be passed over in silence. Each is commonly thought to be the first authority in its field: together they set forth pretty completely all that is known thus far of "the bodily substrate of the mental life" of man, of the origin and history of the body itself, and of the outward aspect of the world on which it wanders up and down.

Haeckel, in addition to the translation of the *Anthropogenie*, has also a new book this year — but in quite his old manner. As always, he is prodigious of learning, fertile alike in illuminating suggestion and extraordinary new words; and as always, totally at sea as to what may reasonably be said in a popular book. There are, in fact, two Haeckels, as there are two Kants and two Tartarins. Haeckel Sancho Panza, the "practical" Haeckel, is one of the great lights of nineteenth century science; Haeckel Quixote, the "pure" Haeckel, is the victim of a strange obsession concerning Monism and a violent antipathy toward persons in black coats. Haeckel I is a master of detailed evidence: for Haeckel II the eternal mystery of the relation of the soul to the nervous system becomes somehow plain if only each material atom be supposed to have a little soul of its own, — as if one hundred cents were fundamentally a different thing from one dollar. How the same man who wrote the *Anthropogenie* comes to write sentences like the following is one of those things which only the Society for Psychical Research can find out. "We find in crystallization, as in every chemical process, certain movements which are unintelligible without sensation — unconscious sensation, of course." "We are bound to

assume that there is a low degree of sensation (not of consciousness) in order to explain the orderly arrangement of the moving molecules in a definite structure." "I am convinced that sensation is, like movement, found in all matter, and that this trinity of substance provides the safest basis for modern Monism." What this means, I, at least, have but the haziest idea. Apparently it is intended to be "Monism:" obviously it is not Science.

The part which Haeckel took in the great controversy over the evolution of man was pretty accurately duplicated some two decades later by Weismann, in the debate over that extreme selectionism which, *lucus a non lucendo*, the world has taken to calling Darwinism. "When," writes Weismann, "a life of pleasant labor is drawing to a close, the wish naturally asserts itself to gather together the main results, and to combine them in a well defined and harmonious picture which may be left as a legacy to succeeding generations." From this worthy ambition have come Haeckel's three volumes and Weismann's *Evolution Theory*.

It is no slight evidence of the strength of his fundamental position that Weismann, who in absence of pride of opinion is hardly inferior to Darwin himself, after twenty years of battering, still stands to his guns. The course of a well-knit argument carries the reader along pleasant by-ways of insect coloration, protective mimicry, carnivorous plants, the marvels of animal instinct, and the strange lore of heredity which is the author's especial field. Sooner or later, however, everything comes back to the set of opinions which Weismann has most completely elaborated and of which he has long been the foremost exponent. Not *The*, but *My, Evolution Theory* should have been Weismann's title.

Weismann expressly declines to commit himself to the current doctrine that organic evolution must of necessity be so exceedingly slow a process that no appreciable advance can occur within the limits of one human lifetime. Nor was this Darwin's opinion. Darwin, to be sure, took as a sort of motto, *Natura non facit saltum;* but for all that, he saw that Nature, if she does not skip and jump, may on occasion take very unladylike strides. He knew among other things that peach trees occasionally bear nectarines, and the common rose-bush moss roses, and he knew that wheat, though cultivated from time out of mind, still continues to produce new varieties. In short, he recognized the possibility that within somewhat narrow limits the transmutation of species might take place suddenly. He did not, however, follow out this idea, but confined his attention to evolution by the slow accumulation of minute differences, believing this to be the more common type.

It has been the special work of Hugo de Vries of the University of Amsterdam to develop the side of the Darwinian theory which Darwin himself touched but lightly. De Vries, nevertheless, was by no means the first man to enter this field. Some ten years ago, Bateson, a zoölogist, brought out a bulky volume of observations on the discontinuity of inheritance among animals, — cases of extra digits, teeth, ribs, and limbs; of bull-dog faced cattle; of hairy birds; of "angora" cats, rabbits, cavies, and mice; — dimorphic species of all sorts; in which individuals have differed from their nearest ancestors very much as certain animal groups differ from their nearest allies. From these, Bateson argued very naturally that organic evolution, far more than is commonly supposed, takes place by fits and starts. Therefore, Bateson suggests, it may fall to the lot of some man to see a new species come into the world. De Vries is this fortunate man.

The toad flax, the common "butter and eggs" of childhood, though normally bearing irregular blossoms, has a variety the flowers of which are always regular. This regular form, first observed by a pupil of the great Linnæus, has been found growing wild in several different places, some of them so well known to collectors

and so isolated from one another, that the plant must have originated somewhat suddenly and independently in more than one locality. Moreover, plants of the common type are known occasionally to produce one or two regular blossoms. In 1886, de Vries, chancing upon a plant of this sort, transferred it to his garden with the hope that the change to *Linaria vulgaris peloria* might take place under his eyes. Eight years of vain waiting gave him no more than sporadic regular blossoms; and, thinking the experiment doomed to failure, he destroyed all his plants except two, one of which had borne the single regular flower of that year. During the next season the two plants bloomed freely, but produced only the common labiate flowers and about a teaspoonful of seed. A portion of this seed gave rise to some fifty plants, and of these one produced regular flowers only. Here, then, for the first time in the history of evolutionary studies, a new form appeared spontaneously under experimental conditions, from a known parentage and under the eye of a competent naturalist. In spite of all theory, the new plant did as a matter of fact come *per saltum*. Its ancestry was known during four generations; its immediate parents had borne, during two seasons, only one regular blossom out of thousands. Yet the variant produced nothing else, and never exhibited the slightest tendency to revert toward its forbears. The break of continuity occurred once, and once for all.

Later work has, of course, carried de Vries far beyond his first success. He has found several cases like the toad flax, and, in the still more remarkable instance of the mutations of Lamarck's primrose, he has seen the origin of a really new species by one clean jump. The plant which had only *Oenotheria Lamarckiana* for its ancestors has only *Oenotheria gigas* for its descendants. Somewhere between one generation and the next the change occurs complete and final: there are no "links." Moreover, de Vries has shown, by a wonderfully keen analysis of facts long known to every amateur botanist and gardener, how the essential phenomena of transmutation have been masked by their accessories; and has thus, for the first time, given a satisfactory account of the theory which underlies the rule-of-thumb devices of the practical breeder of domesticated animals and plants.

Species and Varieties, then, within the field of natural science, is clearly the book of the year. On the practical side it gives unity and significance to the random observations of every lover of plants; and makes clear how Mr. Luther Burbank, by applying on a characteristically Western scale the essential principles which have come down from pre-Darwinian times, has accomplished his marvelous results. On the theoretical side, the work articulates with Mendel's old doctrine of the unit character, the heredity atom which either is or is not, and never splits in passing from one generation to the next: while the facts which it sets forth appear to have their most obvious interpretation in Weismann's speculations concerning the mechanism of inheritance. Moreover, these strange breaks of continuity between parent and offspring, the sports of Darwin, the discontinuous variations of Bateson, the mutations of de Vries, have in them a curious flavor of the old-time doctrine of special creation. So far as this opinion admitted any precise statement, it connoted, apparently, phenomena of the same order, if on a somewhat larger scale, as that presented by the mutations of the great evening primrose and the toad flax. Once more, therefore, appears the ancient principle that no opinion generally held by serious-minded and able men is ever wholly wrong.

III

Physics, oldest of the natural sciences, so far from having settled down into respectable middle age, its field accurately delimited, its fundamental doctrines established once for all, has of late years, by its startling discoveries, quite put to

shame the youngest of its grandchildren. Curiously, too, this revolution of opinion, probably the most rapid in the entire history of science, though it has extended into regions very remote from common interests, is involved in no small degree in so commonplace a matter as the interpretation of what really happens when the cook salts the broth. For the great contribution of the new science of physical chemistry, even now hardly more than half way toward its majority, has been the theory of solutions. On one side this theory has run off into the doctrine of solid solutions, which for the first time makes possible a really scientific metallurgy and gives us at last some profitable insight into the differences among cast iron, wrought iron, and steel. On the other hand, while we now know that one solid may be truly dissolved in another, we know also that a solid, dissolved in a liquid, is essentially a gas; and that the osmotic pressure of a solution is ultimately the same thing as the expansive force of a confined vapor. Since, however, all the fluids of the living body are dilute solutions, the study of osmosis has done quite as much as any other one thing to make possible modern plant and animal physiology. To-day we know that osmotic pressure controls growth, and that even the artificial development of unfertilized eggs depends upon varying to just the right degree the osmotic tension within them.

Salted water, moreover, offers yet another set of problems. Sodium chloride in solution not only behaves like a gas, it also dissociates into free sodium and free chlorine. With the doctrine of ions comes at last an explanation of the cleansing power of soap and of the action on the body of poisons and drugs. All this leads naturally to the ionization of gases and to the interpretation of the mysterious "fourth state of matter," which is neither solid, liquid, nor gas. This in turn, most inappropriately, comes back to earth with a contribution to the theory of fogs. Nor is even this by any means the whole story. The free ions of sodium and chlorine carry also their electric charges. In this lies the theory of electric batteries and the general behavior of electrolytes. But the negative charge of the chlorine ion, freed from its atomic bonds, appears as the cathode ray and also as one of the emanations of radium. With this goes inevitably the X-ray and the rest of the alphabetical forms of energy, which, in their turn, are more or less tied up with wireless telegraphy, the electro-magnetic theory of light, and the constitution of matter and of the ether itself. Not even the flower in the crannied wall can outdo a handful of table salt in revealing the nature of things.

The history of the astonishing discoveries of the last half dozen years has been set forth in a multitude of works which it were folly to enumerate. Many of them are excellent specimens of popular exposition in a difficult field; many, alas, are mere catalogues of signs and wonders hardly less confusing for an occasional lapse into accuracy. Beside these, however, there are some half dozen books which deserve special mention. All of them are by men who have made important contributions to knowledge in their special fields; all of them are untechnical without being fatuously popular; all of them, finally, are devoted less to expounding particular discoveries than to setting forth the relations and the real significance of the facts which most of us are supposed to have learned through the newspapers and magazines.

As an aid to orienting oneself in a field as obscure as it is interesting, I commend especially a little book by Professor Righi of the University of Bologna. One number of the *Atlantic* would contain it three times over; it presupposes on the part of the reader no more than a schoolboy's knowledge; but it brings together into one coherent view all the fundamental ideas of the newer parts of physics, from the ionization of salted broth to the nature of electrons and the ultimate constitution of matter. Van't Hoff of Berlin, equally brief but not quite

equally simple, keeps well to the chemical side of the field. He is concerned for the most part with the theory of solutions, its application to solid solution, and the physical chemistry of living organisms. Loeb of California takes up the last of these topics from the physiological side. His studies include the action of ionized salts on living tissue, especially their influence upon growth and the regeneration of lost parts. In his two volumes are included all the more important of the original papers in which he announced the successive steps of his famous investigation into the development of unfertilized eggs. The experiments here discussed include the set in which he nursed his little fatherless sea-urchins safely through their larval stages. Far away on the other side of the field, Michelson of Chicago takes up the nature of ordinary light, with special attention to his own fruitful work with the latest tool of science, the interferometer, while Blondlot, by assembling the original papers in which he announced his discovery of the somewhat problematical "N" rays, affords a model of straightforward exposition.

Least in bulk of the books of this group, simplest in form, most radical in opinion, is an essay by a father in the scientific Israel. Mendeléeff's "Periodic Table of the Chemical Elements" and the smell of hydrogen sulphide are the two items of school chemistry which are apt to linger longest in the adult mind. Mendeléeff's Periodic Law, with its hints at the compound nature of the atom and the transmutation of metals, used to give the one suggestion of romance to the student whose interest lay in other fields. Of the newly discovered elements, radium dropped at once into the place which has been waiting for it a third of a century, and there is no reason for supposing that any other of the new metals will prove less tractable. The inert gases of the atmosphere, on the other hand, have shown no lack of energy in resisting all attempts to bring them into the periodic fold. The veteran Russian now essays to round out the great achievement of his life by corraling argon, helium, neon, krypton, xenon, the hypothetical coronium, and even the luminiferous ether itself. No bad way, this, to mark the completion of fifty years of scientific work.

IV

It now seems reasonably clear, in the light of recent work in Comparative Psychology, that there is but slender basis for the common assumption that conduct is either reasoned or instinctive. Far down below the level of true instincts lies the region of "tropisms." The plant sends its roots toward water and its stem toward light, the blossom closes at eve,

> ". . . the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
> The same look which she turned when he rose," —

by virtue of impulses which, in any proper sense, are no more "instinctive" than the behavior of iron filings in the field of a magnet.

Inevitably the doctrine of tropisms has colored all our interpretation of animal acts. It is no longer the fashion to admire the courage and intelligence of the salmon when it finds its way from the sea to its own birthplace among the hills; since it appears that the alleged instinct is but the exaggeration in the gravid fish of the general tendency of most water creatures to head up stream, like boats at anchor. This general point of view is especially well set forth by Professor Loeb, whose brilliant work in the no-man's-land which lies about equally within the spheres of influence of Physical Chemistry, Physiology, and Psychology has made him the most conspicuous American exponent of these almost Cartesian opinions.

But if there is a type of animal behavior too primitive to be called instinctive, there is also another type, neither instinctive nor rational, which, lying between the two, may simulate the appearance of either. In fact, no small part of

our own human conduct, to put the matter bluntly, which we flatter ourselves is determined by reason, is in reality the outcome of a series of random trials from which we have selected for repetition those of which the outcome chanced to be to our minds. Most of us seldom reason about everyday matters. We try one thing. If it works, we try it again. If it does not work, we try something else. Rarely in either case do we reason, save perhaps by analogy, toward an unknown condition. Practically most human conduct is intelligent, but not especially rational.

The great problem of animal psychology is to determine how far beasts, birds, and creeping things are only complex vegetables, and how far they are simplified men. On this point Dr. Jennings (for whom the life of even the simplest creatures is not altogether a problem of physics) has fairly carried the war into Africa by showing, as the result of a series of experiments extending over some half-dozen years, that even among the minute *Infusoria*, where rigid tropisms have been thought to reign supreme, there is nevertheless behavior founded on trial and failure essentially of the infrarational human sort. Unfortunately, Dr. Jennings's studies (though his account of them is straightforward and intelligible) lie in a field remote from popular interests. Fortunately, the same ultimate problem has been taken up in a group of animals which has always appealed to the amateur of natural history.

Wasps, Social and Solitary, on its face, differs from half a hundred other "nature books" only in being considerably better. Here is, in more than usual measure, the leisurely charm, the lively humor, the sense of summer afternoons and still leaves and holding down the ground with one's back, which one expects to find in books of this sort. Here, also, is no lack of amusing gossip concerning the doings of very fascinating little creatures. Beyond all this, however, there is "a hidden wealth of thought and of austerity" which makes the book a worthy contribution to science and a monument of patient and skillful research in a difficult field.

The work of Mr. Peckham and his wife, done both in private and on the Wisconsin Biological Survey, has already given them a more than national reputation among professional naturalists. Possibly because two heads, not too much alike, are better than one, they have combined to an unusual degree the basal excellences of the field observer with the critical habit of mind and the ability to make their work count toward the solution of some definite general problem which mark the man of science. The almost unique value of their work lies in the fact that they have been able to do in the field, under natural conditions, what other students have done only in the laboratory.

Their evidence, because of the "strategic position" of the insects, cuts both ways. On the one hand, the everyday behavior of these most intelligent of invertebrates is utterly irrational; the most important acts of their lives have clearly no sort of meaning for them. So much for the sentimental "nature student." On the other hand, the insects as a group have been thought to be preëminently the bond servants of instinct, the last of well-equipped animals to do anything for themselves. Nevertheless, it transpires that there is no little individuality among wasps of the same species, and that when the inherited impulse fails to accomplish its purpose the creature may on occasion adapt its behavior to circumstances. So much for the believers in the all-sufficiency of instincts.

Of late years an increasing body of evidence has seemed to indicate that the behavior of the higher animals is, for the most part, neither instinctive, in the sense that it is fixed by inheritance once for all, irrespective of the animal's personal experience, nor rational, in the sense that the animal has any power of analyzing its own experience and recombining its elements to fit any new condition. An

unreasoning intelligence based on a group of somewhat fluid instincts seems to guide the actions of the creatures which we know best. The observations of the Peckhams support amply this opinion. Wasp conduct turns out to be of the same general type as that of Infusorians and *Atlantic* readers. But the wasps, more than most of their fellow creatures, have had their side of the problem discussed with singular clarity and charm.

One must, it seems, look upon the wasp as a creature which is at times essentially a Cartesian machine, and yet at times also in some dim fashion a free agent. Over and over again in the observations of Mr. and Mrs. Peckham one sees the momentary loosening of the bonds of instinct, the single intelligent act, ere the shades of the prison-house close in again and the nervous mechanism takes control once more. Professor Davenport's study of revivals of religion shows the same phenomenon under another guise. A being habitually intelligent, and occasionally rational, may also on occasion relapse into the life of instinct. The psychologists, indeed, will have it that we men have more different instincts than any other creature, and that only the conflict of diverse impulses makes possible our rational choice. But let any one of the great basal instincts, fear or imitation, burst its bounds and work its way unchecked, and it holds savage and philosopher alike in a grip like that of a tropism. In revivals of religion, as in other times of stress, shipwreck or theatre fire or financial panic, the fountains of the great deep are broken up and the blind primitive instincts submerge for the time the marketplaces and temples of the City of Mansoul. Who of us, after all, has not known occasions when his own conduct has been rather that of a wasp than of a man! For Professor Davenport revival meeting and lynching party alike show human nature stripped of its civilized garb and left naked to its enemies.

One may, however, admit in general terms that the essential phenomena of revivals lie within the field of comparative psychology, without feeling that Professor Davenport has been especially successful in treating the resulting problems. Sociologists as a group are inclined to take too much to heart the admonition of Dr. McCosh to the psychologists, not to let their subject degenerate into a mere science; and our author, like not a few of his colleagues, while trying hard to be a man of science, still sighs for the fleshpots of a sentimental Egypt. Too often there is but a ha'penny worth of evidence to an intolerable deal of edification. The three prominent ideas of the book — that the great awakenings of religion in America have started in communities which previously had been badly frightened, that an old-time revival rests ultimately on instinctive terror and is therefore impossible in a well-ordered modern state, that converts are often in part hypnotized — are all generalizations important enough to warrant a more rigidly scientific treatment than Professor Davenport sees fit to give them. Logan, Simpson, and Todd counties in Kentucky were the centre of the great revival of 1800. "During the entire first half of the nineteenth century this region was the home of bloody feuds, and during the latter half of the same century it was the great centre of the lynching spirit in Kentucky. This is but a single piece of evidence, and we may have here simply a coincidence." Shades of Darwin! What does an investigator in the least of the real sciences do when he strikes a promising "coincidence?"

In the absence of anything corresponding to a coming-out party, it becomes a question of private judgment whether Psychical Research (for want of a better name) is a branch of science or not. Certainly Lord Layleigh, Sir William Crooks, Oliver Lodge, William James, Langley, Wallace, Henry Sidgwick, Balfour Stewart, are highly respectable chaperons for any scientific debutante. Moreover, the young science (if it be one) has done at least one good piece of work: to it, largely, orthodox Psychology owes the doctrine

of the Subliminal Consciousness. But for F. W. H. Myers and the Society for Psychical Research, the world would know even less than it does of the cellars and galleries, the measureless caverns and the sunless seas of our human nature which stretch underneath the tidy apartments in which the conscious soul keeps house.

No one can, I think, follow the work for the last dozen years of a group of men whose achievements in other fields are a warrant for their accuracy and their skepticism in this, without feeling that (all interpretations aside) one fact at least has been established. Certain persons are able somehow or other to tap stores of detailed information which are tight shut to other men. It takes a pretty skeptical man nowadays to believe in ghosts, and a somewhat credulous man to believe in "brain waves." Between telepathy and Spiritism there is at present neither a third possibility nor any considerable basis for a reasonable choice. The Society for Psychical Research commits itself officially to neither.

A modest volume by a vice-president of the Society sums up with admirable clearness the case between the two possibilities. Professor Hyslop's book stands related to the general mass of "borderland" phenomena just about as the group of books which I have already mentioned is related to the newer discoveries in physics and physical chemistry,—it is a popular digest of a considerable body of more technical works, in which, naturally, the results of the author's own investigations appear with some fullness. It belongs therefore with a group of books, numerable on the fingers of one hand, which, treating of matters occult, articulate with a body of fact and doctrine in aspect at least scientific. Now science, like the common law, has adopted certain conventions with regard to admissible evidence. Doubtless because of them many a villain goes unhanged and many a sound opinion is accounted superstition. Doubtless, too, in the long run, these conventions do help to make truth and justice prevail. At any rate, there they are; and we are not supposed to hang manifest rascals nor accept obvious facts without conforming to them. That Professor Hyslop has taken the trouble to be formally scientific makes no small part of the value of his discussion. So far as it shall turn out that he is wrong, his mistakes are those of a just and competent judge, not those of one who lends money to a plausible stranger.

What, from any point of approach, is one to make of a fact like this? Here is a woman's hand, which, while its nominal owner is engaged in the give and take of question and answer (not, to be sure, quite *in propria persona*), maintains by means of pencil and paper its own independent conversation; replies coherently to remarks addressed to it; and in general behaves like a rational being, even when the left hand which goes with it is struggling undextrously to write out quite a different message! Moreover, it, or she, or he, claims to be a deceased member of the Society for Psychical Research, reminds one of its officers of a promise made in private to have a hand in the work of the society from the other side of the gulf; recognizes its alleged friends and belongings; exhibits (albeit with many unaccountable lapses) an intimate knowledge of its mundane affairs; goes to work systematically to prove its identity; offers valuable suggestion and advice concerning the conduct of the experiment; and in general comports itself as a member of the Psychical Society triumphant might naturally be expected to do. One's dogmatic slumbers must indeed be deep if he does not feel the jolt of facts like these in whatever way he interprets them. No longer, however, may the sleeper lull himself again to dreamland with gentle murmurs of "fraud;" "a fraud which is no assigned kind of fraud, but simply 'fraud' at large, fraud *in abstracto*, can hardly be regarded as a specifically scientific explanation of specific concrete facts."

V

Highly characteristic of the scale of values of the latest and most ambitious general history of science is the relative space allotted to some of the worthies whom I have mentioned. Van't Hoff and Wundt get half a dozen lines apiece, Suess and de Vries do not appear at all. Mendeléeff gets a page, and Weismann something more. Haeckel gets thirty-odd pages, some four times the number given to Bacon, Leibnitz, and Descartes together! For the reason, doubtless, that there is at present no very clear call for a critical treatment of his subject, Dr. Williams has frankly addressed himself to the general reading public, and has produced a work as interesting as novels once had the reputation of being, and interesting in much the same way. Inevitably, the murmuring shallows of science are more in evidence than its silent deeps; its thaumaturgics than its revelations. All this is somewhat trying to the student. For the student, however, there is already no lack of adequate works in this field; he should be the last to begrudge to the general reader the one book which best meets his demands.

I began this review with a book in which our deepest-seated intuitions are so far reduced to mere conventions that, for all we really know, a straight line indefinitely prolonged may return on itself after passing round through the other side of nowhere. Another maintains, against the universal consensus of mankind, that all the evil which men do, and all the good, are alike interred with their bones, so far as any effect on the heritage of their sons is concerned; while the author of a third would not need to revise his fundamental ideas if he discovered a bramble bush bearing some sort of grapes. A fourth treats of a mysterious ether, the basis of pretty much all the phenomena of the physical world, a medium at the same time "far more solid than steel and far less viscous than the lightest known gas;" yet in spite of this, "the only form of matter about which we know anything at all." For a fifth this same anomalous ether is merely a chemical element of the argon group. Finally, comes a book in which the dead speak with tongues. All but one of these opinions are respectable, orthodox science. Who, without being told, could guess which?

JESSICA

BY ARTHUR COLTON

Four persons were coming down the wood road from the Cattle Ridge in the following order. In front walked a pallid-faced man with thick hair and broad eyebrows; next came Cassidy, the county sheriff, big, red-faced, dominant, talkative; third, a slight girl of twenty or thereabout, whose handsome face with its heavy hair and strikingly marked eye brows showed some nearness of kinship to the captive in front; the fourth was Sanderson of Back Meadows. Sanderson was a youngish man at that time, with heavy yellow mustache and gray, quiet eyes, — slight in frame except for that breadth of shoulders characteristic of the Sandersons. Presently the woods broke away before them, and they emerged in the flat-bottomed valley, whose fertility and extent had laid the foundations, generations back, of Sanderson well-being in this world. Fawn-colored cattle grazed in distant fields. Nearer by were a half dozen mares and colts with reddish hides and sinewy necks, whereby one knew the Courier breed, that famous Sanderson stock. The white, wide-winged farmhouse, the huge red barns, the scattered houses of the farm-hands, the meadows golden with buttercups and purple with ripe grass, the hills with their forests, that sheltered and shut in the valley, the brook that wound and glimmered until at the valley's end it vanished under pine trees in a narrow gorge, all lay in the comforting sunlight, seeming to symbolize a security of anchorage on the earth, a peace sufficient to itself.

The four paused a moment at the opening of the wood. The man in front turned his white face to Sanderson and said passionately, —

"Give me all that to be born with! I'd have been as straight a man as you."

The taciturn Sanderson nodded considerately.

"Man, man!" cried the other, "I was a gentleman sport once, then a sport and no gentleman, and now I'm a common thief. I know it all. You make your living breeding horses for the turf, and I made mine backing the breed till that flecked stallion finished me."

"Bombay," said Sanderson. "Tricky horse."

The girl came up and stood beside the prisoner. She did not look at him, but he looked at her.

"And now, if you ask can a man fall lower than to be a common thief," he went on, dropping his voice, "I answer, 'yes.' He can beget a child to take up his shame after him. And if he says he lied and thieved for her, nobody but her will believe him. She'll believe him."

The last was all but inaudible.

Sanderson nodded again considerately.

"Anybody would that did n't know him," said Cassidy, in pursuit of more judicial estimates, "but I'll be damned if I swallow Miss Jessie's believin' it. Come off, ye was descinded from the father of lies, an' the moral is it's no use cryin' over shpilt milk. Sure, that's the moral. My opinion of ye, Ben, my opinion is ye're a darn shlippery lot. Ye niver had an ounce of shtraightness in you. Your morals is meanderin', your sowl is a butthery fraud. Ye niver was any use to Miss Jessie or her mother before her, a lady niver known to me, and as for their believin' ye — Aw! — Well, I may be wrong there, I may be wrong. I'll say this for ye, Ben, I niver knew a man confess his sins that ingratiatin'. Them sins is your workin' capital, Ben, ye gets regular interest out of it in the reputation of a wounded spirut. On me sowl, it'

wondherful. It's insidjous nateness of ye to be callin' yourself a common thief, when you know we know you're an uncommon swindler."

The prisoner and Sanderson walked silently, front and rear, while Cassidy talked on to the sullen-looking girl; they came in sight of the house, where Sanderson's red mare stood saddled, and Cassidy's horse and roadcart were fastened at the gate.

"An' the truth is, Miss Jessie," Cassidy moralized, "'t is the warrm nature of women makes throuble in this world, an' the cool raysonin' of man is its refrigeratin' preservation. An' here's me practical parable. Ain't I been afther Ben Hallow the six weeks? Well, that's long enough for any man to be shkylarkin' wid me. An' I sees Ben Hallow's daughter a gettin' off the 1.25 thrain, an' a shlopin' for the woods, an' I says, 'Happen she's lookin' for Ben,' an' she was. 'T would be kindness to her an' raysin in me to follow,' I says, for I 'm a raysonin' man. Sure I had to follow me rayson. The moral is, unraysonin' affections is dangerous, an' yours was bad luck for Ben, an' sure they niver did you any good; but they fetched Ben fore an' aft this time, they did that."

"You're a sleuth hound, certain, Cassidy," said Sanderson, in his drowsy, drawling voice, "but you need n't be a common cur."

"I thank you for that, Mr. Sanderson," said the man in front quickly.

Cassidy looked blankly bewildered at this unprovoked, sudden, amazing insult. What could Sanderson mean by it? Cassidy flushed from forehead to neck a deeper crimson. They came to the gate.

"I won't throuble ye further, Misther Sanderson," he said with dignity. "If Miss Jessica wants to go along wid us, happen she's willing to drive me horse. I'll thank ye to miscall me no more names. I'm thinkin' Ben Hallow won't try to be funny, ayther, wid me gun to his backbone. I bid ye good-day, Misther Sanderson."

The three were soon seated in the roadcart, Cassidy in the back seat alone. The girl held the reins with a practiced hand, small, but sinewy. Sanderson did not answer Cassidy, but stood at Jessica's elbow, leaning on the wheel, and looking down at the nervous heels of the big bay horse.

"Why, then, the road is all right," he said to her slowly, "except one place in the gorge. You better look out for the bank there, on the left. It goes down ten or fifteen feet."

She lifted her sullen eyelids for the first time to look at him. Her voice, when she spoke, was low and tremulous.

"Where?" she asked.

"About a hundred yards in."

"I bid ye good-day, Misther Sanderson."

Sanderson did not stir.

"It's this way with Cassidy, Miss Jessica," he drawled on. "He's got a powerful mind, that always takes time — a minute or two to get under way, though after that, of course, he acts good and rational. Well — your father there, for instance, would n't, maybe, act so — so — rational — he never did — probably not — but I think — his mind would get under way — a minute or two quicker than Cassidy's, which makes him — a — ingratiating, as Cassidy says. But that's no real harm in Cassidy. Take it the right way, and it's a good point in him. I'm saying this — because — naturally, you are n't in a state of mind to see all Cassidy's good points. You might n't understand him."

He put out his hand to Cassidy, who hesitated, then laughed, and shook it.

"Don't ye miscall an Irishman names, Joe, or ye'll see him get undher way quick enough. Now, Miss Jessie, ye can hold him easy for the soft mouth of him."

They were gone, with a clatter of hoofs and flash of wheels. Sanderson opened the gate as if to go up to the house; then seemed to think better of it. He turned back, mounted the little mare, and cantered after the cloud of dust in the wake

of the flying wheels. Cattle were at pasture on one side of the road in lately harvested hay-fields. On the other stretched green acres of corn, where a half dozen men were at work in the hot sunshine. Crows flew over his head, with slow wings and meditative caws.

"She might," he reflected peacefully, "and she might not. It's an interesting gamble."

As he cantered into the gorge, he heard a shout down its dusky tunnel of rock and pine, followed by a confused crash, and the roar of Cassidy rampant.

Sanderson cantered on. Down the dim vista he saw the sheriff heavily climb the bank, run across the road, and plunge into the underbrush, which procedure, if he purposed a stern chase after Ben Hallow, and supposing that lightfooted gentleman were fleeing up the mountain side, seemed a more desperate than coldly reasonable procedure. Sanderson thought so.

He dropped from his horse. The swirl of the wagon tracks marked the spot where the bay had leaped from the bank. The tracks turned almost at right angles. The driver at that point had found the grip to draw a ferocious rein, the courage to dare a headlong catastrophe.

Sanderson slid down the gravelly bank. The bay stood knee deep in the brook, kicking to pieces, with deliberation and accuracy, the wrecked roadcart against his haunches.

The gully was half opaque with green dusk. The wind high up in the pine woods drew long, sibilant sighs. "Poor Jessica!" or something to that effect. "Poor Jessica!"

She lay, a little huddled heap among the boulders, the blood running in her thick hair, the water crooning at her ear.

With few words for a world of memories it is desirable to present the "Meadows," its people, and traditions; and therefore, going back but one generation, enters Israel Sanderson, born 1819, married 1841 to Marion Lorn, and begot Joseph, born 1850. The portraits of extinct Sandersons surround the dining-room walls of the great farmhouse, and Israel himself is there, but beside him there is a vacant space. The portrait of Marion Lorn Sanderson hangs not there, but in Joe Sanderson's library, a long room opening from the dining-room — a very bookish-looking room, one would say, for a breeder of fancy stock to consider in his personal affairs. The vacancy beside Israel has its pathos, its symbolism. Mark how death and the coming heir shall do their wills with us and ours. Israel lived fifteen years after her, and of his solitude made no complaint, impenetrable, silent, enduring, as his own portrait on the wall, which made no complaint. Turf history mentions him as the breeder of Pendragon, a horse that made records in the late sixties. He is recollected now as one who held to justice and his word, a man slight but broad-shouldered, of medium height, thin cheeks, lips stiff, eyes gray, at the centres of converging wrinkles. As to what his loneliness may have been to him, as to the reason for Joe's removal of his mother's portrait after Israel's death, as to some differences of temperament between Israel and his son, who looked much alike, as to "Marion Lorn Sanderson, died 1856, *ætat.* 33," we may consult her face. Lord lead us to the like! To the sweetness, the patience, the compassion, the delicate home peace, that gives to obscure, unvarying lives their eternal worth, their power of witness to the substance of things hoped for. Behind infinite force is there an infinite love, or no? Your Marion Sandersons are your tangible evidence of the unseen thing.

Israel's house was kept for him those fifteen years by his sister, Mrs. Cullom Sanderson, a singular variant from the Sanderson slightness of bodily frame and reserve of temper; a vast, fleshy woman, whose conversation was inorganic.

When Joe Sanderson came in bearing Jessica, her face stained and still over his shoulder, Mrs. Cullom plunged hither and yon irrelevantly.

"Why, Joseph! you've bumped her head, and I don't believe you've had a bite of dinner. Goodness! what's her name?"

But during Jessica's long illness and dull delirium Mrs. Cullom's devotion was consistent enough. Jessica hovered lightly on the verge and dizzy overhang of life, and Mrs. Cullom hovered ponderously about her. Jessica crept back toward health with a long white scar under her hair.

Mrs. Cullom's conversation, after all, had a certain consistency, too. It resembled an angleworm in this respect, that if you cut off and extracted any section of it anywhere, this section had the same general features of any other section, and yet each section so segregated seemed to have an independent vitality of its own.

"You 'll be fatting up wonderful pretty soon like a growing pig, my dear, though you certain do look like a zigzag rail fence now, and all eyebrows and hair, and enough to shame good vittels, but Joseph's been putting up wire ones all over the place, and he won't keep pigs, but I'd like to know why not, when my Cullom kept pigs thirty years, and he was a respected man, to say nothing of savings in swill."

The fall race meets and fairs were already begun. Sanderson was away with the pick of his stock and stable. He saw Jessica once before he left in early September. It was in Mrs. Cullom's sitting-room. Thin as a winter-worn fox she looked, with hunted eyes, and though creeping back to life, yet apparently with no gust for it, rather with a sullen dislike.

Whatever Ben Hallow's flowing repentances, he was an ill man to be responsible for another human life, and that a girl's, and in particular through those years of it that are its springtime, when the sap flows upward to leafy expansions, when the whimper of spring is in the air, when green tentacles reach out wistfully. He took her from school at fourteen, easily led to do so by the flattery of her passionate adoration. The adoration had faded into a kind of dogged championship. Her faith fought hard for its life, and died fighting. Of the race tracks and their populace, it seemed to her that most of the men were cruel and treacherous, and most of the horses were noble in body and spirit, keen, slender, and strong things, always ready to spend their last gasp for the duty and the hope they understood, namely, speed and the tape at the end of the lap. So she kept her faith in horses. But Ben Hallow was quicksand to whatever faith of man or woman was laid upon him. He swallowed them, and they were gone forever. And Jessica — if she had found life no sunny and substantial corner of a garden wall, but a place of salty, bitter, wind-driven waves, that tossed her like seaweed; if it had salted her to its own savor, it were no wonder. She looked as if it had, where she sat in Mrs. Cullom's sitting-room, limp and lean as seaweed, the hunted, sullen look in her eyes, overbanded by broad eyebrows.

Sanderson went his way thinking, "I guess she's paid Ben Hallow all that's due him;" and thought no further about it. Of Ben Hallow no more news seemed to be forthcoming. He seemed to have left that part of the country.

It was late in October when Jessica began to go about the "Meadows," and look at the fawn-colored cattle, the beautiful, nervous horses. The winds blew down from the hills and the wilderness of woods, now splashed with autumn colors. The cornfields were light yellow, the roadsides banked with goldenrod and purple asters. The long leisures and silences of the place, the quiet routine, the shelter and removal, the large, unirritated look of the world, and the slow speech of men there, all seemed to constitute a life of some kind, a book with a meaning in it, but written in a language to which she had no grammar or lexicon. She vaguely felt the elements of the phenomenon. She hardly knew whether it made her intensely bored or intensely happy. She looked at it suspiciously. Nameless dim emotions rose up and asked for names.

In November there were heaps of weeds behind the red barns, burning and smouldering. They drew her to watch them in a kind of trance, as the men of old used to watch the smoke of altar and sacrifice go creeping heavenward, and follow it with prayers. Is it out of that ancient human experience that one cannot watch long the drift of a smouldering fire without ancestral solemnities stirring in his heart? Jessica stared at the twisting, mounting, noiseless smoke, and knew not why she stayed. She knew that she hated her memories; — old despairs are hideous and shapeless as outworn garments; — that she had no plans and dreaded the making of them. The languor of her mind and heart seemed like a dragging weight. Her interest in the aspirations of the bonfires was a vague, effortless interest.

She went back to the house in the early twilight. It was a misty day, and settled into rain at night.

After supper Mrs. Cullom's conversation with drowsiness grew too confused to follow. It concerned "Israel," "Joseph," "Marion," and through a half-grotesque medium gave glimpses of the lady whose portrait with the searching compassionate eyes hung in the library, and whose spirit even after death seemed to have hung brooding, counseling, comforting, over husband and son; glimpses of the two silent men, whose habit it was each to shut his heart away from the world, and so go about his business with his generation. But when Mrs. Cullom seemed to be arguing that Marion's secluded life had resulted from Israel's dislike of cats, and that one or the other of these was responsible for the moths in Mrs. Cullom's muff, Jessica lost track of the argument, and presently, Mrs. Cullom having openly fallen asleep, she rose and went through the dining-room to the library. The room was cold, and she lit the fire. The wind and rain droned desolately at the windows. She drew a heavy leather-covered reading-chair before the fire. The lamplight, escaping over the top of a green shade, fell on the face of the portrait above the mantelpiece, and lit it softly but clearly. Over Jessica's face, deep in the reading-chair, the wavering firelight sent red glows and pursuing shadows.

The noise of the rain without was unceasing, but the house within stayed mainly quiet from hour to hour. Mrs. Cullom went lumbering upstairs to bed. A servant girl opened the library door, and, seeing Jessica by the fire, closed it again, softly. The busy blaze on the hearth subsided to a bed of red coals. But Jessica and Marion maintained their still communion.

It was late when the door opened again, without warning. Sanderson stood in the doorway, dripping with the rain. He said, "Don't move," at her startled motion to rise, and threw off his rain coat, and bent over the fire in silence to warm his hands. "I brought Bombay home," he said at last, slowly. "He's been getting glory for himself this fall. Do you know McMahon and that crowd? Well, they tried to buy Bombay. I've been warned about them now, that they'd like to doctor him, or play some game on him before the New Orleans winter meet. It would clear the way for Kentuckian and Prince Charlie, if that's the way they're interested. Anyhow, I can watch Bombay better up here. He's tripled his value. Aren't you up too late?"

The race track gossip and scandal he fancied would interest her, and then fancied she had hardly heard him. Her eyes were fixed on the portrait over the mantel. She made no comment on "Bombay" or "McMahon," nor indicated if she knew whether "Kentuckian" was a man or a horse. Presently he felt his eyes drawn to follow hers up to the familiar place. When she said in a low voice: "What does she tell you when you are very sad?" he stood up quickly, and looked down at her, wondering at one knocking so quietly at the locked gate of Sanderson reserve, at the very door of its secret place, as if it were quite natural to knock and enter.

She felt the pressure of his silence, and, as if forgetting her question, leaned quickly forward, spreading out her hands to the glow of the coals.

"I have n't ever thanked you for helping me."

"I should think," said Sanderson dryly, "it was a dubious case for gratitude, that advice as to how you might break your neck with expedition — and — effect. It might be kindly meant and yet look dubious. I would n't guarantee the kindliness, not taking any interest in Ben Hallow. As I recollect it, it occurred to me that crawling around behind Cassidy's intelligence was — was pleasant in its way. It occurred to me that whether you had the nerve to drive off in — the — general atmosphere that way — was an interesting gamble. It occurred to me to — think you'd do it."

"That's all I was grateful for," she said. "I knew that you thought so, and I was glad of that, else perhaps I could n't have done it. But then, it's easy to die in that condition. Somehow, I thought it would be the end, and it looked pleasant."

"What condition?"

"Oh, I mean — But you know, once — once on a time — to me — everything seemed so worth while, and — Ben — you know — he pretends so well that it was a long time before I saw it was all worth nothing, and that — that he did n't care in the least about me, you know. After that I thought I could stand it, because I thought he had to have me. But he does n't have to have me. So when even that — when all that — is gone, it leaves one very hungry and despairing, and one could die quickly, and not mind. Don't you see? Of course it 's silly to feel that way, and wicked enough to want to get rid of one's life. When I came in here to-night, I was thinking it was silly and bad to have despair. But if one is — poisoned in spirit — it is hard — to find the way. I began to look at your mother's picture, and then I thought she seemed to say things — at first only kind things, about understanding how hard it was — to live without — without seeing any use in it, and then she seemed to ask if I were good enough to be happy, and questions like that, and for hours to go searching through me for the answers."

"She knows what she's about," said Sanderson. "She asks me the questions first. If she reversed the order with you, there was reason in it. She tells me to keep a quiet, clean place where she can meet me, or else to be clean and quiet when I come, — that's the same thing. It comes first. But whether the place is in her soul or mine I don't know, but it was always for us two, my mother and me. I don't altogether see how you got in."

In the silence that followed she leaned still lower, with head bent to the fire, and looked something like the huddled heap among the boulders in the gorge.

"Do you want me to go out?" she asked.

"No, you'd never have got in without a key of your own."

The rain beat and dripped at the dark windows. The tall clock in the next room struck its midnight call, as if to signalize it a proper hour for the locked gates to open, and spirits imprisoned in the dungeon of themselves to come out, to cross estranging distances, and meet face to face and ghost to ghost.

The first heavy snow of the winter fell one gray afternoon in early December. It was a large, quietly determined storm to begin with, calm, mystical, incessant. The great flakes wavered down, and lay deep and contented on the hills.

But a wind, already stirring on the mountain sides, as the evening wore on crept down over low bordering woods to the level meadows, and whistled and capered in Wyantenaug Valley. It forced the dignified flakes into wild Bacchanalian skirt dances, piled the roadsides with fugitive and empty grave-mounds in mockery of Preston Plains cemetery, swept the spaces between so bare that it

seemed an indecent exposure, and sniffed along the fences like a thirsty bloodhound.

Cold. Not a ghost in the cemetery was stirring, or had come out according to regulations to read over his epitaph, but crouched, hugging himself unsocially in his narrow tenement. So cold that the traveler who got down from the ten o'clock train pulled his sealskin cap low over his ears and face, and his steps shrieked dismally as he hurried away from the lamplit space. He pushed over the long bridge that creaked in the wind, and so up the gorge where pine, hemlock, and spruce stood up sombre and murmuring in the night, where the brook under the steep bank chuckled in its icy throat. White, cold, desolate. The lights in the Sanderson farmhouse were curtained close or invisible in the storm.

The plodder in the snow was uninterested in the farmhouse lights, but in the dark windows of the barns and stables he took a singular interest, going close to window after window, peering in, now and then trying a fastening. At length he slipped a thin blade between the sashes of one, lifted the lower sash, crept through, and stood on the floor within.

The temperature was artificially moderate there, the darkness complete. The occasional sound of lifted and planted hoof came from the right. He followed the sounds, and felt his way to the boarded wall of a passage where the sounds were close to his ear. He halted and listened. He opened his coat and flashed a dark lantern along the wall, saw the long row of square stall windows. The narrow beam of the dark lantern slipped through the first square opening, and caused a startled plunge within. He saw a pair of wild eyes, a white splash on a flying black mane. "Bombay all right," he muttered, and knelt down on the clean-swept floor of the passage, drew from his pocket a bottle of colorless liquid and an injection syringe, shook the bottle, and held it against the beam of the lantern.

Then he leaped, startled, to his feet. He found himself in the bright area and control of a search lantern in a distant corner.

Whoever stood in the pitch blackness behind it realized the completeness of his control, for he stayed where he was, and enjoyed it, while the captive of his lantern put bottle, syringe, and dark lantern, one by one, deliberately back into inner pockets. The captor came forward behind his light.

"The surprise is mutual, Ben," said Sanderson, and smiled pleasantly. "You did n't occur to me."

He put the big lantern on the feed box, and sat down beside it, drawing his ulster around him. The light, brilliant from polished reflectors, streamed across the wide, clean floor of the barn.

"See here, I'll give you three messages," he drawled on. "They're for McMahon. First, that I'm on to him real clever. Second, that he can have Bombay at the price he named, because I'm not going to New Orleans. He can poison his own horse if he wants to, but I've changed my mind. Third, that he's a damn hound."

"And I?" asked Ben Hallow.

Sanderson looked at him with a kind of puzzled admiration, then studied the floor for some moments. Hallow's face fell into lines expressing patience and the victory of the spirit.

"Why — you're poison in this neighborhood," Sanderson said at last confidentially. "Why — you see, the reason I'm not interested in the New Orleans meet this year, is that I'm going to marry your daughter."

"How so?"

"Why, just that way. But I'm not after the paternal blessing. You see that. I'd rather the paternal did n't take any interest in it."

They talked across the lantern. There seemed to be no tone of hostility between them.

Ben Hallow said gently, —

"Of course, you'd rather, of course,"

"Meaning you're a disreputable connection. Oh, that's all right. I can stand it. The trouble with the paternal is here. You're poison to her, Ben, same as that bottle of yours of insidious chemistry to Bombay. It would n't kill him. It would n't particularly make him sick, but it would spoil his nerve, and make him see blue devil ghosts, and fill his horse soul with corrosive despair. Well, whenever she thinks of you it acts on her something that way. You're a taint in the air, Ben, and there's an — an antiseptic — arrangement being made, that — well — poison — h'm — well — anyhow, seeing she gave you six years out of a time of life particularly valuable to a woman, so they say; seeing she threw herself head first at kingdom come and nearly got there, in order to take you away from Cassidy, who had a proper right to you, — now, it seems to me she's paid about all that's due you. Has n't she, to be candid? She does n't want you, Ben. She wants me. You don't need her, either, but I do. Now, put it your beautiful and benignant emotions are at flood, put it they rise up and swallow the situation, put it you see humility and the outraged feelings of a father are a nice line of goods, put it you think I'd be handy the next time you went broke, put it this county is too hot to hold you, and can be made hotter, put it any interesting way you please, so long as you stay as far off as the wind blows. Stay out of the state, and for God's sake let Jessie alone."

The other said, "All right," very low, almost inaudibly, buttoned up his coat, and followed Sanderson in silence to the stable door. Outside Sanderson said, —

"You have half an hour to catch the 11.45," and Hallow said, —

"Half an hour, — thank you."

He turned his white face against the storm, glided away, and vanished silently into its muffling drift. Sanderson stood looking after him.

"He's an ingratiating penitent, he is; very delicate; no melodrama, not a dram. Well, likely it does hit him, and likely it does n't."

He picked his way through the snow to the house, muttering sarcastic comments on Ben Hallow, and threw off his snowy ulster in the hall.

In the library Jessica lay huddled, sobbing, on the floor, before a smouldering fire.

"I'm not good! She thinks I'm not good enough, Joe!"

He dropped into the reading-chair, and drew her up to his knee.

"She and I settled that long ago. It's none of your business, Jessie. You've lost the clue."

She grew quieter, looking up at Marion above the mantelpiece.

"Will it cure us of trouble to love each other?"

"It's an insidious old chemistry. I suppose she taught it to us. She knew all about it. I suppose it comes down to us from old times."

KOREA AND MANCHURIA UNDER THE NEW TREATY

BY K. ASAKAWA

THE treaty of Portsmouth has, among other things, recognized the new situation which the swift progress of the war had developed in Korea and Manchuria. This recognition was demanded by Japan and granted by Russia, and one is amazed as he ponders the immense changes brought about by the war and the straightforward manner in which M. Witte recognized them in behalf of Russia. A prolonged diplomatic parley would have resulted, had he insisted, as his government had often done, that Korea was a sovereign state, and whatever advantages Japan had gained therein had issued from a flagrant breach of neutrality; and that the Russian rights in Manchuria had arisen from exclusive agreements between Russia and China, and were not affected by the damages Japan had so treacherously inflicted upon Russia. Instead, M. Witte frankly but quietly surrendered to Japan the Russian lease of the province of Kwang-tung and such legal title as Russia possessed over the Manchurian railway under Japanese occupation, and furthermore agreed to Japan's preponderating interest in Korea, and to the principles of the "open door" and of the Chinese territorial integrity in Manchuria. In so doing, the Russian statesman went far beyond the accomplished facts, and reversed the wonted method and policy of Russia in the Far East, as well as abandoned his own cherished desire of making Dalny the great emporium of Asiatic Russia. The harsh lessons of the war had awakened him from the dream of an artificial commercial empire, and Russia as an aggressive exponent of the exclusive trade policy has thus departed from the Orient.

The treaty, however, so far as it relates to Korea and Manchuria, has not only recognized Japan's new position therein but also cleared the ground for new developments in these regions. It is the purpose of this article to review the present status of Korea and Manchuria, and to attempt an analysis of some of the issues likely to determine the further progress of events in these important territories.

I

The great and increasing community of economic interest between Korea and Manchuria on the one hand and Japan on the other, which has been discussed elsewhere by the present writer, and further confirmed by more recent statistical data, need hardly be retold. If the facts in this inchoate stage of trade are already so potent, it may be expected that the mutual economic dependence of these regions will eventually be so intimate that the political security of their intercourse will become absolutely imperative. Thus the economic readily passes into the political. Between Korea and Japan, in particular, political relations are known to be as vital as the economic, and closely interwoven with them. Let us now briefly observe what the Japanese have thus far done in order to foster their political and economic relations with the peninsula, or, in other words, in what status the treaty has found Japan's "preponderating interests" in Korea.

After her quick entry into Seul at the outbreak of the war, Japan found herself precisely in the position which she had long desired to establish. The plan of joint non-intervention in Korean affairs as agreed upon between Japan and Russia in 1896 and 1898, which had again

and again resulted in competitive intervention, had proved disastrous to the interest of Japan and of general reform; but now Russia had abruptly withdrawn from Seul, and Japan found herself free to move alone. Thereupon she hastened to impose upon the Korean Foreign Minister a treaty of alliance, on February 23, 1904, which laid the foundation for all Japan's subsequent conduct in the peninsula. By this treaty, Japan insured for an indefinite period of time the safety and repose of the Korean imperial house, and guaranteed the independence and the territorial integrity of the Korean empire. Korea should adopt Japan's advice concerning reform. She should also allow Japan to take necessary measures in case Korea should be in danger of foreign aggression or an internal revolt. Neither party should conclude without the other's consent an agreement with a third power contrary to the principles of the present treaty.

Details in connection with this fundamental agreement were to be arranged later between the two governments according to the circumstances. And the details, as they have gradually unfolded themselves, have proved to be of the most extraordinary character. One of the first demands proposed by Mr. G. Hayashi, Japanese Minister at Seul, was embodied in the so-called Nagamori scheme, whereby the right of cultivating all the waste lands in Korea exclusive of the government lands was to be granted to a Japanese subject, T. Nagamori, for a period of fifty years, subject to a renewal. This exhaustive proposition was met by the most widespread clamor of protest that had ever greeted a foreign demand in Korea. It was of no avail to explain that the ownership of the lands would remain with the Koreans, and that the cultivation would bring vast amounts of imported money, greatly increase the wealth and the export trade of the Korean people, and double the customs revenue of the government. The officials and peasants forthwith identified in their minds the use of its soil with the sovereignty of the Empire, and were, moreover, impervious to the argument that a ruthless exploitation of the soil was one thing and an economic development of its resources another. The extreme tension was removed only by the temporary suspension of discussion on the matter by the Japanese in July, 1904. Purchases of both cultivated and waste land in tracts of varying sizes have since been made by the Japanese settlers in Korea, especially in the south and along the Seul-Fusan Railway, where some of these tracts are said to be becoming important as models of an improved method of culture. Such an exhaustive enterprise, however, as was contemplated by the Nagamori plan seems now most unlikely to be demanded again.

A less drastic concession of the fishing rights along the entire coast-line of Korea was granted on request, in June, to the Japanese fishers, as well as to the Koreans, and in return the latter were rewarded with similar but unexercised rights on the northern coast of Japan. Concerning mining, also, the Japanese have made surveys, and have furnished an expert as adviser to the Seul Government. Thus far extensive mining operations have been successfully undertaken only by the Americans at Yunsan and by the British at Yinsan. New mining laws will now probably be promulgated, and, together with the development of the railways, and river navigation, capital will flow in from Europe and America, as well as Japan, to develop the great mineral wealth of the peninsula.

A far more important work than in these industries has been achieved by the Japanese in transportation, communication, currency, and other politico-economic matters which directly and profoundly concern the native and foreign interests in Korea.

The Seul-Fusan Railway, the concession for which was promised by Korea so early as 1894 in her treaty of temporary alliance concluded with Japan on July 23 of that year, but the building of which had,

since August, 1901, progressed very slowly, was finally at the close of 1903 given a helping hand by the Tokio government. The latter guaranteed the payment of ten million *yen* of the capital of the railway company and its interest, and granted two million and two hundred thousand *yen* as special subvention. The company was then reorganized, and the work of construction was pushed so vigorously that the entire length of two hundred and seventy-four miles was completed in November, 1904, and opened to the public on the first day of the present year. This railway, with its well-known branch to Chemulpo and another branch to Masampo, not only possesses an immense strategic value, but also runs through by far the richer half of the Korean Empire, comprising nearly seventy per cent of both the cultivated area and the farmers' families of the entire peninsula, as well as sixty or seventy towns in which fairs are held regularly three times each month. It is beyond a doubt that the cultivation and improvement of the rich soil, and hence the exporting capacity and importing power, of this region will receive a great impetus from this railway, and the general mode of life of the people will undergo profound changes through contact with Japanese influence, which is now flowing into South Korea with increased facility. The tourist may now reach Seul from Fusan in thirteen hours; or in fifty-six hours, and presently perhaps in less than fifty hours, from Tokio. This ease of transportation will be doubled and trebled as the Seul-Wiju Railway now under construction, and the Seul-Wonsan and other contemplated railways, connecting the four quarters of Korea by rail, are completed. Eventually, from the northern frontier, railways will be extended by the Japanese toward Niu-chwang and to Liao-yang or Mukden, and thus be connected with the Northern Chinese and the Manchurian Railways, so that a through connection by rail will soon be established from Fusan to Peking and to Europe. Of these lines, the concession for the Seul-Wiju Railway had often been demanded by the French, but the Korean government had accepted their proposition only to the extent of employing French engineers, the government declaring that it would construct the line by its own capital and under its own control. Before this plan had at all materialized, however, the opening of hostilities between Russia and Japan suddenly changed the situation, and the concession was at once granted to the latter early in March, 1904. The line, which is two hundred and eighty miles long, is now in active construction under the supervision of the Japanese military authorities. It may be added that, along this and the Seul-Fusan lines and around their stations, extensive tracts of land have been acquired by the Japanese "for military necessity," some of them through purchase and others by seizure. In this procedure of the Japanese authorities the political significance of these lines appears well exemplified. The enormous economic value of the great railway system must seem in the minds of many Koreans not a little compromised by the political fears which the system has entailed upon them.

Hardly less sweeping than the other concessions that have been described is the right of the river and coast navigation reluctantly granted by the Korean government to the Japanese on August 13, 1905. The entire coast line of the peninsula, more than seventeen hundred miles long, as well as all the numerous streams which flow out from the main mountain range, has been thrown open to the Japanese shipowners. The latter may also at any landing-place rent land and build warehouses and wharves, which provision would as much facilitate colonization as navigation. The Korean coast to the west and south affords many harbors and anchorages, only a few of which have been open to foreign trade, so that within a few years the maps will show several new ports hitherto unknown to the world. As to the rivers, their navigable courses are, owing to the soft beds and extensive

erosion, rather long in comparison with the short lengths of the streams. Consequently, the civilization of Korea has from ancient times grown along the great rivers, so that their navigation leads to the wealthiest and most populous parts of the peninsula. This concession, therefore, together with the railways, may be said to have opened practically the entire economic sections of the Korean empire to Japanese enterprise. The rivers and harbors will naturally be improved, and the natives and foreign traders will alike be benefited by the new activity, the latter of whom always enjoy, in this as well as all other matters of commerce and navigation, the most-favored-nation treatment in Korea.

Over the means of communication, also, — namely, the post, telegraph, and telephone system of Korea, — Japan has secured as complete a control as over the railways and navigation. Hitherto there had existed two parallel systems in Korea, the one under Korean and the other under Japanese management, causing a continual friction and embarrassment to both parties and greatly retarding the communication with the outside world. The native postal system inaugurated in 1895 still depended on horses and human shoulders for conveyance, handled no parcels or money orders, and in 1901 carried only 1,380,000 messages, as compared with the 8,200,000 carried in 1903 by the Japanese postal system in Korea. In telephone, also, the Korean system in operation in Seul and Chemulpo was subscribed to by less than a hundred persons, while the Japanese service in the same localities and in Fusan was supported by nearly a thousand. The telegraphic service had been so unreliable and at times so utterly out of order that the Japanese army was obliged, at the opening of the Chinese war in 1894, to construct a military line between Fusan, Seul, and Chemulpo. Until the outbreak of the Russian war, however, the Japanese had made little further progress in telegraphic construction, while the Korean system had in the meantime been considerably extended. The latter still continued to be cumbersome and sometimes unreliable. The entire system of post, telegraph, and telephone under Korean control showed in the budget for 1904 receipts of 100,080 *yen* and a deficit of 230,589 *yen*, an excess of the expenditures over the revenue being an annual feature of the system, whereas the parallel system in the peninsula under Japanese management actually brought in the same year an income of 477,136 *yen*, or an excess of 151,199 over the expenditures. In spite of its comparative inefficiency, however, the Korean government had more than once requested the Japanese to withdraw their postal service from Korea, and also had brought numerous obstacles against telegraphic communications. As the recent war swiftly changed the situation, however, the Japanese system in Korea made vigorous progress, to the clear advantage of all parties concerned. Mr. Ōura, Japanese Minister of Transportation, and a party of experts, made an inspecting tour of Korea and Manchuria toward the end of 1904, and a result of his observations has now appeared in the agreement signed on April 1, 1905. By this contract the entire system of communication in Korea, excepting the telephone service in the Imperial household, was, with a view to incorporating the system with the Japanese, transferred to the charge of the Japanese government. The latter should assume the financial responsibility for management and extension, and make reports and pay part of the profits to the Korean government. When the Korean finances were sufficiently strong, the entire system should be returned to the charge of the Seul government.

Japan's control has extended also over the public finances of Korea. The well-known evils of the free nickel coinage in Korea were at last brought to an end when the mint was closed on November 30, 1904; the monetary union of Korea with Japan was decreed on January 19, 1905; and, finally, the redemption of the old

coins was begun in June. The new coins are on the gold basis, and the old coins which are now declared to be on the silver basis are, as was the case with the old Japanese coins in 1897, when Japan adopted the gold standard, exchanged for exactly one half their face values under the new system. The Japanese First Bank at Seul has been entrusted with the entire business in connection with the monetary arrangement, and is in return allowed to issue notes against its strong reserves. Those who have studied the diplomatic history of Korea before the war know that these Japanese banknotes were at once a great lubricator of foreign trade and a bone of contention between the Russian and Japanese diplomats. For the purpose of carrying out the new system, the Bank undertook to float a six per cent loan of two million *yen* at Tokio last July, which was more than four times over-subscribed. The Bank was further given charge over the national treasury. Deposits of the government are to receive no interest from the Bank, which in return is under obligation to loan to the government without interest any amount not exceeding 300,000 *yen* beyond the entire deposits, or between 300,000 and 1,000,000 over the deposits at six per cent. If this arrangement may not be expected to produce an effect of preventing corrupt practices of the Korean tax-collectors, integrity has at least been largely assured in the handling of the issues of the taxes after they once reach the central exchequer. It should also be remembered that by far the most far-reaching importance of the new financial agreement consists in its monetary section, for the advantages of a stable currency to the entire economic life in Korea can hardly be exaggerated.

Of the other details of reform which have not advanced so far as those already discussed, we may omit all but one. It may be said that in some respects a more urgent need of reform than in all the branches of administration that have been enumerated is found in the local government of Korea. For it is universally known that the illegal exactions of the provincial officials and land-owning nobility are largely responsible for the improvidence and penury of the Korean peasant. He finds it unwise to improve his work or to increase or save his earnings, for all his surplus capital would invite the extortions of the ill-paid official or poor landlord. All the industries of Korea, the excellent products of some of which have at one time or another in history been the pride of Korea, have for this reason deteriorated so far that one finds to-day the remains of her past glory rather in China and Japan than in Korea herself. So long as this state of things is allowed to persist, the industrial habits of the Korean people, and consequently the material basis of their national progress, may hardly be expected to improve. The reforms in currency and transportation, in navigation and trade, and even in agriculture, would even tend to enrich foreign *entrepreneurs* faster than the Koreans themselves. It would be rash to say that the habitual laziness which the latter have acquired during centuries of oppression is hopelessly beyond remedy. The removal of the prime cause, that is, official corruption, together with the creation of new opportunities of life, such as the already mentioned reforms would bring, might serve to make the Koreans unlearn in decades the evil traits they have acquired in centuries. The experiment would, at any rate, be worthy of high statesmanship. What, then, have the Japanese reformers done in the way of improving the local administration of Korea? It is perhaps just to say that this work has only been begun from several directions, and that with the return of peace Japan may be expected to apply herself with zeal to this most complex and delicate of all reforms. In the North, General Hasegawa, commander of the Japanese army in Korea, has placed the provinces of Phyöng-an and Ham-gyöng under martial law, whereby the police of the army has been vigorously suppressing

the illegal conduct of the Korean official and of the Japanese soldier. In many respects the people prefer the stern military administration of the Japanese to the irregular but extortionate rule of the Korean officialdom. It is said that the magistrates now shrink from holding offices in the North. The military régime must, however brief its duration, leave a distinct impression upon the people of a clean administration of local affairs. The Japanese Minister at Seul also took an unusual step when he proclaimed through the Japanese Consuls to the Koreans at the ports that the latter might henceforth appeal from the local officials to the Consuls or the Minister. The anomalous privilege has been exercised by many a Korean. More regular and permanent measures are, however, being taken. An adviser of police affairs has been employed from Japan, and the old police force of Seul has been reduced from 1723 to 1000 men on increased salaries, four illiterate chiefs and more than a hundred of the personal guard of the high officials being dismissed. The reform at the capital will presently be followed in the provinces, and it is expected that the new police force will assume the power of collecting the taxes which has hitherto been vested in the civil officials. These measures are potent, but are mere beginnings, and the future task of official reform seems colossal.

These remarkable changes in Korean administration which have been enumerated in the preceding paragraphs have not always been designed and proposed by the Japanese Minister at Seul, but largely by the various Japanese advisers whose service the Korean government has secured by special contracts. In accordance with the agreement of August 22, 1904, Mr. Megata and Mr. Stevens, the latter an American citizen long in Japanese service and formerly Councilor at the Japanese Legation at Washington, were employed, for an indefinite period, as financial and diplomatic advisers, respectively, with the following broad powers: that all the important undertakings in these respective departments should be approved by the advisers, and that the latter might make propositions to the Cabinet or confer directly with the Throne. Besides these two, there are Japanese advisers with more or less similar powers in the departments of agriculture and commerce, of the army, of education, and of police, and the European advisers, including the versatile Miss Sonntag, who had hitherto been employed by the Korean government, have been dismissed one after another since the outbreak of the war. The last to leave was Mr. McLeavy Brown, the honored director of the Korean customs, whose highly useful service ended at the close of last August. Concerning the Japanese advisers, who now virtually control the important affairs of the state, one may observe a common characteristic, which distinguishes them from their compatriots who in a similar capacity flowed into Seul ten years ago, during and after the Chinese war. These were for the most part adventurous spirits with more schemes for reform than special attainments in their respective departments, while the present incumbents are mostly recognized experts with ripe knowledge acquired during their long terms of service in Japan or abroad. They seem to have thus far worked in harmony, and will probably be organized into a definite relationship to one another and to the Japanese Minister.

Under the impulse of these and other forces, the Korean government has, besides agreeing to the changes proposed by the Japanese, undertaken to institute a few innovations of its own initiative. Wiju and Yongampo on the northern frontier have thus been opened at last to foreign trade. Some changes have been made in the military organization, which has proved of little service, but consumed annually a third of the expenditures of the impoverished State. The official system of the central government has been remodeled on a conservative basis, three hundred sinecures being abolished.

From this broad survey of the works of the Japanese government in Korea, one may say that it is an altogether extraordinary state of affairs that the treaty of Portsmouth has found in the peninsular empire. Within a brief year and a half, and under the exigencies of a war, Japan has gained a partial control of the foreign affairs and the local administration and a complete mastery over the transportation, communication, currency, navigation, and fisheries of Korea, and thus has succeeded in laying a broad foundation for the economic enterprise therein of all industrial nations of the world. Side by side with the activities of the authorities, private citizens of Japan have migrated in large numbers into Korea, where they are now reckoned by tens of thousands, and the entire peninsula is already assuming an air of great fermentation. The schools are filled with pupils, periodicals and books are eagerly bought, men of the two nationalities are jostling one another, and the local officials are subjected to the merciless scrutiny of the unwelcome foreigners. The older people are compelled by circumstances to adjust themselves to the fast growing new surroundings, while the younger generation are forced, in spite of themselves, to take more and more heed of what passes in a sphere wider than that of their self-interest. On the one hand, "the war helped rather than hindered trade," says an American consular report, "the commercial highways being held open. Cereals yielded large crops and sold high, both Japan and Russia buying. Labor was abundantly supplied with work at good wages. Much of this had to do with the movement of troops. This brought in millions of dollars of unexpected and unusual money. It is interesting to note that the Koreans never had so much money to spend, and that they spent it freely; hence any improvement in Korea or in the East is bound to be followed by advantages to foreign trade. One disadvantage, doubtless due to the war, and partly to the increased wages, was the increased cost of living. This advanced fifty per cent, in some cases fully one hundred per cent." On the other hand, wherever the two races meet for practical purposes, unpleasant incidents occur, and often cause bitter complaints by the Korean and unfavorable reaction upon the Japanese. Amid this stimulus and this jar, a new nation is being moulded to meet the new conditions which are fast gaining control over the entire situation.

One would naturally ask, to what general course of events would these new conditions tend. An analysis and interpretation of the forces which the war has set loose and which are bringing their inevitable consequences would be highly instructive. Let us, however, content ourselves here by pointing to the Korean clauses in the three important documents concluded within the last two years, in which the rapid development of the Korean problem is easily traceable, — namely, the Korean-Japanese treaty of alliance of February 23, 1904, the Russo-Japanese treaty of peace signed on September 5, 1905, and the Anglo-Japanese agreement of alliance concluded on August 12, and published with Lord Lansdowne's dispatch to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg on September 26, 1905. It will be remembered that the first instrument at once placed Korea under Japan's military protection and administrative guidance, and bound Japan to uphold Korea's independence and territorial integrity, including the safety of her Imperial house. One will readily observe that two distinct points are here involved. These two points the further progress of events, some of which have already been described, seems to have put so far apart, that in the treaty of Portsmouth Japan's preponderance over Korea was recognized by Russia, while little was said of the independence of the peninsular empire. It was even said that M. Witte insisted during the discussion of the clause that Baron Komura should declare in his proposed terms that Japan intended to make of Korea a province of the Japanese

Empire. This the Baron is reported to have emphatically declined, presumably because he would not consider the protection by Japan and the territorial integrity of Korea incompatible with each other. The difference between the theoretical and practical situation is, however, reflected unmistakably in the Anglo-Japanese agreement, the third article of which reads: "Japan possessing paramount political, military, and economic interests in Korea, Great Britain recognizes Japan's right to take such measures for the guidance, control, and protection of Korea as she may deem proper and necessary to safeguard and advance those interests, providing the measures so taken are not contrary to the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations." In other words, Japan is left free to control Korea and then prevail upon the latter to open her door equally wide to all nations, including Japan herself. After specially dwelling on the substance of this article, Lord Lansdowne says in his dispatch: "The treaty at this point differs conspicuously from that of 1902. It has, however, become evident that Korea, owing to its close proximity to the Japanese Empire, and to its inability to stand alone, must fall under the control and tutelage of Japan. His Majesty's Government observes with satisfaction that this point has been readily conceded by Russia in the treaty of peace, and there is every reason to believe that similar views are held by the other Powers with regard to the relations which should subsist between Japan and Korea." Thus are Korea's alleged incapacity of self-government and Japan's need of control over the peninsular affairs openly recognized by a third Power, and it is taken for granted that no other Power will deny these points. Such a declaration could not be made, it is admitted, in 1902, when the first treaty of alliance was concluded, nor perhaps even at the time when the Korean-Japanese protocol was signed in February, 1904. Yet the doctrine of Korea's independence is still not theoretically contradictory with this situation now recognized by the Russian and British governments, nor has it become less effective than in the last year, for, while the control by Japan has since been tightened, Korea remains a separate empire with all the sovereign rights of an independent State. Japan, speaking technically, exercises a supervisory control and discharges administrative functions entrusted to her care. The future trend of affairs — whether the Korean independence will vanish into a mere fiction as the Japanese control advances, or whether under the latter the peninsular people will be trained to an effective self-government — must largely be determined by the mutual interaction of the complex factors, both Korean and Japanese, public and private, conscious and unconscious, which are steadily working out the destiny of the peninsula, but which can hardly be adequately discussed here.

II

The new situation in Manchuria is less advanced in evolution, but is, in its legal aspects, more complex, than that in Korea. This difference is well illustrated in the treaty of Portsmouth, which contains less exhaustive but more numerous clauses about the Three Provinces than about the peninsular empire. Any one who is familiar with the diplomatic history before the war and the recent changes brought about in Manchuria is aware that there are in that vast territory three spheres, one including another, each of the smaller of which is under special conditions in addition to those governing the one next larger than itself, — namely, the entire Manchuria, the territory under military occupation of the Japanese, and that part of the Liao-tung peninsula which was leased to Russia in 1898 for twenty-five years, subject to renewal, and which the Russians have named the province of Kwang-tung. Of these three spheres, the new treaty has provided, regarding the whole of Manchuria, that the

Russian and Japanese forces should simultaneously and completely evacuate it, that China's full sovereignty should be reinstated therein, and that both the contracting parties should agree to the principle of equal economic opportunities therein for all nations. The importance of this triumphant concession made by M. Witte in behalf of Russia needs no emphasis. Concerning the lease of Kwang-tung, including Port Arthur and Dalny and the adjacent islands, it was stipulated in the treaty that it should be transferred to Japan.

Regarding the second sphere, it was agreed that the railway south of Kwan-cheng-tsu should pass into the hands of the Japanese, the Russians holding the line from that point to Harbin, together with the trans-Manchurian railway which connects the Siberian and the Ussuri railways, and that both Powers might station reasonable numbers of railway guards along the lines under their respective control. This arrangement will leave 478½ miles of rail in the Japanese hands, and 146½ miles to Harbin and about 936 miles between Mandchouria and Grotekovo in the Russian. Also, the rights of the Japanese to construct certain branch lines and utilize the Yentai and other coal mines, which had been operated by the Russians, were recognized. It will be remembered that the railways in Manchuria were originally constructed, in pursuance of the Russo-Chinese agreements of September 8, 1896, and March 27, 1898, by a semi-official Russian organization called the Eastern Chinese Railway Company, and that they were really managed by Russia, but were nominally under a joint control with China, which country might purchase the lines after thirty-six years, or else take them over without payment after eighty years. From this it seems to follow that Japan must specially treat with China as to whether the old terms should rule the disposition of the railway surrendered by Russia, or whether China should purchase it sooner than at the end of the stipulated period. Japan, however, will, in accordance with the treaty of Portsmouth, guard the line with the necessary forces, so long as it is under her control, as Russia will likewise in regard to the railways under her management. Japan will also, as has been pointed out, construct with her own resources a railway from the Korean frontier toward Niuchwang and possibly from the same starting point toward some strategic and commercial centres on the main line south of Kwan-cheng-tsu, together with a branch from the latter to Kirin, the Chinese concession to Russia for this last line having been transferred by the new treaty to Japan.

The arrangement between Russia and Japan regarding the railway guards was natural from the perpetual danger to life and property from the so-called mounted bandits who infest nearly all the inhabited parts of Manchuria. There is in every large section of China an unsettled population ready to create great disorder whenever troubles arise. Provincial troops are largely recruited from these men, and after disbandment their lawless habits become intensified. They are a peculiar product of Chinese society and politics, and have been an important historic factor throughout the ages. They have, however, nowhere been so turbulent in recent years as in the two southern provinces of Manchuria, where they have successfully utilized the native instinct of the Chinese to aggregate, and formed powerful bands of marauders. The leaders of these bands may at a moment's call gather the hundreds, and often thousands, of their followers, who appear at other times as farmers, woodcutters, petty pawnbrokers, and the like, but may in an instant turn robbers and incendiaries, and become a law unto themselves. Their predatory expeditions are so frequent that farmhouses are often found armed for defense, and many a wealthy youth even joins the band in order to make his house immune from outrages. During the war both the Russian and Japanese armies employed bandits as laborers, as spies, and even as

volunteers. It is improbable that the marauders would return to a quiet life immediately after the ravages of the war, and the railways and other properties would be open to their depredations but for the guards provided for in the new treaty. It must not be expected, however, that the Chinese government will view the guards with complacency, for not only will their existence be a continuous reminder of its incapacity to maintain order, but also the memory is still fresh of the political dangers which the so-called railway and frontier guards of Russia have recently caused in Manchuria. Only under the wisest rule would the bandits disappear, and only then may the foreign guards be withdrawn. In the meantime, the numbers of the guards to be stationed are strictly defined within safe bounds, and China is no longer likely to agree to their increase.

The most momentous question to all minds about the future of Manchuria will be whether China will henceforth prove sufficiently strong to govern the territory and prevent all possibilities of another disastrous war. As Sir Robert Hart has said in his memorial recommending an increase of the land-tax, the ultimate cause of the Russo-Japanese war was China's inability to safeguard portions of her own empire. It is well known that the policy of the late Li Hung-chang to allow the absorption of Manchuria by Russia was hardly opposed by any Manchu prince in Peking, and that the outburst of indignation against Russia which took place finally after April, 1904, came more from the patriots in the eighteen provinces than from the authorities at the capital. Those who have followed the recent events in China, however, must also have noted that an important change has latterly come over her official mind. The latent and often suppressed desire for reform has, since the failure of the Boxer uprising, and especially since the outbreak of the late war, gradually become such a potent power among the more enlightened Chinese that the policy of the Peking government already reflects signs of its irresistible influence. What is more to the point is that the patriots regard reform as a necessary means for the strength of China. The motive force is beyond a doubt the growing jealousy of China as a sovereign nation. A full discussion of this significant movement, with its far-reaching consequences, would extend into a prolonged article. Let it suffice here to suggest that the growing national sentiment must in no small measure have been inspired by the incidents of the war, but that the same jealousy, once aroused, is directed against all foreign Powers, not excepting the United States and Japan. Concerning the United States, we need not be reminded of the boycott movement and the Canton-Hankau railway affair. As regards Japan, it would be erroneous to suppose that China would meekly submit Manchuria to the guidance of the Power which is of a similar race and culture with herself, and which has, at an enormous sacrifice, saved the territory for her from Russian occupation. Influential persons, in and out of office, have manifested deep concern lest Japan merely displace Russia as usurper of the Three Provinces. As soon as the Japanese army occupied Ying-kau (Niu-chwang) and established its civil administration, the Peking government demanded an immediate restoration of the city to the Chinese authorities. It will be remembered that China desired to be represented at the recent peace conference, and when her wishes were not complied with, hastily notified the Powers that she would not consider herself bound by the terms regarding Manchuria which Russia and Japan might conclude between themselves. China even contemplated sending special envoys to the neutral Powers in order to ascertain their views on Manchuria, and seek their moral support for China against any unfavorable agreement between the belligerents, but the plan was defeated by an opposition. It is evident that there are in China two classes of patriots, one of which is animated by

national jealousy with little regard to the complex requirements of the modern state, and the other possessing a clearer understanding of the real position China holds among the Powers. It seems probable that the practical wisdom and enlightened patriotism of the latter class, though it is the smaller, will prevail over the former, the extreme wing of which must be strongly anti-foreign. To this abler class seem to belong Yuan Shi-kai, Viceroy of the metropolitan province of Chili, which is the most closely related to Manchuria, and the new Viceroy of Manchuria, Chao Erh-sun himself. These and other statesmen have frequently met together and deliberated plans for the reconstruction of Manchuria. From the understood views of these persons, it may perhaps be inferred that their plans include, among other things, the assimilation of the official system of Manchuria with that of China Proper, a conservative invitation and adoption of Japan's advice and assistance for reconstruction, and a gradual upbuilding of an efficient army and police force.

Under these circumstances, it seems reasonable to suppose that, so far as China is concerned, she is at least fully alive to her sovereign rights in the birthplace of her reigning dynasty, and, what is more, is determined to do her utmost to insure its safety. She will tolerate the preponderating influence of no Power over the territory. Within Manchuria, moreover, there is little probability of a renewed aggression by Russia so long as she is bound by the terms of the treaty, for her railway guards will at no time be powerful enough to occupy the vast territory. Nor is Japan, a Power which has persistently declared her adherence to the principle of China's sovereign rights in Manchuria, likely suddenly to become so short-sighted as to infringe them, to the detriment of the moral prestige she has acquired there at an immense sacrifice. In the last analysis, the only possible source of danger is in the diplomacy at Peking. For, if Russia has now lost her last hopes of an exclusive trade policy in Manchuria, has she also outlived her old diplomatic methods? In such a country of contradictory forces as China, a tremendous issue might hinge on this question. A Li Hung-chang at Peking might, under the venal influence of a covert diplomacy, be yielding the vital interest of Manchuria or Mongolia, and be steadily undermining the work of reconstruction zealously carried on by a Chao Erh-sun at Mukden. The world has yet to be convinced that its hopes of the change of Russia's methods are not unjustified. If she should persist in her old art, it may be safely predicted that Japan would by all means prevail upon China to strengthen Manchuria against a renewed danger by a virtual coalition with herself. The consequent régime in that territory may be either a joint administration by China and Japan, as in the case of Egypt and England in Soudan, or a supervisory rule by Japan, as that of England over Egypt, or, perhaps more likely, an entrusted administration (*Übertragene Verwaltung*), as that of England in Cyprus, or that of Austro-Hungary in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Hoping that such a result is a remote possibility, it must still be admitted that Japan has acquired so great a moral influence over China, and Manchuria in particular, that no degree of chauvinism on the part of the reactionary Chinese will be able to obstruct certain reasonable suggestions which Japan may be expected to make. These suggestions will be political as regards Kwang-tung, the lease of which has been surrendered by Russia, and mainly economic for the whole of Manchuria. Of the former, Japan will request China to recognize her assumption of the lease either under the old terms concluded between Russia and China, or under entirely new terms to be settled between China and Japan. As for Port Arthur, it is idle to speculate at this stage whether it will be refortified by the Japanese during the term of the lease, or whether it will be completely dismantled.

For the rest of the leased territory, the Japanese authorities will be able to maintain therein a wise administration, matured by their experience of governing the natives of this part in 1895 and 1904–05. Japan's probable economic policy for the whole of Manchuria calls for a few words of explanation.

The vast mineral and agricultural resources of Manchuria are well known to-day. During his recent campaign, Prince Kuni even discovered near Liao-yang some rice growing wild among tall millet, which fact suggests the possibility of an extended culture in Manchuria of the upland (*okabo*) variety of rice. In spite of these facts, however, thoughtful observers from Japan have concluded that the primary work in this class of industry in these regions may well be left to the Chinese immigrants; or, in other words, that it would be unwise to undertake the Japanese colonization of Manchuria on any large scale. The climate is too vigorous and changeable, the natural scenery is too monotonous, the farming implements are far too large and heavy, and the Japanese settlers are too unsteady and sensitive, for the latter to be successful farmers in this new land. The Chinese, on the other hand, who now constitute nine-tenths of the more than ten million inhabitants of Manchuria, are, in their habits and mental aptitude, an ideal agent for its development. It is not the Japanese farmhands who may succeed here, but the Japanese capitalists and organizers. Under these peculiar conditions, Japan's economic policy in Manchuria should rather be commercial and manufacturing than colonial.

From this point of view, the policy appears comparatively simple. Japan will insist, in all her undertakings, here as well as in Korea, that, however narrow the entrance may be, the door for trade and other economic enterprise shall be open equally to herself and all other nations. This policy on the part of Japan, which is so imperative for her true welfare, and has been so repeatedly declared before the world, and so successfully enforced by war against the arch-enemy of the policy, has now been freshly announced in the preamble of the new treaty of alliance with Great Britain concluded on August 12. At present there are four "ports" in Manchuria open to foreign commerce: namely, Mukden, the scene of the great battle; Antung and Tatung-kau near the mouth of the Yalu; and Ying-kau, better known as Niu-chwang, at the mouth of the Liao. The opening of Mukden, which took place in January, 1904, may be considered in conjunction with the temporary opening to the Japanese made during the war at Liao-yang, An-shan, Hai-cheng, Niu-chwang (not Ying-kau), Ta-shi-chiao, Kai-ping, Hwang-feng-cheng, and Sai-ma-tsi, some of which may remain open to foreign trade after the war. All of these towns are in the interior, and have varying importance as producing or distributing centres. Of the other three open ports, all on the coast, Antung and Tatung-kau, which were opened at the same time as Mukden, are important primarily as stations of the great timber traffic on the Korean border and eastern Manchuria. Their hinterland is otherwise limited in resources, the harbors need improvements, and the waters are frozen for more than three months each winter. At present, and for several years to come, Niu-chwang (Ying-kau) must be considered by far the most important trading port of Manchuria. Although its waters also are frozen during the winter months and its harbor needs dredging, the navigation of the Liao River by thousands of junks leads to the productive soil of western Manchuria and southern Mongolia. The present writer has discussed elsewhere the nature and the recent progress of the trade of this port, and the controlling position Japan occupies therein. Since the evacuation of the Russians in July, 1904, the Japanese have made some improvements here, and the trade which had been suspended by the war has resumed its activity. When the railway connections with the Korean

lines are completed, the trade at this port will receive a new impetus, and, with the peaceful development of the interior, may within a few years reach very high figures. Between Niu-chwang on the one hand and Antung on the other, however, there is the great port of Dalny, upon which the Russians had once built their hopes of a great commercial empire in the East, and which, with its gigantic though unfinished improvements, has passed into the Japanese hands for the remainder of the term of the lease of Kwang-tung. Dalny was once declared a free port by the Russian Emperor, but, owing to the barren nature of its hinterland, the trade of this port has never been a great success, in spite of its railway connections and practically ice-free waters. There has been some discussion among the Japanese as to the future possibilities of this port, some condemning it, from its geographical position, as an artificial mart never to be successful, and others holding that its importance will eventually excel that of Niu-chwang. These people say that the sterility of the hinterland of Dalny, which itself may be improved by a careful irrigation and afforestation, is more than made good by its unexcelled means of transportation inland. For, in addition to its unfrozen waters and great improvements, Dalny is in connection with the valleys of the Sungari and the Amur rivers, which are after all the most productive parts of Manchuria, and from which the freight is cheaper by rail to Dalny than by water and rail to Niu-chwang. If this argument is sound, the prosperity of Dalny must largely depend on the development of mining, agriculture, and manufacture in the northern districts through the major part of which the Russian railways pass, and this important economic necessity may have more influence than any other factor toward a harmonious coöperation between Chinese, Russians, and Japanese in Manchuria.

We cannot conclude this article without again referring to the new Anglo-Japanese agreement of August 12, 1905, which for the period of ten years has bound the parties to uphold the principles of the integrity of China and of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in that empire and Korea. The treaty is designed not only to maintain the territorial rights and special interests of the two Powers in East Asia and India, but also to "consolidate and maintain general peace" in these regions, and to "preserve the common interests of all the Powers in China." The impressive manner in which these humane and progressive principles have been again proclaimed in the East may be said to be largely owing to their successful enforcement by means of a war. Its horrors and sacrifices, it is cheerful to see, have not been without abiding results. These even the defeated nation has frankly recognized through the treaty of Portsmouth, while the powerful coalition of the victor of the war with the greatest sea-power of the world would seem to have insured them beyond all perils.

"AND NO BIRDS SING"

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

THERE comes a season when the bird is still
  Save for a broken note, so sad and strange,
Its plaintive cadence makes the woodlands thrill
  With sense of coming change.

Stirred into ecstasy by spring's new birth,
  In throbbing rhapsodies of hope and love,
He shared his transports with the listening earth
  And stormed the heavens above.

But now how should he sing — forlorn, alone —
  Of hopes that withered with the waning year,
An empty nest with mate and fledgelings flown,
  And winter drawing near?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MR. TORRENCE'S METRICAL ART

For the sake of the making of English verse in America, attention should be asked to that which an American poet has lately accomplished in a rich and, in America, seldom exploited field. Mr. Ridgely Torrence's *Threnody at the Hunting Season* in the September *Atlantic* is, to write only of its technique, a technical triumph in which every one who is interested in the future of poetry and who knows how to examine and delight in its methods and potencies must share.

To the charge that for the majority of even the responsive and appreciative the demesne of blank verse is closed, there is, unfortunately, no denial; but indeed too few "lovers of poetry" read any verse with "the satisfaction of the rounded comprehension." Certain inventions in workmanship — harmony, the conquest and subtleties of words, melody, felicity of imagery — are open to these perceptive ones, but the medium of these, namely, the mechanism which lies deeper than the poem's form, is unregarded, and thus the "thrill within the thrill" is lost. This mechanism is not more attended to than, by the opera devotee absorbed in vocal feats, is the intricate Wagnerian orchestration. There is even a popular belief that blank verse and irregularly rhymed forms are easy matters, in craftsmanship not comparable to the chant royal and the double ballade. And what may be expected from the layman, when a distinguished and, in other respects, cultivated American critic and poet has of late openly declared that "blank verse is laziness?"

Briefly to expound the direction which taste must take to make the complexities of all verse its own is not easy, but, un-

like the love of poetry, a fuller appreciation of poetry may be taught. And the principle which can hardly be too frequently enunciated is that verse is not constructed upon a basis of syllables, but of stress. To feel this alone is to suffer revolution, but to proceed with its application is to "open innumerable doors."

Such perception is able to greet the poet's reason in rushing his reader breathless down a colonnade of unaccented syllables to some splendid throne at the end, as Swinburne's

The savour and odour of old-world pine forests;

or, to turn to Mr. Torrence's *Threnody*, in touching out stroke after stroke upon just the magic number of successively accented syllables, as in his

Multitudes, multitudes, under the moon they stirred!

or

Of love's long utmost heavenward endeavor;

or in his line which it is physically impossible not to read as if each of its first four syllables were a full iambus, —

Once dashed long music down.

So also the ear delights in his line crowded richly with syllables, —

Then on the earth, in the sky and the heavenly court, —

which much of the criticism of the eighteenth century, and too much of the nineteenth, would have called mere cacophony, triumphantly pointing to the redundance of syllables and the "erroneous" fall of accent. But, if one will remember that poetry is greater than arithmetic, and not to be counted off upon one's fingers, and if the ear and the spirit of the line alone are consulted, it will be found, in its stress, to be a pure, full-flowing iambic pentameter.

Again, one notes how the bells' resonance is contrived in

Recount how souls grown tremulous as a bell,

much as Milton made a brook by saying "Siloa's brook" instead of holding to the tranquil, still-water word "Siloam."

And how the trained ear finds pleasure in that extra syllable laid boldly upon the end of the line, —

Shouted the shame of which I was persuaded;

or when it is left clinging to that wailing eleventh syllable in

Ancestral urges out of old caves blowing;

or is laden with cadences in the many-deviced stanza, —

Soon will the mirroring woodland pools begin to con her; —

or is caught, at the poet's will, in three varied effects of indescribable sadness: first, in that next heavy-footed, unaccented, many-syllabled

And her sad immemorial passion come upon her;

or second, in the line (strewn with those prodigal *o's*), with its accents exquisitely *déplacés*, —

Bringing one more loneliness on the world,

in which the effect would have been ruined by the tripping iambus of "upon;" and third, by the dragging Alexandrine,

Of folk who in next summer's meadows shall not meet.

And what imagery of burdened boughs and wind is released from the line with its extra-metrical syllable in "heavy," —

Or any orchard heavy with fruit asway
Withered away.

All these are matters which are as far beyond the critic's precept as is the birth of poetry itself, and to be alive to these pleasures is comparable to having knowledge of the speech of the sea; while never to have known them is to denominate blank verse "laziness," or to deplore the "liberties," forsooth, taken by the poets.

Lately, in talk with a cultivated gentleman who is engaged upon a play to be executed in blank verse because he feels that he "does not sufficiently understand metre to attempt anything else," Shakespeare was named.

"Ah, yes," said this gentleman, "Shakespeare was exceedingly careless in his use of metre. But of course he could do what he liked. In fact, one is always finding most inexcusable liberties taken with metre, by all the great poets."

Truly, Shakespeare played havoc with the iambic pentameter. But, as Mr.

Henry Newbolt has said, in his admirable essay upon *The Future of English Verse*, the only possible answer to these people is: "Whose iambic pentameter?"

Indeed, there is virtually no limit to the possible deviations of verse from the colorless normal of its form; and these deviations — and this is the point to be emphasized — are essential to English verse. Page after page of rhymed or unrhymed pentameter — in which, as Mr. Lang says,

The wave behind impels the wave before —

is no more truly poetry than the intoning of *do re mi fa sol* an infinite number of times is song.

It is in these difficult and delicate particulars that Mr. Torrence has succeeded in the composition — in the painter's sense — of his *Threnody*. Consider, for example, his first two verses, —

In the middle of August when the southwest wind
Blows after sunset through the leisuring air,

and note the rush of the first anapests subsiding to the orderly iambic beat, with the delicate fall of accent upon "blows," where, according to the precepts, it "does not belong," though thus the very wind of dusk is in it. In the third verse, —

And on the sky nightly the mythic hind, —

the single lawless trochee modulates the entire line, and, one may incidentally note, isolates itself as the voice would isolate "nightly" in speech. And not until the fourth verse does the waiting ear greet the beat and tread of a full *ri-tum, ri-tum, ri-tum* iambic pentameter, —

Leads down the sullen dog star to his lair, —

which holds something of the march of the stars, as, similarly, the march of days is in its next use two lines farther on, —

Passed up the ways of time to sing and part.

Then, the approach having been made, occurs the first trimeter, —

Grief also wandered by,

followed by three slightly "irregular" verses given over to imagery, —

From out the lovers and the leaves of June,
And by the wizard spices of his hair
I knew his heart was very Love's own heart.

Thereafter the movement sweeps on, spurred forward by the initial "misplaced" accent, trochee and iambus dovetailed at will, —

Deep within dreams he led me out of doors
As from the upper vault the night outpours,
And when I saw that to him all the skies
Yearned as a sea asleep yearns to its shores, —

and so to the tranquil iambics which close the first scene, —

He took a little clay and touched my eyes.

So the *Threnody* proceeds with fine art and inspired touch in the control of its music, and it is hardly too much to say that there is not a deviation or an eccentricity or a surprise in stress that is not impelled. But if, by this analysis, the unprogressive are answered who regard all such variation as caprices and the "ignoring of accent," there arise now the more imaginative critics who cry that all such effects must be instinctive, compact of the poet's inspiration. Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick has already quoted George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, who, in accepting the dedication of Cotton's translation of Montaigne, actually said of that artist and artificer, —

"He showeth by a generous kind of negligence that he did not write for praise . . . and dependeth wholly upon the natural force of what is his own."

This ignorant opinion attacks more than any other the art of writing, forgetting that there can be no flame unpreceded by an infinite process of building up that which burns. No one regrets that "day of small and laborious ingenuities," the time of "buzzing in a corner, trifling with monosyllables;" but the business of taking infinite pains is more than these. And this is admitted to the prose stylist, yet where more than in poetry is Mr. Pater's dictum true, that "all beauty is only *fineness* of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within?" And where, save in his sole medium, words and metre, is the poet to strive for that fineness of truth in bodying forth his vision?

The poet's right deliberately to secure effects by his choice of words has long been admitted; his right to secure effects by his metre would seem to be a grave offense. There will be many, for example, to whom metrical triumphs are unknown, who will readily note, in the lines just quoted, the effect within an effect by which variety is secured when in "doors," "pours," and "shores," though the ear is kept upon one note, the eye detects no rhyme; and yet one is prepared by past performances to hear some methodical commentator even go a step farther and announce that these are not true rhymes for this very reason! However, he may be anticipated by commendation of the taste which dictated the offering of "noon" and "June" — an isolated instance, instead of true rhymes, of that "partial resemblance, that perfect use of imperfect rhymes which is an element of beauty." Indeed, these word felicities are within the ken of every "lover of poetry;" as will be the *Threnody's* singing bird that "burned aloud;" or

> Who has not seen in the high gulf of light
> What, lower, was a bird, but now
> Is moored and altered quite
> Into an island of unshaded joy?

or

> A thousand, thousand sweet;

or even the opposite effects secured in two successive lines by the mere use of *o*, — namely, the gladness of the russet verse, —

> Or underfoot the meadows that wore gold,

and the dolour of its fellow, —

> Die, and the leaves go mourning to the mould.

And, too, there is hardly a "lover of poetry" from whom will be hidden the noble elevation of

> Take from our eyes the glory of great flight.
> Let us behold no more
> People untroubled by a Fate's veiled eyes;

or of what may be termed the poem's peroration, beginning with

> Then, then — be fair.

And these will commend the absence of all sensuous color effects, or effects secured by any luxurious use of words; and even the total absence of the exclamation point — that offense too often allowed "in a kind most hateful to the Muses" — even though that clarion

> Then, then — be fair,

might have tempted it. And yet, alert for all like gratifications of diction and taste, there will be many who will miss the essential musical structure of the poem, as of all poetry. They respond to the singing ecstasy of verse, and never fathom the utter sweetness and solemnity of the orchestration.

But in truth there is not heard with frequency in modern verse such an orchestra as this which in the *Threnody* Mr. Torrence has summoned to his hand.

AN INNOCENT IMPOSTOR

I AM one of those unfortunate mortals of whom "something" has always been expected. Now expectation without specification is as unjust as taxation without representation; yet, being of a docile disposition, I have striven honestly to achieve the greatness that has been thrust upon me. My grandfather, sternest of taskmasters, punctuated his drill with the unqualified assurance that talents such as mine would command a place second to none in whatever I might undertake. My mother, constantly on the watch to nip budding conceit, overawed me in expansive moments by the authoritative prediction that I could make of myself anything I pleased. My teachers prophesied great things for me in the strongest and vaguest of general terms.

Up to my twelfth year I expected to be a famous landscape painter. When I had filled half a dozen drawing-books with sketches, I confided my ambition to my mother. "But you cannot draw," she assured me. "Could n't I learn?" I pleaded. "Don't all artists have to learn?" "Yes," she answered, "but they show signs of talent before they begin their lessons." By two short sentences the foundations of the earth had been overturned;

for I had believed implicitly in my mother and my grandfather, yet the one thing I longed to undertake, the one thing I hungered and thirsted to make of myself, had proved impossible.

Out of chaos I emerged with a new resolution. Since I could not create beauty, I would at least be beautiful. I had heard that plain girls sometimes grew up ornate, and I had not entirely lost faith in the family superstition. When I was fifteen I heard my father say: "Susan has a good, honest, sensible face, but she will never be pretty, and somehow I like her better than if she were beautiful."

Another cherished ambition had come to nought, but a fresh inspiration animated me. I could at least be good. Along that line of effort, hope and perseverance would surely count. I practiced good works with a zest that had never before been felt. My zeal for self-effacement lubricated all the wheels of family life. "See here, Susan!" said my brother one day. "What's the matter with you? It's no fun living with you any more. You have got to be so good that you might as well be dead." I gazed at him in silence, shocked by the failure of my first success.

After that I followed some famous advice, and laid aside ambition. Life was sufficiently interesting without an aim, and I no longer believed in my potential greatness. But I could not so easily escape my fate. Unintelligible demands were made upon me. Only inertia, I was given to understand, prevented my shining like a bright particular star. I would have been willing to walk ten miles a day, scrub floors, dig potatoes, climb to dizzy heights (of which I have had a lifelong terror), if by any means I might have accomplished my destiny. But misdirected energy is the modern formula for sin, and such measures as I vaguely contemplated would make me the chief of sinners. In earlier days writing had stood next to painting in my dream of dazzling possibilities, but I had been assured by my instructor in English that, while I might do anything I pleased in other lines of effort, in composition I would always be limited to a straightforward statement of facts, because I had no imagination and no sense of humor. How, then, could I ever be a George Eliot, or even a Mrs. Humphry Ward? Yet once, in my adolescence, my love of literature and the faith of my friends created for me a mirage of authorship. In a white heat of creative ardor I wrote a story. It was returned with a printed blank that decapitated my hopes.

Finally, having now arrived at the age of discretion, I became a clubwoman, and then, at last, unquestionably and dazzlingly, I shone! But my family were not satisfied. I need not explain; other families have been dissatisfied for similar reasons; being yourself, Indulgent Reader, either a cause or an effect, I am sure you understand. Our club was a working club. I wrote papers of an unfathomable depth. But sometimes we played, and in an hour of relaxation I wrote a sketch for one of our less strenuous occasions. "Publish it! Publish it!" my fellow members reiterated. "Let all the world know what a genius Our Club has produced."

Skeptically but stoically I yielded, and sent my sketch to a magazine. Miraculously it was accepted, and another turn was given to the screw. "I cannot understand why you are not one of our star writers," the most literary of my friends said to me. "It must be because you have simply neglected to cultivate your talent." Her words threw a new light on my problem. I had not thought of literary art as something that had to be learned; I had imagined that it came by nature, like reading and writing. I now cultivated my talent; ploughed it, harrowed it, tried to raise a crop by main force, as one would pull rutabagas from a heavy soil. My bones still ache at the memory of my industry, but my labor resulted in nothing more valuable than a choice collection of courteous regrets. It finally ceased to seem my duty to make the most of my ability, and in a light-hearted moment, such as had not visited me for months, I

wrote "a long farewell to all my greatness." Unguardedly I showed it to a friend, and so, unwittingly, thrust my hands and feet into the stocks. "You must have it published!" she cried. "Any of the magazines will be glad to take it."

I now desired to collect postage stamps rather than refusal blanks, but I am, as you may have surmised, of an accommodating disposition. My joyous abdication was sent and was accepted, — by "one of our leading magazines," one of The Four! Literature is like happiness, I concluded: pursue it, and it eludes you; turn your back on it, and it follows you. But my family and friends were not so penetrating. They now expected me to succeed, and their expectations were as authoritative as a goad. Time (and your patience) would fail me to tell of my tragic struggles.

The romance of a friend had bloomed in my mind for years. Following an idle impulse, I transplanted it to paper, and behold, I had written the short story of the year, unequaled in imagination, in humor, and in dramatic power. "That is the sort of thing you can do best," my friends agreed. "Now do set to work in earnest, and score a tremendous success. Your ability is too unusual to be trifled with."

I thought of the teacher who had assured me that, while I could write a clear statement of facts, I was absolutely deficient in imagination and in a sense of humor. Of all the people who had known me, she alone had understood me. Where could I find another collocation of facts, so surcharged with imagination and humor as to leap from my brain, Minerva-like, at the tap of my pen, and stand revealed before the reading world as a full-grown short story? I reflected upon the tempers and heart-histories of my friends and acquaintances. If I were to turn upon any one of them the searchlight of truth, what had been labeled imagination would be promptly considered mendacity, what had passed for humor would take another color. Manifestly, if I were to be a recorder of facts, a fate which my mental deficiencies and the faith of my friends had forced upon me, I must tell my tales about strangers. And so I started on a pilgrimage among those distant relatives and early friends who had known me before the demon of literary ambition set his mark between my brows, and who had married and settled in remote places of the earth. Among them, innocent, unsuspected, unshackled, I could pursue my quest of the true romance and the humorous episode, and departing from them I could seek a retired spot and measure off the pages of my notebook into short-story lengths, never to be read and recognized by the happy villagers depicted.

"Why, how you have changed, my dear!" was the greeting of my cousin three times removed, as she met me at the door of her house in Wayville. "I should never have known you, you have grown so thin and so old-looking, but I suppose that is from your literary labors. Why have you never sent me any of your writings? Did you think I could not appreciate them? Cousin Jemima wrote me that Cousin Sophronia wrote her that she heard you had a splendid story in the *Eccentric*, but she did not know what number it was, and so I subscribed for it, for I did not want to keep on missing your things. See, here are the last three numbers, but I have not seen anything of yours yet, or do you write under an assumed name? Cousin Euphemia sent me that funny piece of yours in the *Scribbler* last year, but I did n't know it *was* funny till I showed it to the president of our literary society, and she said it was the most deliciously humorous thing she had read in a year and a half (or was it two years and a half?) and ever since that I have been so proud to think that I was related to such a brilliant writer, and when you wrote that you were coming to visit me I rushed right round to Miss Jones (she's our president) and said: 'O goodness! what *shall* I do? My cousin that

writes for the magazines is coming to visit me, and *I* can't talk to her, for she's literary and I'm *not*, and she always *was* brilliant, and I *never* was, for I don't believe in such things for women, for they ought to get married instead;' but of course all women can't, and if you *must* write, I am glad you are so famous, and I'm just as proud of you as I can be, and so I told Miss Jones, and she said, 'Never mind, don't worry. Our Club will give a reception for her and she shall meet *all* our literary ladies!' So to-morrow there is to be a reception in your honor. What *do* you think of *that?*"

I was not prepared to say what I thought. I knew only that the opportunity of a lifetime was before me, and that I could not put it into a story, because it was related to me, and because it was eagerly watching the magazines for my next contribution. I need not continue my harrowing tale. Wherever I found a friend to welcome me, I found a still more eager welcome for the phosphorescent fame that had preceded me. My experiences were as unvarying as the symptoms of measles: "We always knew that some day, with all your ability, you would do something remarkable. Do tell us what you are going to do next?" That is just the question that puzzles me: What *am* I going to do next?

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE

It is quite improbable that one will ever find again so complete and perfect an example of misplaced self-confidence as that furnished by the author of *English as she is spoke*. One does, however, occasionally meet with lesser examples of the same type, which lack any serious educational intent, and aim merely to inform rather than to instruct. As we must furnish so many ourselves, in our first travels abroad, we may not be denied the privilege of gloating over some especially good (or bad?) example from the opposite side.

While returning from Greece to Italy a few years ago, I was looking through one of the large volumes which advertise the excursions of the Italian Line steamers. Among others an illustrated account of a visit to the Island of Malta attracted my eye, for not only was it in Italian, but in parallel columns was printed an English translation, that the ignorant Americans who ran might the more easily read. I read — the first sentence. Then I read it again. Then I wandered with increasing amusement through all the grammatical labyrinths that followed, and which follow. The reasons for many of the misuses of words are evident, but some of the combinations are hard to explain, and some hard even to interpret with surety. The "kind inhabitants' fierceness" seems at first sight paradoxical. I must needs go to Malta, or find some one who has been there, before I shall know with certainty the true character of a "reduce discarding railway." I at first thought it was a narrow-gauge, but on looking at the map I incline to the belief that it is a funicular. It would be hard to find a more delightful anti-climax than that of "rocks, precipices, and inaccessible stones." When I read the description of "S. Paul at Sea" and the "islet with a monument to S. Paul there unloaded avoiding the Romans' persecution," I can raise no other picture in my mind than that of a persecuted saint being put ashore from the end of a derrick-boom.

This is purely a commercial effort, and as such, apart from its literary value, is certainly a success. It impresses on the mind the fact that "Malta comprehendes three islands" far more forcibly than any correctly worded advertisement would do, and as a result one is far more likely to swell the coffers of the Italian Line.

A Walking in Malta

Really the Maltesi are right calling their country "Flower of the World," being here always a clear sky, mild climate, splendid panorama, infinite horizons of sea, rich churches, palaces, fortresses, kind inhabitants' fierceness, and

beautiful sparkling eyed women, under their black monkish linen. Fine and pretty flower modest violet licked by intensely blue waves of the Mediterranean from Italy they bring sweet perfumes and from the opposed coast of Africa shining colors. Space and time do not consent us presently to speak of the glorious history, rich monuments, very florid commerce and about the political strategic importance of Malta, we will do this with more tranquillity, serious designs, and gifts in the next edition, this time we will only take a rapid walk in the principal cities and villages of Malta, hoping that our words whatever they may be unequal to describe this "Paradise Border" will be sufficient to be known abroad, drawing over here the "touristes" that it seems they avoid this country, convinced that in Malta there are only some rocks, fortresses, cannons, and soldiers. It's true that only in Malta's Port there are so many man-of-war almost permanent to make a nation strong and superb, that very often you see potently armed bastions, lunettes, terraces, immense barracks, soldiers of any arms. But all this nothing destroy the beauty of this country but they are the spring of commercial activit and wealth of it.

The Maltesi are Maltesi, I explain myself. To evoid the French dominion, they asked and obtained protection by England, but with their surrender they did not intend to render themselves vassals; superb of their past, loving their traditions, their honors and liberty they would remain Maltesi as they were neither subdued nor vanquished, and they loyally requested and accepted a nation's protection, without resigning however their rights and dignity. They are devout to England that protects them, affectionate to Italy from which they generally took origin, friends to every people, as the same position rends Malta a country of international meeting, where travelers, merchants, speculators of every nation go there.

Who approaches Malta (Malta comprehendes three islands; Malta, Goso, Comino) turnes a look in the direction of earth feeles a desolating impression. We only see rocks, precipices, and inaccessible stones, everything is confused in a grey pale colour that we cannot perceive whether there are some naked mountains or immense buildings. The reason of such an illusion is that all the houses, quarters, fortresses, churches are built with stone of Malta, therefore the cloud which environes everything, everything is confused, houses mountains and rocks make all together a confusion. Only some majestic dome and church steeple are distinguished in a very clear sky.

Valletta

From the barrack a small garden with a plat form placed on the highest point of Valletta, we rule over all the port, the ills, the circumiacent willages is undoubtedly one of the finest panorama of the world. In the evening the spectacle is absolutely fantastical. The streets in Valletta are straight and they cut themselves perpendicularly three sides from towards the sea; they hurl down in long dizzy staircases, the effect is very original. The principal road (Royal street) specially the space that runs from the homonymous gate to S. George Sq. where you see the Governors' palace, is beautiful, rich of splendid Warehouses, well paved, merry especially in the evening when the walking-place is animated. The Royal Theatre very spacious is of an imponent architecture, it's certainly in Valletta one of the finest monuments. S. John church is to be visited, its rich of worthy art, works and at last the library, armour and Castaglia Palace.

A continual service of boats joines Valletta to the three opposite towns which the traveler must visit well for they present a special sight with their massy gates and high wall curtaining them. Between Gospiqua and Senglia there is the vast dock of the Naval army in which hundreds of well requited men are working; and that concures giving to those towns

a wealth and wellfare looking. Going round Vittoriosa, we descend to Calcara, a small country which remembers us the picturesque village of Como's lake. From Cospicua you can-take a drive as far as Birgebuggia where you find a good Hotel and where every day some merry companies are there. I remark passing, from Valletta, best Hotels and furnished rooms are found.

A reduce discarding Railway joines Valletta with Notabile passing near several villages, the railway runs almost parallely the street by which a coach may go is pryferred by those who wish to make a conceit of the country. The Floriana has two fine churches (Roman Catholic the one, Protestant the other) and a splendid public garden.

Hamrun

It is a broad industrious subuth; there are mills, nourishing pastes and cementation bricks fabrics.

Birchicara is placed in a fine valley, a large street by which you may go in a carriage conductes to Musta notable for a very large church, built like the Pantheon in Roma.

From Musta we descend to S. Paul at Sea. An enchanting country rich of Hotels and Villas: opposite the gulf there is an islet with a monument to S. Paul there unloaded avoiding the Romans' persecution. Near Birchicara the Governor's Villa with a splendid garden.

Notable is divided in two villages, Rabato and Citta Vecchia, is visited by all touristes for it possesses a rich of ancient objects museum uncovered there and some vaults which spring out and extend for several kilometers also the cathedral, roman villa, grove, goose-foot, and S. Dominic church are to be visited.

Sliema

You arrive there in a short time from Valletta in ferry boats that make a continual service. The city's looking is really pretty, especially from the sea it offers a splendid panoramas. Every wealthy Maltesi has made there his refuge in summer and a great number of Villas have been of a late built. There are some good Hotels, well furnished of all species shops and beautiful walkings are to be taken.

For comment on the contributors to this number, see advertising pages 65 and 66.

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RICHES: A CHRISTMAS ESSAY

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

CHRISTMAS this year comes at the end of a twelvemonth in which public attention has been drawn with unusual persistence to the ardor of sundry of our fellow countrymen in the pursuit of gain. Legislators, courts, and investigating committees have taken cognizance of it. Moralists are everywhere moralizing about it. It is not the struggles of needy persons to make a living that excite remark, but the urgent efforts of people not perceptibly threatened with want to gather to themselves very considerable annual aggregations of dross. In many conspicuous instances investigations have seemed to disclose in men of most respectable standing such a lack of scruple and delicacy in money-getting as seems to betoken an over-estimation of the value of riches as compared with other precious things. Impressed by these signs of the times, the clergy rehearse "the Apostle's affectionate and solemn warning against the haste to be rich." A college president finds Americans confronted by a situation due to lack of moral principle, and avers that greed for gain and greed for power have blinded men to the old-time distinctions between right and wrong. A banker of national reputation declares to fellow bankers in convention that dishonesty in high places gravely threatens the future of the country, and that the restoration of the old, rigid standards of honesty and uprightness is indispensable to our defense against socialism. And the root of all this evil is the desire for riches! It is a curious yearning, wholesome, like hunger, up to a certain point, but more prone than hunger to run to a dangerous excess. Undoubtedly if as a people we better understood riches, their relative value, and the limitations of their usefulness, we would be a better people than we are, and honester. Incidentally, we would be better equipped to keep Christmas in a fit spirit, for since men and money are the chief valuables on earth, a diminished solicitude about money would leave a larger share of our strength and time to be occupied by solicitude about men.

It is foolish to undervalue money, and just as foolish to overvalue it. All of us — practically all — know that one can have too little, most of us believe that it is possible to have just about enough, and some of us are growing firm in the suspicion that it is possible to have so much that it is a nuisance, and the responsibility for it and its increase a disabling burden. Fortunes that are so enormous as to make their owners a legitimate object of the commiseration of thoughtful people are rather a new thing in this country, but they have really come. Enough really is as good as too much. It sounds emotional and argumentative to say so, but it is so.

The condition of having too little money is too familiar to need exposition. The great majority of people have too little money, and would be better off and happier if they had more and spent it. The condition of having about enough offers better points for discussion. There is no arbitrary sum or income that is enough. What is enough for one person is not enough for another, and what means ease and affluence in one condition of life

would mean poverty in another. What is enough depends upon the individual, his education, his aspirations, his environment, the size of his family, and the possibilities that are in him. Anthony Hope in a recent story makes one of his characters observe that there is more difference between three thousand pounds a year and nothing than there is between three thousand pounds a year and all the rest of the money in the world. A family can live a certain kind of lazy, pleasant country life in England on about three thousand pounds a year, and a fairly prudent man who wants to live that sort of life is about as well off on a sure income of that size as he would be if he had a great deal more.

Of course, standards of living vary enormously; the privilege of familiar association with certain kinds of people is expensive. There may be places you cannot live in to advantage, and people you cannot play with to advantage, for much less than fifty thousand dollars a year. If you are a fool, and have no particular standard of living of your own, and your happiness depends on having what other people have and doing what other people do, and if it is necessary to you that those other people shall be people of the first fashion, of course there is no saying how much will be enough for you. Sad to say, we are almost all a little foolish about wanting to have what our associates have, and in wanting to include among our associates pleasant, decorative people whose maintenance is expensive. But if we are only moderately foolish, and have some hard sense to fall back on, and some standards of our own, and some personal resources for our entertainment, there will be an imaginable income for each of us that will be about enough. Rich people, who are used to the refinements and material luxuries of life, command some exceedingly valuable privileges. They can marry when they get ready, live comfortably, have servants who save their time and strength, exercise hospitality, raise as many children as they find practicable or convenient, educate them in the best schools, and give them a fair start in life. They can command a certain amount of leisure, can travel, and to a certain extent can be their own masters. A moderate annual income, varying according to the locality, will pay for all these advantageous privileges in their simpler forms. Anthony Hope's three thousand pounds a year will do it; easily in some places, with good management anywhere. Such an income commands for a family pretty much all the great advantages of condition that are in the market, and most of the highly desirable things can be had for a great deal less. Parents who command such an income can do everything for three or four children that is to their advantage up to the time they marry, and can even provide them with modest incomes of their own when they set up for themselves. Heads of American families, with not more than four children, and with incomes of fifteen thousand dollars a year, have got so nearly as much money as is good for them that they can well afford to be particular about what they do to make their incomes bigger.

But fifteen thousand dollars a year is not riches. Most of our countrymen whose efforts to be hastily rich have met with so much recent reprobation have long ago passed the fifteen thousand dollars a year point, and would deride the idea of such an income being about enough. What they plan and plot and sweat and gamble and finally squirm to acquire, is an income that bears no real relation to anything that can fairly be called a need, and an aggregation of capital that will produce such an income. There is no such thing in our day as being rich beyond the dreams of avarice. The dreams of avarice have grown since Dr. Johnson's time; have grown enormously indeed since Dumas wrote of Monte Cristo. Our contemporary idea of riches begins about where Dr. Johnson left off.

A good big fortune is an interesting phenomenon, and a very interesting factor in civilization. I should be sorry to see

big fortunes go so much out of fashion that nobody would any longer care to heap one up. If nobody built palaces, and made a market for the larger sizes of diamonds and the best pictures, and navigated the sea in big yachts and the land in automobiles thirty feet long,—if nobody, so to speak, had money to throw at birds, and threw it, life would not be nearly so lively and decorative as it is. I had almost rather, if I were quit of all personal responsibility about it, that some people *hogged* great fortunes than that there should be none. And I had a great deal rather that a due provision of big fortunes should be acquired in fit ways by fit men. Few of us, I think, object to big fortunes *per se*. We do not want too great a proportion of the national wealth to get into too few hands, as has happened already, and is happening more and more. We do not want our laws, or the breach of them, to give an unfair advantage to the very rich who want to be richer, at the cost of the poor. But to fortunes legitimately won by men fit to win them, who merely levy lawful tribute on benefits conferred on the community, we have no objection at all. Such fortunes are the signs of general prosperity. We like to see them grow, and admire the spending of them in the same spirit in which we admire the lavish diffusion of sunshine. There is no objection to riches, then, provided the right men gather them in the right ways.

Who, then, are the right men, and what ways are legitimate?

There are a good many people who are of some consequence in the world if they are rich, and of very little consequence if they are not. One cannot blame such people for trying to get rich. Riches mean so much to them! They are their only means of advertisement. They win them consideration. They put them in the way of being amused and entertained. It is a profound satisfaction to them to have money, even though they do not spend it. They may even find pleasure in giving it away. If by saving and bargaining and hard work and shrewd investment they can get together fortunes, let us wish them joy of them. Their money is capital if they do not spend it, and it is apt to do somebody some good if they do. If they hand it down to their descendants, there goes with it the power to command leisure and education and a choice of service, and possibly among the descendants there may be some who will use such powers to advantage. Accumulated money which enables lucky individuals of the rising generation to get a thorough preparation for the work of life, and which relieves some individuals altogether from the necessity of earning money, may be of vast service to a country like ours, which every day abounds more in work most necessary to be well done,—work which no man who must earn his living can do without great sacrifices.

By process of accumulation and investment a good many people of moderate ability and saving habits get lawfully rich in a humdrum way without making any stir about it. There is no fault to be found with them. The other great group of lawful fortune builders are the great leaders of industry: the great financiers, the great railroad builders, the great traders and manufacturers. With such men, after they have progressed a certain distance, money usually becomes more an incident of activity than an aim. When they have won abundant fortunes, they still go on, not because they greatly care for more money, but because things of the sort they have been doing are the only interesting things they know how to do. Their lives are permanently shaped, and they must live them out actively on the lines laid down by their past, or be laid off and rust. When they undertake new enterprises, they try to provide that they shall be profitable, not necessarily because they want more money, but because it is one of the rules of the game they play that enterprises they put hand to shall be profitable. A great commercial enterprise that does not pay is a machine that will

not work. It is a failure, and there is no fun in failures.

To these born chieftains of commerce it comes natural to get rich. They take it in their stride. The money-making habit is apt to run away with them, and concentration on one great phase of endeavor is apt to leave the remnant of atrophied powers that one sees in most specialists. The need often felt of fighting the devil with fire breeds in them a disposition to fight with fire when the opponent is not the devil. The great fortune builders are usually not absolutely nice in their methods, and some of them are rascals. Out on the rascals! but for the rest, we must judge them by the standard of bridge builders and not of watchmakers. If they are true money-*makers;* if they create wealth and not merely divert it and sweat it, there is no cause to grudge them the tribute they levy.

A valuable thing in a family is one of these colossal money-makers. Time was when we used to believe the adage about its being three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. I do not think it was ever literally sound, for though in earlier days the accumulations of a fortune builder often ran pretty well out before his grandchildren got through with them, the third generation seldom got back to manual labor. A fortune in a family raises the standard of living and of expectation for that family, forms for it associations of worldly advantage, and teaches it a good many things that are of value. The members of a family that has once been pulled out of the ruck of humanity in that way, and kept out for a considerable time, are apt to make a hard fight to hold the place they have had. They may get back to work; they usually do; but it is apt to be a more profitable grade of work than is commonly done in shirt-sleeves.

Moreover, the great fortunes of this generation are so enormous that there is no visible prospect of shirt-sleeves for the heirs of them. Fortunes of even fifty millions will stand a great deal of foolishness in young heirs, and most of the heirs of such fortunes who come under contemporary observation are not particularly foolish about dissipating money. Some of them are shrewd and ambitious, and give more concern as money-getters than as money-spenders, and others merely find their incomes ample for such amusements and expenditures as they crave, and live within them.

So there are people who seem fit to gather riches, some because that seems as profitable a use as any to make of their time, others because riches are a natural incident of valuable services that they have had the talent and the energy to render. It is the money-getting of the unfit that makes the scandals. The money the various kinds of gamblers get is simply diverted from other holders; the money the grafters get is stolen from the people; the money made out of franchises corruptly obtained is of the same sort. The patent medicine money has a very fragile claim to respect; the money made by skinning stockholders or policy-holders is dear at the price, and so, generally, is the profit that results from the transfer of worthless articles — be they stocks, mines, patent medicine, tips, or what — for a valuable consideration. What we need to keep us straight in our money-getting enterprises is a high valuation of conduct and character as compared with riches, and a sincere appreciation that it makes more for happiness to do good work, especially if it is done for good pay, than to get hold of money without rendering a due equivalent.

We are not so universally money-mad as we may seem. The elder Agassiz was not the only man in this country who ever felt that he had not time to make money. The longing for riches is not universally a predominant passion. Thousands of men feel that money-getting is not primarily their calling, and would not leave the work they love and pay the price in time and concentrated effort if ever so good a chance was offered them of a fortune honestly won. The man in

whom the money-hunger is so strong and effectual that he is willing to devote his life to satisfying it is a very exceptional man. Most of us hate to save, and the pleasure or profit of the hour looks bigger to us than that of the remote future. Moreover, to almost all the leading preachers, doctors, and schoolmasters, and to many of the editors, painters, architects, engineers, lawyers, and big politicians, money, though important, is a secondary consideration. They want to make a living, and much prefer that it shall be a good one, but professional success and reputation is of more value to them than superfluous riches. And why not! Is it not a much more satisfying thing to be a living force, master of a great profession or a great art, or a public leader, than to be merely the possessor of riches?

The great check on the value of riches to any man is that we human creatures have only one set of time, one body, one mind, and one soul, apiece. We all, no matter what our means are, have the use of twenty-four hours, and no more, every day. About eight hours we have to sleep. How we shall invest the other sixteen is the great problem of our lives. We can only do one set of things in any given period of time. If we have a million dollars a year, we can do things that we cannot do on one thousand, or ten, or twenty thousand a year. They will be different things, but there is no assurance at all that they will be better things or more entertaining, or more useful or improving. And we cannot do both. If we put in our one set of time in a million-dollar occupation, we have to forego most of the thousand-dollar occupations. If we trail around Europe in an automobile, we cannot be at home reading books, and working at our trade or in our garden, or talking to our friends. Our good friend with a million dollars a year cannot eat much more or better food, or drink much more or better drinks, than we can. If he does, he will be sorry. He can have more places to live in, and enormously more and handsomer apparatus of living, but he cannot live in more than one place at once, and too much apparatus is a bother. He can make himself comfortable, and live healthfully. So can we. He can have all the leisure he wants, can go where he likes and stay as long as he will. He has the better of us there. We have the better of him in having the daily excitement and discipline of making a living. It is a great game, — that game of making a living, — full of chances and hazards, hopes, surprises, thrills, disappointments, and satisfactions. Our million-a-year friend misses that. We may beat him in discipline, too. We are apt to get more than he does, — the salutary discipline of steady work, of self-denial, of effort. That is enormously valuable to soul, body, and mind. He can't buy it. We get it thrown in with our daily bread.

We are as likely to marry to our taste and live happily in the domesticated state as he is. We have rather better chances than he of raising our children well. We are as likely as he to have good friends worth having, and to find pleasure in them. Great riches tend to limit their possessors to the society of people who are rich, not because the rich love the rich better than they do other folks, but because their scale and habits of living usually take them where the rich people are, or where the poorer people cannot conveniently sojourn. If the steam-yacht people play more or less with other steam-yacht people in the yachting season, it is because the steam-yacht people are there, and the other people are not. At any rate, in this country great riches seem more likely to limit their possessors' command of agreeable society than to extend it.

Another trouble about some of our extremely rich people is that no definite job goes with their money. If they choose, they can invest everything they have in such a way as to have no responsibility about the management of any business, and nothing to do except to gather in their dividend checks and spend or reinvest their money. That is one result of

incorporating all the great businesses of the country. When money necessarily went into land, the rich had duties that were incident to their possessions. They might neglect them, but they had them. Now they can easily manage so as to have no duties connected with property that an efficient clerk cannot transact. If they do so manage, it leaves them rather lonely and unimportant, outside the great current of human hopes and activities. If they do not like that, and insist on touching elbows with their fellows, there is no way for it but to butt into the game, take chances and risks, make sacrifices of ease and leisure, and work like poor people.

Great riches, carrying with them enormous possibilities of self-indulgence, may fairly be considered as a sort of poison which ruins a certain proportion of those who are exposed to it, though strong constitutions survive. As rum destroys savages, so wealth tends to destroy persons — especially young ones — whom use and training have not gradually made immune to its effects. How that is, may readily be noticed in observing the effects of newly won wealth on the families of the winners. It is a rare man, and usually one very much blessed in his wife, who can combine with the ability that wins him riches the sagacity to train children born in comparative poverty so that they will benefit by a rapid and radical improvement in his circumstances.

Another drawback to riches is that, the two things that most of us most dread being poverty and that spiritual ruin which we call damnation, the elimination of poverty takes away a buffer, and, leaving damnation our only great bugbear, brings the dread of it unpleasantly near. Not this drawback, though, nor fears for our children, nor any of the other objections to being rich, so fiercely daunt us but that our fortitude is easily equal to the perils of all of them if honorable affluence comes our way. It is enough if we realize that riches, whatever their charm and their value, are not a panacea for the evils of life, that happiness depends on work, health, character, disposition, training, and a great many other things besides income, and that, so far as happiness is concerned, enough money, or somewhat less than enough, puts us in just about as good a case to achieve it as though we were rich. To live our lives, to get out what is in us, to do our share of the world's work, and live brotherly with our fellows — that is what we are here for. If riches are an incident of that course of life, they are a good incident. If the chase after them lures us away from the fulfillment of our primary obligations to our Maker, our neighbor, and ourselves, we are certainly losers by it: losers if it fails; losers not less if, succeeding, we lose the Christmas out of our year, the Christmas spirit out of our lives.

IS THE THEATRE WORTH WHILE?

BY JAMES S. METCALFE

We are a busy people. Most of us are busy making a living, but in this blessed country that is not yet the grinding process of older civilizations, so to most of us comes a surplus over our actual necessities, — a surplus which oftentimes is spent with the unwise, unreckoning extravagance that has come to be looked upon as a national characteristic. Many of us are busy getting rich or trying to get rich, an occupation which narrows the soul and dwarfs the mind to the belittling of every other thought, and to the virtual starvation of the appreciation of what is beautiful in nature and art. Some of us are busy in the pursuit of social position for ourselves or our offspring, a pursuit which presupposes that those who are engaged in it have little capacity for anything greater or better. Others of us are busy governing our fellow citizens or misgoverning them; busy making history or thinking we are making history, — also occupations that leave little of energy for the enjoyment of more æsthetic pleasures. We are trying to supply the food, or the machinery, or the textiles, for the whole world, and the more ambitious of us are beginning to believe that it is our province also to enter into problems of world-government and to participate in the solving of questions which do not legitimately concern us in either our national or our individual life. All of us are more or less self-satisfied with the prominence we are assuming as a people, and patting ourselves on the back as we contemplate our growing national superiority.

There is much in all this to make us forget and become indifferent to things in which, as a nation, we are woefully deficient, and to some extent objects of pity, ridicule, and even contempt, with the very peoples we assume to patronize. In material things, in the things that we can dig from the earth or fashion with our hands or machines, and the things that money can buy, there is no doubt that we are well to do; nor is there greater doubt that we can dominate other nations in matters where trade and treaty and even brute force prevail. There is, therefore, valid reason for our natural conceit and bumptiousness, so long as we confine ourselves to things material and put aside the neglect in our lives and thoughts of the things ideal. When we look only on the utilitarian side of our national life and our utilitarian accomplishments, we may, if we like, go about the world with a fine contempt for less prosperous peoples. With a bargain to offer, or with money in our pockets to spend, no one shall say nay to our assumption of superiority. When we turn aside from these material things, when those of us who are not too busy to think look in the other direction, we may find ground for suspicion that there are some flaws in our national greatness, here and there a neglected spot on the brilliancy of the national escutcheon.

Considering the magnitude of the undertaking, and the questions which it involves, our primary education as a people is making satisfactory progress. In science and invention, in the wholly useful pursuits and discoveries, we are marching shoulder to shoulder with, and even in advance of, our national contemporaries. When we think of our beginnings and of the comparative youth of our nation, it is no wonder we grow self-assertive and look with belittling eyes on other, older peoples, not so rich nor powerful as ourselves.

Busy as we may be, it might be well for us to take a little while from our

absorbing occupations, and desist long enough from vaunting our superiority to consider whether we have not, also, a few national defects which it might be well for us to repair. Recent revelations might lead us to suspect that our standards of business integrity are not all that they should be. Not a year goes by but we receive some example or examples showing that our public life is not on the highest plane and that our political system has grave defects. We might also notice that our national life is one of extremes, with no mean of the happiness that comes with leisure and contentment. These and other undesirable faults, we may well and for the most part truthfully say, are natural to our youth as a people, and will correct themselves with age and experience.

Carrying our deliberations and self-examination a little farther, we may find defects which arise from the same cause, but the speedy remedy for which lies largely in the hands of each one of us, to apply without waiting for the slow process of national evolution. And to our credit be it said that to a saving minority of us this consciousness of deficiency has come, and we are groping, sometimes blindly, sometimes intelligently, to redeem ourselves from the reproach of being an uncultured people.

These more or less trite and obvious observations on our national characteristics may seem remote and irrelevant to an inquiry as to the value of the theatre. But it is because things are as they are that any such inquiry arises. Were we less or more busy, less or more self-satisfied less or more concerned with purely material interests, the place of the theatre in our national life would settle itself, and would not need to be a matter of individual or concerted action. The theatre would find its own place as a mere toy or as a useful institution, depending on whether we had fallen to the point where we had thrown over all consideration of culture, or attained the level where æsthetic questions ranked with the material ones. But inasmuch as we are still in that formative state as a people, where every influence at work among us is having its effect, it may be well to turn our thoughts toward the possible value of an institution which has never received from us, as a nation, any formal recognition.

The theatric art, to which all other arts contribute, and which in its turn should be a spur and a stimulant to all other arts, has been left by us to depend for its support on its ability to survive as a commercial undertaking. To the other arts we have given, in a public way, recognition, aid, and assistance, — none too generously, it is true, because we are not an artistic people. Public money has gone into painting, sculpture, and decoration, and private generosity has housed them and patronized them for the public benefit. Music, in a different way, has levied its tribute. We make a present and increasing provision for students in these arts. But for the drama we have no gifts. We exact from her a *quid pro quo*, and drive an exacting bargain with the man at the door. We have debauched the drama to the point, where, to live at all, it must please, and the result is natural and logical, — the theatre lives only to please, not to elevate or to educate, not to cultivate any virtues. It has become a courtesan among the arts, whose trade is not to please the best people, but the most; not to cultivate lofty ideals and high standards, but to spread the lure and appeal to the fancy of the crass multitude.

The theatre having become a commercial institution, it follows that the artistic side is subordinated to the commercial, and that the matter of survival is determined more by business methods than by artistic merit. The shrewdest business man is the most successful manager, and becomes the arbiter to decide between the opposing interests of art, of a vitiated or ignorant public taste, and of his own purse. With the very pick of American business genius in control of the destinies of the theatre, this would not be easy, nor even then would it be an altogether ideal

state of affairs for the drama and the improvement of the public's appreciation of things dramatic. Unfortunately the men to-day in charge of the business interests of the theatre are far from being representative of the best, even in American business life. The question is often raised concerning the abandonment of this important and lucrative branch of trade to men who are almost without standing in the business community. The answer is not far to seek. From the early days of the theatre a stigma has attached to it, especially among persons whose religion was of the Puritanic kind, which has left its impress so strongly on American life. This is a curious fact, when one remembers that the drama of all peoples found its birth under religious auspices. The men who find their occupation on the business side of the theatre have been recruited, with few exceptions, from those who have no education, no association with the finer things of life, and no social standing to lose. Success means to them the money return, a position of authority over others, and a place in the public eye, — all attractive to a certain class of persons who hold these as the most desirable things in life. Few American fathers starting their sons on a career, few men of education or refinement, ever consider the theatrical business as furnishing a reputable means of livelihood. For that reason the theatre is to-day in the hands of men unfitted to direct its destinies upward instead of downward.

Before attempting to estimate the present and possible value of the theatre as a national institution, let us once more resume the process of introspection, and with respect of some minor, national faults on which the theatre in its best estate might reasonably be expected to exert an improving influence. In our intercourse with the outside world we are constantly met with the reproach that we are a *parvenu* people. We compel a recognition of our power, of our elementary virtues, of our prosperity; but most of us fail to meet that recognition which is not compelled, or bought, but won. In every capital of Europe, we are marked for our absurdities, our bad manners, and our *gaucherie*.

Presumably those Americans who go abroad are drawn largely from the class who have means and some leisure for self-cultivation. If these stand out distinguished as uncultured, how about the great masses who remain at home? It is a safe conclusion that they are even more deficient in the niceties of life than those who travel. The candid American is bound to admit that we are not a polite people. Our public servants, the employees of corporations, the salesman and the saleswoman in the great shops, even our domestic servants, seem to think that the use of ordinary civility is an acknowledgment of social inferiority; not an altogether wrong conclusion when they are led to it by a similar lack of consideration and ordinary politeness on the part of those with whom they come in contact, whether of high or low degree in American life.

The unpleasingness of our speech is even a more marked characteristic than our bad manners. Since we are all strident or nasal of voice, we naturally do not notice the defect, but we quickly find an unusual charm in the vocal modulations of the foreigner, even though he or she be drawn from the humbler classes. The American with any sensitiveness of ear, who returns from abroad, quickly notes this defect of his people, particularly if he numbers among his early experiences attendance on an assembly made up largely of American women, unless perchance the Babel be modified by the presence of Southerners with their over-sweet drawl.

A more serious national defect, for it threatens the purity of our language, is our slovenliness of pronunciation. It is an evil which permeates all classes and all circles of American society. It is not alone the incorrectness which comes from carelessness or ignorance, and which might be corrected in most cases by an appeal to a good dictionary. This incor-

rectness is general, even in the pulpit, in the forum, and on the stage, and it is not strange that the people at large are afflicted with it. Add to it local variants in the way of accent, elision, and intonation, and pure English is in a fair way to become an unknown tongue, its place being taken by as many dialects as there are states in the Union and races which go to make up our cosmopolitan population.

For the great task of national education in the essentials, we are doing our full duty. It is the rightful concern of the nation, the state, and the community, that the new generations and the newcomers to our shores shall be given the elementary instruction which shall make them at least intelligent citizens. By donation and bequest individuals have generously aided and are aiding in this function of national preservation. But the very magnitude of the task makes it impossible that these efforts shall be carried far in the direction of finer cultivation. Great as are our resources, the education of the whole people can be carried only a little way, and that in the direction of utilities. Training in the graces and in the refinements of life must be, and is, left almost entirely to chance circumstances and to the influences which happen to surround the individual. He will without trouble find churches provided for the care of his soul, boards of health, hospitals, and doctors for his body, and educational facilities and libraries for his mind, but the finer things, which distinguish the cultured being from the boor, he must seek for himself. Under our form of government, it is well that this should be so.

The ambition to acquire culture is a well-known trait of the better class of Americans; even those of us who have been deprived of it for ourselves seek it for our children. We may not know just wherein we are ourselves lacking, — and, as said before, that ignorance of graciousness is widely spread, — but we appreciate that there is a lack, and in a vague way we seek to supply the mysterious something. The tremendous vogue of certain journals which profess to supply information and instruction in the niceties of life, the inquiries that overwhelm writers on these topics, even the mistaken affectations of some social climbers, go to prove the existence of a national desire for the mysterious hall-mark which identifies the person of refinement.

To claim that the stage, no matter how improved, could work an immediate revolution in the manners and taste of our people, would be manifestly absurd; but it is entirely safe to say that the theatre could, in the matters which are apparently so unimportant in life, yet which mean so much, be an important factor in moulding at least the externals of our national character. This means, however, that, busy as we are, we should give the theatre a more important place in our thoughts and in our scheme of popular education than that at present allotted to it. Nor is the claim that the theatre might be made a teacher of improvement in the minor things of life the only one that can be made for it; it might be made the medium for the elevation of the popular taste in all the arts and in literature, and even for the inculcation of the principles of lofty thought and right living. It may seem strange that a people so clever as we are have neglected this potent influence for good, and have regarded it only as a toy for our amusement, to be shaped and fashioned by the toy-merchant solely with a view to making it catch the fancy, and therefore become a salable and profitable article of merchandise. But, as we are a busy and, on the whole, a self-satisfied people, beyond our pursuits and ambitions we look only for the amusements which shall be the least a burden to us.

A recent reliable estimate places the amount of capital invested in theatres in the United States as something over three hundred millions of dollars, and the amount the public pays each year for its theatrical amusements at fifty millions of dollars. The support that we give, and the interest we evince in the theatre is certainly not niggardly in a money way.

It cannot be said that we do not provide the theatre in America with the means to rival the dramatic accomplishments of any other nation. The secret of its non-realization of its possibilities is not there. If we conclude that the theatre, as it is, is not worth while, we shall have also to conclude that the reason is not a lack of patronage, but that our patronage is not properly bestowed.

Here we come against the old discussion of the proper function of the theatre, — for what purpose we make this vast investment and annual expenditure. There can be no doubt as to what its function is considered by the great mass of people and by those who are catering to the masses, — that the theatre is simply a means of amusement to which the flippant or the fatigued shall turn for an easy occupation of their thoughts or the gratification of their senses. There can be no denial that in our day this is the primary and essential use of the theatre, and that, even so viewed, it is well worth while, if the occupation and relaxation are made good of their kind, even regarded solely as amusement. It may quite well be that even from this point of view we give the theatre a support and an attention out of proportion to its real value as a recreation and a means of mental recuperation. And by demanding only that it shall amuse, we give it also dangerous possibilities of teaching things that are injurious or degrading. If we insist that it shall make us laugh, or bring us excitement, or arouse our emotions, we are likely to reach the jaded point where we are not critical of the means employed, so long as the object is attained, and in the amusement world there will always be found those ready to pander to any desire for which payment is forthcoming.

But to put aside the idea of amusement and regard the theatre solely as an instrument of education would certainly make it not worth while in a broad way. Instead of the general support now accorded to it voluntarily by the people, we should need government subsidies, and attendance would have to be made compulsory. Human nature has a way of not taking kindly to what it is told is good for it. The very earliest doctors learned to sugar-coat their pills; in the theatre the sugar-coating, the amusement, is bound always to be an absolute essential and the leading ingredient. If we keep the theatre mostly a place of amusement, and yet educational, in teaching by example some of the things in which, as a people, we are deficient, we must answer our question by saying that, even so, the theatre is very well worth while.

To make the theatre truly valuable, to give it its highest value, we must admit that its first function is to amuse, and then to that function, where we can, add such educational influence as is possible. Some voluminous reader has said that no book ever written was so trivial or bad that he could not extract from it at least one idea of value. And there probably never was any stage production so bad intrinsically that, if done in the best way it could be done, it would not teach something to some of its spectators. In its best estate, the theatre might be made an educational influence, especially in the graces of speech, manners, and intercourse, second to none at our command.

The temples of the drama are scattered everywhere, in the small towns as well as in the great cities. Their doors are open not Sundays only, but every day of the week. The congregations gather gladly, and not from a sense of duty, or at the prickings of conscience. They are in a receptive mood. The thing seen and heard comes directly to all classes, to both sexes, to every age. A greater or less quantity of what they see or hear is taken into their inner consciousness, and, unknown to themselves, is reflected faintly or strongly in their own lives and their own persons; and yet we, who think ourselves a wise people, let this potent influence for good or bad find its guidance in whatever hands it may chance to fall.

An unfortunate obstacle to bringing the theatre to its highest value is found in

the preponderance of the estimation of New York audiences in determining what shall and shall not be seen by the rest of the country. The theatres of New York derive their support largely from a floating population which, on the one hand, is in holiday mood and too ready to be pleased, and, on the other, puts an exaggerated value on anything that is metropolitan. The local clientele of the theatres is in the main made up of a thoughtless multitude, whose standard is based solely on the idea of amusement, without reference to taste or refinement. The importance of the New York verdict is so great from a business point of view that every sacrifice is made to win the approval of this capricious and frivolous public, which is governed in its likes and dislikes by no fixed laws, and whose judgment is guided by little knowledge. There exists in New York, of course, a theatre-going public whose verdict is valuable, and, once secured, brings sure success, but the thoughtful and cultured element in the community has, from disappointing experiences, learned to be wary. Only in exceptional circumstances, and with unusual guarantees in advance, can it be brought to give that endorsement of its presence, whose counterfeit is so often used to lure the unsuspecting in other places. The consequence is that we have the theatrical standards of the whole country based largely on the verdict of New York's frivolity and ignorance, which often leads those who trust themselves to it to complain that the theatre certainly is not worth the time and money the public gives to it.

The condition does not exist, but let us imagine the theatre being what it should be to be worth while. We shall have to presuppose the existence of writers who could supply to the stage works which should at least be free from technical defects. Working with them should be artists and artisans to give surroundings and settings, which should at least not be tasteless and inaccurate; and to these essentials must be added actors and actresses who should at least know how, or could be made, to speak correctly, wear their attire correctly, and carry themselves correctly. These are not great exactions, but they are far above what we now demand from the theatre. Grant these not unreasonable requirements, and there will be no question of the value of the theatre as a public educator in the very things in which the American people makes least provision for education. Even if we made no advance in the dramatic material which forms the staple of our theatrical entertainment at present, it would, in a minor educational way, be an influence for the better, instead of what it now very often is, an example of vulgarity and illiteracy.

It is far easier to point out an evil and to picture an ideal, than it is to change the evil to the ideal, or even to tinge the evil with the ideal. Granting that the theatre, as it is, is not worth while, how are we going to make it worth while, and give it the value it deserves as a national institution?

We must first abandon a little of our national self-conceit and self-satisfaction; we must gain a suspicion that we are not the great people we are so fond of picturing ourselves and having others tell us we are. We must realize that national greatness does not consist alone in the expanse of territory governed, in material wealth, in the ability to fight, not even in the high average of the physical comfort of a people. The big fellow with lands and possessions, comfortably clad and well-fed, shrewd at bargains and strong enough to have his way, is not therefore a great man. Without culture, — with his senses refined to no higher degree than those of the beasts on whose ownership he prides himself, — he still remains a boor. Practical education, even if raised to the point of scholarship or science, leaves him yet lacking of things beautiful; and he, as well as the nation composed of units like him and the women and children of his kind, falls short of the high plane which men and nations must reach

before they shall be called entirely great.

And if we are to have a theatre that shall be worth while, we must not be so busy that we cannot spare a little thought to what we are going to see and hear in the theatre. If our highest idea of humor is the clown tickling his nose with a straw, and we do not stop to think that perhaps there may be other and higher forms of amusement, and if we do not demand something more and better, the clown and the straw in different phases will be all that we shall ever get. The yokel goes to see him year after year, and always with the same delight. Most of us have advanced beyond that stage, but there is something of the yokel left in us yet, and many of us have little ambition to raise the standard by caring for or making the demand for better things. And, allowing that we have the incentive, to make the demand in a practical and effective way involves too much trouble or sacrifice to be bestowed on a mere matter of amusement. For ourselves, and certainly for those who are to come after us, we should be wiser. We should use a little discrimination in our patronage of the theatre, and a little substitution of other amusements for our heedless rushing to entertainments simply because they are put before us in alluring advertisements and through the dubious theatrical news of the newspapers. To bring this suggestion down to easy terms means that, in the case of the individual, he should avail himself of every means at his command to scrutinize in advance more closely the quality of the entertainments to which he is invited to give his patronage and support. The condition of the theatre is bad because, on account of the thoughtlessness and heedless extravagance of our people, bad entertainments are supported almost as well as good ones. There is slight incentive to improve when a thoughtless or ignorant public bestows its favors so indiscriminately as ours does. We busy people have no time to note and no memories to treasure the identity of those who have cheated us in our amusements. The old proverb, "once bit, twice shy," is almost obsolete, and is completely so in the relations of the American public with their purveyors of theatrical amusement.

In this suggestion of the lack of critical acumen, and of a too great carelessness in the bestowal of time and money on unworthy entertainments, no quarrel is intended with those who prefer any particular form of amusement. The gentleman who regards negro minstrelsy as the highest form of the art Thespian is quite entitled to that preference, but we beseech him not to go to the minstrels unless he has some reasons, other than those portrayed in the posters, for believing that they are good minstrels. Let him put the burden of proof on the person who has the goods for sale and wants his money. Then he, in common with the rest of us who patronize theatres, would less often leave the performance with the feeling that he had been swindled; nor would he so often be compelled to indulge in that good-natured philosophy, common to Americans, which makes us complacent when we are cheated, and quick to forget. If our resentments in matters like this were deeper, and our memories better, it would not be so easy for mountebank managers to thrive and repeatedly swindle the public. This remedy for theatrical ills seems impractical, in view of the untrustworthiness of the press in the matter of theatrical information, and in view of our national craze for amusements, good, if convenient, but bad, if we cannot get what is good. Yet it is the only one that rests in the hands of the individual.

A national endowed theatre has been proposed as a means of bringing the theatre, the country over, to a plane of artistic excellence which would remove all doubt as to its value. This institution, as pictured by its proponents, would have a guaranteed income derived from invested funds supplied by public or private gift. This sure income would insure its permanency without the necessity on its part of catering to any but cultivated tastes. It would have its school of acting, the best-

educated producers of plays, a thoroughly equipped stage and theatre, a company, which, through care in its selection and its permanency, would give performances perfect in every detail, and its repertory would be drawn from the best in dramatic literature, classic and contemporary. Not the least valuable of its functions would be to give an assurance to American dramatists that, if they could produce worthy work, it would have adequate presentation, — an assurance entirely lacking with the commercial theatre under the control of those who are not fitted by education to recognize good material when it is brought to them.

No doubt can exist that such an institution would be of tremendous value to the theatre in America, and therefore to the cause of American popular education. Its cost in the way of an endowment, carefully estimated at from six to seven millions of dollars, seems an almost insuperable obstacle to its establishment, but it cannot be doubted that some day there will be found among our very rich men and women one or more who will be clear-sighted enough to see the patriotic value of such a foundation, and provide the means to make it a reality.

Its influence, of course, would not be confined to its immediate locality, but would spread to every theatre, and would tinge every theatrical performance in the country. Its school would turn out actors trained in the niceties of their art, to take the places of the unqualified and uninstructed persons who make up a large part of the acting forces of to-day. It would give us what we do not possess, — a standard of theatric excellence, which should uplift the standard of every theatre and every production on the American stage. It would be a preserver of pure speech and a criterion of good manners; it would raise the quality of dramatic literature; directly and indirectly, it would educate the eyes, the ears, and the artistic understanding of the whole people. It might go further than this by inculcating an inner as well as an outer refinement, but it would be quite worth its cost, if by example it should do no more than improve the externals.

The final answer to the question as to the value of the theatre must be a qualified one. As the theatre now is, it is doubtful whether, even as an amusement, and as a relief from our other occupations, it is worth what we bestow upon it in time and money. There are other, saner objects, which, with equal support, might bring us greater and more beneficent relaxation. But if we grant to the present situation a more careful consideration of the theatre, and a greater discrimination in our theatre-going, — in other words, if we use a certain moderation in our American extravagance where the theatre is concerned, — we can do much, and all that is within our power as individuals, to make the theatre really worth while as an American institution. As it exists, it is a creature of haphazard growth, kicked and petted by turns, in whose present formation there have been at work so many ill-advised influences, that it is like an over-indulged and spoiled child, with too many relatives who do not care for its future, if only they can get from it the moment's pleasure. It needs discipline before it can become at once our joy and pride. A judicious denial to it of the favors which have pampered it into an exaggerated idea of its importance in our lives would be the best thing that could happen to the theatre to-day. Such a deprivation of popular favor is a deprivation easy to be brought about when we realize that we are none of us really too busy to give a little thought to what should be an important national institution, and that as a people we should be a little ashamed of our indiscriminate encouragement of the theatre as it is in America. Once we make it a discredit for the individual to lend his or her support to what is cheap or tawdry or inartistic on the stage, we shall bring about a speedy and affirmative answer to any question as to the theatre's value as an asset in American culture.

THE EVANGEL

THE songs of Christmas had not ceased
  Upon the New Year's air
When first, from realms unknown released,
  Her spirit sought our care.

And 'mid the watch with hope and dread,
  Hark! in the dawn-light dim
One in the nursery overhead
  Wakes with a crooning hymn.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
  All thoughtless sings the boy; —
Shall lisping lips foretell the flight
  Of fear, the flood of joy?

Fear not — still hear the herald sing
  The treasured words of old;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring —
  The ancient truth is told!

For now the first small plaintive cry
  Of life stirs with the morn,
And Heaven to earth again draws nigh —
  To us a child is born.

Thus came the Child of God to earth;
  And since the world began
An angel song for each dear birth
  Rings in the heart of man.

A DAUGHTER OF THE RICH [1]

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

SOME there may be who will say — who do say, no doubt, for they dearly love a bit of gossip — that I am no better than an adventurer; that I have wormed my way into a girl's heart under false pretenses, and will but devour what I find there; and that two weeks — or three, or whatever the time was, according to the usual measure of man — is too short a time for two people to have found out that they love each other. Now, those who are most apt to speak thus foolishly are my neighbors, who have mated according to their lights; and I have not observed that they are happier than other folk. Indeed, I doubt whether they are as happy.

It is not to be imagined that my neighbors have remonstrated with me upon the subject. But I have observed, when I have met two of them together, they do but wait until I am out of hearing — sometimes scarcely that — before they get their heads together.

"That's the fellow," says one, "who is engaged to Old Goodwin's daughter."

"Is it, indeed?" says the other, — and turns his head about, that he see me the better. And I stop and lean casually upon a wall, my face toward them. For I would not cheat them of their birthright.

"Yes," says the first. "In two weeks. Disgraceful, I call it."

They gaze at me — both of them — as if I were a monster from a museum.

"Rich, is n't he?" asks the second. "Goodwin, I mean — not this fellow."

And they pass on, laughing uproariously. I would not stint their mirth, and, giving over my leaning upon the wall, I, too, pass on.

Therefore it comes to pass that I have no great opinion of my neighbors' judgment. Indeed, I contend that they speak of that they know not of. Eve agrees with me in this, — she agrees with me in most things, now, — for have we not been engaged for one whole month, and not the littlest shadow on our happiness? And still I am wont to take my basket on my arm and my clam hoe in my hand and wander the shores. But the clams that I dig would make but a sorry meal, and the clams that I leave — well, they will but be the bigger and the lustier for digging when I am minded to it. And it were easy to guess what clam beds I frequent.

So it befell that I wandered, one afternoon, over the oozy flats toward my chosen hunting ground. The sun was getting low in the west, and well I knew what colors the Great Painter was just beginning to spread over the still water and upon the shining mud. But yet I would not look at them, but wended on, at a pace too great for a clammer. And joy was in my heart. For there, just where the sod broke off to the sand and the pebbles shone bright in the sun, sat Eve. And she smiled upon me as she spoke.

"Adam," said she, reproving, "you are almost late to-night."

And, at that, the ganglion that I have mentioned, that does duty for my heart, leaped for joy, so that I was nigh to choking. And, indeed, though it is but a ganglion, it knows its duty well, and leaps for joy or aches with sorrow as well as the best-behaved heart in the world. I have not known the ache for sorrow since the day of my clambake; but it can make a man very wretched. And I am convinced that it can ache for pure joy, too — although that is a different ache, with happiness in it.

So I smiled back at her. "Almost late,"

[1] For the characters in this story see "The Clammer" in the *Atlantic* for August, 1905.

I said, "is just in time. Late has no" —

"Adam, Adam," she cried, "are you become a grammarian? Grammarians are tiresome. And I must go, for I have an engagement" — .

"No, no," I answered, in haste; for though in my heart I knew well she did but jest, yet I feared to lose her. "To perdition with all such! No, Eve, there is small danger that I shall become a grammarian. I have put all that behind me. It gets farther behind me, with every day that passes. And your engagement is with me."

She laughed, a low, sweet laugh.

"Yes," she said, "it was."

And we sat there, silent, and Eve gazed at the sun, that was near his setting, and he gazed back at her. He set no longer behind the bearded hill, — the time was passed for that, — but there were other hills, and he must set behind them, for that is his destiny.

And I was leaning on my elbow, down upon the sod, and idly gazing at the sun, and idly gazing up at Eve. But I gazed at Eve the more. And the west was all golden, with a soft haze everywhere that left nothing with sharp outlines, — and the sun was set, like a great yellow diamond, in its midst. It was one of those days — come a month or more before its time — when the whole earth seems to drowse and doze and breathe forth peace.

At last Eve spoke.

"See, the sun is almost down. Stand beside me, Adam."

So I stood, and she clasped my fingers close in hers, and we faced the west, for we would bid the old sun good-night. And as we stood thus, came Old Goodwin, silently, and stood at her other side. And she took his hand in hers, too, one hand to each, and we looked at the sun, and his rim rested on the hill. And there stood a tree, great and tall like a spire, that showed black against his disk. So we watched him sink, and, as the last thin line vanished behind the hill, we saluted, all three. Then Eve breathed a deep sigh.

"Such a lovely day, Adam," she said, "ended in beauty! If all the days could be like this!"

"Truly," said I, "beauty is from within, Eve, and each day is but what we make it."

Then Eve and I sat us down upon the bank where we were wont to sit, and Old Goodwin gave me a quiet smile for greeting. He was a quiet man, peaceable and peace-loving, and I marveled, often, that he should be Goodwin the Rich. But so it was. And his automobiles flashed past my front gate, as they had done before, covering my hedge with dust and enveloping my house in nauseous smells; also as they had done before. But I like automobiles better than I did. I even ride in them sometimes, with Eve, on the back seat; and Old Goodwin rides on the front seat and drives as though the Devil were after him. Which I think he is not, for Old Goodwin is a lovable man, and a good man, I believe, as men go. So I sit in the back seat, with Eve, and hold my clothes on, — my hat I long ago learned to leave at home, — and I bump here and there, and now and then I shout a tender word to Eve, and I think my thoughts. And when we turn a corner — on two wheels — I thank goodness that there are high sides to hold me in.

But Old Goodwin had gone to a tree that was at hand, and from some recess had pulled some rubber boots. They were old boots, battered and dingy with much wading through mud. And after the boots came a hat, as old and battered as they, and a coat. And he put them all on, deliberately, and stood. And, standing, he looked more like some old fisherman than like Goodwin the Rich, which was, no doubt, why he wore them. My neighbors would be but too happy if they were to see Old Goodwin — and know him — digging in my clam beds, and their tongues are ever ready at inventing tales. Those neighbors of mine are a grief to Eve, and an incitement to anger, which, as every one knows, heats the blood and causes vapors in the brain. Eve does not like

vapors. So I was at some pains to get those old boots.

And Old Goodwin, after further searching in the tree, drew forth a clam hoe and a basket; and being thus equipped, he hied him to the flats, which were, by now, almost bare, and he began to dig. Now that is a luxury which the Rich may seldom have, that they should dig for clams. Old Goodwin enjoyed it mightily, splashing here and there in his boots, and digging as the fancy seized him; which was as like to be where the clams were not as where they were. But he cared not at all, and drew long breaths for very joy of living; and the clams that he found he put within his basket. And with his boots, as he waded here and there, he stirred long lines of color, that went rippling in waves of yellow or red or a tender blue, until they died at our feet. For the west was all a brilliant, dazzling yellow, with one long cloud that showed indigo above, but a bright crimson below. And behind us were other long clouds, and they were crimson, too. But the sky, between, was a tender blue. And I gazed long.

"Adam," cried Eve, at last, "how can you be content to sit there?"

I looked up, in some surprise. "Should I not be content?" I said. "For here are you, beside me, and before us is spread a picture of peace, that changes with each moment that passes. Look at that tranquil water, Eve, with its long tongue of blue that marks the current. Should I not be content?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, "I hope so. I trust so, always — with me beside you. I would not have it otherwise. But even the tranquil water has its current. Let us dig, too."

I laughed — as quietly as I could, for I would not break that tranquillity. She had me there.

"What a governess!" I said. "She has her way always. Well, then, let us dig — though it seems a pity to disturb the clams."

"They live in eternal darkness," said Eve. "It is better that they be disturbed. Besides, Adam, I came to dig. I got this gown on purpose."

I had not noticed the gown. But she stood straight before me, and I looked her up and down, as she would have me. Truly, I could see no difference between that gown and any other — save that it was shorter. But Eve would look adorable in any, — and it was the woman that I saw.

And I said as much. "To tell the truth," I said, "I did not see your gown. What does it matter what you wear?"

"To dig?" she said, reproving. "Have you forgotten, Adam? Surely you would not have your wife drip salt water upon her best dress, and spot it?"

As she spoke she looked at me, and I saw that in her eyes that brought me up upon one knee. At least I might kiss her hand, with Old Goodwin pottering about my clam beds. He considerately turned his back upon us.

And so we digged for clams, too, until the light had faded from the western sky, and the twilight was almost gone. And when, at last, Old Goodwin turned and lumbered peacefully up the bank and sat him down, that he become once more Goodwin the Rich, behold, our basket was well filled. For Eve and I have but the one basket; and her back does not tire now.

And I, too, sat me down, — for Eve had to take off her rubber boots, — and I sat me near to Old Goodwin. And once more he gave me that quiet smile of greeting that breathed of peace.

"And Mrs. Goodwin?" I asked. "Will she not see me yet?"

"Not yet," he answered, still with that quiet smile. "But do you have patience. She will come around — at least, I hope so. It was rather — in the way of a surprise, you know. And as a surprise," he added, with a chuckle of delight, "it was rather good — yes, it was a success."

I sighed. I am not a patient man; and here was Old Goodwin counseling me to have patience. There is nothing harder

for me to have. He could not have hit upon a more difficult prescription.

"I have had patience," I said; "and shall go on having it until it leaves me. And when that will be I do not know but not so long as I can keep it with me. And, after all, I do not know that I care — except for Eve's sake."

"No," he said, and the smile was gone. "You win in any case — or so it seems to me. She loses. Remember that. She loses. And so I ask you to have patience. It is worth while, if only for Eve's sake."

"It is not easy for me to be patient," I replied. "But I will, — at least I will try. That I promise, and no man can promise more. For I win in any case. She may gain a son or lose a daughter — but Eve — No, I will be patient."

Old Goodwin had got his boots changed by this, and now he rose — Goodwin the Rich.

"I thank you, Adam," he said. He called me Adam, too. "It will be the easier for me. And that is something to you — is it not?"

I jumped to my feet and seized his hand. "It is much to me," I cried. "If ever you see me going wrong, I beg you to remind me. For Eve's sake and yours. That will bring me back."

Indeed, he had been my good friend — my good friend and Eve's. And now he smiled once more, Old Goodwin's quiet smile. I loved that smile, breathing peace on earth and good will to men. It was easy to see where Eve had got hers. She smiled with her eyes, too, and in them I saw — but perhaps that was for me alone. But Old Goodwin, with his quiet smile, was yet Goodwin the Rich. It was a marvel.

"You are good children," he said. "Good-night — and bless you."

So he ambled off, up the path that was beginning to show, even in that dim light. For a path is made by walking upon it, and even once a day will serve for that. And that path was walked on more than once a day. As he reached a turn, he waved his hand to us, and we to him.

"Eve," I said, musing, "there goes a good man."

She turned to me. "He is," she said. "And I am glad to have you think that, Adam. There are those — who say cruel things of him."

"They are wrong," I cried. "I am convinced of it. From all envy, hatred, and malice, good Lord, deliver us. But what of that other rich man, Eve?"

For there was a certain rich rascal; and her mother would have had her marry him — for her worldly good. But she chose me. Which was but a disappointment to Mrs. Goodwin — too grievous to be borne; so grievous was it that she would in no wise see me. And I was to have patience. But as I looked up at Eve, waiting for my answer, I saw that she was smiling merrily.

"I told him," she said, "that I was engaged already. And he seemed surprised at that, and he would know the name of the happy man. And I told him that, too. Did I do well? Are you" — She stopped and hesitated.

"Am I happy, Eve?" I answered softly. "Surely, you know that I am. Happier than I thought I should ever be. And what said he then?"

"Oh, then — he did not understand. For I think he did not know you, Adam. And I said you were a fisherman — or a clammer, as occasion served. You should have seen his face. And he but wished me joy, and went. Which was what I wanted."

I chuckled. For I do chuckle, on occasion.

"I have no other occupation," I said, "and neither has he. And he comes, in his yacht, to ask you, and you tell him that you are to wed a digger of clams. And where is he now?"

"I do not know," she answered; and the smile faded.

And I thought my thoughts, and was silent. Truly, the digging of clams has its delights, and not all the Rich are fitted to partake thereof. For how many of them see what lies before their eyes? How

many of them see the colors the old sun spreads on the still water and the shining mud? A flat is a flat to them, a thing to be shunned; a thing that will spoil their white flannels and get their dresses all muddy. Not all of them are Old Goodwins. And the works of the Great Painter are not for such as these. But the colors were gone now, and the light, too, and I heard Eve sighing.

"What is it, Eve?" I asked. "Must you go?"

"Soon," she said, "very soon. But I was thinking of my mother. She hinted — almost threatened — that he would come again."

"That rich man?" I said. "He is better forgot." And, indeed, I had forgot him already. "After all, what matter? His goings and his comings are nothing to us. And your mother — was it hard to tell her? I did what I could."

"It was not easy," she answered, and I knew by her voice that tears were in her eyes, though I could not see. "Your note, Adam, she tore up before my eyes. Oh, I was angry! And I said what I should not. And then she said — she was angry, too — that she would not come to my wedding" —

"We will have patience, Eve," I said, "and perhaps she may change her mind. And, for the note, why, it is better torn up than passed around among her friends to be laughed over. Yes, I am glad about the note."

"And I saved the pieces — every one," she said then, laughing shyly. "After my mother was gone, I gathered them up. But now I must go, Adam. See, it is quite dark. You may come up the path with me — if you will — for just a minute."

If I would! And if our parting took more than just the minute she had said, why, I will bear the blame — if blame there is. For I left her happy and with her eyes shining. And so I stumbled home along the shore, my heart singing. And my supper — for what clammer would dine at seven — was ambrosia and nectar, being plain corn meal mush and fresh milk. And when I had filled myself full of it, I betook me to the seat under the old pine, and I gazed at the stars and wondered. I saw Arcturus, that he hung, red, high in the west; and Altair blazing above me. But, gaze where I would, I saw always that wonderful hair with the light upon it from the western sky; and those wonderful eyes with the light within them that made them to outshine Altair himself. And, gazing, I wondered if in all the worlds that revolve about those innumerable suns, there were a being as happy and as content as I.

So the days passed, and some days I found happiness, and other days I found it not; but usually I had it for a bedfellow. And it was lucky that I did, for what is to be said of a clammer who cannot sleep? And each afternoon, when the sun was low, I wended slowly over toward my clam beds, along the shore where the water lapped ever. And the Great Painter spread his colors with lavish hand, and peace covered the earth and was upon the face of the waters. And peace was in my heart, too, for there on the bank sat Eve, and she smiled to see me come.

And it befell, on a day, that there was a flat calm, and the sun veiled his face before he set; and, above, the veil spread out in a thin sheet, feathery and white, so that I could not tell where it began.

"Look, Eve," I said. "To-morrow it will be stormy."

And she said nothing, but only looked as she was bid, being content to take my word in all things. But Old Goodwin was not.

"Indeed!" he said. "What makes you think so, Adam?"

Then I was tempted. I might have entered upon a disquisition concerning cyclones and the sequence of the weather. But I put that temptation from me. It was but a part of my past.

"Oh," I answered simply, "the look of the sky."

"And in what does the look of the sky

differ from its look on any other day?" he asked. "I see no difference."

"It is hard to tell," I said; "but this is the hurricane season. I may be quite mistaken. But I think it will storm tomorrow."

And so he was forced to be content, though he was but half convinced; and he would have betaken him to the digging of clams, but the tide was not half down. This he mourned, with frequent upward glances at the sky. For Old Goodwin was become more skilled in the finding of clams than he had been. Indeed, I marveled what he could do with the clams he dug, for he no longer gave them to us. I mentioned it to Eve.

She laughed, whispering. "I fear, Adam," she said, "that he is contaminated. He sits up late at night, after everybody else is gone to bed — and I met him, yesterday, coming from the kitchen. He looked furtive as he smiled in passing. Yes, I fear that he is contaminated."

"Steamed clams?" I whispered in reply. "But steamed clams are not baked clams. They are, to clams from a bake, what — a bath in a tub is to a dip in that great ocean."

"It is the best that he can do," she said. "He may not have a clambake. My mother" —

"Ah," said I, illuminated, "the poor man! We will have one for him. And we will ask your mother, too. She can but refuse, at the worst. And perhaps" —

Eve shook her head. "She will refuse," she said — "or take no notice of your asking. But father will be grateful. There are so few things the Rich may do simply. Father would like to muss around, himself, — to help you with the bake, Adam, — and wear his old clothes. He generally has a horrid time."

She was smiling and eager, and her eyes shone.

I nodded. "He shall have his clambake."

So Eve went in early, and Old Goodwin, for the sky was become all gray and nothing to see. And, to me, there is nothing so dismal as a dull gray sky when there is neither wind nor rain. There is the same gray light on the water, the same wherever I look, and all nature seems waiting. After a day of it, I am fit for battle and murder. But now a little breeze came creeping in out of the east, chill and drear. And I was wakened in the night by the wind, howling like a lost soul in torment. I turned over and drew the covers closer and slept again.

And when the day broke, it was not tranquil, and no sun to see; and the wind shrieking and yelling out of the southeast, like some wild thing, with gusts of drenching rain. I ate my breakfast at my leisure, — there would be more wind before there was less, — put on oilskins, boots, and sou'wester, and fared forth.

And I came to the bank, and no Eve was there. Indeed, I had known better, but can a man help hoping? It was much too early, and who could expect her to come down in that wind? And as I made these excuses for her, behold, she stepped from behind a great tree.

Out from my clam beds — some way out — is a reef of rocks. It is grim enough in any weather: at low water just showing its rough head, dark brown, barnacled, bearded with seaweed; at high tide, in calm weather, nothing but a wide expanse of placid water. For which reason, the government, in its wisdom, and to protect the lives of yachtsmen, who ever walk in darkness, — the fishermen know it from the beginning of time, — the government had set, upon the most outward rock, a spindle. It was awkward enough, that spindle, with its sprawling arms, like a telegraph pole — but it served its purpose well, in ordinary weather, I have no doubt. But now — this was no ordinary weather, as any might see — it seemed like to go down, to be torn from its hold in the rock, or the shaft twisted and bent and broken, till it served no longer.

"Look, Eve," I shouted. For the gale tore my words out of my mouth. "The spindle — it will go down at high tide — or before. See, it is bent already."

For, as I spoke, a great sea smashed down upon the rock, sending its spray high; and when the wind had blown the bits of broken water far to leeward, leaving the rock in a smother of foam, I saw the spindle, that it stood straight no longer. And I watched for the fellow of the sea that had come. But Eve held her peace. And we two watched the rock, with its leaning spindle, and ever it leaned the more, but it kept fast hold on the rock, though it was nearly buried in the foam. And ever the tide came higher, until it was buried in every sea that came. So it was come to dinner time; and I felt a great hunger, that gnawed within me.

And so Eve went in, and I tramped home, in the rain, along the shore. But my dinner was too quickly eaten for a clammer, and I thanked a kind Heaven that there were not many more such lonely dinners, — there were far too many, but they could be counted, — there were less than a hundred. And, having bolted my dinner, which deserved better of me, I hurried back to the bank. And there stood Eve, and she smiled to see me come along the shore.

"Look, Adam," she said, as soon as I was within hearing, "can you see the spindle? Is it gone?"

I looked. The tide was risen, now, so that only now and then, between the great seas that came, could I catch a glimpse of it; and I saw that it was bent almost even with the rock. It would be useless for its purpose, even if it held; and the tide that was coming would be very high. Even now the waves lapped about my feet as I stood upon the sand, and the seaweed washed against the bank; and it lacked an hour of high tide. I feared for the pebbles, that they would no more shine in the sun.

"I see it," I said. "It yet holds fast to the rock — as fast as any oyster. But it is bent flat, so that it is no manner of use. It may as well go as stay. The water covers it already — or it would, if it were smooth."

And, indeed, the seas broke no longer over the rock, save an occasional one, higher than the rest, and the trough lower. Such a sea did but open, an instant, to show the top, dark brown and barnacled; then closed again, roaring, in a whirlpool of foam. And Eve said nothing, but only looked. And as we stood, looking, and the rain running off from our clothes in streams, Old Goodwin came down to us, in oilskins and boots and sou'wester. And he said nothing, either, which was not strange, for he was not a man of words. And when he had been there some while, came a mighty sea, and fell upon the rock. I shouted at the sight of that sea; I could do no other. And when it was passed, the water opened once more, and there was but the shaft, bent and twisted.

"Gone!" I cried. And Eve looked at me with wide eyes, but Old Goodwin only nodded.

So we three watched for some while, and at last the water was as smooth over the rock as it was elsewhere. And that is not saying that it was smooth at all, — even on my clam beds, where it was, in a measure, sheltered, the waves broke high, so that I feared for the bank, — but the great seas raced evenly over the rock, and it was as there was none there; for no man could tell its place.

Then, on a sudden, the rain ceased and the wind increased, that it seemed the whole earth must be torn up by the roots. And up on the hill I heard the crash of a tree, falling, and then another. And the water was level with the bank, and the waves broke over my pebbles. Old Goodwin turned at the sound of the trees, and said something, I know not what. For the noise of the wind and the noise of the water was a great noise, and swallowed up the sound of his voice. And he looked once more out to sea, and there came that into his face that made me to look, too.

Now there had been, a moment before, a veil of rain over the surface of the sea that prevented our seeing more than a little way. But now the veil was withdrawn, and I looked — and rubbed my

eyes, and looked again. For there came a yacht — a steam yacht, and she was steaming her best, and with the wind nearly behind her she came at a great pace. Now she was lost in a hollow, that I could see no more than her stack, belching smoke, and now she rose on a wave, that I saw her hull all whole. And the yacht was come nearer, and I knew that here was that certain rich man come to plague me. I even saw the man himself, standing forward, and holding on by a stanchion. And as I saw, I marveled, for I had supposed the man a coward.

I turned to Eve. "Do you know" — But I did not finish, for she nodded; and her look was troubled. I hated that rich man with a mighty hate. And while I still gazed into her eyes, I saw them open wide with horror.

"Oh, Adam!" she cried. "The spindle is gone, and they will go on the rocks! See!"

And I turned. They had come on swiftly, — too swiftly, — and now were headed straight for the place where the rock lay hid; steaming headlong to destruction. I hesitated — I say it to my shame, though a man is but a man, after all — I hesitated an instant; then Old Goodwin began to shout, and I shouted, too, wading into the water up to my waist and waving my hands. For I would warn them farther off. And at our shouting, the man did but get upon the rail, still holding by the stanchion, and lean far out, and put his hand behind his ear. For the wind whipped the words out of our mouths before they were well spoken, and they reached him not at all. And the yacht was but a length from the rock. And the man understood, though he could not hear, and he leaned yet farther out, to call up to the captain; but the captain had understood, too, and she was already turning. And as we looked, and held our breath for fear, she struck with a great shock, and careened, and the great seas dashed high and hid her for a moment. And when she rolled back again, and I could see, the man was gone.

Then Eve shrieked and I cursed, under my breath, and I hurried to shore; and, hastily, I stripped off my coats and cast down my sou'wester upon them as they lay, and tried to pull off my boots. But they were filled full with water from my wading, and would not come. So I pulled out my knife and ripped them down the side; for I was of no mind to be weighted down with rubber boots. Then they came off easily enough, and I rose and looked at Eve.

"Oh, Adam," she cried, "can you swim — in that water?"

I looked out upon the water, that was roaring and racing. A fish might fail to swim on the top of that water, and be well excused for failing. And I was no fish, though I could swim passing well.

"Yes," I said.

"Then," said Eve, "go, and God keep you!" And she kissed me, taking no shame to herself that her father saw, and those on the yacht, — they had little leisure for observing, — and some of my neighbors, who had gathered near, — who had leisure.

And, with that kiss upon my lips, I could have gone to my death with a light heart; indeed, I knew not but that I was going to it. So I plunged in and swam, thinking as I went, with some bitterness, that here was I, risking my life for a man who was come but to give me trouble. Truly, I thought, he has begun well, and it will be no strange matter if the beginning and the ending are the same. Then I was come to an end of my shelter, and the wind tore at me, and the waves buffeted me, so that I was forced to give all my thought to my swimming; and that was well, too.

Now I have no purpose to give an account of my fool's errand that I had swum out upon, for thus should I be but a boaster and a braggart and one marked out for destruction. But I found the man, — I do not well know how, — and I brought him to shore, to Eve and Old Goodwin, where they waited; and I do not well know how I did that, either. And I was

weary, even unto death. And there I left him, to be cared for by those same neighbors of mine, and to recover or not, as it happed him. But I turned to Eve before I went, and she was crying softly.

"Oh, Adam, Adam," she said; and with that she stopped and said no more, for she could not speak. But she put her arms about me, all wet as I was, and held me tight, and I heard her voice whispering, but I could make out no words. And when she had made an end of her whispering, she let me go.

"Now, Adam," she said, "you are all wet, and you are all weary. Do you go home and get off those wet clothes, and rest yourself. And when you are all rested I will come and tell you whether it has gone well or ill with him."

So I went, and weary I must have been, for I thought not to marvel that Eve should come to my house, and I gave no thought to the yacht, that had been in evil case enough when I saw her last. And as I plodded along the shore, it chanced that I glanced out upon the water. For the wind was beginning to fall already. And the yacht was on the rock, where she had struck, but she had swung clean around, so that her bow was toward the seas, and she seemed like to slide off. And as I looked, a boat put out from shore and pulled toward her. After all, my neighbors have their good points.

And when I had got into dry clothes, and had swallowed a draught of hot tea, I felt somewhat rested. So I went out and sat me down on the seat under my pine. From that place I could see the west, and the clouds were somewhat broken, and driving fast, but no glimpse of the sun yet, though he must be near his setting. And out upon the water lay the yacht, at anchor in a spot that was sheltered, and she was well down by the head. About her, like a flock of crows, were some small boats. And I looked no more upon the yacht, but I gazed at the tree like a spire, that should show against the sun's disk as he set, and I thought with bitterness on what I had done; and my thoughts were the thoughts of Ahab. I even spoke aloud.

"Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"

And, even as I spoke, I heard behind me the light step that I knew and loved, and there was Eve. And she sat her down upon the seat beside me.

I looked at her, questioning. "Is it well?" I asked.

She smiled up at me. "It is well," she answered; and my bitterness fell from me as a garment, and I marveled that it was so.

And so we sat and saw the twilight fail, early, and the night fall. And out upon the water, a light marked where the yacht lay at her anchor, and the light bowed slowly, up and down; for there yet was a swell coming in, although the wind had fallen. And peace was upon my spirit, and a great content.

Under my great pine is a pleasant place for a man — or for a Daughter of the Rich, as I make bold to guess — with a heart at ease. And for a certain rich man it might, indeed, be pleasant under my pine — I did not know. But I was to find out, for a week had gone by since I hauled him ashore like any drifting mess of seaweed, and with no more life in him, as it seemed, than in the weed; his legs and his arms trailing in the water. And, Eve asking it, I had invited him to my clambake that I made to pleasure Old Goodwin. From my seat against the tree he might look out upon my clam beds. But it might well be that he would not care for clam beds; for every rich man is not an Old Goodwin. And he might see, too, the place where he so nearly lost his life. And it might well be that he would not care for that, either. But he should have the chance. And, to make the tale complete, I had asked Mrs. Goodwin, too.

And Old Goodwin helped me with the bake, and he whistled as he worked. He was no artist at the whistling, but yet it gave me pleasure to see him so well pleased, so that I must needs join him in his whistling; and I am no artist at it,

either. But we were merry at our whistling, and we made so great a racket with it that any would have thought, to hear us, there was a flock of strange birds and it was springtime; instead of which it was fall and the birds had left, except some robins and some sparrows and some other. And even they were silent, for the most part. And the terns had gone, too, — that always marks the change of season, for me, — and the winter gulls had come, to take their place.

And when, at last, we had the embers all raked off, and the stones clean, Old Goodwin leaned upon his rake, and wiped his forehead. It was hot, there, so near the hot stones, and the fire just burned out. And he began to laugh, for sheer pleasure and for the merriment that he might hold in no longer; and, laughing, he could whistle no more.

"Adam," he said, "do you know what it is that you are whistling?"

And I stopped long enough to answer. "No," I said. "It does not matter. Make a glad noise."

And, with that, I began to sing; and I am only worse at singing than I am at whistling. But what cared I? And Old Goodwin, as soon as he could, for his laughter, joined me in singing. And he sang worse than I.

At last, our work done, we sat us on the seat and were silent. And Old Goodwin gazed at the smoking dome of weed, and I gazed out over the water. And presently he rose and went to garb himself, for he was dressed in his clammer's clothes, that were well stained with mud and with salt water and with clams. And then I, too, would change my clothes, for I was no better dressed than he.

And when I was all arrayed, I set out along the shore, and my heart-beat was too high, by far; but my spirits were high, too, that I scarce kept from singing aloud, or from waving my arms and shouting at the deep-sounding sea. But I remembered that certain rich man that I was to meet. What would he think of a clammer that sang aloud, by himself, — and most outrageously, — or that shouted an occasional line from Homer, — what could he think, but that I knew no better — and no more? So I strode along the shore and came to the bank. And I sat not down, but paced to and fro. And soon came Eve, and behind her came Old Goodwin and that other rich man. A moment only Eve smiled at me, and then she stood aside. And that other rich man stepped forward and broke in upon Old Goodwin's speech; for he would have introduced us.

"We need no introduction," he said. "Thanks seem a poor thing enough to give in return for my life, but I can offer you no more."

And I took the hand he held out, and I murmured something, I know not what, about its being of no consequence, — which, indeed, it was not, though I should not have said so.

So we wended along the shore to the steep path, and Eve walked beside me. She was not in white now, for it was cool, with a sharp wind out of the northwest. Indeed, what she had on I did not know, — some dark stuff gown that well became her, — I was not looking at her gown. And, walking so, we came to the steep path, and climbed it, and we stood beneath my pine. And before the seat against the tree stood my table, that I had made large enough for four; but the seat was unchanged, and it held but two.

Old Goodwin looked upon the seat, and he said no word, but he smiled his quiet smile and betook him to my shed. And I bethought me of Mrs. Goodwin.

"And Mrs. Goodwin?" I asked. "Will she not come?" But I did but jest, for I had had no idea that she would come.

And that rich man spoke, and what he said was a surprise to me. "Mrs. Goodwin wished me to say," said he, "that she feared to catch cold, as the wind is somewhat biting. But she thanks you for asking her."

Then I looked at Eve, and she seemed surprised, too. But Old Goodwin had

found his box that he had sat upon before, and he brought it out and set it by the table.

"I will sit here," he said. "I have an affection for this box. It tilts nicely."

And that other stared a moment. "I wonder," he said, at last, "if there is another — no, no." For I had started for the shed. "Let me get it."

And I laughed and nodded, and he went. And we heard a tremendous racket, and presently he came, bringing a box that was the fellow to Old Goodwin's. Laughing, too, he set it down.

"There!" he said. "And now for the clams."

We sat long at my little table under my great tree, but at last it was cold, for the sun was gone behind a black cloud. And Old Goodwin rose, reluctantly, and that other rich man rose, too, and stood before us, where we yet sat upon the seat.

"I have to thank you," he said to me, "for the pleasantest time and the most delicious feast that I have had in many a long day." Then he hesitated and looked away a moment; but presently his eyes came back to mine. "You are a better man than I am, Adam, and better worthy of her. From my heart, I wish you joy. I shall not come again to plague you." Again he looked away. "And I shall say as much to Mrs. Goodwin, — with your permission."

And I stood, and took the hand he offered; but I did not speak. I could not, for a moment. Then I mumbled something, I know not what, about his kindness. But it did not matter what I said. And my heart warmed to him, and I was sorry for him, — he had lost so much, — but he took it as a man should, and there was hope of him yet, that he become a man. I thought nothing of his having called me Adam; indeed, I doubted if he knew it. And so he went, quickly, without so much as looking back, and Old Goodwin followed as quickly, and they went down the steep path, and we heard their laughter. And I turned to Eve, and she smiled up at me.

"Oh, Adam," she cried softly, "if we only could!"

"We can but try, Eve," I answered, smiling back at her; "and we will. He seems worth it." And then I mused a while, and at last I spoke my thoughts. "Eve," I said, "why did you choose me?"

She looked at me, her eyes wide. "Why did I choose you?" she asked, perplexed. "What do you mean, Adam? Would you give me up?"

"Now God forbid," I cried, "that I should do that thing! What man, having got you, would give you up? But that rich man" —

She laughed, a merry laugh. "Why, that is simple — as simple as life itself. I chose you because I loved you, and I did not love that rich man. And why it should be so I do not know."

And what I did at that, I leave it to any to guess; for Old Goodwin was gone, and that other, and there was no one there save only Eve and me, under my great tree.

"I thank Heaven that it is so," I said, at last, "and what the reason is I do not care."

And, at that, the black cloud that was before the sun spilled a few drops, great drops that splashed as they struck. For it was well over us, and almost passed.

Eve was distressed. "Adam," she said, "do you believe in signs?"

"Yes," I answered, "if you like. Would you take that cloud to be a sign?"

She nodded, saying nothing.

"Well," said I, rising, "so be it. But come where we can see the east, and I will interpret for you."

So she rose, too, and together we went down the steep path and along the shore. And, as we went, I interpreted for her in this wise: —

"That black cloud, Eve, and the drops that it shed from its lap as it passed, signify the shadow of a sorrow. And the shadow of this sorrow lies in the behavior of your mother, who will none of me; and who says that she will not come to your wedding. But that shadow shall pass,

even as the cloud has passed. For look, Eve; you can see the sun."

And, as I spoke, the sun was peeping under the western edge; and we saw his disk grow, until we could look at him no longer. And we were come to the bank, where the pebbles shone, red, in the sun. For he was near his setting.

"Now," said I, "I may have to wait some while for the rest of my interpreting."

And we waited, watching in silence, for some minutes. And the cloud was gone from above us, into the east, and there were no more drops; but under the cloud it was raining hard. And there began to form a bow: first a patch of color here and a patch there; then, gradually, the patches joined by fainter parts; then those faint parts brightened into a perfect bow with its ends dipping into the sea, and with all its colors perfect. And, as we gazed, there formed, within the first, another bow, and yet a third — though one must look hard to find it. And it should go hard but I find a promise in it.

"Which signifies, being interpreted," I said softly, "that your life shall be thrice happy."

But the marvels were not yet done; for there came broad sheaves of light that overspread the bows, but did not hide them. And there, at the centre of the bows, was a tiny sail; and the sail was brighter than aught else, and it was as if the sheaves of light had issued from it. And above were great masses of cloud, roll upon roll, and the sun, in his setting, spread them with all manner of saffron and scarlet and crimson, and with all the delicate shades of pink that are known to man — and with many that man, with all his skill, knows nothing of. But the shadows were blue or lilac or purple. And we gazed long, until the brightness began to fade. Then Eve sighed.

"Oh, Adam," she whispered, "it is so beautiful! Heaven grant that you prove a true prophet!"

There is a restlessness that seizes upon men in certain case. I had felt it before, and had wandered the shores, with my basket upon my arm and my hoe in my hand; and I had digged here and there as the fancy took me. But the clams that I digged lay forgotten upon the sands, to bury themselves once more; while I, seated upon a barnacle-covered rock, — or even standing, — gazed and gazed and saw nothing of what was before me until the tide, lapping about my ankles, brought me to myself. And then, with a heart-breaking sigh, I would shoulder my hoe, and again betake me to wandering the shores. Then, Eve had been the cause, for I had not got her; but at least I might find my content again at sunset, when I sat upon the bank, where the sod breaks off to the sand, with her beside me. Now, Eve was the cause, too; and my content was fled from me, and though I might sit upon the bank, I sat alone, or with no one but Old Goodwin. And Old Goodwin was well enough, but he was not Eve. And I had no joy in the colors that the Great Painter spread so lavishly, but was ill-tempered and out of sorts, giving short answers to the remarks Old Goodwin made, and never sitting still five minutes. And Old Goodwin but smiled his quiet smile, and was very patient with me; he knew well the cause of my sour temper. For Eve had betaken herself to the city, that she might the better make preparation for a certain Event. What Event that was, it is but a dullard that cannot guess; and it was eighty days off, and then it was seventy. Eighty æons — with Eve away. But I diverted myself by counting it in hours, then in minutes. It was a prodigious number of minutes — but I took what comfort I might in it.

And one morning I awoke at dawn, and, as I leaned from my window, I saw the ground all white with frost. Then the east was grown all red, a narrow line of color changing above to yellow and a faint green, and, on a sudden, the sun popped up. And then I got to thinking of that other dawn that Eve and I had seen, and content abode with me no

longer. And I drew in my head and dressed in sullen haste and went down to breakfast. It was a good breakfast, but gall and wormwood had been sweeter in my mouth if I could but find again that peace I sought; and, having done, I lighted my pipe and went forth, and I betook me to the woods. Perchance content had taken refuge there.

So, all that day, I wandered the wood, seeing the red of the dogwood and of the sumach, the reds and yellows of the maples, and the yellow leaves of the birches showing against the white trunks; and, here and there, a clump of pine, their dark green the darker for the color with which they were surrounded. But I found no beauty in any. Truly, content was not there; or, if it were, I found it not. And I saw the seed-pods lifting on their dry stems, and the rotting logs, and the dead leaves.

At last my tale of days was done, and Eve was come home. And I awoke one morning to see a thin skimming of ice, crisp and crackling, spread over every shallow pool, and it was well into November. And my breakfast was ambrosia and nectar, being the same that had been gall and wormwood before; for Eve was come. And, if I did not eat much, why, any lovesick boy can tell you why it was. Then, having done, I hurried off, and on every shallow pool that was skimmed with ice I slid. And the ice rose up before my feet, and broke into a thousand pieces behind them; but I did not wet so much as the sole of my shoe. And I hurried over to my clam beds, where the sod breaks off to the sand; for there, I thought, shall I find my lost content.

The sun lay warm upon the bank, but no Eve was there. And I paced to and fro, fuming with impatience, my head down upon my breast. For I found not content, having been certain that I should find it, that had been lost to me for a month, and more. And, as I paced the shore, to and fro, there came a light touch upon my shoulder. I turned, swiftly, and there was Eve, her eyes shining. And I — but I know not what I did — and, if I knew, I would not tell.

"Eve, Eve," I cried, my voice shaking, "you were gone so long!"

And she only smiled up at me, the same smile that I had seen so often, in my dreaming before my fire; and I knew that I had found again that peace that had been so long lost. And what we did then is for my Eve and me to remember; but presently we found ourselves sitting upon the bank, and the ice was gone from the shore, and the sun shone warm.

"And when shall I see," I asked, "your finery? So long a visit should accomplish much."

"Shall a bride not be properly fitted out?" she answered. And she said it softly, as she were half ashamed — and, at that, I kissed her — I could not help it. Eve did not chide me for it. "And you shall see all my finery — on Christmas day; or any day after."

Then I looked blank, I do not doubt, and she laughed again her merry laugh. For Christmas day is to be our wedding day. But I had Eve. That was enough — and she had promised that she would not go away again. And we sat there, talking or silent, as the whim took us, until Eve was cold.

So the days passed, and I was happy; and the leaves of the wood, that had been red and yellow and bronze, turned to a dull brown and fell, whirling: but the oaks kept theirs, and they rattled in each breeze. And the ice formed on the shore, great, jagged cakes that covered my clam beds, and the bank as well, so that we might no more see the pebbles. And though the sunsets came earlier with each day that passed, it was become too cold to stay and see them. And the days of my waiting were grown less and less, till there was but one left. Still there was no snow. And the morrow was Christmas day.

I was prowling the shores that morning, looking for Eve, — as I ever did when I was not with her. And as I made my way carefully among the broken cakes of ice that the tide had left, I saw her com-

ing down the path under the trees. I hurried — and looked again — and, behold, it was not Eve at all, but a lady clad in furs, and seeming proud and haughty. And she came near the bank, and so did I.

"I wished to speak with you," she said. And I bowed low. But what she said next astonished me.

"You have robbed me of a daughter," she said again, her head high, — "and you a fisherman!"

Again I bowed low, saying nothing. What should I say to that? Had she not been told? I had ado not to laugh — but I did not, only bowed. And yet again she spoke.

"You have robbed me of a daughter," she repeated; "but I will come to your wedding — to my daughter's wedding. I wished you to know that, so I came to tell you."

And I thought she would have wept, but she did not. For she was proud — and now I realized where my Eve had got her beauty. But I had found my tongue at last.

"I thank you, madam," said I; "and I am grateful for so little. I should be the more grateful for a little more — for Eve's sake more than for my own. I am not your enemy, come to rob you, and if you would" —

"You have robbed me of a daughter," she broke in; and turned swiftly, and was gone up the path, her head high. But I could hear her weeping, though she tried to still it. And so I stood and watched her out of sight among the trees.

I was telling Eve of it, that afternoon. And the sun was low, though it was early. And Eve listened in silence, watching the sun.

"Let us stay and say good-night to him," she said, at last.

"With all my heart," I answered. "But let us walk, Eve. You will be the warmer."

And so she slipped her hand within my arm, and we walked to and fro along the shore, and we watched the sun. And, on a sudden, I looked at Eve, and her eyes were filled with tears. And I stopped short.

"What is it, Eve?" I asked.

"This is the last sunset, Adam," she said softly, "that Eve Goodwin will ever see."

And the tears fell, and she was weeping. My heart stood still.

"And you are sorry, Eve?" I said; and I scarce knew my own voice. "Would you draw back?"

"No, oh, no, Adam," she cried. "Not that — I did not mean that. I do not regret — anything. But — let me cry a little."

"Cry, to your heart's content," I said, and smiled upon her; for my heart was going again — like a hammer.

And so she wept and smiled at once, and then she wept again. And presently she was done, her heart eased. And the sun was sitting on the western hills.

"See," I said. "He has stopped his southern journey, and has started back again. Or I think I see it."

And Eve said nothing, but she clasped my fingers close in hers, and we saw the sun, that he spread the still waters with all manner of reds and purples and shimmering greens. And as the last thin line of red vanished behind the hills, we saluted. And Eve murmured something, I knew not what.

"Good-night, Adam," she said.

"Good-night, Eve — for the last time," I whispered in return.

And she fled up the path under the trees.

For to-morrow will be Christmas day; to-morrow the gates will open.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN THE TENEMENTS

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

My acquaintance with the women of tenement districts antedates any vividness in my view of woman suffrage. It was, indeed, through my association with them that I came to wish to look more closely upon what one of my icily neutral friends is wont to refer to as "that flamboyant and inflammable subject."

One day, a coworker in the social settlement of Boston in which I was most particularly interested met me with a request that was almost an entreaty. "Will you help me," she asked abruptly, "to teach the women of this neighborhood how to register and vote for the school committee?"

As I did not at once reply, she added: "Most of them have children who go to school; they ought to care how the schools are conducted. They have a right to a voice in the matter; they should use that voice."

"It does seem so," I assented. Then, suddenly recollecting that, even from my intimate friends among the women of the vicinity, I never had heard the most casual allusion to the possession of the cited right, I queried: "Have some of them spoken of it to you? None of them have to me. Do any of them ever vote?"

"That's the trouble, they don't vote," said my colleague frankly. "Even the ones who have lived here almost always don't; they know very little about it. We must tell them more. Some of the foreigners are n't yet qualified voters; the ones who are know nothing about it. We must tell them everything." She reverted to the words with which she had opened the conversation: "Will you help me?"

A great many things were happening at that time, to my especially near acquaintances in the tenements. All my spare hours and moments were filled with visits, visitors, club meetings, and preparatory arrangements for all three. Again, I did not immediately reply; and my coworker, understanding my silence, said: "Of course you have n't any time; but this won't take any."

"Won't it?" a premonition led me to ask.

"Oh, no," was the response. "You can do all that is necessary during the process of your usual calls. Show the women how to register; tell them when and where; and remind them to go and vote. That's all."

That, I shortly realized, was not all. I easily showed my acquaintances in the neighborhood how to register; more easily, I told them when and where; most easily, I reminded them to go and vote. This took little time; but it was not all. It was merely the too facile beginning of a prolonged, arduous, and futile endeavor.

One of my best friends in the tenement district was a woman who had long since formed the habit of discussing with me any Janus-headed topic which presented itself within her range of observation, from the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy to the case of Capital *vs.* Labor. She was unmarried; and none of the members of her immediate household were school children; but it so fell out that I went to her first, in pursuance of the promise I had given my coworker. Briefly I explained the primary object of my visit. The woman evinced the liveliest interest; she had never heard of woman suffrage.

"An' in America, everywhere, do they vote for school committees?" she inquired.

I replied with statistical exactness; and more eagerly she asked: "In America, anywhere, do they vote for anything else?"

I explained still further. The pleasure of my friend increased. "An' in states where they can't, do they want to?" she interrogated.

"Some of them do; some do not," I replied. Then, impelled by a natural desire to be as precise as possible, I amended: "Some of them think women ought to be allowed to vote just as men are. They think women have the same right to the ballot that men have."

"An' some of 'em, they think dif'rent?" my hostess pursued.

"Yes," I returned; "they have the opposite opinion."

The eyes of the woman with whom I was conversing brightened. She saw in the subject a new variety of a favorite species. "Has there been much talk 'bout it?" she asked.

"Rather a great deal," I told her.

"There must ha' been interestin' things said?" she hazarded.

"Oh, yes!" I affirmed.

In the course of the six or eight months that followed, I appreciated, as never before, how many had been said, and how very interesting they were. My judicial friend neither registered nor voted. "I'd like to go over the arguin' that's been done, first," she had said.

She was a busy woman. By long hours of close labor in a tailoring establishment she supported her aged mother, an invalid sister, and herself. Her intellectual craving and alertness were such, nevertheless, that at the end of a day's work in the shop, and an evening partly spent in aiding her mother in the performance of sundry household duties, she still succeeded in finding the time and retaining the inclination to read a fairly large number of books, and to come to the settlement for the purpose of discussing them with me.

To her request for "books 'bout women votin'," I at once acceded by providing her with as many leaflets and pamphlets on both sides of the question as I could collect. One night, she asked me to sum up for her the chief arguments of the two opposing parties. Not being quite intrepid enough to attempt even half the task she would have imposed upon me, I arranged, as occasion gave me opportunity, that she hear an address by Dr. Abbott, and a lecture by Mrs. Livermore. My own interest in the subject had been so stimulated that I met her frequent advances toward a new weighing of its merits and demerits with an eagerness that matched her own.

For this reason, I was unable to reproach myself, when, without the faintest warning, she left the topic, to which she has not, thus far, though a number of years have elapsed, again returned. I was leaving her one night, after a protracted call, during which she had spoken at length of various other subjects to which I knew she had given much thought, but not even briefly of woman suffrage. At the door, she detained me. "Did n't you tell me once," she began, "that a wonderful book had been wrote 'bout my trade?"

"About tailoring? Did I?" I said vaguely; it seemed so many weeks since we had alluded to her occupation. "I don't remember any book about it, — except *Sartor Resartus*" —

"That's the name," she interrupted. "I'd like to read it."

"I should be glad to lend it to you," I responded.

"Thank you," she said simply.

"You may have it to-morrow," I said; and then, as she merely thanked me again, I added; "It has no particular connection with woman suffrage; you did n't suppose it had?"

"Oh, no," she laconically replied.

The next evening, she came to get *Sartor Resartus*. I was occupied with a club meeting; but I took a moment from it, in which to say to my friend as I gave her the book, "What about the ballot for woman?"

"More talk than anything else," she rejoined.

It was impossible for me to continue the conversation on that evening. The demands of the club meeting were insistent. For many months afterward, my

friend made no reference to it. Somewhat to my surprise, she read *Sartor Resartus* with the greatest avidity; in its pages she discovered numberless topics for animated debate. No one of these turned upon the question which so lately had captivated her attention. My curiosity was aroused, but I refused it the coveted indulgence of interrogation.

One day, not very long ago, the woman broke her rather noticeable silence. She called upon me, just when another caller and I had reached a point in a discussion of the suffrage movement from which we could not, without further remarks, depart. The woman from the tenement listened. When she was alone with me, she smiled.

"While I was waitin' for you the other night," she began, before I had spoken, "I learned a poem you'd marked in a little book layin' on the table."

"What was it?" I inquired, as she paused.

By way of reply, she repeated, with evident relish, these lines, —

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went!"

"I was n't thinking about woman suffrage, when I marked that," I involuntarily demurred.

Again my friend smiled. "I was, when I was learnin' it," she said.

Presently she continued, "There's so much talk 'bout it" —

"But there is about every debatable subject," I interposed. "I have always thought you enjoyed it," I further suggested.

"I do, when it's interestin'," explained the woman. "I mean," she went on, "when it *stays* interestin'. It does, 'bout Shakespeare an' Bacon. Them little essays o' Bacon's, they stay interestin'. Shakespeare, his books stay interestin'. Then, there's lots o' things been wrote 'bout 'em both that stay interestin', too!"

She ceased, but only for an instant. "There's Capital an' Labor," she commenced anew; "*that* stays interestin'. I never get tired of *Sesame an' Lilies;* I never get tired o' most that I've read 'bout it!"

"But what has all this to do with woman suffrage?" I now asked.

"I'm tired o' woman suffrage," returned my visitor. "I can't settle it in my min'!"

"You can hardly settle the other questions you have been mentioning, either," I reminded her.

"No," she said, "but they are dif'rent. The things I've read, tryin' to settle 'em, heartened me up, an' made doin' my jobs seem easier. The things I've read 'bout women votin' made me sort o' low in my feelin's, an' doin' my jobs got to seem harder."

She gazed at me intently. The burdens of her life, numerous, heavy, and distasteful, were known to me well, for she was an old and a dear friend. As if taking this into account, she said, with a slight emphasis on the pronoun: "*I* think I was right to stop botherin' 'bout suffrage."

A comment was obviously expected. "I think so, too!" I agreed.

There appeared nothing else to do. One of my acquaintances, who is an ardent suffragist, told me, when I related the incident to her, that I should have explained that the possession of the ballot would finally cause the work of all women, not only to seem, but to be, easier. Several of the pamphlets with which I had furnished my friend had already, most authoritatively, given her such an explanation. Another acquaintance, a strong anti-suffragist, asked me why I did not say to her that the reverse would be the case, should the ballot be granted to women. Some of the leaflets she had studied said it, not without force and firmness. My coworker observed that I ought to have suggested to her that it was her duty to concern herself with the question, whether she would or no. All the pamphlets she had seen had offered, unmistakably, a suggestion of that description.

I could not blame myself for the wan-

dering of my friend's attention from the problem of equal suffrage. She had received from me all the help in investigating the opposite claims of the question that it had been possible to give. The knowledge of the subject that she had acquired was by no means inconsiderable; though the appeal it had made to her was small. She knew much about it; but she cared little. Studying the matter had excited without inspiring her. In the course of time, that woman may be ready to answer, at least for herself, the vexed question. At present, she is not prepared so much as to hear it asked. There are so many things that she must do, first; and those things are difficult and tedious. Does it not seem that, before all else, their accomplishment should be alleviated and hastened; and this, moreover, in such manner as she herself prefers?

Another woman, to whom I went, became less broadly, if quite as deeply, sensible of the, for her, too enigmatical nature of the subject. She had five young children, three of whom were pupils in the public school of the immediate neighborhood. Her interest in the processes of their education was, I knew, unusually keen.

"Yes, I'll be real glad to register, an' vote, if it'll keep the schools good, and make 'em better," she said, in unhesitating response to the tidings, which she had not until now received, that the right to make, in this way, the attempt, was legally hers. "I've got three children in school, an' two more to go; an' I want 'em to learn well."

She registered. As the proper time drew near, being unable to call upon her, I wrote, reminding her to cast her vote. The night before election, she came to the settlement. Not finding me, she journeyed out to the far-away street and number given her by the head resident. I heard her asking for me, somewhat breathlessly, and I hurried to the door. "Are any of the children ill?" I inquired, in alarm. "Has something happened to your husband?"

"No," she replied; "but who'll I vote for?"

The next day, she did not go to the polls. She has not yet used her ballot. "I never know who to vote for," she explained one day.

"I can't decide for you," I said, as I had so often said to her during the evening upon which she had besought me to make such a decision; "but I will try to help you to find out how to decide for yourself."

We were in the kitchen; the larger of the two rooms in which she, her husband, and their five children lived. She was ironing, attending to the cooking of her dinner, and watching her baby, who played on the floor. She looked at me kindly. "I know you will," she exclaimed; "but, if you'd jes' as soon, I'd ruther you'd help me 'bout things that's pressin' on me more!"

This woman had a neighbor, one of my particular friends in the tenements, who advanced a decidedly longer distance upon the subject before she summarily retreated. She had four children, all of whom she sent regularly to school. Her husband was an inefficient carpenter, so frequently out of employment that the support of the family almost entirely depended upon her. The eldest of the children was sixteen years of age; but the mother would not consent to her leaving school and beginning to earn her own living.

"She'll have to do it quick enough," was her reason, sadly spoken. "The chance to get educated is all I can give her; an' I want her to have it; I want all my children to have it. I wish *I'd* had it!"

To my information regarding her prerogatives in connection with the selection of school committees, she accorded close attention. Hardly had she registered before she approached me with inquiries relative to present candidates for that office in her city. She had very few leisure hours; and they seldom were coincident with mine; but I did my utmost

to assist her to acquaint herself with the most important factors in the problem. The success of her effort in that direction was slight; her gratitude to me, my co-worker observed, was even more slender.

"Oh, I voted," she told me, after election day; "but I ain't sure now I voted right, an' I ain't sure I done any good votin', anyway." In rather an aggrieved tone, she continued: "I've been so took up, findin' out 'bout it, I've let my housework run slack. My littlest girl, she's been sent home from school twice, 'cause o' her havin' on a dirty dress. Nobody was here to fix her up clean, an' send her back, so she missed them two days. It would ha' been better for her educatin', if I'd washed her clothes in the time I was learnin' 'bout school committees." She did not spare herself; neither did she spare me. "The other things you've helped me into made me do what I'd ought to do, better; this made me do it worse," she concluded.

"I meant well," I ventured.

"O' course, I know you did," my friend generously returned; "but," she inexorably added, "I don't want to fuss over votin' no more."

A suffragist assured me that the fault could not be ascribed to the ballot; she added soothingly that it did not necessarily belong to me. I was unable to fix it upon my friend of the tenement district. The weight of responsibility seemed to fall upon the unripeness of the moment.

One of the most unhappy experiences I ever had in the tenements grew out of that essay of mine to show the women I knew how to register; to tell them when, and where, and to remind them to go and vote. A woman, whom nature and misfortune had made so suspicious of humankind that she seldom trusted any one, had, tardily but quite fully, given me her affection and confidence. She had two children; the elder, a boy, was rather a troublesome member of a public school in the vicinity. The mother was interested in hearing that she might, if she wished, take part in the general government of the city schools. I explained to her as minutely as I was able just how relatively large and small that part was. She registered; in due season she voted; she had been finally ready to make a choice of candidates.

In the middle of the year, her son, becoming more unmanageable by his teachers, was covertly, and then most openly, threatened with the parental school; to which, at last, he went. My friend was grievously incensed: against the teachers; against the committee; against herself, because she had voted for that committee; and against me, because I had revealed to her the fact that she was a qualified voter. For a long time, she was very cold to me, very distant. I was distinctly puzzled. Once, formerly, she had had more apparent cause to be offended with me. I had told her, not that she might, but that she ought, to have her little girl vaccinated. She was reluctant; and I urged until she consented. The small girl was vaccinated; and, in consequence of its "taking" most thoroughly, very ill. The mother not only understood my great resultant distress; she sought to soften it, begging me repeatedly to remember that I was "not to blame." There are two sides to the vaccination question; undeniably, I had pushed my side; whereas I had merely presented the bare facts of there being sides to the school committee question. She had chosen entirely for herself, both as to candidates, and as to using her right to vote for them.

I had begun to wonder whether she would ever again come to see me, or wish me to go to see her, when, one morning, I had a postal card from her, "My baby is sick," it said. I went to her without delay. She greeted me with the old accustomed warmth. Nothing was said about the recent shadow upon our friendship, until I was bidding her good-by. Then she detained me. "Whenever folks have come round my husband 'bout votin'," she commenced, "they's always had some secret meanin'; an' it's turned out

bad for him afterwards, sometimes." She stopped; but I remained silent, and after an instant she went on; "I see now you did n't have no secret meanin' when you told me I could vote. You did n't care, 'cause o' my wonderin' if maybe you 'd had?" she pleaded.

"Yes, I did care," I was obliged to confess; "but it's past, now."

"My thinkin' 'bout votin 's past, too," my friend confided in turn. "It got me all ugly in my feelin's, havin' to do with it; so I'm goin' to let it 'lone."

It has been suggested to me that I might have tried to show her that such a result need not inevitably have followed. There were so many other things to be done for her, first!

But two, of all the many women whom I knew, exhibited any evidences of lucid partisanship.

"What for do I want to register?" one of these asked, after listening to my careful directions as to the time and place for performing that preliminary deed.

"In order that you may vote," I began.

"Why 'd *I* be a-votin'?" she demanded. "Votin 's for men!"

To the other, I said, "You are qualified to vote for school committees."

"If I'm qualified to vote for one thing, why ain't I qualified to vote for everything?" she retorted.

Only one woman attained to any height of abstraction in her view of the subject. In some one of the leaflets which, in answer to her petition, I had sent to her, she found a prediction to the effect that, with the ballot, women would abolish saloons. Her husband was a drunkard. She came to talk about the prophecy.

"Do you think women could?" she asked eagerly.

"It is quite possible; don't you see that it is?" I ventured.

She meditated for an interval; and then she shook her head. "They might shut up the saloons," she granted. "I can see they could; but I don't believe they could stop men drinkin', that way. It ain't so much havin' saloons, as wantin' whiskey, that makes 'em drink. *Nobody's* votin' 'gainst saloons can keep men from wantin' whiskey."

The woman was not a political economist, nor a student of civic governments. It is doubtful if, even after her reading of many pamphlets for, and against, woman suffrage, she was aware of the most superficial definitions of the words; but, nevertheless, she had divined that the ballot, whether of men or of women, is not, whatever else it may be, essentially an ethical force.

Few of the women to whom I so zestfully had gone registered that year; fewer still voted. "Next time, more of them will," my coworker said. The next time, not so many of them did. In the several following elections of school committees, none of them, so far as I have learned, have taken part. They are not suffragists; but neither are they anti-suffragists; scarcely are they conscious neutralists. To no one of these factions are they yet quite ready to begin to belong.

The random bits of conversation relating to woman suffrage that the young girls composing a club of which I was in charge chanced at that period to hear, supplied them with the impetus to challenge an association of boys of very nearly the same ages to a debate on the question. For a while, interest in the subject mounted high. The girls were enthusiastically thorough in their search for arguments on the affirmative side, which, it need not be said, was the side apportioned to them. Among themselves, however, and with me, they discussed the subject from every conceivable view-point. One of my friends ironically congratulated me upon the rapid ease with which my literary club, slowly organized and painstakingly maintained, was being transformed into a bureau of political information.

After the debate, the girls ceased, at least verbally, to consider the problem. Very nearly all of them are now of voting age; most of them are industrially employed. They are all intelligent; but, none the less, they are not ready to pass

judgment upon the question of woman suffrage; the other things which they must do, first, have not yet been finished.

"Do you still want to vote?" I asked one of them not long ago. She had been so positively a suffragist during the weeks that preceded the debate.

"Vote?" she said in perplexity. "Oh," she exclaimed, a light breaking in upon her, "you are thinking about that debate we had! Was n't it exciting? I had almost forgotten about it," she added; "it was so long ago. I have n't thought about voting since then."

"Do you mean that, now, you don't want the ballot?" I queried.

"No," she said meditatively, "I mean that I just don't think about it, one way or the other." She turned her face, young, sweet, and eager, to me. "There is so much else to think about!" she said.

An older girl, not a member of the girls' club, though she was one of my especial friends in the tenements, came as a guest to the debate. She was inspired by it to read rather widely concerning the part taken by women in the making of history. Like most persons, she was more attracted to individual women than to composite woman. She became familiar with numerous biographical sketches; these sketches were, necessarily, somewhat incongruously various.

"What kinds of women do you prefer?" I broadly inquired of her one day.

"Kinds like Dante's Beatrice," was the answer; "and like Queen Victoria, and Joan of Arc."

Thereupon, I advised her to turn her attention, temporarily, from specific biography to general history. Among the books upon which she now happened was Mrs. Gilman's *Women and Economics*.

"It's the most interesting book I ever saw about women," she declared; "so different from the other things I've read." The effect it immediately produced was to arouse in her a bitter sense of the deep wrongs of women; and an even more bitter sense of the relatively deeper culpability of men, in respect to those wrongs.

"Woman is downtrodden by man," the girl said to me one evening, in the course of a discussion of the book; "she always has been; history proves it! I never realized it, until I read that book; but it's true."

Some few years passed; and the girl married. One day, recently, I went to see her. She was engaged in teaching her first child, a little boy, to walk alone.

"Do you remember how I used to read books about great women?" she suddenly asked.

I assured her that I did; she continued, "I still enjoy it. I read one the other day, the loveliest I have ever seen."

"What was it?" I inquired.

"*Margaret Ogilvy*," was the answer; "a man wrote it about his mother."

My coworker, to whom I recounted some portion of these experiences, admitted their significance. She cautioned me, however, against forgetting that a theory is a less tangible offering than a fact.

"But school suffrage for women in Massachusetts is a fact!" I remonstrated.

"It's only the smallest segment of one," she retorted. "The right to equal suffrage with man would be the whole fact. If the women of whom you have been speaking had that, they would n't be indifferent to it."

Several years later, I chanced to spend a few weeks in the state of Colorado. In Denver, I met some of the women whose homes were in that section of the city which corresponds to the East Side of New York. Occasionally at my instance, but more frequently of their own accord, they talked to me about their political privileges. The whole fact of the right to equal suffrage with men has been in their possession for ten years. They have it; but they seemed hardly more able to cope with it than those other women to whom it had been proffered in the shape of a theory.

One woman, after ascertaining that I was a visitor from another state, and in no way connected with local politics, told

me that she never voted. "Lots o' my friends don't, either," she volunteered.

"But why?" I asked. "You have the right."

"Yes," she returned warmly, "but I never asked for it! Besides," she went on more calmly, "I've seen women I know be all mixed an' muddled up, doin' it."

In spite of unimpaired memories of what I had happened to see of an identical character, I could not forbear inquiring, "Need they have been?"

The woman reflected. Then, she said, "There's no tellin'. Anyway, they was!"

A neighbor, upon whom I afterward called, was still more concrete in her expression of an opinion. "I don't vote," she declared; "but I'd jes' as soon do it, if I knowed how."

"Might n't you learn?" I suggested.

She shook her head. "No," she said; "there's Democrats an' Republicans. I can't seem to choose between 'em. It looks like they was pretty much the same kind o' people."

"Some one might help you" — I began.

"There ain't no one to help me," was her rejoinder, "'cept Democrats or Republicans; an' if I ask them, they'd tell me to choose theyselves!"

"I was about to say," I continued, "that it is n't altogether a question of making a choice between two political parties. There is a great deal more in the use of the ballot than that."

"I s'pose so," acquiesced my hostess; "but if I can't git that much out of it straight, how kin I git any more?"

When I mentioned this incident to a woman voter in Colorado, more fortunately conditioned, she observed that the other woman's husband probably had an idea of the meaning of the ballot not one whit clearer. This I found to be the case. It seemed to me, however, that the fact that it was the case only served incalculably to increase the already insurmountable difficulty of the situation.

Another woman said decidedly that she was glad she had a vote. "It pays me well, some o' the time," she explained.

"How?" I asked.

"Why," she answered in surprise, "sometimes I gets only one dollar for goin' an' votin'; sometimes more."

"But, that's dreadful," I found myself protesting. "The ballot will never bring you any good, if you do that," I added, without great coherence.

The woman stared at me in blank amazement. "Why," she cried, "all the good it *do* bring is *that!*"

"Your own principles, — don't you want to be free to vote as you think best?" I urged.

Still she stared. "I never think anything 'bout it," she replied, in all sincerity. "Votin' ain't nothin' to me. It's a bother to do, but people say, 'Come do it; an' you'll be paid for your trouble;' an' I goes. I'm a poor woman. It's a easy way to get a little extra money. My husband, he do it, too. There ain't no badness 'bout it," she ended, with simple frankness.

She was not corrupt; she merely did not comprehend. Perhaps, eventually, she may; but it seems, to speak very mildly indeed, a pity that her acquisition of the ballot should so far precede the awakening in her of an appreciation of the good which the use of that ballot is meant to bring.

An older woman whom I met disclosed a manner of dealing with her prerogative which I afterward learned was rather common among the women of the poorer districts of Denver.

"I know some of the nicest people in town," she informed me; "generally, I votes the way they wants me to. They are awful kind to me; o' course they don't never give me money for votin'," she quickly supplemented, "I votes the way they wants, jes' 'cause they 's good to me."

She paused, as if for a comment; and I said sententiously, "It is natural to incline to think favorably of the opinions of people who are kind" —

"Do you mean, to agree with 'em?" interposed the woman. "I don't; I'd ruther ha' voted dif'rent, lots o' times" —

"Then, why did n't you?" I questioned.

"Well," she said reflectively, "they was good to me. I could n't do nothing for them but vote like they wanted; an' it seemed sort o' mean not to."

"But, if you thought oppositely" — I began.

"It seemed sort o' mean not to do w'at they wanted," she repeated.

She was conscious of coercion; but she conceived that to yield was rather praiseworthy than otherwise.

Another woman of middle age touched more surely upon the same aspect of the subject. "They 've always talked a lot out here 'bout the freein' o' women," she complained. "They used to say we was slaves, an' votin' would 'mancipate us; but me, I don't feel as much free as 'fore they told us we could do all the votin' there was to do!"

"A new responsibility is likely to make one feel less free," I suggested.

"It's not that," said the woman gloomily, "w'at's been worryin' me. It's havin' other people want to take the 'spons'bility for me. One tells me one thing to do; one, another" —

"They are, perhaps, trying to help you," I put in.

"No, they ain't," contradicted the woman; "they's tryin' to get me to help them!"

She may have been wrong; I found reason to believe that she was. She may have been right; I discovered as firm reason to believe that she might be. In either event, she is, to borrow her own words, not so much free as she was before they told her that she might have all the suffrage to be had. She had not been ready for the gift; during ten years of ownership it had cumbered her.

Remembering how zealously, if episodically, the club of girls at the settlement had considered the question of woman suffrage, I sought the acquaintance in Denver of some girls and young women of similar environment and approximately the same ages. Unlike the members of my club, they had grown up in a state in which, during very nearly half their lives, equal suffrage had been not a theory, but a fact.

One young woman, employed in a shop in the city, smiled at the word when I spoke of her political privilege.

"Privilege!" she echoed. "I don't call it that. I've only had it a little while, myself, but I find it just an extra worry."

I told her I did not quite understand; and she explained: "We are expected, here, to vote like our employer. Nothing is said, much, but we are. We don't mind; he's a good man, and we like him. But sometimes other people tell us it's wicked. They say we ought to have our own opinions."

She looked at me appealingly. "Are you that kind of person, too?" she inquired. "Do you think I'm wicked not to have my own opinion?" Her face saddened. "I never had a chance to!" she concluded.

Another young woman, an employee in another establishment, was more subtle. "Suffrage is all right for rich women," she said; "women who can do what they want to without risking their living. But it's hard for girls like me. My father's boss has one ticket; my boss has another. If I don't want to vote his way, my father's boss gets mad; I've got to vote my boss's way, no matter what I want, because if I don't, he might get mad, and I might lose my job. And whichever I do, somebody is sure to think I've done the other. If I did n't have to, I would n't vote at all."

"Do you think women should n't?" I asked.

"Why, if they want to, and if they can do it like they please, they might as well, I suppose," was her involved reply.

The girl appeared to have something else to say; and I waited. "I wonder if you 'll know what I mean," she began. For a moment, she was silent; then she went on: "I wonder if you will, when I tell you I feel I was a nicer person before I voted."

"How nicer?" I said.

"Well," she replied, "I had n't done things I did n't want to do because I was afraid not to. That's why I've voted, and voted the way I did, every time I've done it."

That young woman was more nearly ready to consider the advisability or the inadvisability of the placing upon women of those political responsibilities now borne almost wholly by men, than any other woman whom, throughout the course of many years' work in the poorer districts of large cities, I have ever met; but even she was not quite ready; she still had other things to do, first.

To the eyes of that comparatively small number of women whose days are devoted in large measure to contemplating it from one standpoint or another, the question of equal suffrage would seem to loom larger than any of the other problems appertaining to women of modern times. It was not primarily for those women that these pages were written. Still less is it with the intent of adding one small fagot to the fire they have built round about it that this series of experiences with woman suffrage in the tenements is offered. Some other settlement worker, perchance, has not yet begun to introduce the subject of equal suffrage to her friends of the tenement neighborhood. In the hope that to that person it may prove not only interesting, but perhaps also of service, this account of the negative, and worse than negative, results following upon such an introduction is given.

The ultra-suffragists declare that women have always been ready for the ballot; the extreme anti-suffragists predict that women never will be; the pronounced neutralists, when the inquiry is put to them, reply, as did Miss Charlotte Brontë, when Mr. Thackeray asked her if she liked London, "Yes, and no." Which faction is correct, no one can say, for no one knows. Certain it is, however, that the women of the tenements, the overburdened women, the women whose opportunities for development have been pitifully meagre, are not ready. They must do so many other things, first. Before we put the suffrage question to them before we hold out the ballot, either as a theory or as a fact, shall we not help them with those things?

CHRISTMAS

BY JOHN B. TABB

THE world His cradle is,
The stars His worshipers,
His "peace on earth" the mother's kiss
On lips new-pressed to hers:

For she alone to Him
In perfect light appears —
The one horizon never dim
With penitential tears.

THE TENTH DECADE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

V

ANDREW JOHNSON AND "MY POLICY"

ANDREW JOHNSON came to the presidency by an unfortunate road, and at an unfortunate time. Well as he had deserved of all Union men, sentiment, and political expediency, rather than conspicuous fitness, had led the Republicans to nominate him for the vice-presidency, and the stupidest of crimes had raised him to the higher office. All his life a Democrat, he thus found himself at the head of the Republican party when it was little disposed to concede anything whatever to the theories of the opposition. A Southerner, the victorious North, which now fully trusted him, looked to him to consummate its triumph over his own section and his own people. Without genius and without charm, he must bear comparison with the parts and the personality of Lincoln.

His own personality was, in truth, the chief of his misfortunes. Risen, like Lincoln, from poverty and obscurity, he lacked entirely that indefinable quality which in Lincoln made homely ways attractive and gave to homely speech eloquence and charm. In this, perhaps, he was measurably the victim of the aristocratic constitution of Southern society. He had spent his youth in illiteracy. He had apprenticed himself to a tailor and had earned his bread at that undistinguished trade. He had lived the life of a common man among common men, in neighborhoods remote from the seats of Southern wealth and elegance. Throughout his political career, he had from instinct and principle antagonized the interests that dominated the South's politics and the class that set its social standards. By crude force and a native aptitude for rough political warfare he had fought his way, step by step, to place and power. But he had not, like Andrew Jackson, profited by association with well-born and well-bred Southerners. Of their grace and distinction he had never acquired a trace; and yet he never attained, on the other hand, the right bearing of a self-made man, or learned how to win the personal liking and confidence of men of the North. His manners were bad, his fibre was coarse, his disposition obstinate, his temper ill-controlled. Courage and honesty of purpose he had. But his courage was seldom tempered with discretion, his honesty of purpose was unaided by suavity or tact. He was the last man in the world to be accused of making the worse part appear the better. On the contrary, few men ever had so fatal a gift of making the better part appear the worse.

The apostles of temperance could hardly find in history a better instance to point their moral than the ghastly lapse that had marked his entrance into the vice-presidency. He had spoken but a few rambling sentences of his inaugural address when the distinguished company gathered in the Senate chamber perceived that he was not himself. The painful scene came to an end only when the clerk reminded him that it was time for the greater ceremony at the east front of the capitol. His unprepared utterances on the day he became president and for some weeks thereafter, although made when he was apparently sober, were hardly less unfortunate. Spoken while the whole

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North was deeply moved with an angry grief, and in need of no incitement to revengeful action, these discourses were mainly of the blackness of the sin of those who had risen against the Union. Treason, he kept repeating, was a crime, and must be made odious. At first his acts were in keeping with his words. One of the earliest was to proclaim Jefferson Davis and other Confederate leaders guilty of procuring the assassination of Lincoln. The charge against Davis, without other foundation than the improbable statements of men proved later to be no better than professional perjurers, taken with the equally false story that when captured he was disguised in woman's clothes, went far to deprive him and his people of the respect which their courage and their misfortunes might otherwise have commanded from the North. Having ordered a military trial for eight persons against whom there was some real evidence of complicity with Booth, Johnson approved the commission's findings and ordered four of the accused to be executed. One of the four was a woman, and the evidence of her guilt now seems far from conclusive.

Johnson had thus at the outset stimulated rather than soothed the bitterness of the North. His tone in private conversation, confirmatory of his public acts and speeches, also encouraged the men who had stood in Congress for a drastic policy with the South. Some of them had welcomed him to the presidency in the hope that he would correct what they deemed Lincoln's fault of too great mildness with rebels; and Sumner, Wade, and Chief Justice Chase, the foremost radicals at this time in Washington, were soon confident that the new President would side with them against both the policy of Lincoln and that of the moderate Republicans in Congress.

For the radical group had advanced far beyond the position which Congress had taken the year before in its plan of Reconstruction, and far ahead of public opinion. As yet, only six Northern states — New York, and all the New England states except Connecticut — permitted their negro citizens to vote, and Congress had recently acquiesced in the denial of the suffrage to negroes in Montana territory and voted down a bill to give it them in the District of Columbia. But Sumner had been leading the way to the ultimate demand of the radicals, with such measures as those that secured for negroes in the District the right to testify in the District law courts and to ride with whites on the street cars, and by moving successfully for the admission of a negro lawyer to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. The proposal which he, Chase, and others now made was that the President, of his own executive authority, should cause the registration of freedmen and permit them from the first to take part in the setting up of state governments. When Johnson called his cabinet together, this plan was at once brought before him, and he found half his advisers — only Seward being absent — ready to accept it.

It appeared that at Lincoln's last cabinet meeting, on the day of the assassination, Stanton had presented a document whose history is the history of the transmission of Lincoln's policy of Reconstruction to his successor. It was an order uniting Virginia and North Carolina in a single military district and committing to military officials, under the Secretary of War, the rebuilding of their governments. It ignored the Pierpont government in Virginia. After a brief discussion, Stanton was requested to prepare separate plans for the two states. Sunday evening, two days later, being in conference with Sumner, Colfax, and other radicals, he showed them the rough draft of an order for Virginia alone, and they objected that its terms denied the ballot to the freedmen. May 8, he presented it in the cabinet, and the next day he presented the order for North Carolina. This last conferred the suffrage on all "loyal citizens," and Stanton admitted that he meant the phrase to include negroes. On the plain question whether or not the

President ought to permit negroes to vote in organizing a new government for North Carolina, the cabinet divided. Stanton, Dennison, and Speed voted yes; McCulloch, Welles, and Usher voted no. There can be little doubt that Seward would have voted no if he had been present. Johnson reserved his decision; but that same day, the 9th, he issued the order for Virginia, so changed that it recognized the Pierpont government, the weakest of the four state establishments already set up in the South. Twenty days later, the radicals and the country knew that he had decided against the proposal to confer the suffrage on the freedmen by executive authority, and in favor of the milder policy of Lincoln. May 29, he issued two proclamations. In the first he confirmed the terms of pardon Lincoln had offered to the Confederates, merely increasing the number of the excepted classes. One of the classes which he added included all supporters of the Confederacy who possessed property of the value of twenty thousand dollars, —a natural expression of Johnson's own hostility to the old rulers of the South, and of his conviction that the insurrection had been "a rich man's war, but a poor man's fight." In the second proclamation he named William W. Holden "provisional governor" of North Carolina, and instructed him to enroll all the white citizens of the state who would take the oath of allegiance to the Union, to the end that they might hold a convention and set up a government by substantially the same process Lincoln had suggested. To the convention itself Johnson left the fixing of the permanent qualifications of voters.

Within six weeks he set the same machinery going in all the states of the Confederacy except the four — Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Louisiana — in which Union governments of a kind already existed; and these establishments he left as they were. Save that he called the governors he appointed "provisional" instead of "military," he stuck to Lincoln's plan. But he did not, like Lincoln, offer it to the free choice of the Southern people; he enforced it, permitting no alternative. By the time Congress assembled in December, every one of the states lately in insurrection had begun on the programme, and most of them had completed it.

Until Congress should pass upon the process and its results, the Southern question was left to the President, in control of the army and of the various executive departments, and to the Southerners themselves. In order that the plan of Reconstruction should attain its main objects and satisfy the North, the President must guide the process wisely and firmly, and defend it tactfully; and the Southern people must by their moderation, sense, and good faith justify his and Lincoln's confidence and magnanimity. Johnson's hope of overcoming opposition in Congress lay in conciliating Northern public opinion; and Northern people seemed, as a rule, disposed to view the entire subject with open minds. To the first announcement of the President's policy, the response of the country was decidedly encouraging. The newspaper press for the most part inclined to support it. State conventions of both parties endorsed it, only the Republican conventions of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts dissenting. The only eminent men who at once came out in opposition to it were those who had already committed themselves against it; and of these only Sumner spoke hopefully of defeating it. For the time being, all apparently depended on the behavior of the South.

No judgment of the course of the Southerners can be just that does not take account of the woeful state in which defeat had left them. The story of the home-coming of the soldiers of the Confederacy has been many times told in pathetic fiction and eloquent oratory; but neither invention nor eloquence is needed to win them the sympathy of generous minds. The plainest recital of the conditions under which they had to take up their lives is enough.

Out of nearly a million of men who

from time to time had gone into the armies of the Confederacy, one fifth had never come back alive, and of the survivors perhaps one third had come back halt or maimed or broken in health.[1] New state governments were no sooner set up than they were called on to provide artificial limbs for thousands who had lost arms or legs. It seemed, some one has said, as if every other man one met limped or went on crutches or had an empty sleeve. Yet these crippled, worn-out veterans and their dead comrades had been the flower of the youth and manhood of the South. It was those who had borne the heat and burden of the war who must now take up the main burdens of peace. That they should at once take them up hopefully and cheerfully could not be expected. They would not have been human if in the overthrow of their proud hopes they had not for a little while bowed their heads in something like despair.

But the mass of the followers of the lost cause, men of strong English stock, were less given to bootless repining than to silent endurance and to masterful self-assertions against adverse circumstance. Of all the various classes of Southern society it was the returning soldiers who faced the new and strange situation most simply and candidly, and turned most manfully to the long task of building a new civilization out of the ruins of the old.

They found their women and children safe; so much they owed to the fidelity, or to the stupidity and the lack of spirit, of their former slaves. But of all else they had fought to defend and to preserve nothing remained as it had been. Were it possible to summarize in figures the material losses of the Southern people through the mere waste and the outright destruction of property during the long conflict, the totals would be appalling. Even the most humane of the Union commanders had found it necessary to destroy much property, and not all Union commanders had been always humane. Toward the end, Sheridan in the valley of Virginia, Sherman in Georgia and the Carolinas, and others elsewhere, had acted on the principle that in order to hasten peace war must be made unendurable. But the havoc wrought by the Northern armies was but a small part of the penalty of unsuccessful revolution. Far more widely devastating were the effects of the interruption of commerce with the North and the closing of the Southern ports to all foreign commerce; and even the shrinkage in the wealth of the South directly due to these three causes probably did not equal the losses indirectly inflicted through the demoralization of her own industries.

Data concerning wealth and industry during the war are even scantier for the South than for the North; but enough exist to show plainly that the South, in utter contrast with the remarkable prosperity of the North, grew every day poorer and poorer. According to an assessment made by the Confederate government in 1861, the taxable values were in round numbers $4,221,000,000, slaves and real estate making up much more than half the total; and by 1864 even the optimistic Confederate Treasury department estimated that they had dropped to $3,000,000,000. The decline during the last year must have been still more rapid. Estimates of the losses of particular states, though not to be implicitly accepted, roughly indicate the fearful cost of the unsuccessful revolution. South Carolina, for instance, though little invaded until near the end, had paid heavily for leading in secession. According to one writer, out of her white male population of 146,000, fully 40,000 were dead or disabled, and three fourths of the taxable property within her limits, slaves apart, had been swept away — personal property by actual consumption, waste, and devastation, real property by depreciation in values. These figures are doubtless too high. But fairly trustworthy figures concerning particular schedules of property show a shrinkage of nearly one half, even

[1] No precise figures can be given. None of the estimates of the numbers in the Confederate armies are based on complete data.

in those central parts of the Confederacy which were the last to be invaded. It is not going beyond bounds to conclude that in four years the South had lost half its entire wealth, apart from its natural resources and not counting the slaves.

But figures, were they accurate and abundant, would paint no picture of these devastated commonwealths. Only by a study of the daily life of the Southern people in war time, as it is exhibited in public records, diaries, newspapers, and reminiscences, can an American of the present day form any conception of the hardships they had endured before subjugation delivered them from their beleaguerment, or of the destitution in which peace found them. Eager as they had been for political independence, a few months of it must have taught them their inability to stand industrially and economically alone. Accustomed to draw from the North and from Europe, in exchange for a few staple products, nearly all the commodities they consumed, they had neither the appliances nor the skill to supply their wants from their own abundant resources. They cheerfully practiced countless unfamiliar economies. For many products of foreign climes they hit upon curious substitutes. Instead of tea and coffee, they drank decoctions made of parched corn, chestnuts, sweet potatoes, and sassafras. Delicacies and luxuries they simply dispensed with. They also turned their hands to strange industries, and made a beginning in many lines of manufacture. Had the war lasted, they would soon, no doubt, have still more widely diversified their industries. But without machinery and without skill they could not make for themselves a tithe of what they had formerly imported. They could not replace the tools with which they cultivated the soil, or the rails and rolling stock of their railroads, or the furniture and domestic utensils of their houses, or the clothes they wore upon their backs. Their stock of manufactured articles of all kinds had, accordingly, steadily diminished. At the end, women used to silks and satins had learned to make homespun attractive. Men who had been wealthy were left with nothing but their Confederate uniforms or those of Union soldiers who had died in captivity. Mere discomforts and inconveniences, however, could be borne with patience. But it was another matter to see the sick suffering for the commonest medicines; and before the end the sternest of all tests of human fortitude had to be endured. In many quarters, the supply of food, such as it was, became insufficient. During the last two years of the war, what with the government's taxes in kind and impressments, the narrowing of the cultivated areas, the discouragement of planters from these and other causes, the lessening efficiency of the railroads, and the collapse of the currency, famine hung over many communities. Richmond, Mobile, and other cities had their bread-riots. Had there been a really great city within the Confederacy, its streets would doubtless have presented spectacles as distressing as any that Paris witnessed during the French Revolution. Lee's first request after surrendering his army was for rations to feed it. The first care of his veterans when they broke their ranks — a care that had driven many a brave man to desert before the surrender — was to find bread for their wives and children.

When at last strangers from the North and from Europe were permitted to traverse the extinct republic, they found everywhere the plainest signs of poverty, exhaustion, desolation. Ashes and gaunt chimneys marked the sites of public buildings and of all mills and factories that had supplied wants of the Confederate government. Many private houses also had been burned. For want of good money, trade had reduced itself to barter; for want of transportation, capital, and confidence, most forms of business and industry had come to a standstill. In the public square of every important town, or somewhere in the outskirts, a detachment of Federal soldiers was encamped, the flag and the blue uniforms, the reveilles

and sunset guns, serving to remind the dejected citizens that they were living under the eyes of their conquerors. It is but just to record of the great majority of the officers and soldiers of the North, that their behavior during the occupation was considerate and generous, so that the helpless people came to regard them as protectors. But in too many instances the rights of private property were needlessly disregarded. Private houses were sometimes occupied without warrant, sometimes despoiled of furniture, plate, wines, and even family portraits. Wherever colored troops were quartered, their presence humiliated and exasperated the whites and tended to demoralize the blacks.

The countrysides were no better off than the towns. Fences were torn down. Farming implements were worn out. All the live-stock was gone but a few ill-fed cattle and lame or superannuated horses and mules. The wide fields lay for the most part untilled and covered with weeds. No part of this new continent has ever worn a drearier aspect. Worst of all, travelers did not find the people taking energetic measures to repair the waste and ruin, but noted idle negroes wandering along the highways, flocking into the towns, and gathering about the Union camps, while the whites, unaccustomed to manual labor, seemed for the most part quite unable to cope with the situation. Apparently, neither whites nor blacks had as yet formed any clear notions concerning their industrial relations under the new order.

In this state of affairs the planters who had been at the head of the South's industrial system felt that they faced the climax of their disasters. This, they held, outweighed all their other losses put together. To their minds, the emancipation of the slaves meant the destruction of private property to the extent of many millions of dollars.[1] But it meant far more than that. Much the greater part of the wealth in existence in any community at any given time is the product of the labor of but a few years. Destroy it, but leave the productive energy of the community unimpaired, and in a few years it will be replaced. But to the Southern planter it now seemed that he had lost, along with his wealth, the means and method by which it had been produced. However bravely he might turn to the future, the prospect that way was as disheartening as the desolation of his present, the defeat of all his past.

Free labor, it is true, was by no means unknown in the South. Every one of the states of the Confederacy had its "white" counties, inhabited chiefly by small farmers and mountain poor whites, where negroes were as rare as in any part of the North. But these regions might be neglected by any one who sought to understand the conditions that had always controlled, and would long continue to control, the South's industrial life. To find these, one must still go to the fertile lowlands — the rice coasts, the river valleys, the Black Belt prairies — where slave labor had cultivated the South's richest soils, grown its great staple crops, produced by far the greater part of its wealth. To take the place of slave labor in these quarters, there was no white agricultural labor available. To the land, well-nigh the sole possession left to them, the mass of the Southern people must still look for sustenance. From the land only could they hope to restore their fallen fortunes.

[1] It is hardly necessary to point out the fallacy in the contention that emancipation reduced the wealth of the South, as compared with the North and other parts of the world to the extent of the money value of the slaves. A juster view is that it merely transferred from the masters to the slaves themselves the ownership of their own persons. It damaged the South industrially only in so far as it diminished the amount and the productiveness of slave labor. Joseph Le Conte, who at this time was a professor in the College of South Carolina, also pointed out that it might not prove in the long run a loss to the slave-owning landholder. The value of his property being measured by the profits from it, if these should be as great with free as with slave labor, he would have no reason to repine.

But of what use was land without capital and without labor? Money, although for the time being not to be had, might no doubt be attracted from the North or from Europe. As a matter of fact, the cotton exported within twelve months of Lee's surrender sold for two hundred million dollars — considerably more than the crop of any single year had ever commanded — and of this sum, notwithstanding the seizures by the government and a heavy cotton tax now for the first time collected in the South, the greater part probably came back to the growers. But even with land and with money, the planters could not go on unless the freedmen could be got to do the work they had formerly done as slaves.

In this predicament of the Southern planter was the crux of the problem of Reconstruction. To the people of the North, intent mainly on completely destroying slavery as a law-made, law-protected institution, and on stamping out the last embers of insurrection, the problem naturally seemed rather constitutional and political than economic and industrial. But to the people of the South, anxious as they were about their political future in the Union, the question of their immediate industrial future presented itself in a still more imperative fashion. They must without delay find a way to go on; and hope as well as necessity spurred them to action and decision. For four years the cotton factories of the world had been waiting greedily for the end of the blockade. Could they now begin again to produce cotton in anything like the old quantity, they would reap extraordinary profits. It would have been strange indeed if, in all they were permitted to do toward the establishment of a new order, they had not considered first their industrial relations with the freedmen. The public men at Washington who were searching the Constitution for guidance in an exigency which it did not contemplate, debating the nature of statehood and the theory of the Union, and looking to conventions and legislatures to preserve what arms had won, would have done well to turn their eyes upon two figures: the Southern planter, who had never employed any laborers that were not slaves, and the freedman, who had never served any employer that was not a master. Unless these two could "live themselves out of the old order," the industrial system, the social usage, and the political ideals and practices of the South could never be conformed to Northern standards. At least one contemporary student of the situation saw this clearly. "I am convinced," wrote Carl Schurz in the autumn of 1865, after three months spent in travel in the cotton states, "one good crop made by unadulterated free labor in the South would have a better effect than all the oaths that have been taken."

But even Schurz, uncomplacent as he was with Southern ways, and by no means inclined to an over-lenient policy, was not surprised that the Southern people did not at once, because they were beaten in war, slough off their old civilization and endue that of the North. The habits of life of a whole people are hard to change. When the soldiers of the Confederacy laid down their arms, they surrendered in good faith. They had no mind to make any further resistance to the Union. Their politicians and orators had taught them to expect little mercy if they were conquered, and they had yielded only because all hope of victory was gone. Desperately as they had struggled for independence, within a few weeks of Appomattox there was not so much as a company left in arms. Only a negligible class of idlers and blow-hards were heard to breathe a word of defiance. Intelligent and responsible men put away all thought of it, while another class, — probably the largest of all, — passing into a mood of listless indifference, refused to take any further thought of anything but their own affairs. "A barrel of cider never ferments twice," said one old Confederate whom Schurz asked if his people would not renew their insurrection if they got

the chance. But their overthrow had not changed the Southerners' convictions. To cease from all resistance to the Union, to give up forever the attempt to assert their claim of a right to secede, and to acquiesce in the emancipation of their slaves, — this was all they understood surrender to mean. They did not cease, nor did many pretend that they had ceased, to believe that they had been right. Their loyalty to the Union, said J. T. Trowbridge, one of the Northern men who went South soon after the surrender, was "simply disloyalty subdued." Nor did they instantly lose their old dislike of Northern men and Northern ways and Northern speech. If on this point the returning soldiers, mindful of the courage they had encountered on so many battlefields and the kindly and humorous exchanges along so many picket lines, inclined to a milder tone, the non-combatants — particularly the women — were more than ever scornful of everything the term "Yankee" connoted. Least of all had they changed their attitude toward the blacks. To ask that they should was to demand the impossible. The former master could not, if he would, have instantly altered his bearing with negroes. The sense and the manner of superiority remained.

Nor could the negro instantly rise from his servility up to the full stature of freedom. In all but the mere fact of his emancipation, he remained a slave. Nothing, indeed, in the whole long history of his bondage is more pathetic than his wondering entrance into his new estate.

It was probably some months after the surrender of the last Southern army before the slaves on the remoter plantations learned that they were free. Commanders of the Union armies and officers of the Freedmen's Bureau were at much pains to spread the news among them. In some instances, they heard it incredulously. When Colonel Thomas Dabney of Mississippi called his many slaves about him and told them they must no longer address him as "master," their reply was, "Yes, Marster," "Yes, Marster." Some, who had been well cared for under slavery, showed no great delight at the change. Few had any clear notion of what it meant. The majority conceived of it merely as a release from work, and imagined that their deliverers would support them in idleness. The law establishing the Freedmen's Bureau provided that forty acres should be assigned to each family settled on confiscated or abandoned lands, and the phrase, "forty acres and a mule," spreading rapidly, was taken for a promise of a general distribution of land and other property. Possessed with this hope, thousands left their homes and refused to enter into contracts with the planters or to do any more work than sufficed for a precarious existence. According to the recollection of the most distinguished member of the race, who as a boy witnessed and shared the great deliverance of his people, there was a general feeling that they were not really free until they had left their work and their homes, for a few days at least, "to try their freedom on." Some also took new names, holding it inconsistent with freedom to bear any longer the names of their former masters. Those who, after a brief experiment of independence, went back to their old homes, and took service under their old masters, fared better than such as continued to hang about the towns and camps, waiting for the Christmas holidays, which they had fixed upon as the time for the distribution of land. Without money and without thrift and foresight, unaccustomed even to the care of their own health, and quite incapable of resisting temptations to self-indulgence, these suffered severely from privations and exposures. It was soon remarked that they now for the first time began to contract pneumonia, consumption and other diseases, from which in slavery they had been practically immune. It is estimated that within a short time the loss of life among them equaled the losses of the Southern whites in all the battles of the war.

Yet the fear of anything like concerted risings against the whites never came true. The freedmen's ignorance, and their long discipline in humility, still kept them proof against the temptation to violence. They indulged in little or no rioting, and committed hardly any but petty crimes. They displayed a childlike trust in all who wore blue uniforms, and in the Bureau officers and others from the North. But until a later period, when ill-advised or unscrupulous white men incited them to insolence, they showed, on the other hand, no ill-will to the Southern white people who had been slave-owners. On the contrary, they still infinitely preferred whites of that class to poor whites and "half-strainers." According to most observers, the old hatred between the lower-class white man and the negro was at the bottom of nearly all the earlier outbreaks of violence between the races. As between the freedmen and their old masters and mistresses, countless instances of fidelity and affection on both sides lighten up the story of the South's great humiliation. Idleness, vagrancy, petty thieving, and occasional drunkenness were the negroes' chief offenses during the first year of freedom.

But idleness, and particularly their unwillingness to bind themselves to long terms of service, was precisely the offense which the planters, desperately desirous of saving the year's crops, could least afford to condone. Northern men who, tempted by the high price of cotton, came South to try their hands at growing it, seem to have found at first less difficulty than the old slave-owners in hiring freedmen. Some Southern men also have testified that by fully recognizing the negro's new rights, and consulting his interests, they got all the labor they needed. But the preponderance of evidence goes to show that the mass of the freedmen continued, throughout the year 1865, averse to making contracts that would bind them to the plantations. "One day," wrote a traveler who was in Mississippi during the Christmas holidays, "it seemed that everybody was in despair, complaining that the negroes would not work; the next, everybody was rushing to employ them." But even when the time for the expected largess of the government had come and gone, many of the more densely ignorant still remained hopeful of some escape from the necessity of toil. As they were all accustomed to compulsion, it is not strange that few developed at once the thrift and the sense of responsibility for their own welfare which must now become their incentives to industry. Their conduct thus gave only too much support to the opinion, practically universal among the Southerners, that they would never work without some form of compulsion.

To deal with this phase of the situation was perhaps the most difficult and delicate part of the immense undertaking of the Freedmen's Bureau. Congress had made no provision whatever for the Bureau's support, but the revenues from confiscations and from abandoned lands went far to supply the deficiency, and army officers were freely assigned to Bureau duties. The number of agents and subagents rapidly increased, until, each being assigned to a special district or subdistrict, they exercised a fairly close supervision over the affairs of all the freedmen. The Bureau's activities were many. It continued the policy of operating abandoned plantations, refusing to restore them to their owners until Johnson ordered the reinstatement of all owners who had taken the oath of amnesty or had received pardons. It distributed millions of rations among both races, for it treated the white Unionists as its charges equally with the blacks, and many destitute Confederates preferred to accept the bounty of the government rather than depend on private charity. It also dispensed the alms of charitable societies in the North and directed the missionary labors of men and women who volunteered their help. It set up hospitals for the freedmen, and provided medicines. It sought to secure them justice in the

civil courts when these were established, and where there were no civil courts, or where these denied to freedmen the right to appear and to testify, it tried their causes in tribunals of its own. It made a beginning in the great task of educating them, but not a wise beginning, for it did not sufficiently adapt its teaching to their practical needs; of all the schools it planted among them, only a few of the higher institutions took root and grew. Its guardianship was particularly intimate, and particularly distasteful to the Southerners, when the freedmen came to make business engagements and enter into labor contracts. For the contracts it would have had the freedmen sign went far to thrust its agents into the places of the former masters.

To appraise fairly the work of the Bureau is difficult. The hostility it aroused among the Southerners was so deep, and has proved so lasting, that in their accounts of the period one finds it credited with nothing but evil. Its officials are charged with dishonesty, with incompetence, with encouraging the negroes in idleness by its almsgiving, with stirring up bad blood between them and the whites. They are also charged with having had, from the very first, selfish political ends in view. Before the surrender, the Union League, a patriotic order founded in the North, had spread widely among the Unionists and Union soldiers in the South, and had there taken on a much more partisan character than its founders had given it. As it early committed itself to the demand for suffrage for the freedmen, and as many of the Bureau officials joined it, helped to turn it into a political machine, and eventually helped themselves into office by means of it, the suspicion was natural that they had always had some such programme in mind. It is quite probable that the Southern people, in their undiscriminating jealousy of all interferences in their affairs, attributed to the Bureau some iniquities committed by men and agencies not in its control, — by treasury agents, for example, by traders and usurers who practiced their extortions in the neighborhood of the Bureau's offices, and by the Freedman's Bank. This institution, founded by philanthropists to encourage thrift among the negroes, and incorporated along with the Bureau, ended, through mismanagement and corruption, in utter failure, and several millions of dollars, the savings of thousands of freedmen from their first meagre earnings, were lost. But the Bureau itself made grave mistakes, and not all its officers were what they should have been. Grant officially reported to the President that some of them were unfit, and held them in part responsible for the negroes' delusive expectation of a free distribution of land. A commission sent to inspect the Bureau's working and results credited it with only an occasional and sporadic beneficence. A leading Northern senator, a Republican, declared that the government had given over the freedmen to the care of "broken-down politicians, and adventurers, and worn-out ministers of the gospel."

But such sweeping arraignments as this last can hardly be just. No one of the Bureau's critics seems to have denied that much of its work was necessary, or to have suggested any substitute for its machinery. Neither were all its officials either incompetent or dishonest. General Howard, the commissioner, though not a great executive or a shrewd man of affairs, was honorable and high-purposed, and most of his subcommissioners seem to have been men of character. The subordinate places did not offer either high pay or attractive duties, and it is no wonder if many of those who took them proved incompetent and unworthy.

Whatever the Bureau's merits and shortcomings, it is unreasonable to hold it solely responsible for the failure of whites and blacks to find quickly a right and happy *modus vivendi*. If the Southern people were mistaken in their contention that the slaves could never be

turned into free laborers such as the North knew, the North was quite as unwise when it imagined that the transformation could be accomplished in a day. Neither side seems to have studied the problem in the light of history, or to have profited by such recent object lessons as Russia's experience with her liberated serfs, and Great Britain's course with the emancipated blacks in the West Indies. If the North meant to force an instant transition from slavery to a system of perfectly free labor, then it should have made its will more clearly known, and the Bureau should have taken even more drastic measures than it did. For the South, in all its attempts to deal with the question, aimed from the first to establish a compromise system, intermediate between slavery and free labor. As a rule, the contracts which the planters first offered to the freedman would have bound him to the soil for the term of his service, and subjected him to a close control and to severe penalties if he left his work. In the same spirit, various towns and cities tried to put in force regulations intended to restrain his movements, to exclude him from certain occupations by requiring license fees, and thus to restrict him as of old to domestic service and labor in the fields. By voluntary combinations, it was charged, the old patrol system of slavery was also practically revived.

As early as June, 1865, the general commanding in South Carolina issued an order forbidding contracts "tending to peonage." Bureau agents and other Northern men at once suspected a design to undo emancipation, and felt it their duty to intervene. Intervene persistently they did, but the government made no authoritative pronouncement on this most pressing and vital of all the questions of Reconstruction. North and South, disagreeing completely over the freedmen, were thus fast drifting into a misunderstanding as exasperating as any that had ever arisen over slavery.

For the South, finding its worst fears baseless, and cheered by the announcement of the President's policy, was recovering from its first prostrate mood; and by a curious trait of human nature the reaction took the form of something like the old arrogance. To the proudest of all English-speaking people, lesser oppressions than they had thought in store for them began soon to seem intolerably unjust. Incautious expressions of public speakers and newspapers — praising Johnson, ridiculing Sumner and the radicals, and attacking the Freedmen's Bureau — began to make their way to the North, where, unfortunately, wiser and more conciliatory utterances were, as a rule, unreported. Another sign of the reaction was the reappearance of the politicians, and of the old political divisions among the Southern people themselves. Many jumped quickly at the hope that, after all, the reserved rights of the states would be respected, and that the state governments, once reëstablished, would be left to fix the civil status of the freedmen. Men of the old ruling class, who had thought their ascendency gone forever, began to see their way to regain some part of it at least. The air grew a bit clearer of tragedy. After four years of passionate absorption in exciting experiences, the practical and the commonplace reasserted themselves, and ordinary motives of self-interest again held sway.

In August, while the reaction still lasted, the several states began to hold their conventions, and the first to act was Mississippi, a state in which the planting interest was supreme. Her convention prohibited slavery and declared the ordinance of secession null and void; but the effect on Northern opinion was marred by speeches in favor of asking compensation for the slaves, and of repealing the ordinance instead of pronouncing it to have been null and void from the first. In a long telegraphic message, Johnson advised the convention to extend the suffrage to educated and property-holding freedmen. That course, he urged, would "completely disarm the adversary." It would put the state in

line with most of the free states, and foil the plan of the radicals to defeat Reconstruction by refusing seats to the representatives and senators from the South. But his advice was disregarded. The convention would grant no political rights to negroes. In the election of a legislature and other state officers, which followed soon after the convention, the main issue was whether freedmen should be allowed to testify in the courts; and not only did the party opposed to granting this privilege elect a majority of the legislature, but a Confederate brigadier, not yet pardoned, defeated for the office of governor an old-line Whig and anti-secessionist whom the convention had commended to the people. It was plain that in Mississippi the President's policy had given control to men who had supported the Confederacy, and who did not propose to admit negroes to anything like political equality.

All the other conventions followed the lead of Mississippi's. All after some fashion abolished slavery, and voided their ordinances of secession. Under pressure from the President, those of Georgia, Alabama, Florida, North Carolina, and Texas also repudiated the debts those states had contracted in aid of the Confederacy, — no slight concession to the demand for proofs of submission to the Union, for the loss would fall chiefly on men, already impoverished, whose guilt in the insurrection exceeded that of their neighbors only in that they had made greater sacrifices for the lost cause. But beyond this none of the conventions would go. Not one granted the ballot to a single negro. It was noted, too, that the majority of the men who sat in these bodies could hold their seats only by virtue of the President's proclamation of amnesty, or because he had pardoned them. Nothing else could well have happened. In most of these states, there were not enough Union men to form a party, hardly enough to officer a government.

As in Mississippi, what may be called the Southern party carried all the elections which followed the conventions in the other states, and won control of all the new governments. The same party soon got control also in three of the four governments set up by Lincoln, while in Tennessee, the fourth, nothing kept it out of power but the act disfranchising all who had participated in the insurrection. It likewise named most of the representatives elected to Congress during the autumn. According to a law of Congress passed in 1862, before these could be seated they must take oath that they had never held office under the Confederacy or in any way aided and comforted the enemies of the United States; but of the successful candidates in the eleven states that had been in insurrection at least fifteen had served the Confederacy in military or civil stations. When the new legislatures assembled, several of them chose United States senators who were likewise unable to take the "iron-clad" oath. Georgia, for example, sent Herschel V. Johnson, who had been a senator of the Confederacy, and Stephens, who had been its vice-president. "No man *represents us* who can take your test oath," said more than one Southerner, truly enough, to Trowbridge.

It remained for the South to furnish the ratifications necessary to add the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution; for that was an unannounced part of the President's programme. With the first clause of the amendment, which merely prohibited slavery, the legislatures made no difficulty. But the second clause, empowering Congress to enforce the first with any legislation it might think necessary and proper, excited fears. Might not this be taken to authorize federal control of all relations between white men and negroes? Might not Congress perpetuate the Freedmen's Bureau? Might it not even decide that the negro needed the ballot to protect his freedom? Mississippi refused to ratify. But on this point her lead was not followed. Alabama ratified, declaring that she understood the amendment to confer on Congress no power to

fix the political status of the freedmen; and her assent, with that of Georgia and the two Carolinas, completed the three fourths majority of the states. Secretary Seward, when he came to proclaim the amendment in force, included these four states and the four reconstructed under Lincoln in the list of those which had adopted it, and thereby made a difficulty for the radicals, who wished to deny statehood to the reconstructed commonwealths, but disliked to question the validity of the amendment. The only way out of their dilemma was to argue that the approval of three fourths of the states that had never been in insurrection sufficed, since those alone were now states in the Union.

The South's part in the programme being thus completed, it turned to the pressing question of the freedman's place in the body politic and in industry. South Carolina led off with a general pronouncement. She designated her former slaves as "persons of color." Her slave code, she declared, no longer applied to them. They should henceforth be permitted to hold property, to make contracts, to sue and be sued in the courts. But they could not have "social and political equality with white persons." As one after another the reconstructed legislatures came to decide what civil rights the negro should enjoy, they all took practically the same stand. All granted him the right to marry within his own race. All permitted him to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, in the courts, and to testify in causes in which freedmen were involved. All vested him with the principal rights of property, and empowered him to make contracts, which must, however, be in writing, and attested by witnesses. But here concessions ended and discriminations began. No state granted him the right to hold office, or to enter the jury box. Several set up special tribunals for causes between him and his fellows or between him and whites. Only Tennessee permitted him to testify in cases involving whites. Mississippi would not let him hold land. Nearly all forbade him to carry firearms, and excluded him from militia service. All made certain acts criminal in him which in white men went unpunished. All prohibited intermarriages between the races.

But the object which these legislatures, meeting in the autumn of 1865 and the following winter, had chiefly in mind, was to devise some plan to control the freedman as a laborer. Not all adopted the same measures, but they took the same general view of the situation and based their enactments on the same principle, — that white men should have the power to make the negro work. All accordingly provided that if he entered into a contract for a term of service, his employer could hold him to it. If he fled, he could be apprehended, fined, and on failure to pay the fine he might be bound over to the service of any white man who would pay it. Whoever sought to entice him from his work would encounter much the same penalties. To drive him into accepting steady employment of some kind, various devices were hit upon. If he were a minor, and either an orphan or the child of parents who failed to support him, the judge of probate must bind him over as an apprentice to some responsible white man, giving the preference to his former master. If he were an adult, and could show no visible means of support, or joined with others in a public meeting, or were guilty of any one of several acts considered menacing to society, he would be apprehended as a vagrant and fined; if, as was usually the case, he could not pay the fine, any one who desired his services could get them by discharging it. Another plan was to treat him in much the same way if he failed to pay his poll-tax; another, in Mississippi, to require that by a certain date he should have a home and a steady employment. Louisiana went so far as to fix a minimum working day of ten hours in summer and nine hours in winter. One or two states undertook, on the other hand, by heavy licenses or absolute prohibitions, to keep negroes

out of certain of the more respected occupations.

These Black Codes, as they soon came to be called, all plainly aimed to make of the negroes a class almost as distinct from the whites as they had been under slavery. Inequality was explicitly declared and established. For the relation between the races which was contemplated, peonage is not perhaps the best term. It has been pointed out that nearly every law in the entire category had its counterpart in some ancient colonial statute which was still retained in the code of some New England state. But this merely proves that during the early colonial period apprentices and hired men were less than free. The South had gone back two or three centuries to find precedents for what it wished to do, and had modified into a substitute for its old slave codes the law of an industrial system long since outgrown in England and in the North. A far better defense of the codes would be, admitting candidly that they looked to something like peonage, to argue that the negro was unfit for any more advanced system, and that to give him greater freedom would bring to a standstill every industry dependent on his labor. As the codes were framed to meet extraordinary conditions,— the expectant and hesitating attitude of the negroes, the unfortunate effects on them of the Bureau's alms, their expectation of further benefits from the government, and the imperative demand for labor on the plantations, — it is competent also to argue that they were experimental and temporary. As conditions improved, the Southern states might conceivably have modified them. This view draws some support from the fact that within a year Georgia did extend to negroes certain privileges which she had at first denied them. But the single instance is not conclusive. By the spring of 1866 the South knew that the entire presidential scheme of Reconstruction was in jeopardy, and caution plainly dictated more lenient treatment of the blacks.

That this motive had not operated more strongly in the first instance remains hard to explain. The conventions had been incautious in ignoring Johnson's advice to give the ballot to the few negroes who owned a certain amount of property or could read and write, in hesitating over the repudiation of their Confederate debts, in stickling over the language in which they disposed of slavery and the secession ordinances. The legislatures and the voters in Congressional districts had been incautious in sending to Washington so many men known to have taken part in the struggle for independence. But in the Black Codes the legislatures had supplied the Union League and the radical leaders in the North with their best material for agitation. Only Mississippi had enacted hers when Congress met, but South Carolina had outlined her intentions and in several of the other states the measures finally passed were already under debate. The drift was plain. "We showed our hand too soon," said a Mississippi planter to Trowbridge. Notwithstanding its terrible lesson, the South had seemingly failed to keep in mind its own probational status, or to reckon the consequences if it should arouse another Northern crusade in behalf of the negro.

Johnson, it is true, had shown in his efforts to guide conventions and legislatures none of Lincoln's genius for persuasive control. He had erred, perhaps, in granting pardons too freely, in showing too plainly his own growing hostility to men high in the dominant party, and in permitting the Southern people to look to him as their champion. But to lay on him the blame for their temerity is unjust. It is more reasonable to attribute their course to other causes. They had a confirmed habit of disregarding or defying the public opinion of the rest of the country, nor had they yet learned to estimate it aright. Clinging to their old theories of the Union, they could hardly conceive of the lengths and depths to which, if radicals should come into control, the authority of the general govern-

ment might be extended. Most of them, no doubt, believed the measures they were taking to be necessary. Moreover, their natural leaders, the men who had risen highest in the Confederate service, had been proscribed; and as a rule it was these men, the ablest in the South, who took the broadest and most candid view of the situation, and understood best the temper of the North.

But the Southern people had not chosen their course solely from a misconception of their situation. Had they known that what they did would bring upon them worse retributions than any they had yet endured, they might, indeed, have taken more pains to dissimulate their resolve, but they would not have abandoned it. They might have enfranchised a few freedmen, but sooner than consent to share with negroes the control of their affairs, they would have chosen to face whatever might betide. The North, for its part, would have been wise to consider well the kind and the depth of the resistance which was here revealed. To the very limit of conquest, the South was conquered, — its armies dispersed, its wealth gone, its merely political contentions utterly overthrown. But neither arms nor laws can compel men to live their daily lives according to the standards of a different civilization. To that end, only mild and slow processes ever have availed. There was still that in the prostrate South which mere force could not conquer, which only annihilation could destroy, — the white man's pride of race.

Save as these successive steps in the working out of the presidential plan of Reconstruction serve thus to make plain the conditions with which statesmanship and philanthropy had to deal in the South, it is useless to dwell on them. As the time approached for Congress to assemble, no one could fail to see that nothing final had been accomplished. The Freedmen's Bureau and the military commanders had from the first disregarded various acts of the new state governments. A little later, General Sickles in South Carolina and General Terry in Virginia, by military orders, expressly forbade the enforcement of particular state laws concerning freedmen. Johnson himself had not declared military government at an end anywhere in the Confederacy. That Sumner, Stevens, and Wade, with a strong following in Congress, would try to defeat the entire programme, had been apparent for months. These men had not waited for the South to speak before taking their stand; they had merely found in the impolitic acts of the conventions and legislatures what they took themselves, and could present to the country, for a confirmation of their view. As the breach between them and Johnson widened, they did not repress the bitterness they felt at what they considered his apostasy to the cause of human rights. They attributed the change partly to the influence of Seward and of certain personal friends; but they saw in it also the cajolements of those very slave-barons whom he had all his life opposed and envied. Themselves exasperated beyond measure to find these overthrown rulers of the South apparently in a fair way to regain their power at home, and perhaps at Washington also, the radicals could hold up to the fears of the North a startling picture. Once seat the senators and representatives of the restored states in Congress, and would they not at once renew their old alliance with the Copperheads of the North? Had they not already in the White House a Southern man, a Democrat, whom they had found a way to manage? Who could guarantee that at the next election, or the next, some extraneous issue in the North would not send them allies enough to control Congress? What then would forbid them to compensate themselves for their slaves, to repudiate the national debt, even to pay the debts of the Confederacy? Would the North consent to commit both the fate of the negroes and the conduct of the national government to the very men who had tried to destroy the Union in

order to keep the negroes in slavery? For what, then, in the name of Heaven, had the war been fought?

The drift of public opinion was not easy to follow. The Northern Democrats, there were signs enough, were inclining to support Johnson; and among the Republicans men of much influence still looked to him as the party's leader. Morton, the war Governor of Indiana, was one of those who warmly defended him. Two voices as eloquent as Sumner's, and as often raised in the long anti-slavery contest, now spoke out boldly for generosity and moderation. Early in November, the provisional Governor of Alabama visited Boston, seeking a loan for his state, and addressed a meeting of prominent men. Sumner attended, and took occasion to attack the President's policy and state the radical view of Reconstruction. But there were present also John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, and Henry Ward Beecher; and both rose and replied to Sumner. Beecher, from his Brooklyn pulpit, had called on the people of the North for magnanimity and for sympathy with the men who on the other side had made sacrifices as great as theirs, — and all in vain. "You know not what manner of spirit you are of," he said to such as insisted that before the South should be forgiven it must show proofs of humility. He questioned the wisdom of trusting men who, after doing their best to destroy the Union, now made professions of loyalty, rather than those who in adversity still stood by their convictions. Like Johnson, he held that nothing the North could do for the freedmen would compensate them for the good will of the white people among whom they must live. Governor Andrew's devotion to human rights no man could question. But he had early set himself to study the entire problem of Reconstruction. Not content with treating it simply as a constitutional question, he had gone to Washington to study Johnson. He had sought the acquaintance of Southerners, studied them, and learned what he could of Southern life. He alone among Republican leaders seems to have worked his way to a comprehension of the industrial problem which underlay the political. In the hope of bettering the economic situation in the South, he joined with a group of philanthropists and business men in a land company designed to turn Northern capital southward. In January, 1866, when he laid down his office, he devoted to Reconstruction, instead of the affairs of Massachusetts, a remarkable valedictory address. Rejecting Sumner's theory that the Southern states had committed suicide, "Eccentricity of motion," he declared, "is not death; nor is abnormal action organic change." He defended the President's moderation; pointed out that without the assent of the Southern people and the coöperation of their natural leaders, no stable order could be established in the South; and set forth the demands which the North could reasonably make in view of what the South could and could not concede. Since Lincoln fell on silence, no man had addressed himself to the subject so broadly, or in so noble a spirit. No man had spoken words that had in them so much of the essence of statesmanship.

But when they were spoken the Thirty-Ninth Congress had assembled. Both houses had refused to seat the representatives of the Southern states. The issue was no longer with the President, or the Southern conventions and legislatures, or the people of the North. The national legislature, long eclipsed by the executive, had determined to assert its control. The country turned from the White House to the Capitol, where two men rose above their fellows to a clear leadership — Charles Sumner in the Senate, and Thaddeus Stevens in the House of Representatives.

FLOWERS OF PARADISE

BY ALICE BROWN

HETTY NILES, with a sudden distaste for her lonely kitchen, its bare cleanliness the more revealed by the February sun, caught her shawl from the nail and threw it over her head. She spoke aloud, in a way she had taken up within the last week, while her solitude was still vocal with notes out of the living past: —

"I'll go over an' see Still Lucy." Her dry face, hardened to all weathers, wore a look of anguish, an emotion that smouldered in the hollows about the eyes, and was tensely drawn around the mouth. She was like one of the earth forces, or an earth servitor, scarred by work and trouble, and yet so unused to patience that when it was forced upon her she felt suffocated by it. She hurried out into the fitful weather, and closed her door behind her. With her shawl hugged closely, she took the path across the fields, a line of dampness in the spongy turf, and, head down, made her way steadily to the little white house where Still Lucy, paralyzed for over thirty years, lay on the sofa, knitting lace. Hetty walked into this kitchen with as little ceremony as she had used in leaving her own. She withdrew the shawl from her head, saying, in the act, —

"How do, Lucy?"

The woman looked up from her work, and nodded brightly. To the casual eye she was not of a defined age. Her face was unwrinkled and its outline delicate, and her blue eyes were gay with even a childish pleasure. She looked invitingly at the world, as if it could give her nothing undesired. Yet the soft hair rising in a crown from her forehead was white as silver, and her little hands were old. She was covered to the waist with a cheerful quilt. Her fingers went in and out unceasingly upon her work, while her bright glance traveled about the room. The stove gave out the moist heat of a kitchen fire where the pot is boiling, and the cat cocked a sleepy eye in the sun. Hetty seated herself by the stove, and stretched her hand absently toward its warmth.

"Parson's be'n in," she said abruptly.

"Caroline said so," returned Lucy, in her sweet, husky old voice. "I thought likely.

"He says I must be resigned," continued Hetty, with the same brusque emphasis.

"Oh, yes!" said Lucy. She spoke as if it were a task to be accepted gratefully.

"To the will o' God. 'Parson,' says I, 'I don't believe in God.' "

Lucy's fingers caught out a tangle in her thread, while her delicate brow knotted itself briefly.

"Ain't that hard!" she breathed.

Hetty was brooding over the fire.

"That's what I told him," she went on. "An' I don't. I don't know's ever I did, to speak of. It never really came up till now. He repeated texts o' Scriptur'. 'Parson,' says I, 'you ain't a woman that had one son, as good a boy as ever stepped, an' then lost him. 'T ain't a week,' says I, 'sence he was carried out o' this house. Don't you talk to me about God!' "

Lucy was looking at her with eloquent responses in her face. Hetty glanced up, and partly understood them.

"Nor you neither, Lucy," she made haste to say. "You're terrible pious, an' you've had your troubles, an' they've be'n heavy; but you ain't had an' lost. If I could take it on me to-day to lay there as you be, knowin' I should n't get up no more, I'd jump at it if I could have Willard back, whistlin' round an' cuttin' up didos. Yes, I would."

"I guess you would." murmured Lucy to herself. "It's too bad — too bad."

There was a step on the doorstone, and Caroline came in. She was Lucy's sister, gaunt and dark-eyed, with high cheek-bones, and the red of health upon them. She regarded Hetty piercingly.

"You got company over to your house?" she asked at once.

"No," Hetty answered. She added bitterly, "It's stiller 'n the grave. I don't expect company no more."

"Well," commented Caroline. She had laid aside her shawl, and began fruitful sallies about the kitchen, putting in a stick of wood, catching off the lid from the pot, to regard the dinner with a frowning brow, and then sitting down to extricate from her pocket a small something rolled in her handkerchief.

"I've be'n into Mis' Flood's," she said, "an' she gi'n me this." She walked over to her sister, bearing the treasure with a joyous pride. "It's as nice a slip o' rose geranium as ever I see."

Hetty's face contracted sharply.

"I've throwed away the flowers," she said.

Both sisters glanced at her in sympathetic knowledge. Caroline was busily setting out the slip in a side of the calla pot, and she got a tumbler to cover it.

"Them parson's wife sent over?" she asked.

Hetty nodded. "There was a dozen of 'em," she continued, with pride, "white carnation pinks."

"She sent way to Fairfax for 'em," said Caroline. "Her girl told me. Handsome, wa'n't they?"

"They wa'n't no handsomer 'n what come from round here," said Hetty jealously, "not a mite. There you sent over your calla, an' Mis' Flood cut off that long piece o' German ivy, an' the little Ballard gal, — nothin' would do but she must pick all them gloxinias an' have 'em for Willard's funeral. I did n't hardly know there was so many flowers in the world, in winter time." She mused a moment, her face fallen into grief. Then she roused herself. "What 'd you mean by askin' if I had company?" she interrogated Caroline.

"Nothin', on'y they say Susan's boy 's round here."

"Susan's boy? From out West?"

Caroline nodded.

"He was into Mis' Flood's yesterday," she said, "inquirin' all about you. Said he had n't seen you sence he was a little feller. Said he should n't hardly dast to call, now you an' his mother wa'n't on terms. Seems 'if he knew all about that trouble over the land."

Hetty's face lighted scornfully.

"Trouble over the land!" she echoed. "Who made the trouble? That's what I want to know — who made it? Susan Hill May, that's who made it. You need n't look at me, Lucy. I ain't pious, as you be, an' I don't care if she is my step-sister. You know how 't was, as well as I do. Mother left me the house because I was a widder an' poor as poverty, an' she left Susan the pastur'. 'T was always understood I was to pastur' my cow in that pastur', Susan livin' out West an' all, an' I always had, sence Benjamin died; but the minute mother left me the house, Susan May set up her Ebenezer I should n't have the use o' that pastur'. She's way out West there, an' she don't want it; but she'd see it sunk ruther 'n I should have the good on 't."

"Well," said Lucy soothingly, "you ain't pastur'd there sence she forbid it."

"No, I guess I ain't," returned Hetty, rising to go. "Nor I ain't set foot in it. What's Mis' Flood say about Susan's boy?" she asked abruptly, turning to Caroline.

"Well," — Caroline hesitated, — "she said he was in liquor when he called, an' she heard he'd be'n carryin' on some over to the Street."

Hetty nodded grimly. She spoke with an exalted sadness.

"I ain't surprised. Susan drove her husband to drink, an' she'd drive a saint. Well, my Willard was as good a boy as ever stepped. That's all I got to say."

The sisters had exchanged according glances, and Caroline asked: —

"Stay an' set down with us? It's b'iled dish. I guess you can smell it."

Hetty was drawing her shawl about her. She shook her head.

"No," said she. "'Bleeged to ye. I'll pick up suthin'."

But later, entering her own kitchen, she stopped and drew a sharp breath, like an outcry against the desolation there. The room was in its homely order, to be broken, she felt, no more. She was childless. All the zest of work had gone. She threw off her shawl then, with a savage impatience at her own grief, and began her tasks. In the midst of them she paused, laid down her cooking spoon, and sank into a chair.

"O Lord!" she moaned. "My Lord!" This was the worst of all the days since he had died. She understood it now. The flowers were gone. They had formed a link between the present and that day when they made the sitting-room so sweet. Even the fragrance of that last sad hour had gone. Suddenly she laughed, a bitter note. She spoke aloud: —

"If the Lord 'll send me some flowers afore to-morrer night, I'll believe in Him. If He'll send me one flower or a sprig o' green, I'll believe in Him, an' hold up my head rejoicin', like Still Lucy."

She repeated the words, as if to One who heard. Thereafter a quickened energy possessed her. She got her dinner alertly, and with some vestige of the interest she had been used to feel when she cooked for two. All the afternoon it was the same. Her mind dwelt passionately upon the compact she had offered the Unseen. Over and over she repeated the terms of it, sometimes with eager commentary.

"It can't hurt nobody," she reasoned, in piteous argument. Her gnarled hands trembled as she worked, and now, with nobody to note her weakness, tears fell unregarded down her face. "There's things I would n't ask for, whether or no. Mebbe they'd have to be took away from somebody else; an' I never was one to plead up poverty. But there's plenty o' flowers in the world. 'T would n't upset nothin' for me to have jest one afore to-morrer night. If I can have one flower afore to-morrer night, I shall know there's a God in heaven."

The day began with a sense of newness and exaltation at which she wondered. Until this hour, death had briefly ruled the house and chilled the air in it. Her son's overthrow had struck at the heart of her vitality and presaged her own swift doom. All lesser interests had dwindled and grown poor; her life seemed flickering out like a taper in the breeze. Now grief had something to leaven it. Something had set up a screen between her and the wind of unmerciful events. There was a possibility, not of reprieve, but of a message from the unseen good, and for a moment the candle of her life burned steadily. Since the dead could not return, stricken mortality had one shadowy hope: that it should go, in its turn, to them, and find them living. Again she vowed her belief to the God who would send one sign of his well-wishing toward her.

"I'll set till twelve o'clock this night," she said grimly, laying her morning fire. "That's eighteen hours. If He can't do suthin' in eighteen hours, He can't ever do it."

At ten o'clock her work was done, and she established herself by the sitting-room window, her knitting in hand, to watch for him who was to come. A warm excitement flooded through her veins.

"How my heart beats!" she said aloud. It had hurried through the peril of Willard's illness and the disaster of his death. It was hurrying now, as if it meant to gallop with her from the world.

At half-past ten there was the sound of wheels. She dropped her knitting and put her hand up to her throat. A carriage turned the bend in the road and passed the clump of willows. It was the minister's wife, driving at a good pace and

leaning out to bow. Hetty rose, trembling, her hand on the window sill. But the minister's wife gave another smiling nod and flicked the horse. She was not the messenger.

Hetty sank back to her work, and knit, with trembling fingers. The forenoon wore on. It was Candlemas, and cloudy, and she remembered that the badger would not go back into his hole. There would be an early spring. Then grief caught her again by the throat, at the thought that spring might come, and summer greaten, but she was a stricken woman whose joy would not return. She rose from her chair and called out passionately —

"Only one flower, jest one sprig o' suthin'. an' I'll be contented!"

That day she had no dinner. She made it ready, with a scrupulous exactitude, but she could not eat. She went back to her post at the window. Nobody went by. Of all the neighbors who might have driven to market, not one appeared. Life itself seemed to be stricken from her world. At four o'clock she caught her shawl from its nail, and ran across the field to Lucy. Both sisters were at home, in the still tranquillity of their pursuits, Lucy knitting and Caroline binding shoes. Hetty came in upon them as if a wind had blown her.

"Law me!" said Caroline, looking up. "Anything happened?"

"No," said Hetty recklessly, "nothin's happened. I don't know as 't ever will." She sat down and talked recklessly about nothing.

A calla bud, yesterday a roll of white, had opened, and the sun lay in its heart. Hetty set her lips grimly, and refused to look at it. Yet, as her voice rang on, the feverish will within her kept telling her what she might say. She might ask for the well-being of the slip set out yesterday, or she might even venture, "I should think you'd move your calla out o' the sun. Won't it wilt the bloom?" Then Lucy might tell Caroline to snip off the bloom and give it to her. But no one spoke of plants. Her breath quickened chokingly, and her heart swelled and made her sick. Suddenly she rose and threw her shawl about her in wild haste.

"I must go," she trembled; but at the door Lucy stayed her.

"Hetty," she called. Her voice faltered, and her eyes looked soft under wistful brows. "Hetty!"

Hetty was waiting, in a tremor of suspense.

"Well," she answered, her voice beating upon the word. "What is it?"

Still Lucy spoke with diffidence, as she always did when she touched upon her faith.

"I was only thinkin' — I dunno's I can tell you, Hetty — but what you said yesterday, you know, about not believin' there's any God — I was goin' to ask you who you think made the trees an' flowers."

Hetty did not answer. She stood there, her hands trembling underneath her shawl. She gripped them, one upon the other, to keep from stretching them for alms.

"Well," she answered harshly. "Well!"

"Well," said Lucy gently, "that 's all."

Hetty laughed out stridently.

"I'm goin' over to Mis' Flood's," said she, her hand upon the latch.

"They 've driv' over to Fairfax to spend the day," volunteered Caroline. "Better by half set here."

"Then I'm goin' over to Ballard's." She fled down the road so fast that Caroline, watching her compassionately, remarked that she "looked as if she's sent for," and Lucy said, like a charm, a phrase of the Lord's Prayer.

Hetty looked up at the Floods' and groaned, remembering there were plants within. She spoke aloud, satirically: —

"Mebbe I could be the instrument o' the Lord. Mebbe if I climbed into the winder, an' stole a bloom, I could say He give it to me."

But she went on, and hurried up the path to the little one-story house where the Ballards lived. Grandsir was by the fire, pounding walnuts in a little wooden

mortar, to make a paste for his toothless jaws, and little 'Melia, a bowl of nuts before her, sat in a high chair at the table, lost in reckless greed. Her doll, forgotten, lay across a corner of the table, in limp abandon, the buttonholed eyes staring nowhere. Grandsir spoke wheezingly: —

"We're keepin' house, 'Melia an' me. We thought we'd crack us a few nuts. Help yourself, Hetty."

'Melia lifted her bowl with two fat hands, and held it out, tiltingly. Her round blue eyes shone in a painstaking hospitality. She was a good little 'Melia.

"No, dear, you set it down. I don't want none," said Hetty tenderly. She steadied the bowl on its way back, and 'Melia, relinquishing the claims of entertainment, picked into her small mouth with a swift avidity.

"Clever little creatur'!" Hetty continued in a frank aside.

But Grandsir had not heard.

"How old was Willard?" he inquired, pausing to test the mass in his mortar.

The tears came into her eyes.

"Thirty-four," she answered.

"How old?"

After she had repeated it, 'Melia turned suddenly, and made a solemn statement.

"I picked off my gloxinias and gave 'em all to Willard." She lisped on the name, and made it a funny flower.

Hetty was trembling.

"Yes, dear, yes," she responded prayerfully. "They were real handsome blooms. I was obleeged to ye." She wondered if the lisping mouth would say, "There's another one open," and the fat hand pluck it for her. She shut her lips and tried to seal her mind, lest the child should be prompted and the test should fail.

"I dunno's I remember what year Willard's father died?" Grandsir was inquiring.

"O Lord!" breathed Hetty, "I can't bear no more." She threw her shawl over her head, and hurried out.

"Come again," the childish voice called after her.

Grandsir had begun to eat his nuts. He scarcely knew she had been there.

Hetty went swiftly homeward through the dusk. The damp air was clogging to the breath, and for a moment her warm kitchen seemed a refuge to her. But only for a moment. It was very still.

"I'll give it up," she said. "There's flowers in the world, an' not one for me. I might 'a' had 'em if He'd took the trouble to send. That proves it. There ain't anybody to send, — nor care."

She walked about in a grim scorn of everything: the world, the way it was made, and herself for trusting it. When she had made a cup of tea and broken bread, the warmth came back to her chilled heart, and suddenly her scorn turned against herself.

"I said I'd wait till twelve o'clock tonight," she owned. "I'm the one that's petered out. This is the last word I speak till arter twelve."

She fortified herself with stronger tea, and sat grimly down to knit. The minutes and the half-hours passed. She rose, from time to time, and fed the fire, and once, at eleven, when a cold rain began, she put her face to the pane.

"Dark as pitch!" she muttered. "If anybody 's comin', they could n't see their way." Then she lighted another lamp and set it in the window. It was a quarter before twelve when her trembling hands failed her, and she laid down her knitting and walked to the front door. The northeast wind whipped her in the face, and she could hear the surf at Breakers' Edge. The pathway of light from the window lay upon a figure by the gate. A voice came out of the stillness. It was young and frank.

"I'm holdin' up your fence, to rest a spell. I've given my ankle a twist somehow."

Hetty ran out into the storm, and the wind lashed strands of hair into her eyes. She stretched a hand over the fence, and laid it on the man's shoulder.

"Who be you?" she demanded.

He laughed.

"I'll tell you, if you won't bat me for it. I'm your own nephew, near as I can make out."

"Susan's son?"

"Yes; much as my life 's worth, ain't it? Never saw anything like you an' mother when you get fightin', — reg'lar old barnyard fowls."

She gripped his shoulder tightly. Her voice had a sob in it, and a prayer.

"You got anything for me?"

He answered wonderingly.

"Why, no, I don't know's I have. My ankle 's busted, that 's all. I guess I can crawl along in a minute."

She remembered how fast the clock was getting on toward midnight, and spoke in dull civility.

"You come in. I'll bandage ye up. Mebbe 't will save ye a sprain."

Later, when he was by the fire and she had done skillful work with water and cotton cloth, and the pain would let him, he looked at her again.

"You an' mother ain't no more alike than a black an' a maltee," he said. "Hullo! what you cryin' for?"

The tears were splashing her swift hands.

"I dunno," she answered shortly. "Yes, I do, too. You speak some like Willard."

The clock was striking two when she went to bed, and she slept at once. It was necessary, she told herself. There was a man in the west room, and his ankle was hurt, and she must get up early to call the doctor.

The next day and the next went like the moments of a familiar dream. The doctor came, and the boy — he was twenty-six, but he seemed only a boy — joked while he winced, and owned he had nothing to do, and could easily lie still a spell, if Aunt Het would keep him. She was sorry over the hurt, and, knowing no other compensation for a man's idleness, began to cook delicate things for his eating. He laughed at everything, even at her when she was too solicitous. But he was sorry for her, and when she spoke of Willard his face softened. She thought sometimes of what she had heard about him before he came; and one April day, when they were out in the yard together, he leaning on his cane and she sweeping the grass, she spoke involuntarily: —

"I can't hardly believe it."

"What?" he asked.

"Folks said," — she hesitated, — "folks said you was a drinkin' man."

He laughed out.

"I did get overtaken," he owned. "I was awful discouraged, the night I struck here. I did n't care whether school kept or not. But 't was Lew Parker's whiskey," he added, twinkling at her. "That whiskey 'd poison a rat."

She paused, with a handful of chips gathered from the clean grass.

"What was you discouraged about?" she asked kindly.

"Well," — he hesitated, — "I may as well tell you. I've invented somethin'. It goes onto a reaper. Mother never believed in it, an' she turned me down. So I came East. I could n't get anybody to look at it, an' I was pretty blue. Then the same day I busted my ankle I heard from another man, an' he'll buy it an' take all the risk, an' — George! I guess mother 'll sing small when Johnnie comes marchin' home!" He looked so strong and full of hope that her own sorrow cried, and her face worked piteously.

"You goin' back?" she faltered.

"Some time, Aunt Het. 'Long towards fall, maybe, to get things into shape. Then I'm comin' back again, to put it through. Who's that?"

It was a neighbor, stopping his slumberous horse to leave a letter.

"That's Susan's hand," said Hetty, as she gave it to him.

He read it and laughed a little. His eyes were moist.

"See here, Aunt Het," he said, "mother 's had a change of heart because I busted my ankle an' you took care of me an' all, — an' look here! she says she wants you should use the long pastur'."

Hetty dropped her apron and the

chips it held. She stood silent for a moment, looking out over the meadow and wishing Willard knew. Then she said practically, —

"Soon's your ankle'll bear ye, we'll poke down there an' see how things seem."

In a week's time they went slowly down to look over the fences, preparatory to turning in the cow. Hetty glanced at the sky, with its fleece of flying cloud, and then at the grass, so bright that the eyes marveled at it. The old ache was keen within her. The earth without her son would never be the same earth again, but some homely comforting had reached her with the springing of the leaf. She looked at the boy by her side. He was a pretty boy, she thought, and she was glad Susan had him. And suddenly it came to her that he had been lent her for a little while, and she was glad of that, too. His hurt had kept her busy. His ways about the house, even the careless ones, had strengthened the grief in her, but in a human, poignant way that had no bitterness.

They went about, testing the fence lengths, and then, before they left the pasture, stood, by according impulse, and looked back into its trembling green. The boy had let down the bars, but he was loath to go.

"Stop a minute," he said, pointing to an upland bank where the sun lay warm. "I'm tired."

"Lazy, more like," said Hetty. But he knew she said it fondly.

He lay down at full length, and she sank stiffly on the bank and leaned her elbow there. She looked at the sky, and then at the bank. It was blue with violets. There were so many of them that, as they traveled up the sod, they made a purple stain.

"Well, Aunt Het," said he, "you've got the pastur'."

She nodded.

"Don't make much difference how long you wait," he continued, "if it comes at last." He was thinking of his patent, and Hetty knew it.

"Mebbe we can't have things when we expect to," she answered comprehendingly. "Still Lucy's great on that. 'Don't do no good to set up your Ebenezer,' says she. 'You got to wait for things to grow.' Lucy's dretful pious." She passed her brown hands over the violet heads, as gently as a breeze, caressing but not bending them. "I dunno's ever I see so many vi'lets afore."

"Like 'em, Aunt Het?" he asked her kindly.

"I guess I do!" But as she spoke, her eyes widened in awe and wonder. "My Lord!" she breathed. "They 're flowers."

The boy laughed.

"What 'd you think they were?" he asked, with the same indulgent interest. "Herd's grass?"

He turned over and buried his sleepy visage in the new leaves. But Hetty was communing with herself. Her old face had a look of hushed solemnity. Her eyes were lighted from within.

"Sure enough," she murmured reverently. "They're flowers."

GERMAN IDEALS OF TO-DAY

BY KUNO FRANCKE

One of the most interesting publications which we owe to Professor Suphan, the indefatigable director of the Goethe-Schiller Museum at Weimar, is the recent facsimile edition of a Hymn to Germany which occupied Schiller's mind during the last years of his life. This Hymn never passed the stage of sketches, partly in verse, partly in prose; but even these sketches give us an idea of the noble conception of the whole. Apparently, Schiller wanted to proclaim the greatness of Germany in the midst of her national disasters; he wanted to tell his people, threatened in its very existence by the Napoleonic invasion, that there was still a hope left for it; he wanted to contrast the brute force of military prowess with the eternal achievements of literature and art. "May Germany," — thus runs the beginning of this sketch, — "may Germany, at a moment when she issues without glory from a terrible war, when two arrogant nations (France and Russia) have set their feet upon her neck, when the victor rules her fate, — may she feel herself? May the German take pride in his name? May he lift his head, and with firm step appear in the company of nations? Yes, he may. He has been unsuccessful in the fight; but that which makes his worth he has not lost. German Empire and German people are two different things. Bereft of political power, the German has found his worth in another sphere, a sphere of his own; and even if the Empire were to crumble to pieces, German greatness would remain unimpaired.

> Das ist nicht des Deutschen Grösse,
> Obzusiegen mit dem Schwert;
> In das Geisterreich zu dringen,
> Vorurteile zu besiegen,
> Männlich mit dem Wahn zu kriegen,
> Das ist seines Eifers wert.

To him, the German, the highest destiny has been set. He has been chosen by the World-Spirit, in the midst of temporary struggles, to devote his work to the eternal structure of human culture, to give endurance to what the fleeting moment brings. Therefore he has assimilated and made his own what other nations have produced. Whatever came to life in other ages and countries, and disappeared again, he has stored up; the treasures of centuries are his. Every people has its day; the day of the German is the harvest of all time."

How strangely out of date do these words, born from a patriot's grief over the political humiliation of his people, appear at a time when "German nation" and "German Empire" are happily not any longer contradictory terms; when through extraordinary military achievements, as well as through a wise and far-seeing statesmanship, the political power of Germany has been more firmly established than ever before; when German commerce and industry are competing for the front rank among nations in every quarter of the globe. The question which confronts us of to-day is precisely the opposite of the one which confronted Schiller and his contemporaries. Then the question was: Will the high state of intellectual refinement, of literary and artistic culture, reached by the educated few react upon the masses and bring about a new era of popular energy? Will the striving of the German mind for universally human and eternal values, for enlightenment, for spirituality, for cosmopolitanism, result in a heightening of national power also, and in a revival of public activity for material ends? Now the question is: Will the new era of popular prosperity and national self-assertion

result in a reawakening of spiritual strivings also? Will it give a new impetus to the longing for eternal possessions? Will it lead to a nobler conception of humanity, to a deeper faith in the Infinite, to a more exalted view of the meaning of life and the mission of art? Will it, in short, bring about a new era of idealism?

The following observations, gathered during a recent visit in the land of my birth, may perhaps serve as an attempt to analyze the physiognomy of contemporary German life from this point of view.

Even a first impression of the external conditions of the Germany of to-day must convince the unprejudiced that German progress of the last thirty years has not been confined to industrial and commercial development. Not since the days of the Renaissance and the Reformation has there been a time when the outward aspect of the country bespoke such ardent life, such intense activity in every domain of national aspirations, as now. Even the most casual observer cannot fail to be impressed with the picture of healthfulness, power, orderliness, and enlightened citizenship, which meets the eye of the traveler on every hand, on every square mile of German soil, north and south, east and west. These flourishing, well-kept farms and estates, these thriving villages, these beautiful, carefully replenished forests, these bustling cities teeming with a well-fed and well-behaved population, these proud city halls, stately court houses, theatres, and museums rising everywhere, these admirable means of communication, these model arrangements for healthy recreation and amusement, — how plainly all testify to a remarkably high state of public consciousness! This magnificent army, with its manly discipline and its high standard of professional honor (occasional excesses of youthful Hotspurs notwithstanding), these universities and technical schools, with their joyousness of student life, and their earnestness and freedom of scientific investigation, this orderly management of political meetings and demonstrations, this sober determination and effective organization of the laboring classes in their fight for social betterment, this respectful and attentive attitude, even of the masses, toward all forms of art, — what unmistakable proofs of a wonderfully organized collective will, of an instinctive reaching out toward higher forms of national existence!

It has been said, and not without some reason, that the distinguishing quality of American patriotism, as compared with Old-World sentiment, consisted in this, that it was preëminently directed toward the future. The absence of a long historical tradition, as well as the gigantic tasks pressing in upon a people still in the making, undoubtedly accentuate this forward-leaning of American patriotic sentiment. But it would be a mistake to think that German patriotism of to-day was preëminently looking backward, that it was chiefly concerned with the maintenance of the traditions of the past, that it lacked the outlook into an ideal future. Germany, too, is a young nation; here too, a new order of things, new tasks, new ideals, are forcing themselves upon the national consciousness; here, too, the substance of patriotism, if not its form, is concerned with the working out of the problems of to-morrow.

Let us consider some of the ideals which consciously or unconsciously dominate the intellectual and moral world of the German of to-day, shaping his conception of what the Germany of the future is to be.

I

The average American, if asked to define his political creed, would probably without much hesitancy sum up his answer in the one word, Liberty. The German would find it less easy to give a generally acceptable answer to this question. His answer would vary according to the variety of fundamental political demands contained in the programme of the party with which he might be affiliated. The Conservative would maintain that a strong

monarchy was the only power to whose guidance the ship of state might safely be committed; and the principal safeguard of a strong monarchy he would see in the army. He would further declare a close alliance between throne and altar, between the State and the Church, to be absolutely necessary for the maintenance of public morals, and, as to governmental maxims, he would have no hesitation in giving preference to the methods of paternalism and state regulation. The Liberal would probably point to the English Constitution as his ideal of government; he would speak of the necessity of parliamentary government, he would deplore the impotence of the present parties, he would deride militarism, clericalism, and protectionism, and he would declaim on the beauties of free thought and free trade. The Centrist would above all inveigh against the principle of state omnipotence, he would speak of "a free Church in a free State," he would exalt the work done by the Catholic Church for the moral and economic improvement of the working classes, and he would demand the admission of Catholic thought and scholarship on equal terms with Protestant science in the higher schools and universities. The Socialist, finally, — not to speak of a number of other ephemeral parties and fractions of parties, such as the Pan-Germans, the Anti-Semites, and so on, — the Socialist would squarely come out for a republic as the ideal form of government; he would condemn the whole existing order of things as utterly corrupt and untenable; he would wish to replace the standing army by a militia system, abolish the established Church, nationalize the great industries, and what not. In short, it would seem from such an inquiry as though there were a great chaos of political opinions furiously at war with one another; as though an agreement on some few fundamental tenets, irrespective of disagreement in matters of practical expediency, were an impossibility in German politics.

Closer questioning, however, would reveal the fact that the picture of the future hovering before these representatives of the various German parties was, after all, not so radically different as it first appeared.

In the first place, the headlines in the various party catechisms — in Germany as well as elsewhere — are for the most part not much more than hypnotic formulae designed to catch the eye and to delude the party-follower into a comfortable state of sleepy assurance that he believes these things. In reality, no sane Conservative would deny that, if the monarchy had no other justification for its existence than that founded upon bayonets and guns, it would not be worth while for the people to maintain so costly an institution; and as to the reëstablishment of patriarchical methods of government without popular control, that is a pious wish which may swell the breast of a few fanatics, such as the notorious Count Pückler, but the practical execution of such wishes would involve the perpetrator in serious conflicts with the courts, or land him in an asylum. On the other hand, the record of the Liberal party — which, by the way, for the moment has almost been effaced in national as well as in state politics — has been such that one may well doubt the sincerity of its professed enthusiasm for self-government and independence of thought; for no party has been less willing to acknowledge the rights of its opponents, none has been more ready to resort to coercive measures against powerful minorities, than this very party. As to the Centrist party, its motto, "a free Church in a free State," is in reality only a euphemism for "the State controlled by the Church," and would disappear from its programme the moment the State showed the slightest intention of carrying it out, that is, of disestablishing the Church. And lastly, the Socialist talk about a German republic is so manifestly a mere catchword, or at best so shadowy a dream of immature brains, that it need not be seriously considered.

While, then, a good many of the apparent differences and contradictory principles of the various parties turn out to be, as a matter of fact, mere surface ebullition and froth, it will be found that all German parties have one essential thing in common: a strong confidence in government supervision. This confidence is well founded, historically. By whatever ill-sounding name one may call it, — bureaucracy, officialdom, governmental caste, or what not, — the fact remains that the government service, both civil and military, has during the last two hundred years been the chief taskmaster of the German people in its evolution to national greatness, the strongest force in the gradual working out of an enlightened public opinion. It may be doubted whether the government service of any other country, except possibly that of Japan, has been so unremittingly and steadfastly committed to the principle of public welfare as the only law of conduct for a public servant, as that of Prussia and those German states which have taken the keynote of their administration from Prussia. The idea that a public office is a public trust, and that efficiency and trustworthiness are the only indispensable prerequisites for holding office, has come to be something so self-evident to the German mind that it needs no place in any party platform. It is tacitly admitted by all parties, and, although it would be too much to say that in point of fact the German administration of to-day is strictly non-partisan, it certainly must be said that this is the principle to which it tries to live up.

The recent conflict of the Prussian Ministry of Education with a large part of the Prussian student body, as well as with not a few governing bodies of the universities and technical schools, is a good illustration of this fact. During the last decades, Catholic clubs have had a great ascendency in the German universities. These clubs admit as members only young men who regularly perform their religious duties, and are in every respect faithful sons of the Church. They are affiliated with the Centrist party, and make no secret of their desire to make a propaganda for its policy. Naturally, they have brought upon themselves the hatred and contempt of the larger part of the student body, which is still dominated by free thought and decidedly anti-clerical feelings. When, some months ago, the Catholic Club of the Polytechnic at Hanover demanded an official representation in the General Students' Committee, this demand was refused by the other student organizations, on the specious plea that the Catholic clubs were essentially opposed to the principle of academic freedom, and disdained fellowship with the rest of the student body. Strangely enough, the Faculty also took this view, and other polytechnics and universities followed suit. The Ministry of Education, however, applying the principle of non-partisan administration, sided with the Catholic clubs, and refused to sanction their exclusion from the General Students' Committee. Thereupon a storm of indignation throughout the Prussian universities, a flood of high-sounding talk about freedom of science, about the defense of modern civilization against Romanism and Mediævalism, mass meeting after mass meeting filled with denunciations against the "reactionary" government. But the outcome undoubtedly will be a triumph of the non-partisan view of the government; and the only pity is that it does not seem at present likely that the same view will be maintained by the government to guard the rights of other student bodies, less acceptable to the powers that be, — for instance, Socialist societies.

But to return to our main question, the question whether there is one political ideal uniting the great diversity of German parties in a common aim. The traditional non-partisan methods of German administration, we saw, have brought it about that all German parties rely much more readily than is the case in most other countries on government action. This widespread trust in government action,

on its part, has brought it about that the government is looked upon, much more generally than in England or America, as the great harmonizer and arbitrator between conflicting interests. And this view of the function of government, in its turn, has forced into the very centre of political life a demand which in other countries is more commonly based on moral and economic grounds, — the demand for social justice. I believe I am not mistaken if I designate the idea of social justice as the peculiarly German ideal of political life.

That the Socialist party should have been the first to proclaim this ideal is in the nature of things; for it represents the cause of the masses to whom social justice is so largely denied, the disinherited and the downtrodden. But it is by no means an ideal of the downtrodden only, it is an ideal inspiring the best minds of every party and class; it is part and parcel of the very make-up of the people. The Conservative is bound to it by the certainty that only in rallying the masses about the Imperial standard can the monarchy in the long run be saved. The Centrist cannot escape the conviction that social justice is one of the foremost tenets of Christian teachings. The Liberal is forced to acknowledge that without this principle there is no really enlightened civilization. And the common man throughout the land feels instinctively that Germany, of all countries, is the one where this idea is destined to play the leading part in shaping the future of the nation.

How threadbare and antiquated most of the other ideals have come to be that held their sway during the last one hundred years! How few of those that swelled the breasts of Schiller and his contemporaries are a living force to-day!

The brotherhood of nations? Germany has had every reason during the last two or three generations to doubt the sincerity of those who make it a business to declaim about humanity and the peace of the world. Every step which she has made toward national unity and consolidation has been contested by her good friends and neighbors: the Empire had to be welded together in a bloody war brought about by the jealousy of France; and now the beginnings of German sea power are grudgingly watched, denounced, and, as much as possible, thwarted, by the cousins across the Channel. No, the brotherhood of nations has no particular charms for the German of the twentieth century. Enlightenment? The time has long passed when this word beyond any other thrilled the élite of the nation. We have come to see that, priceless a possession as intellectual enlightenment is, it is after all not without its dangers, and easily leads the masses to materialism and moral indifference. Freedom? To be sure, the mission of freedom is endless, and there is plenty of work left for her in contemporary Germany, as everywhere, particularly in religious matters; but it would be absurd to deny that the German constitution of to-day allows to the individual an amount of political freedom undreamed of a hundred years ago, and larger than the great majority of individuals are capable of carrying. Even to the Socialist, freedom is not any longer the one magic formula to conjure with; what he demands is not freedom, but justice. Nationality? To the great mass of Germans this word would appeal more than either human brotherhood or enlightenment or freedom. And yet even this word does not any longer express a widespread, elemental longing; it expresses rather satisfaction at the fulfillment of national aspirations, pride at national achievements; it has ceased to be an ideal. The question: "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" does not any longer make the German heart beat faster. Industrial progress and supremacy? Certainly, this is a thing for which thousands and thousands of heads and hands are ceaselessly at work, a goal of ambition hovering before the keenest and best trained minds of the country. But how could one forget

that this very progress is, often enough, a fetich to which thousands of living beings are sacrificed, a cancerous growth preying upon the nation's health? How could industrial progress ever acquire the dignity of a national ideal?

Place by the side of all these ideals and objects of ambition the words "social justice," and you will see at once that this phrase expresses better than any other the ideal content of German patriotism of to-day. In no other country has the State the same obligation to control the exercise of social justice, or the same capacity for maintaining this control, as in Germany. A government which strains every nerve of the people for public purposes, which takes some of the best years from the life of every citizen for military service, which at every important point of the individual's career impresses upon him his connection with the State and his responsibility to the State, such a government cannot possibly avoid the responsibility of acting as the great social peacemaker, as the mediator between capital and labor, as the advocate of the weak, as the support of the needy; and it is in the nature of things that in exercising this duty it will more and more be drawn into the management of the great industries on its own account, and will more and more come to be the great employer of labor. That the German government is fully aware of this solemn obligation, and is to an extraordinary degree capable of fulfilling it, is amply proven on the one hand by the gigantic undertaking of the State insurance of workingmen against accidents, invalidism, and old age, on the other by the remarkable success which has attended the passing of the German railways into government control. Now, it is perfectly clear that such an enormous social and industrial power vested in a partisan government would inevitably result in the worst form of tyranny and oppression; only a non-partisan government is capable of wielding this power for the cause of social justice. The great question, then, the great desideratum of German political life, is the further development of its historic principle of non-partisan government, the building up of a government which, while recruited from all the various parties, will, in reality as well as in declared intent, be raised above all parties, and serve still more exclusively than it does now the one great cause of the common weal. Is it too much to hope that the German government of the future will habitually unite in itself the best minds of the Conservative, the Liberal, the Centrist, and the Socialist parties, and thereby rob party life of its present bitterness and implacability? Does not the whole trend of German political history, with its traditional aversion to the rule of parliamentary majorities, and with its traditional insistence on a stable, public-spirited, and highly trained civil service, point in this direction? Is not this a worthy aim of patriotic aspirations? And will not this complete carrying-out of non-partisan government for the sake of social justice, the establishment of perpetual party compromises within the Executive itself, be an important and highly instructive addition to the history of political experiments, and enrich the forms of government by a new and peculiarly valuable type? Indeed, here is a task before Germany, for the successful solution of which all nations will owe her a debt of gratitude; here is a new chance for the Hohenzollern dynasty to prove to the world that its historic motto of "Suum cuique" is not an empty word, and to demonstrate anew its wonderful power of uniting faithfulness to inherited traditions with keenest grasp of the problems of the future.

II

If social justice may be called the political ideal of contemporary Germany, social efficiency may be called the fundamental demand of the new German education.

The times are long since passed when scholarly culture could still be considered the chief or even the only aim of higher

training. The demands of practical life have become so manifold and so pressing that it has become absolutely imperative for the school to adapt itself to these variegated needs. Hence the practical tendency of what is called the School Reform, a movement initiated in theory by such men as Paulsen, Rein, and other university professors, directed into legislative channels, at the instigation of the Emperor, chiefly by the Prussian Ministry of Education under the skillful executive of Dr. Althoff. The abolition of the Latin essay in the final examination of the Gymnasium, the increased attention given to German history and literature, the introduction in certain gymnasia of French previous to Latin, the reduction of the time devoted to Greek, the admission of schools without Greek (the Realgymnasia), and even of schools without Latin (the Oberrealschulen) to the same standing with the gymnasia, the tentative establishment of girls' gymnasia, the proposition to introduce a certain amount of election into the curricula of the secondary schools, the admission of women to the universities, and even to the doctorate, the liberal endowment of laboratories and other scientific institutions at the universities, the foundation of new polytechnic schools, the official recognition of the polytechnic schools as being of equal rank with the universities and as being entitled to confer the highest academic degree, — all this has a decidedly practical and, as scoffers would say, American aspect.

But while it is unquestionable that most of these reforms, or all of them, have been forced upon the schools and universities by economic needs, and the increased struggle in all strata of society for making a livelihood, it is equally certain that the economic motive has not been the only one in bringing about these reforms. A spiritual motive, as well as a material, is lying back of the Educational Reform, and those who oppose it — although they may imagine themselves to be the advocates of superior interests — are surely not the only supporters of ideal demands.

The increased struggle of life, the quicker pulsation of blood, the greater tension of will and intellect, all of which are characteristic features of modern society, are bringing about, in Germany as much as anywhere else to-day, a new type of man and of woman. We do not care, — this is the instinctive feeling prevalent among the younger generation of parents, — we do not care to have the life knocked out of our children by the old learning. Let those who have a special bent in that direction devote themselves to the study of the ancient world. To make an appreciation of ancient literature and art the prime standard of cultivation, to demand of all of us a thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin grammar, of Greek and Roman history, to confine the best part of schooling to studies of direct import only to the philologist or the historian, — this is intellectual tyranny. What is the colonization of Asia Minor by the Greeks, compared with the gigantic colonization of America by the Germanic and Romance nations? What is the struggle of Rome and Carthage over the supremacy in the Mediterranean, compared with the struggle for world-dominion that has been going on during the last few centuries? What is the conflict between the Roman plebs and patriciate, compared with the huge conflict between capital and labor that is now agitating the whole civilized world? What is even Greek literature and art, compared with the wealth and variety of artistic ideals and types produced by Italy, Spain, France, Germany, the Netherlands, and England, not to speak of other nations that have enriched the artistic vision of our own age? To set up the ancient languages as the one means of linguistic training, to magnify ancient civilization as the climax of all human development, is worshiping an idol of arbitrary fancy. Far from having a liberalizing effect upon the youthful mind, this insistence by the schoolmen upon the superiority of the ancient world either tends

to narrow the range of intellectual sympathy, or, by arousing the protest consequent upon all exaggeration, leads to indifference and open hostility against the very thing which the pupil is bidden to admire. The true and essential demand of a liberal education is that we should be made intellectually at home in our own country and people, that we should know the history of our mother tongue, that we should be familiar with the great epochs of our national development, — whether political, literary, or artistic, — that we should be intimately acquainted with the language and the literature of those nations that have had the greatest influence upon our own history, and with whom we have now the most intimate relations, — in the case of Germany, then, at least the English and French language and literature; and only after all these requirements have been met, should the study of the ancient world come in as an element in the education of the average man.

Is it not an intolerable condition of things that the majority of our educated men should have struggled through the best part of their boyhood with Greek moods and tenses, and not be able to read our own *Nibelungenlied* or Walther von der Vogelweide in the original? Is it not an absurdity that they should have been initiated into the details of archæological discussions concerning excavations in Olympia or Pergamon, and at the same time have been left practically ignorant of the treasures of plastic art stored in the cathedrals of Bamberg or Naumburg or Strassburg? Is it not preposterous that they should have been made to worry through Platonic dialogues and Ciceronian orations, without for the most part being led to grasp their true significance and beauty, and at the same time hardly know more than the names of such men as Milton or Voltaire or Rousseau, — men who, both on account of their language and because of the subjects treated by them, are very much nearer to the understanding of the youth of to-day? If we demand a complete reversal of method in the study of the humanities, we make this demand not from mercenary motives, but in the name of liberal education. We are convinced that, if the emphasis of the instruction in all schools were laid upon the modern world, — modern languages, modern history, modern art and literature and thought, — education would acquire a new meaning. It would cease to be a matter of the school alone, it would come to be a part of public life. It would be a kind of self-scrutiny of the national mind as to the foundations of its own strength. It would lose all the harshness and artificiality inseparable from the old system. It would stimulate the independent activity of the pupil, and his desire to find his own bearings. It would, in the best sense of the word, be delivery, — delivery from self-deception and self-conceit. It would be a most active power in preventing, or at least allaying, international misunderstandings and animosities. For how could a man who felt truly at home in the intellectual world, at least of France, Germany, and England, fail to recognize the close interdependence of the great modern nations; how could he but be filled with the desire to contribute on his part toward their mutual understanding and friendly devotion to a common task?

If, then, the tendency toward modern subjects, so characteristic of contemporary German instruction in the humanities, is actuated to a very large extent by ideal motives, the same must be said of the two other most conspicuous features of German education of to-day: the emphasis laid upon natural science, and the constantly increasing interest taken by women in university studies. As to natural science, the conviction is steadily gaining ground that, quite apart from its importance as an economic factor, it should form part of the liberal training of an educated man. As little as a man can be called truly educated who is not intellectually at home in the great problems and conflicts that have shaped the history of his own country, so little can he be

called educated who is not intellectually at home in the physical world that surrounds us. And what age has brought this self-evident truth clearer into view than ours, which puts its best energy into the service of physical observation, and which year by year reveals new forces in the cosmic order hidden heretofore? It is this truth to which Germany has risen with astonishing rapidity. As to the influx of women into the universities, there can be no question that the desire for economic independence or the necessity of self-support has not been the most cogent cause of this remarkable phenomenon. Most of the German women do not pursue bread and butter studies in the university; what they crave is intellectual stimulus. The German woman has, late perhaps, but on that very account with particular ardor, taken up the struggle for emancipation; she has come to the full consciousness of her spiritual dignity. She does not want any longer to confine herself to the narrow sphere of the house, she does not want any longer to be a mere piece of decoration, she does not want any longer an education which fits her only for society babble. She is resolved to get on her own feet intellectually; to grapple herself with the problems of modern life; to become a comrade, an equal of man; to reach out into the wide realm of liberal study. The result has been that to-day there is hardly a German family of the higher classes in which some feminine member is not taking up some serious life work, and that the state of things of a generation ago, when the lieutenant was the ordinary ideal of the typical German Backfisch, is fast becoming obsolete. The remarkable activity which German women have of late displayed in literature, especially in lyrics and in the novel, is only one phase, although a highly significant one, of this widespread, ardent, and earnest striving of womanhood for higher activity. The woman question is as much alive, and as momentous and on as high a plane, in Germany as in any other country.

It will perhaps be clear now in what sense I called social efficiency the fundamental demand of the new German education. Not in the sense that only that has social value in education which is of immediate application to some specific public or private need; but rather in the sense that only that knowledge is socially valuable which has been self-acquired, which has become part and parcel of the individual's own make-up, which adds to the individual's originality, which increases his or her power of adjustment to given conditions, which leads to a fuller insight into the great problems pressing in upon us from all sides, which stimulates active participation in public work of any kind, which heightens the joy of life. It will also have become clear that the nickname "American," which has been attached to the new education, is in reality not a term of derision, but a name of honor and of deep significance. For it brings out the fact that the two great nations which have perhaps more to give to each other than any other two nations of to-day stand shoulder to shoulder in this fight for a rational, modern education. Indeed, there can hardly be any question that it is in America and in Germany that this cause will first achieve its final and lasting triumph. In no other country, with the possible exception of Scandinavia, is public opinion so overwhelmingly on the side of the new ideal; in no other country is the work of reconstruction taken up in so earnest, methodical, and comprehensive a manner; in no other country has the reform found such sagacious, uncompromising, and fearless leaders. It is more than a mere coincidence that at the present moment the two most influential men in educational matters in America and Germany should be men so strikingly alike in intellectual temper as President Eliot and Dr. Althoff.

III

Thus far we have paid little or no attention to the spiritual ideals dominating

contemporary German life. In considering this side of our subject, we are at once struck with a remarkable difference between conditions in Germany and the state of things in other countries, particularly America and England. In America and England questions of the higher life are still very largely bound up with the Church; it is hardly conceivable that spiritual problems should arise in either of these countries without the Church trying to meet them. In Germany, the Church has ceased to be a moral leader; it has sunk back to the position of a defender of creeds. The inner life has been secularized in Germany; the men who shape spiritual ideals are philosophers, poets, artists.

In a large measure this state of affairs is due to the after-effect of that great epoch of German humanism signalized by the names of Goethe and Kant, Schiller and Fichte. The very substance of the life work of these men and their compeers consisted in this, that they replaced the ecclesiastical doctrine of atonement by the belief in the saving quality of restless striving. Never in the whole history of the world has there been held up to man an ideal of life more exalted, more inspiring, freer from unworthy or belittling motives, than in their teachings. They trusted in the essential goodness of all life; they conceived of the universe as a great spiritual being, engaged in constant self-revelation and in a constant struggle toward higher forms of existence. They believed that man, as a part of this spiritual universe, was in immediate and instinctive communication with its innermost essence; and they saw the great office of man in helping the spirit toward its fullest self-realization. They did not close their eyes to the fact that there is evil in the world. But they saw in evil merely abortive attempts toward good, — failures, as it were, of the world spirit in its reaching out for completeness of self-manifestation; and the remedy for evil, the atonement for guilt, they found not in contrition or self-inflicted suffering, but in renewed effort, in heightened activity, in unremitting work. That the practical demands growing out of this new faith, the fullest development of all human faculties, the freest play of all human aspirations, and the redemption of man from sin by his own strength, are absolutely incompatible with the traditional church doctrine of the radical perversity of human nature and the impossibility of salvation except through divine intercession, is undeniable. But it is equally clear that they are in full accord with the whole drift, with the strongest tendencies, of modern life. And there can be no question that literature and art, in so far as they are expressions of what is most distinctly modern in contemporary life, cannot help drawing their best inspiration from such views as these.

During the decades following the death of Goethe, the problems of political reconstruction and national unity so largely absorbed public attention that the higher demands of the human heart, the longing for spiritual perfection, for oneness of the individual with the all, for the harmonious rounding out of personal life, had, as it were, to be hushed. Hence the lameness, the half-heartedness, the prevailing mediocrity, of German literature and art about the middle of the nineteenth century. With the foundation of the new Empire in 1870, the most urgent national need was at last put out of the way; a basis for a secure political development had been established. From now on, questions of the inner life pressed to the foreground once more, and in course of time there followed a revival of that moral enthusiasm, that intense striving for a free human personality, that fearless and comprehensive view of the world as a great living organism, which had brought about the great epoch of German culture at the end of the eighteenth century. To-day we are in the midst of a literary and artistic movement which is in every way a worthy counterpart to that great era of moral delivery; to-day literature and art have again assumed the rôle of leader-

ship in the national striving for spiritual possessions.

If we were to express in one word the keynote of this new German art, so as to indicate what it has added and is adding to the moral consciousness of the German people, we probably could not choose a better word than sympathy with life, — *Lebensbejahung*, as Nietzsche, its most impassioned, though by no means noblest, champion would say. Of course no art could be imagined which was entirely devoid of this sympathy with life; the principal difference between the various epochs of artistic development consists in the greater or smaller degree, the larger or narrower range, of this sympathy. The distinguishing feature of contemporary German, as indeed of all modern, art is the intense ardor, the well-nigh universal comprehensiveness of this feeling. Humanity, — this is the general impression left by the most characteristic productions of this new art, — humanity is once more throbbing with the desire to comprehend all, to sympathize with all, to feel at one with all. Dumb nature and animal life, the lot of the common people, the drudgery of everyday existence, the suffering of the downtrodden and the degraded, the whole gamut of human instincts, passions, ambitions, and aspirations, — it is all worthy of loving consideration and interest, all is part of one great living whole, in it all there is felt the breath of the infinite spirit, the restless striving of the universal life for completeness of existence.

The two men who have given the most perfect artistic expression to this new pantheism, Richard Wagner and Arnold Böcklin, are no longer among the living, but their works are as active a force in creating the ideal atmosphere of cultivated Germany as ever before. The thousands upon thousands who year after year listen to the soul-stirring strains of Wagner's music, who enter into the world of elemental longings, passions, and strivings contained in such heroic figures as Tannhäuser, Tristan, Siegfried, or Parsifal, cannot help undergoing thereby a process of moral revolution. They cannot help being made to feel, — blindly, perhaps, in most cases, but on that account no less forcibly, — that here there are types of a life raised above the ordinary conceptions of good and evil, beings that have in them something of the primeval power of nature herself, superior both to happiness and to distress, finding their only law and their only joy in living out what is in them. Even where their names suggest ecclesiastical tradition and lore, these heroic figures are themselves as unecclesiastical as possible; no matter whether they succumb to a tragic fate or whether they press on to victory, they are sufficient unto themselves, they remain unbroken, they have no need of changing themselves into something which is contrary to their natural instincts; what inspires, moves, and maintains them, is their indestructible faith in life, their instinctive assurance that they themselves, are indestructible parts of that great, mysterious One and All which through countless transformations and cataclysms maintains itself in unimpaired splendor and strength. And similar is the effect of Böcklin's paintings. Here also there is a life, exultant, ecstatic almost, with the feeling of the oneness of man with the powers that surround him. Here the line dividing man and nature has been effaced entirely. Whether we see the surf dashing against the rocks, tossing about in its mighty whirl a fantastic host of half-human, half-animal forms, or the fights of centaurs on lonely mountain heights, encompassed by rolling clouds; whether the wonders of the forest open before us in the shy, half-crazed glance of the unicorn stepping noiselessly through its gruesome dusk; whether the holy grove receives us in common with the solemn company gathered about the altar and bending in mute adoration before the sacred flame; whether we lose ourselves in gentle meditation with the venerable old hermit playing the violin before the image of the Virgin, or whether

we follow the daring fancy of the knight-errant riding with head erect and lordly mien over the sandy, desolate beach; whether the sun sparkles in the brook and the meadows teem with flowers and sporting children, or whether the Island of the Dead, with its sombre cypresses and its austere rocks, looms up from the glassy sea, — everywhere there seems to look at us that same magic, all-embracing, all-enfolding, inexhaustible being, of which man, beast, plant, and all the elements are partial, but closely kindred, manifestations; everywhere our sense of life is heightened, our sympathy is enlarged, our passions are stirred, our longing for a complete rounding out of all our faculties is intensified. Of Böcklin it may in truth be said that he has forced the present generation of Germans to see in a new way, more intensely, and at wider range; that the sky seems bluer, the meadow greener, the light of the sun more dazzling, the shadow of the poplar and the cypress deeper, than before he opened our eyes to these sights; that he, as no one before him, has revealed nature as one gigantic, irresistible striving for beauty, for color, for light. for variety of forms, for perfection of types. That a man of such astounding creative power, and of such an extraordinary wealth of ideas as he, should during his lifetime have had to struggle against all sorts of prejudices and animosities, and that even now he should hardly have begun to exert an influence beyond the confines of German-speaking countries, is a fresh proof of how hard it is for the truly great to dispossess fat mediocrity.

Perhaps none of the sculptors, painters, musicians, and authors of the younger generation can be compared in range and sweep of conception with the two masters whose works will probably stand to posterity as calmly resplendent symbols of all the brooding, longing, striving, all the passion, exultation, and restless activity that vibrated in German hearts at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. That, however, even the most modern German art and literature is committed to these same ideals, that it is permeated with this same zeal of grappling with the fundamental problems of existence, that it is impelled by the same desire to express the innermost cravings of life in all their wealth and variety, the mere enumeration of such names as Richard Strauss, Max Klinger, Gerhard Hauptmann, Joseph Widmann, Wilhelm von Polenz, Ricarda Huch, Helene Böhlau, and Clara Viebig, is sufficient proof. And it should be added that recent years have given us not a few productions which, for their artistic perfection as well as their spiritual significance, may well be ranked among the great.

Think of such creations as Strauss's *Tod und Verklärung*, Klinger's Beethoven, Hauptmann's *Der Arme Heinrich*, Widmann's *Maikäfer-Komoedie*, — has the contemporary art of other nations anything to offer, deeper in feeling or more irresistible in expression? Does not Strauss's ravishing composition lead us into the very centre of the elemental struggles and catastrophes of life; does it not spread before us the vision of an infinite, all-embracing activity? Has not Klinger's chisel transformed the features of Beethoven into a symbol of the concentrated energy of modern intellectual striving; has it not made the marble proclaim the indomitable determination of modern man to conquer matter? Is not Hauptmann's dramatization of the mediæval legend of "Poor Henry" a wonderful embodiment of the modern longing for firmness of faith, for spiritual resurrection, — a song of redemption by inner transformation? And does not Widmann's fantastic poem of the joys, the desires, and the tragedy of insect life open up our heart to everything that lives and draws breath; does it not make us see our own life in a new light, increasing our capacity for enjoyment and strengthening our readiness to endure? Indeed, here there are ideal creations that have sprung from the very midst of the spirit

ual problems that surround us; here there are hymns of modern belief; here art appears in her noblest form, as priestess of humanity, as healer, uplifter, exhorter, and redeemer.

But quite apart from such works as these, works appealing to aspirations universally human and removed in subject matter from the actual conditions of to-day, what a wealth of idealism and joyous vitality has come to light of late in the literature dealing directly with contemporary subjects and situations. The German novel, in particular, has during the last ten or fifteen years undergone a complete transformation. Not in vain has it gone to school with the masters of realism in Russia and France; it has learned directness of expression, precision of delineation, perspicuity of grouping, simplicity and truthfulness of characterization. As mere specimens of artistic composition, such novels as Polenz's *Der Büttnerbauer*, Ricarda Huch's *Rudolf Ursleu*, Clara Viebig's *Das Weiberdorf* or *Das Schlafende Heer*, Helene Böhlau's *Der Rangierbahnhof* or *Das Recht der Mutter* are equal to anything which the contemporary novelists of Europe or America have produced. What, however, gives their peculiar significance to these and similar German novels of to-day is the noble, generous humanity pervading them, the sympathy with human suffering and struggling, the charitable view taken even of the degenerate and the criminal, the openness and hospitality for any kind of strong and genuine feeling, the belief in the sacredness of life, the earnest desire to do justice to all of its types, the eagerness to approach all questions of private conduct or public morality without prejudice or malice, the trust in the saving quality of honest endeavor and courageous grappling with circumstance. These novelists are moral leaders, even though they do not know it, and most effectively so when they do not intend to be. They are helping toward a wider and fuller conception of humanity, a more truthful foundation of morals, a freer development of personality, a society based on justice and reason. They are enriching the moral consciousness of the German people; they are adding to its storehouse of spiritual ideals.

I have already alluded to the fact that the Church, the great organized power for the maintenance and propagation of spirituality, has remained entirely foreign to this body of spiritual ideals which, sprung from the great epoch of German Classicism and Romanticism, have formed the German lay religion ever since, and have during the last few decades found renewed expression in literature and art. Unfortunately, this statement is not quite strong enough. The Church, both Protestant and Catholic, has not only maintained an attitude of indifference toward these ideals; it has over and over again declared its open hostility to them, it has condemned them as unchristian and atheistic, it has designated them as the root of all evil in modern society.

Here there lies the fundamental antagonism, the cardinal paradox, of contemporary German life. Nowhere is there a greater chance, a wider opportunity, for the Church to become a spiritual leader, to receive into its own stream all the higher aspirations of the nation, than in Germany. No people is at heart more deeply religious than the German; nowhere is there more individual reaching out after the infinite. No view of life seems more clearly destined to become the common creed of modern humanity than the noble optimism, the joyous trust in the universe, the belief in the affinity of all things, the sympathy with all existence, the faith in work, in continual endeavor as the royal road to redemption, which are the living legacy of our classic literature and philosophy. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in these convictions which the Church might not assimilate. By placing herself on the same intellectual level with our thinkers, poets, and artists; by relinquishing the unworthy notion of an extramundane deity residing somewhere in a corner of the universe; by abandoning

the childish conception of a single revelation of this deity in times past through the mouths of a few men and to a few chosen people; by resolutely casting aside the incongruous idea of the salvation of mankind through one vicarious sacrifice; by openly adopting a religion which is in harmony with the modern view of the universe, which is broad enough to include the demands of every human instinct, and which listens without fear to every message of Nature and all her interpreters, — the Church would at once rally around herself all the longing, striving, aspiring minds of the nation, and a new era of popular religious life would be at hand. Germany, the home of free thought, would become the home of a new, free religion, also.

Instead of that, what do we see? We see that the Church, of all the public forces in German life of to-day, is the only one which has remained absolutely stationary; that she obstinately clings to a set of beliefs which are in direct contradiction to the most primitive knowledge acquired in the common schools; that she forces these beliefs upon the religious instruction in the schools, nay, even upon the theological faculties of the universities, the seats of the "Higher Criticism;" that she applies her obsolete and unenlightened views with such consistency and energy that she has, for instance, succeeded in having cremation forbidden by law in Prussia, on the ground of this process of interment being prejudicial to the resurrection of the body; we see, in other words, that the Church is doing her best to make religious life, to the great majority of the people, appear as one prodigious lie or mockery. No wonder that, in the Protestant parts of Germany, at least, the religious instruction forced upon school children leads in most cases with growing maturity only to contempt for everything connected with church life; that sermons as a rule are preached to empty benches; that the materialistic vagaries of Haeckel and the immeasured anticlericalism of Nietzsche find a ready ear with the masses, and incite them to hatred of religion herself.

Such a state of things cannot last. Either the Church persists in her present defiance of everything that makes life interesting and precious to thinking men. In that case the disaffection and the revolt against the Church will, of course, steadily grow, and ultimately reach such dimensions that the whole ecclesiastical system goes to ruin. Or, the Church rises at last to her opportunity, fills herself with the modern faith in life, casts to the winds dogmatic squabbles, and preaches that God whom Christ and his disciples preached, the infinite spirit in whom we live and move and have our being. In that case there will be a religious reawakening such as Germany has not seen since Luther. Let us hope that this is what the future has in store for us.

A few words in conclusion. We have seen that contemporary Germany is by no means lacking in ideal impulses. Social justice as the controlling force in the development of political institutions, social efficiency as the goal of education, universal sympathy with life as the guiding principle of literature and art, — this is a triad of uplifting motives which cannot help stimulating every constructive energy, every power for good, contained in the nation. All that Germany needs is an undisturbed condition of public affairs, absence of foreign complications, and mutual forbearance and good-will in domestic controversies. With this prospect assured, the new ideals briefly analyzed on the preceding pages will more and more completely dominate the national consciousness, and the way will be free toward a golden age of German achievements in every domain of higher aspiration.

THE CHOICE OF CIRCUMSTANCE

BY CAROLINE DUER

"THERE are no two ways about it, Emma," said her cousin, "you ought to have a change. You're moped to death."

Miss Hinsdale looked with kind eyes at the girl, who was sacrificing a day to her suburban seclusion, and smiled.

"I'm in no danger of being moped to death during *your* visits, at any rate," she returned affectionately.

And indeed, there was so much exuberant youth about this cousin, — such an amount of irresponsible, light-hearted mischief and vitality, that the stuffy, draughty little wooden house itself, sitting hunched in the snow under the fir trees, seemed to expand its lungs, and breathe in the spicy scents of spring when she was in it.

"You cheer one up very much," continued Emma.

"Oh, for a few hours, perhaps," answered the other, fitting her fingers into her gloves, "but that's not what I mean. Now that you are free from — from responsibility, you know" (thus delicately alluding to the somewhat recent demise of Emma's irascible old invalid of a father), "now that you have nothing to tie you down here, you ought to get away. You ought to travel. Why don't you?"

"I lack the energy to carry me very far, I'm afraid," confessed Miss Hinsdale, sighing, "to say nothing of the fortune."

"Energy! nonsense! Go as far as you can, and trust to luck to bring you back," exclaimed the girl. "I'd rather be stranded *anywhere* than here. Shut up in the country — in winter — with three doddering old servants — and no company but the rector's once in two weeks or so — Gracious! I'd go mad — or marry! I'm not sure which."

"Marriage *would* be a resource," replied Emma, gravely humorous. "I might advertise in the papers: 'Wanted, a husband, — even a bad one, — by a lady in the country.' And I think I'd add 'Musician preferred.' "

"Why? You're not musical."

"No, but it might solace his leisure hours to have a wonderful old violin to play upon. And I happen to have one. I don't know how it came into the family, but papa, who was learned in such matters, said it was a Stradivarius."

"Then if I were in your place I'd sell it, and go abroad."

"If you were in my place you'd feel as I do, — that it's a lonely thing to travel about the world by one's self. I do need a change. Sometimes I long for it unspeakably, but I don't seem to have the spirit to go out and hunt for it. It must come to me."

"You are n't the kind of person to attract adventure, I'm afraid," cried the pretty cousin, shaking her head and flashing her brilliant eyes. "Now if it were in *my* hands" —

She kissed Emma, and departed, leaving the sentence unfinished.

Miss Hinsdale's ridiculous old horse, carryall, and coachman conveyed her away, and Miss Hinsdale stood at the window, and watched them out of sight.

But some unsettling influence remained behind. The spice of youth yet lingered in the atmosphere. She suddenly felt rebellious against her own life, — her surroundings, — her age, — her looks, — her neat, prim, orderly ways. She wanted with vague passion to be something she had never been, to do many things she had never done, to escape in any way out of the rut into which circumstances had forced her. Looking back, she seemed always to see herself managing the house

adjusting means to sudden emergencies, waiting upon her father. She had been used to spend her time, her care, her every thought, upon others, — but now there was no one who needed her. She was free, and she told herself that there *was* nothing to prevent her shutting up her inconvenient little house, boarding her exacting old servants, and creeping a few paces out into the world with her income in her pocket, and her thirty-nine respectable years about her eyes, but in her heart she knew that she lacked the initiative for such a step.

As she had said to her cousin, the change must come to her; she had not the energy to go and seek it.

And indeed, it needed not only energy, but a physical force which Emma did not possess, to seek anything abroad for the next few days. Bitter winds and many feet of frozen snow kept the inhabitants of the cottage weather-bound, and their seclusion was invaded by nobody more exciting than the reluctant and somewhat frost-bitten tradesmen who served them. Then a sudden thaw made the roads even more impassable, and it was not until the end of as dismal a week as she had ever spent that Emma, opening her window one morning, found herself greeted by soft airs and sunshine such as would not have disgraced the month of May.

It was good to be alive on such a day. She went about her small household tasks with a light heart, humming a little tune to herself as she dusted the time-honored ornaments in the drawing-room. This was a lengthy operation, and she was still in the midst of it when the doorbell sounded a weak, wiry alarm through the house, surprising her to such an extent that she involuntarily stood still, a cup in one hand and a fine cloth in the other, listening to the result of so unusual a summons. She was caught in this attitude as the curtains parted to admit a visitor.

He was a delicate-featured young man, with curly brown hair, and gray eyes that seemed to look past one into a distance peopled, apparently, by angels. He was dressed in exceedingly well-cut, if rather shabby clothes, and carried himself like a gentleman. Emma, being at a loss to account for his presence, hesitated for a second or two over the best method of address, but he saved her further trouble by beginning the conversation himself.

"Not hearing from you, Miss Hinsdale," he said, in a voice of engaging softness, "I ventured, as you see, to present myself."

"Not hearing from me?" echoed Emma in surprise.

"Why," remarked the gentleman, with explanatory gentleness, "I said in my letter that if I did not hear from you I should come."

"You wrote to me, then?" said Emma.

"Naturally," returned the young man, bowing.

"May I ask what it was about?" she continued. "I am sorry to say that I have been getting my mail most irregularly of late. For several days my old coachman has found it impossible to get to the post office. This morning he went, but has not yet returned. I am expecting him at any minute. Have you lost anything?" she continued, with interest, as her visitor began a sudden and hurried search through all his pockets.

"I trust not," he answered, in some perturbation. "No, here it is," and he produced a slip of newspaper-cutting which he held out to her. "I took the precaution of writing, because I feared to trust absolutely the genuineness of this advertisement, — which is my only excuse for troubling you."

Emma took the clipping and read it with stupefied astonishment: —

"EXCHANGE WHAT YOU DON'T WANT FOR WHAT YOU DO.

"A genuine Stradivarius, for a Congenial Traveling Companion. Address Miss Emma Hinsdale, Sand Lane, Midvale, S. I."

"You found this in the newspaper?" she gasped.

"It appeared for several succeeding

days in the *Evening Telegram*," he replied. "At first I did not credit it, but gradually — reading it again and again, you know — I began to think it might mean something. I accordingly wrote to 'Miss Emma Hinsdale,' requesting an interview — or a line to intimate that it would *not* be agreeable to her. I imagined that the letter would have reached you before yesterday. I regret extremely to have troubled you, Miss Hinsdale, if you are already suited."

"Suited!" cried Emma. "You don't understand. I never put that advertisement in the paper. It's a — a joke, I suppose. An absurd, preposterous, insufferably impertinent joke."

Her eyes blazed as she pinched and tore the paper between her fingers. She had no difficulty in guessing who had perpetrated the outrage.

The young man looked exceedingly unhappy.

"Then there is no Stradivarius?" he said blankly.

"Oh, that," said Emma, moved to sudden half-amused compassion, "is genuine enough, I believe."

"You really own such a priceless possession?"

"I really own it; and have no thought," she added gently, "of parting with it at present."

He smiled, a faint, despairing sort of smile.

"Of course not," he said, shaking his head. "I *knew* it could n't be true."

His tone was so tragic that Emma began to feel distinctly apologetic.

"I am very sorry that you should have been brought all the way down here on such a wild-goose chase," she said, "but I am quite guiltless of blame in the matter. We are both the victims of a most ill-advised, not to say insolent, jest, and we have, I'm afraid, no redress."

He gazed at her for a moment in silence, and then began, hesitating uncomfortably, "You could n't — that is, I suppose you would n't — let me look — just look — you know" —

"At the violin? Surely; if it would give you any satisfaction," she responded kindly, and went to fetch it.

He handled it with the jealous care and loving tenderness of a childless woman for some indifferent mother's delicate offspring. Then, returning it to its case, he heaved a long sigh, and straightened himself to take leave.

"Thank you," he said simply. "That was worth a much longer journey."

"You do not want to" —

"No, no," he interrupted, his long, taper-fingered hands fluttering in deprecation of her impending suggestion. "No, if I tuned it, if I once drew the bow across it, I should never leave it." He buttoned his coat and turned resolutely to the door. "Is there a train starting soon?" he inquired. "I forgot to get a time-table at the station."

Emma glanced at the clock. "There should be one leaving in about ten minutes," she said. "You can just catch it if you hurry. Take the carriage," she added, as it drew up before the door. "My man will drive you to the station."

It seemed to her that he was gone almost before she had finished speaking, and yet she had a vision of a head bowed over her hand, and the sound of a hardly articulated "good-by" lingering in her ears.

Poor young man! His embarrassment appeared far greater than her own — and yet surely to have answered such an advertisement at all argued a certain amount of callousness — even effrontery! He was probably a hardened character. He might even be a dangerous one.

She walked to the hall door, and, opening it, stepped out upon the piazza with the intention of convincing herself that the stranger had really quitted her premises. To her dismay she beheld the carryall returning at full speed from the gate. She stood still. Perhaps he had left something behind. His gloves — his stick? Of course; that must be it. Reassured, she came forward as the carriage approached.

"Have you forgotten anything?" she called.

"Oh — ah — Yes. Yes, indeed," he cried. He had opened the door and was standing on the step prepared to leap off. "It just came over me — I hope you did n't think that I" —

But the words were cut short. Whether the old coachman, shaken out of his accustomed calm, misjudged the distance, — or whether the old horse, hustled out of his, became suddenly unmanageable, — cannot be known. Whichever was the case, the wheel of the carryall struck the bottom stair with a shock that all but overturned the vehicle, and dashed the young man with frightful force against one of the heavy wooden pillars that supported the portico.

The thing took place at Emma's feet, almost, and yet she did not seem to have the least idea how it happened.

She could never remember, afterward, quite how she reached him, nor how she became aware that he was not dead, nor how she managed, with the aid of her servants, to get him conveyed into the house. It took the united efforts of them all to accomplish this move, and Emma was by no means sure that it had not been injurious to the patient. She felt, as she observed his perfect unconsciousness and awful pallor, that there was but too much reason for serious alarm. She flew to the telephone, and fortunately was answered by the doctor himself, but the moments during which she waited for his coming were among the most trying of her life.

She was so infinitely relieved at his verdict that she forgot to be dismayed at the further responsibility it entailed upon her. The young man was not marked out for immediate death, — that much she ascertained with thanksgiving, — but concussion of the brain was feared, and, for the next ten days at least, his removal from her house was inadvisable. So, with the help of her two women, Emma undertook the charge of him. She was old-fashioned enough to be prejudiced against trained nurses, and shy of having a strange, authoritative young woman rustling about her house. She felt, moreover, unwilling to commit her unfortunate guest to any unnecessary extravagance. But as she stood by his bedside that evening, she could not help thinking that if this were the "change" which she had challenged Fate to send her, it partook a good deal of the nature of that history which repeats itself. How many times she had stood there looking down at her father, and wondering whether she had done everything possible to secure him a comfortable night! How many times had she moved about this very room, — the most convenient she had to offer her unexpected guest, — mending the fire, arranging the curtains, shading the light, settling herself to watch patiently till morning! Heavens, how many times, and how this brought them all back!

Ah, well, the situation was, at least, less complicated than she had at first feared. The young man would not long trespass upon her hospitality. In the meanwhile, during a brief return to consciousness, he had vehemently disclaimed the possession of any relations or friends who would be anxious if not communicated with, — a thing very comforting to a lady who dreaded explanations.

She gazed at her patient curiously. He looked so young, and yet so oddly faded, so simple, and yet so strangely acute, irresponsible, but shrewd, and, as she could not but consider he had proved, bold to the point of impudence. At this instant he opened his eyes wide, and, meeting hers, which she had not had time to turn away, he smiled, and made an effort to speak. She threw out a quick hand of protest.

"You must not talk."

He frowned impatiently.

"You have something you want to say before you sleep?"

He signed assent, evidently relieved at her quick understanding.

"Say it as briefly as possible, then," she warned him. "It must be very important to your night's rest to justify my

letting you make the exertion. What is it?"

She leaned over him, and he looked up at her gratefully.

"Only that — it was n't *myself* I was offering as your companion to-day — honestly. Not such a goat," he said.

There was something so pathetically humorous in this endeavor to set himself straight with her before he would close his eyes under her roof, that Emma could not help smiling.

"I suppose this is what you nearly killed yourself hurrying back to tell me," she observed, with a sudden flash of remembrance and comprehension.

He absolutely grinned in response, and she went on hurriedly, —

"You had some one in your mind who you thought might fill the position? A cousin, perhaps, — you indicated, I think, that you had no near relations, — some girl who longed to travel; and you imagined you were perhaps putting her ambitions within her reach when you answered that advertisement?"

It was extraordinary how his probable good motives grew and multiplied in her ready brain. She perceived all at once that she had wanted to think well of him.

His expression became suddenly quizzical.

"I wanted the situation for my wife," he said, and then allowed the lids to droop over his eyes, as if, having disembarrassed his conscience of something that might, by some straight-laced people, be considered a burden, he had now earned the right to that perfect repose which is the reward of all well-doers in this vale of tears.

Emma did not find her night's rest any more assured for this remarkable piece of confidence; and she speculated so much about her strange guest, his past and future history, and the silly joke that had led to her being mixed up in it, that the ghostly light of early morning came stealing between the curtains before she was prepared for it.

The next day and the day following brought about decided improvements in the condition of her patient, and as soon as he was permitted to talk freely, he regaled her with the story of his life.

"I suppose," he began, "you've been wondering why, since I've got a wife, I would n't let you send her word where I was."

"I thought perhaps she was away," said Miss Hinsdale amiably.

"Away," echoed the young man. "Yes. You're perfectly right. She is away — in South Dakota, getting a divorce from me. We — well, we did n't get on. She could n't stand my vagaries — I don't blame her."

He gave this information with a regretful candor that was delightful.

Emma's knitting, which she had taken up when she settled herself as a listener, dropped into her lap, and her face stiffened.

"No," he went on. "I don't blame her entirely. I meant to be a decent sort of a chap, but somehow I'm afraid it did n't turn out like that. Anyhow, I soon realized that I was not designed for a good husband. It did n't interest me near so much as my profession. I wanted to be a good violinist, all right, but I did n't seem to be able to put much energy into the other, — after the first rush, you understand, — and you've got to put a fearful lot of energy into it if you want to keep some women contented."

He looked so determinedly at his hostess that she felt herself obliged to express a faint acquiescence in this sentiment.

"I was chucked on the world suddenly at sixteen, with no particular brains, and a taste for music," he continued, "and somebody sent me abroad to study. She says — my wife, you know — that she fell in love with me at the first concert I gave in New York. I suspect she's often wished she had n't gone, but I was what you call the fashion, just at first, and so she could n't miss it — the concert, I mean."

"I understand," said Emma gravely, as he paused.

"Well, *I* never did," he frankly admitted. "Why Fate took her to that concert — yes, perhaps, — for it was largely advertised, and she and her aunt were on from the West, staying at the Waldorf, not knowing many people, and not having much to do. But why she liked me, or why the old lady (who ought to have known better) let us meet and marry, *that* I never can understand."

"I suppose she saw you were in love with one another."

"In love," he cried impatiently. "I was *always* in love with every pretty woman who was willing to be nice to me; and my wife says she does n't know what *she* was in love with, — something she invented that was n't me at all. Anyhow, things soon began to go badly with me, and people did n't seem to care to hear me any more. Finally I joined an orchestra." He broke out into a sudden chuckle. "It was the finest thing in the country, but she thought it was an awful disgrace. Then I met with an accident and was laid up for six months — almost got the morphine habit, and then took, mildly, to drink. It affected me so queerly, too, — sometimes I played like an archangel, they said, and sometimes I would n't play at all, so, naturally, I could n't hold a position for any time worth mentioning. Oh, I can't go all through it. I think perhaps if she'd been patient a little longer I'd have pulled myself together for the sake of what she'd thought me — I know as soon as she left me I *did* pull myself together after a fashion, but that was for spite."

The listener made a murmur of dissent.

"Yes, for spite. I just would n't go under, because she said I would, and that she'd be glad when I did."

"She could n't have said that. No woman who had once loved a man could say that to him," cried Emma.

"Oh, she never really loved me," answered her candid patient easily. "She was just *in* love *with* me for a little while, which is different. But even if she had begun by loving me, she might easily have said such a thing when she'd grown to hate me. It was my own fault. I know that, and that's why I wondered whether she'd forgive me if I got her the position I was fool enough to think you offered. I'd an idea you might be an old lady, a kind, eccentric old lady, who wanted a gay, cheerful young woman to go abroad with her. I'm always chasing after some impossible position these days. And I must say the violin part of it attracted me."

"But if she's in Dakota " — suggested Emma, puzzled.

"Why, the papers will be signed in a few days," he returned, "and then she won't want to stay out there. And she does n't care to go back to her aunt, and I don't want her to be wandering about the world alone."

"I'm afraid *I'm* not very likely to be wandering about the world at all," said Emma, with reserve.

"And if you were, you'd not need to advertise for a companion," he remarked, smiling. "Oh, don't think I thought of it after I saw you and spoke to you. I'm only explaining what I had imagined before. Well, I suppose now I've explained too much, — more than I'd any right to do. You see, I have not had anybody I *could* speak to about it, and it just seemed as if I had to tell some one or die. Thank you for listening. You have been uncommonly kind."

Miss Hinsdale was not by any means sure that she felt kind. His revelations had somewhat shocked her, and she knew it was going to take some hours before she could readjust her mind to a sympathetic understanding of the case. There were many such cases, she supposed, only she had not been brought into contact with them. She got up and began to roll up her knitting.

"You have not explained at all too much, if in any way the explanation has been a comfort to you," she said. "I am glad that you felt able to tell me, but I'm afraid I must not let you talk any more

now. It is time for your soup, and after that I hope you will rest."

The young man made a grimace of mingled amusement and concern as she left the room, but did not attempt to detain her.

Their subsequent conversations bore more relation to the present tastes and feelings of each than to any past episodes in the career of either. Indeed, as Emma's life had been a tame succession of nights and days, down which she had moved like a pawn on a checkerboard, the word "episode" hardly applied to her at all.

"I can't understand your being willing to go on like this, week after week for the rest of your days," he observed one afternoon some days later, when she had been betrayed into a slight allusion to the extreme solitude of her life.

"I don't seem to be very well able to help it," said Emma.

"Nobody seems to be able to make life just as they want it," he replied, with a sigh. "Look at me! And yet my desires seemed simple and laudable enough to begin with. Music, as an ambition, was not in any way unworthy."

"I should think not," cried Emma. "And that reminds me — Why did n't I think of it before? You must be starved without it. You shall have the violin to play upon every day."

"You spoil me too much," he said; but his eyes were eager.

Now that he was allowed to solace his convalescent hours with music, the violin was seldom out of his reach, and the sounds he managed to call forth were so ravishing that even Emma's tuneless ear was touched. As for her patient, from the first moment the instrument was put into his hands he seemed to receive new strength, courage, and contentment.

It was now more than ten days since he had come to her house, and Emma was beginning to feel as if he had been there always. It became the most natural thing in the world for her to consult his opinions and wishes about all the little intimate affairs of daily life; and when the rector, who had heard (as all the neighborhood had gradually heard) of the late untoward incident, came to extol what he called her "noble and Christian endurance of an exceedingly trying situation," she found herself distinctly offended. Any commiseration he had to spare, she told him, had better be directed toward her unfortunate visitor. She had had long consultations with the doctor, and knew that he considered his patient fairly on the way to recovery. "Only," he said, "we must get him away. I rather suggest California."

"The heights of Olympus would be about as feasible," remarked the impatient patient, when this was broached to him. "What does he think I am to travel to California and live upon when I get there — my looks?"

"But if it 's necessary" — began Emma.

"Necessary? Fiddlesticks! Nothing is 'necessary' that you can't afford to do," he replied. "I shall get on all right here when once I get my strength back. You 'll see. Listen to this. Some people call it 'Consolation.' It represents all that you have been to me. Do you like it?"

"It seemed very sad," said Emma, as he put down the violin. "Not as if the consolation had brought much hope. It sounded more as if it should be called 'Resignation.'"

"There! there! there!" he cried. "That 's your character all over. To take whatever comes, bad or good, and make the best of it! However, I ought to be the last person to complain, for if you had not taken me in — resignedly" —

"I shall not turn you out resignedly, unless I can induce you to follow the doctor's directions," she observed gravely.

"But under those circumstances you would pack me off as quickly as possible and return to your life of peace, — resume the even tenor of your ways? I have invaded your 'happy solitude' an unconscionable time, poor lady, and disturbed your contentment."

"I was not contented," said Emma briefly. "And I am very lonely."

There was a pause, and then, suddenly beginning to smile a little, she added, "Indeed, it was because of some half-serious complaints I made on the subject that my cousin put that abominable advertisement in the paper."

"You did want to get away from here, then?" he inquired.

"I should be glad if my lines had fallen in pleasanter places."

"But you won't step out to find them?"

She shook her head. "I'm afraid there's no chance for your wife," she said gayly, for she had taught herself to treat his original proposition lightly, as the least embarrassing way of treating it at all.

"My wife?" he repeated slowly. "My wife has written to me that now that she's got her divorce, she's going to be married to the doctor out there. Devilish attractive fellows, these doctors! This one 's a six-footer. I've suffered all my life from being undersized. It's size that tells with some women."

Emma looked up, startled.

"How long have you known this?"

"Since early in the week, when you brought me the letters I wrote to town for."

"And it hurt you?"

"Why should it hurt me? I don't think that it did. It just took me a little while to get used to the idea. It's not so bad as seeing another man playing upon *your* violin, you know," he ended whimsically.

"My violin?" cried Emma. "Oh, it's not my violin. It is yours from henceforth. You shall have it always. I give it to you."

"To console me because another man has married my wife?" he inquired, with a little grin.

"To restore to you, as far as I may, the one real enjoyment you have in the world," she answered readily.

"Ah, that," he said, "is so like you, you kind woman. I cannot take it from you, — but I thank you, believe me, so from my heart that words would choke me."

Emma did not insist, but the day he had settled upon for departure she had the case brought down and placed with his meagre possessions on the piazza, to be in readiness for the village hack that was to take him to the station. She had received a stab of pain as she passed his room, now being what the servants called "turned out of the windows," and her heart ached incomprehensibly as she looked at his white, drawn face in the brilliant sunlight.

He held out his hand.

"God bless you," he said, "every day for the rest of your life."

"And you," she answered.

"That won't require too much attention, I hope," he responded lightly. "Good-by."

She did not attempt to withdraw her hand.

"You will take the violin?" she begged.

He shook his head.

"Is there *no way* in which I can show you how much I want you to have it?"

The words seemed to come without her will.

"There is a way," he said, suddenly looking full at her, "but you know I must not think of it."

"That is the way I meant," she said simply. "Will you take it on those terms? And will you let me take you to California, — for my own sake? I cannot face my life if you throw yours away."

"Well, I see you disapprove with all your might and main," said the pretty cousin, encountering the rector on the road. (She had been joyously pardoned, and was returning from a farewell visit to Emma.)

"A divorced man, and, if I am not mistaken, a good-for-nothing person! I should think so!" cried the indignant gentleman, swelling with injured feelings.

"I find him rather charming," declared the young lady, "and after all what Emma wanted was something to spend herself upon. She has got it, and she is perfectly happy."

A FRENCH CRITIC OF OLD IMPERIALISM

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

THE political events of recent years have given rise to frequent comparison between the great American republic of to-day and the great Roman republic of two thousand years ago; and there is no doubt that there are marked points of resemblance, not only political, but as regards many other phases of social and spiritual life.

The Roman world, during the last years of the Republic and under the early emperors, had, in some respects, reached a high stage of civilization. It had not the advantages of printing, of rapid transportation, or of electric light. Nevertheless, those who lived chiefly to amuse themselves were able to do so with a variety and refinement of luxury which Chicago and Newport would find it difficult to surpass. What is of more importance, the few whose immense wealth enabled them to devote their lives to the endless pursuit of new and stimulating pleasures grew gradually farther and farther apart from the toiling many who lived merely from day to day. The old, simple, governmental machine, which had worked perfectly with the old, simple conditions of life, creaked dangerously under the new strains that were placed upon it. And the rich said to themselves that it was a fine thing to be free, but a far finer thing to have some power strong enough to protect capital from the anarchical greed of labor.

With idleness and luxury went the usual tendency to brutality and demoralization. The historical novel was not invented; so that Roman ladies and gentlemen could not sit by the fire of an evening and read highly-spiced narratives of murder and torture. But, after all, the incidents of the arena, though less varied, were perhaps even more piquant than Mr. Kipling or Mr. Jack London. Social morals, too, were of a quality which seems only too apt to accompany the highest civilization. Divorce was almost as easily obtained as in some of our Western states, and nearly as common. Cicero, for instance, was separated from two wives; yet he was universally regarded as of stainless character, and that he was wise is shown by his remarking, when urged to marry a third time, that "it is difficult for a man to devote himself at once to a wife and to philosophy."

If we consider the Roman world in its religious aspects also, we shall find interesting points of resemblance to our own In the earlier days of the Republic the whole duty of man was to honor the gods and lead a simple, upright life. The Roman religion was always very formal in character; but, in the beginning, form was closely connected with spirit, and the founders of the nation believed that virtue was the highest form of worship. Later on, the subtle philosophies of Greece began to make themselves felt. Life became a vaster, more complex thing than it had at first appeared to the rugged farmers on the banks of the Tiber. The gods grew much dimmer and at the same time rather less respectable. Cæsar could proclaim openly, in the Senate, his disbelief in a life after death; and it is probable that a large number of educated men — and women — were inclined to agree with him. Yet, as has happened since, under similar conditions, the general skepticism was accompanied by a vague unrest. Men said to one another bravely, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." But in their hearts they were discontented and longed for something different, — they knew not what. Thus they were ready to take up

with any new superstition that offered. The East, always fertile in deity, poured out her swarm of strange gods upon them, — Isis, Osiris, the Dog Anubis, and the rest, — and every one found eager worshipers.

It will be said that it is easy to pick out resemblances and neglect everything else. Of course, no one can overlook the marked points of difference between the Roman republic and our own. In the first place there is slavery, supplying always at the bottom of the social structure a dark stratum of ignominy and suffering, a chaos of envy and licentiousness and despair. Then, too, in the sphere of politics, the government of Rome was intensely centralized. One city held all the power, and one class in that city the greater part of it. Faction and mob violence, backed and controlled by the subtle schemes of selfish ambition, had far freer play than could ever be possible in a country with many centres of political life, all equally important and quite dissimilar in their interests. Nevertheless, the political resemblances between the greatest republics of the Old World and of the New are the most striking of all. In both cases we find a government devised to meet very simple conditions of life, and under those conditions working well. A hardy, thrifty, industrious, self-controlled people make laws for themselves, live by those laws, develop, and prosper. But internal circumstances change. The rich separate themselves from the poor and are hated by them. New elements come into the commonwealth and are assimilated with constantly increasing difficulty. The old, simple forms of government are already proving hardly equal to the burden placed upon them, when the perhaps unalterable march of events brings the nation into control of other nations, places upon those who had proved barely able to govern themselves the far greater responsibility of governing others. The result to Rome was disaster: greed, fraud, corruption, confusion, anarchy, and finally, the loss of that liberty which some had forgotten and many had despised, but which had appeared to the really greatest Romans the most essential blessing that can fall to the lot of man. It is the height of folly to predict positively that events must run a similar course under conditions so different, in many respects, as prevail among ourselves to-day. But surely the careful examination of what took place in that old Roman state cannot fail to be extremely profitable as well as extremely interesting.

To any one wishing to make such an examination the abundance of books is naturally bewildering, but hardly any are more stimulating and more suggestive than those of M. Gaston Boissier. M. Boissier is the permanent secretary of the French Academy, of which celebrated society he became a member in 1876; and for the last half century he has devoted himself exclusively to the study of ancient Rome, its history, its literature, and the life and manners of its people. To attribute to M. Boissier the exhaustive erudition of a German *Gelehrte*, a Niebuhr, or a Mommsen, would be too much. He himself would be the first to disclaim such a pretension. But he has the peculiarly French gift of making the best possible use of the erudition of others; and having lived a long life in Paris, through all the stirring events of the Second Empire and the Third Republic, in daily contact with the most brilliant minds of the age, he has acquired that experience of the world, which, for the purposes of historical writing, at any rate, is worth more than the most encyclopædic learning.

M. Boissier's mental attitude is, however, more important than his equipment as a scholar. He approaches the problems of the past in a thoroughly scientific spirit. I mean by this not only that he is faithful and careful in the investigation of facts, but that he studies the bearing of the facts in itself, without preconceived theories or prejudices. He does not set out to write the history of Rome because that history illustrates doctrines of his

own about the advantages or disadvantages of Imperialism. Nor does he fall into the more insidious error of Macaulay and Froude, that of exaggerating everything for the sake of literary effect, of intensifying lights and deepening shadows, merely to make sure of a telling and impressive picture. He does not think of himself at all, or of his writing, or even of his readers; he is preoccupied only with the subject before him, bent to examine it, with broad and curious interest, from every angle and every point of view.

I do not wish to imply by this that M. Boissier is one of those cold and indifferent historians, whose impartiality means a total absence of life, and who are so afraid of interesting us for one side or the other that they end by not interesting us at all. A true disciple of Sainte-Beuve, M. Boissier's whole work is an application to Roman history of the method which that great critic constantly employed in his study of French history and literature both. That is to say, it is a subordination of all partisan ideas, even of all speculative theories, to the passion for human life as such. One is not republican, one is not monarchist, one is not Christian, one is not pagan, — at least, as a critic, one does not profess these things; but one is human, and nothing human is alien to one. The beating of the human heart, its loves, its hates, its hopes and aspirations, its failures and despairs, whether in Greek, or Roman, or Frenchman, or American, — that is what interested Sainte-Beuve, that is what interests M. Boissier, and can hardly fail, I think, to interest his readers.

To these other merits is added the charm of M. Boissier's style. This charm is by no means a matter of rhetoric, mere brilliancy, or picturesqueness. No writer thinks less of writing for itself. In all his books there is hardly a passage which one would quote for pure literary display. The whole secret is simply a constant, faithful preoccupation with the subject in hand, coupled with the artist's instinct for pure, lucid, rhythmical expression: in short, the transmission of ideas through a clear and perfect medium. M. Boissier's method is that of Sainte-Beuve; but his style is that of Renan, in other words, that of George Sand: a style simple sometimes to the verge of diffuseness, but infinitely restful after the pyrotechnics of more conscious and more laborious writers. How much the reader owes to such a mode of expression is best appreciated by comparing M. Boissier's work with that of others in the same line; for instance, with the very useful and suggestive studies of M. Constant Martha, or with the books of the late Professor Sellar, so interesting and profitable in their subject matter, but lacking the saving quality of grace.

It is, perhaps, best to make one's first acquaintance with M. Boissier through his *Rambles of an Archæologist*, which has been translated into English, though with some loss of its original brightness. In these charming essays the author describes the great localities and monuments of ancient Rome, — the Forum, the Palatine, the Catacombs, the Port of Ostia, the Villa of Horace at Tivoli. Those who have already visited Rome and those who would like to do so in the future, — the two classes include all mankind, do they not? — will find here rich matter to stimulate either memory or hope. It is true that M. Boissier's antiquarianism is already a little out of date. The process of excavation moves rapidly, and the Forum of twenty years ago is not the Forum of to-day. But what is really interesting in the book does not change, that is to say, the human associations, which make every pier and arch, every brick and stone, of the old ruins, instinct with enduring life.

M. Boissier places us in the Forum and with a few words recalls to us the tremendous events of the past. He brings back the throngs who gathered there on election day, the orators who hurled argument and vituperation at their opponents, the candidates who moved among

the crowd, humbly soliciting votes, or had their glorious deeds painted on large screens and exhibited to the public gaze. "One of them, the Prætor Mancinus, even carried his condescension so far as to stand beside the picture which represented his mighty actions, in order to make suitable explanations to those who might request them. Such a degree of politeness enchanted the citizens, who made him consul the following year." Just as, in our day, a politician might write a book describing his own prowess in war, and endear himself to the people thereby. Again, in the same historic spot, we are made to see the fierce convulsions which attended the downfall of the Republic, the troops of armed adherents driving their enemies from the polls and electing their own candidate by a majority of clubs instead of ballots. And, later still, we have the Forum of the Empire, rich with splendid ornaments, but become the favorite haunt of triflers and idlers, and no longer alive with the struggles and the passions of liberty.

In the same way we are guided about the ruins of the Palatine, wandering there not among the relics and traditions of a free nation, but through the luxurious haunts of despotic tyranny. Here were the halls where Augustus, not yet sure of his absolute empire, feasted, flattered, and overawed the discontented survivors of the old order of things. Here was the house of Livia, his widow; and we see on the walls the very pictures which met her eyes nearly two thousand years ago. Here was the Palace of Tiberius. Here the dark passage through which Caligula fled from his assassins. Here a great reception hall. There a library. At least, M. Boissier's sympathetic suggestion enables us to see all these things, even in a formless heap of stones. It may be that his conjectures are not always accurate. Messrs. Middleton, Lanciani, and the rest might be sometimes more reliable from an archæological point of view; but they have not the charm which makes the past alive in spite of any weight of years.

Of M. Boissier's other works, one, *The Opposition under the Cæsars*, is devoted to conditions which prevailed after the empire was thoroughly established. In it the author studies the different elements of society which, for one reason or another, kept up the struggle against the new order of things. The details of these matters are perhaps remote from us; but as a whole they impress upon us most powerfully the old story of the fatal price that is paid for peace and good order when received at the hands of absolute despotism: the lack of all individual initiative, the throttling of free speech, even of free thought, the degradation of genius, the disappearance even of natural, open social life by reason of the dread which each man feels of the indiscretion or the treachery of his neighbor. It may seem, perhaps, that this is a very old story indeed; but it is one of those that need to be repeated long before there is any apparent danger of their being forgotten.

M. Boissier's most elaborate and most important book is entitled, *The Roman Religion, from Augustus to the Antonines*. It is interesting to note that the late Lafcadio Hearn, in his last work, *Japan, an Interpretation*, has followed the same method as our French critic, in making Japanese religion the central point of his study and showing how largely the politics, the manners, and the whole life of the Japanese people depend upon their religious beliefs and practice. That this is a most fruitful and suggestive attitude for the historian will be appreciated, when we reflect that in Japan, and far more in Greece and Rome, we find the attainment of a very high point of civilization, quite independent of those spiritual influences which we are accustomed to regard as the basis of similar development among ourselves. The question of just how much the modern world owes to Christianity is frequently debated and is full of interest. It will probably never be settled, — or always be settled according to the beliefs and prejudices of the individual disputant. But there can be no doubt that a

dispassionate study of Greek and Roman society in religious aspects and connections will afford most valuable data for the discussion of the problem.

M. Boissier begins by establishing the fundamental idea of the Roman religion as that of duty, obligation. The Romans were a reverent and thoughtful people. They visited their gods with punctual service, with solemn step and veiled head; and their primary religious emotion was awe. They had not the Greek gayety of imagination. They did not clothe the powers of nature with light and joy and celebrate their festivals with song and merriment. On the other hand, they had, even more than the Greeks, a sense of the presence of the gods in daily life. Like their descendants in modern Italy, they divined and solicited the intervention of supernatural power in all the commonest occupations. A god presided over the child's birth; another, several, over the different features of his education; another over his marriage; another over his death. There was a god to be propitiated when one went a journey, another to be thanked at one's returning home. Separate deities were gradually devised for every minutest action, till their number equaled the calendar of the saints, and only an *Acta Sanctorum* could contain their history.

A religion so minute in its details could not but degenerate sooner or later into pure formalism. M. Boissier makes clear to us the process of this transformation, and shows that in the later days of the Republic, although the ceremonial of worship was more technical and elaborate than ever, the spiritual meaning had passed out of it, at least for all thinking men and women. But the establishment of the Empire brought a reaction. It is in the highest degree convenient for a despot to cultivate religion among his subjects; and political absolutism has always detested intellectual anarchy, or even liberty. Augustus, therefore, set himself to bring about an evangelical revival, and M. Boissier narrates most interestingly the Emperor's efforts in this direction. That they were not wholly successful does not surprise us, when we learn that one of the most active evangelists was Horace, who one day perhaps writes a solemn hymn to Jupiter, the Protector of the Capitol, but, alas, on the next may describe himself as a hog of Epicurus and invite Lydia to a graceful banquet, where the wines are exquisite, but the gods appear to be of no account at all.

In a later volume M. Boissier studies the advent of the Greek philosophies, which bore something the same relation to the older religion that Unitarianism has borne to orthodoxy among ourselves. One of the most striking resemblances between the old and the modern heterodoxy is that both furnished an admirable religion to those who were comparatively little in need of it; but neither had any hold upon the masses, for whom religion, if it is to mean anything, must be almost the whole of life.

In a separate work, published many years after *The Roman Religion*, and entitled *The End of Paganism*, M. Boissier completes his task by depicting the gradual disappearance of the old worship and the various elements which Christianity was obliged to overcome before it could enter into full possession of its kingdom.

What makes the interest and charm of these religious studies of M. Boissier is that, again like Lafcadio Hearn, he does not confine himself to the dry discussion of creed and ceremonial, but sees religion constantly and only in its relation to human life. Thus, he has chapters on the social reforms of Augustus, on the religion of the upper classes, on the Roman women, on the slaves, on the popular associations, all of these being intimately connected with the main subject, and all full of matters of common interest, which bring home to us clearly the resemblances and differences between that age and our own.

Of all M. Boissier's writings probably the best known and certainly the most

likely to be interesting to the American reader is *Cicero and his Friends*, of which a very fair translation is fortunately obtainable. This book deals wholly with the dying struggles of the Roman Republic. We see first the misgovernment of the conquered provinces. Greed and rapacity are let loose to exploit the immense resources of Africa and Asia. Then the thieves and grafters who have stolen all they can abroad return to spend this gain in luxury and corrupt politics at home. Enormous fortunes are accumulated in a few hands and are expended to purchase votes or to overawe peaceable voters, and drive them from the polls. Capital and labor are arrayed against each other in the form of a rich, idle, vicious senatorial aristocracy, and a hungry proletariat constantly recruited by all the lawlessness and degradation which human slavery can produce. Clever politicians work on the credulity of labor. Capital becomes frenzied, cries that property must be protected, if the heavens fall. Both sides rush to arms, and, after a long nightmare of bloodshed and misery, the Roman citizen awakes to find that he is a Roman citizen no longer, but a Roman slave.

In approaching this most dramatic subject in the history of the world, M. Boissier has borne in mind the great truth, so often forgotten, that the essential element of history is character. Facts are frequently dull and in themselves meaningless. General principles are dangerous: when new, so apt to be untrue; when true, so often stale and barren. What is always new, what is always interesting, because it can never be settled, is the question of character. The human heart, the human brain, make history; they are history; it is they who are to read and feel history. If all historians could only keep this before their eyes, what a difference it would make!

M. Boissier, at any rate, never forgets it; and, in consequence, he makes his study of the critical period of Rome centre around one of the most interesting and sympathetic figures of that period, at the same time analyzing various other important personages in connection with him. M. Boissier's portrait of Cicero is indeed admirable. Without forcing the note in the least, the critic keeps constantly before us, as the main clue to Cicero's character, the anomaly of a born man of letters thrust into, or thrusting himself into, the conduct of practical affairs. From this point of view it is easy to understand the great orator's failures and misadventures and to sympathize with him in spite of them. Possessed of a keen wit and a ready tongue, he was quick to see the defects of his friends as well as of his enemies, and as prompt to ridicule the former as the latter. Thoroughly upright in intention, but timid when called upon to act, he was a partisan when he should have been a patriot, and a patriot when he should have been a partisan. He thundered forth the most magnificent eloquence on one side of a question; and behold, when the vote was taken, his voice was given on the other. On the whole faithful to the old Republicans in practice, he was always impatient of their narrow stupidity, and always just ready to throw himself into the arms of the other faction. In short, the total result of his political career was to make him respected by all parties and trusted by none.

On one side of Cicero we see grouped, in M. Boissier's book, the sturdy adherents of the old régime: Cato, the rude and rugged, scornful alike of Cæsar and of the rabble rout which shouted at Cæsar's bidding; the melancholy Brutus, whose psychological attitude toward his friend, his country, and himself still remains such a curious puzzle, after twenty centuries have studied it.

But these survivals of the past are less interesting to the modern reader than the men who had been directly evolved out of the great struggle and knew how to take advantage of it for their own benefit. Can one ever tire of speculating as to the character of Cæsar? What were his real feelings, hopes and purposes? Having

involved his own affairs to the verge of ruin, he seeks to extricate himself by success in politics. Gifted with inimitable charm in social intercourse, he wins all men, some by favors, some by flattery, some by the frank give and take of intellectual companionship. He keeps his ear to the ground, and his brain soars as high as heaven. Step by step he works his way onward, — then the assassination trammels up the consequence, and the full scope of that immense ambition remains a mystery.

The case of Antony is much simpler. Here is a man of the strenuous type which Falstaff stamped forever when he described Hotspur as "he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.'" No schemer this, no plotter, no long contriver of subtle conspiracies, or ambiguous statecraft. Cut, thrust, hack, hew! Let the fat and greasy citizen complain of anarchy, tumult, and disorder. These things are the very element of such as Antony.

And behind the Antonies and their kind lurks Octavius the fox. He has all the fine scorn of cultured intellect for these brutal methods; but he knows how to make use of them in others. Even in boyhood his greatest delight was to get two of his companions into a difficulty and then watch the battle from a secure hiding place. So he stirs up strife between Antony and Lepidus, and profits by it. With his close and cunning eyes he watches Antony running out his furious course to the very end, and then steps quietly into the fruit of others' victories. Cæsar had grace, nobility, it may be even a certain shred of patriotism, Antony had at least brute courage and distinguished soldiership. Augustus had nothing but craft and greed; and he put the whole world into his pocket.

Modern America is to be congratulated on having no public men like these. The last three, at any rate, were notably immoral in private life; and not Charles the First was more distinguished for domestic virtues than the leading politicians of the United States to-day. There are many other obvious reasons why the greatest republic of the twentieth century should not follow the course of the greatest republic of the past. Nevertheless, it is well to remember that the same course has been followed by very many republics of the past, great and little alike. Liberty is a rare and beautiful blessing; but, like many other blessings, it becomes indifferent from too great familiarity. As has been well said of it, it is won with long struggle, suffering, and sacrifice; it is lost with such apathy and indifference that the transformation has taken place even before it is perceived. At any rate the stanchest believer in "manifest destiny" cannot but admit that the study of old-time mistakes is of the greatest value and interest for modern achievement. And, assuredly, any such study of ancient Rome cannot be made with a more suggestive and more thoroughly human guide than M. Boissier.

AN INTERCHANGE OF COURTESIES

BY CLARE BENEDICT

I

"You look so dreary, Rachel, that you get on my nerves. The countess asked me yesterday whether you were homesick, but that was her polite way of cloaking her curiosity."

Rachel Baring suppressed a sharp rejoinder; she had learned that to argue with her brother was unwise.

"Now of course I know what ails you," went on Oswald Baring pleasantly. "You disapprove of my present course; but, as I have often told you, you are not responsible for my misdoings, nor do I admit that they are misdoings. The countess is a splendid type for study; the Austrian great lady has not been much done, and decidedly not as I shall do her. But I must push the thing to a climax; the tale requires a dramatic ending."

He turned a little absently toward his companion.

"It is rather a bore for you; but it will soon be over, so do cheer up!"

Oswald Baring patted his sister's arm encouragingly; he even treated her to his best smile, but Rachel was in no mood for cajolery, this time she would not and could not yield.

"I should think you must have studied her very thoroughly; you have hardly been apart for the last four weeks. If you have n't analyzed her by this time, I am afraid you will never do so, especially now that her husband is expected."

"Oh!" he cried, "for Heaven's sake, don't make it personal! On my part it's nothing but a piece of business, on hers — a game — to pass away the time."

Miss Baring maintained a frigid silence, and Oswald, having waited an instant for an answer, now resumed his argument, this time with ill-concealed irritation. People had no right to oppose him when he was creating; the slightest jar might spoil a whole day's work, and Rachel's revolt was peculiarly disconcerting, for she had supported him so staunchly through other literary anxieties.

"It is you, Rachel, with your North American conscience, who *will* drag a moral into a fantasy, — very bad art, that, and the ruin of a light touch. Now the position is this," he went on, his brow clearing, "I have a good idea for a story, an idea which I can't afford to throw away — everything is sketched out — the characters dissected — there is only one thing missing, and that is my heroine in a passion. In other words: the little countess up to the present has been playing, but I want to see her once in earnest. Of course the affair will end in mutual compliments. Trust us to come out safely — only — and here is my point to you — don't spoil it all by interfering. Let the bubble burst; it won't destroy us."

She made no answer, and he continued with increased vehemence.

"I tell you I love her, as an artist! As an artist, she pleases me beyond expression. Her contradictions and lively sallies are exquisite; besides, with all of it, she is such a lady, not the kind one runs across every day, but rather some precious type that has been hoarded up in Hungary for centuries — the type, I mean, not the dear little girl herself!"

Rachel turned away in dumb anger, but Baring ignored her silence and continued.

"Next week, I shall be plunged in grief at losing her; the week after, I shall mournfully begin my tale; after that — unless you bother me — I shall think of nothing but the story; when it is finished, Countess Essie will be to me a dream. There, old girl, have I reassured

you? If you knew my joy, old Rachel, at coming on this treasure!"

The man's fine eyes were eloquent in their appeal for sympathy, but his sister turned her face away abruptly.

"I don't enjoy seeing you play either the villain or the dupe," she said.

Oswald waved his hand impatiently.

"Bother your scruples! No one is being duped; there is n't any villain. Every one is playing fair — every one, that is, except yourself, and you are taking advantage of a delicate situation to upset my nerve and rob me of my assurance. The count arrives to-night. Who knows what may not happen? At all events, you must be at hand to smooth things over, in case the third act rushes on too fast."

"I will not do it," cried the girl hotly. "I will not be drawn into your plot!"

Oswald Baring fixed his eyes on his sister. He had not conquered his world without a struggle, and in the struggle he had acquired hardness.

"Your jealousy would be absurd if it were not so selfish," he said. "You seem to have lost your common sense to-day. I do not recognize you."

"I don't recognize you, Oswald," she retorted bitterly. "I wonder if you know how you alter when you are writing?"

Something in Rachel's face affected her brother's sensitive perceptions. He caught her arm impulsively.

"Dear old girl," he cried, "it's such a splendid subject!"

"Oswald," she murmured, looking at him wistfully, "what if you were mistaken in your analysis? What if the countess were hurt by the affair?"

"I would not draw back unless dear old Barkworth himself should beg me. He is the only one who would be justified in interfering, for it was he — God bless him — who took my first story! Nothing short of that will move me."

Baring's tone this time was sharply hostile.

Rachel pressed her hands together tightly. "Very well," she said in a low voice, "I will leave you to your studies. Give my good-night, please, to Countess Lynarsberg;" and before her astonished brother could protest, the girl had escaped swiftly in the dusk.

Oswald Baring felt the artist's fury at threatened failure; he also felt the leader's fury at unexpected opposition. There was, however, but one course open, and that was to hide his annoyance and to amuse the countess. Their farewell interview must be dramatic, given Essie's temperament and his necessities; besides, he might even gain by Rachel's desertion.

II

"So you cannot come this autumn to Vienna? There is not, after all, so much to tempt you, — horrid wind, many Jews, a sad court, our best singers and actors mostly dead. No," said the little countess sorrowfully, "our Vienna is scarcely gay enough for you Americans."

"After Paris, you mean," put in Baring maliciously. The lady had disappointed him by her abstraction; he had tried in vain since eight o'clock to rouse her, though now, at last, he seemed to have succeeded, for Countess Lynarsberg turned her small face toward him, her blue eyes flashing. Oswald noted that her eyes had purple lights.

"Paris?" she cried, "but why bring Paris into the question? Don't you know that Vienna leads the world in fashions and music — and — and in what we call cosy charm?"

Baring smiled. In comedy she was matchless; would she go through tragedy with equal grace? He longed for some manifestation of emotion; but Countess Elisabeth was provokingly self-contained; indeed, except for furtive glances at the clock, one might have thought her quite oblivious to the situation. They were strolling in the brightly-lighted garden; it wanted but twenty minutes to the count's expected arrival.

"Ah!" exclaimed Baring in a low voice, "I am sure you are right! Joy of life,

color distinction, irresponsibility, — all these things are included in one word, 'Gemüthlichkeit.' One has heard of that mysterious Viennese quality, and now — most happily — one has seen it!"

But Essie did not seem to hear the compliment; she was absorbed apparently in meditation. Oswald wondered if he had ceased to please her; at other times she had been flattered by his attentions. She addressed him rather abruptly.

"It is unlucky about your sister's headache. I like your sister — she is so honest. I wish she liked me. Don't protest; she does not. She has views, too, on all subjects," added the countess, growing pensive. "Now you and I and Aloys have no views — at least, if Aloys has, he does not tell them. But your sister" —

Oswald dashed headlong into a more congenial topic. "Won't you tell me something more about yourself?" he asked softly. "About your early life in Hungary, your pursuits, your companions? These things interest me immensely."

But they did not, at that moment, interest Countess Essie, who shook her head absently as she replied, —

"I have no story, and if I had I should not tell you, for then you might put it in a book! No, instead I will relate your own history, as I have fancied it. Shall I? Yes? Then listen — this is my idea. You are a grand seigneur — left early orphaned — an extravagant father having cruelly bereft you of your estates. Your prestige is damaged, your position desperate, you look at your beautiful sister and wring your hands!"

"Beautiful?" repeated Oswald interrogatively.

"Yes, beautiful as St. Cecilia, only much more clever. But to return to our little story. Thus are you two left together penniless; you cannot, like many Americans, enter trade; you are in fact, already an artist. Do not protest — you were born one — I know it. And so," cried the countess, with a fine dramatic gesture, "what you do is to write a splendid book!"

Baring groaned, but his biographer was undaunted.

"Yes, you become at once a very famous author; editors and public worship your success. You take a grand lodging with your sister — many persons call on you each day, ten, I think, except on Sunday, when as a rule you hold a great reception. St. Cecilia told me this — the rest I imagined for myself!"

"Bother St. Cecilia!" cried Baring.

"In two years you publish *Thomas Flint.*"

"D— *Thomas Flint!*" cried Baring again, this time under his breath.

"That book is one of the first novels of the age. Aloys has read it, I am convinced, — that is, if it has appeared in Tauchnitz? Aloys has a passion for English romances. I have written him about yours. Ah!" broke off the little lady breathlessly, "there he is, alighting from the carriage. Come, let us go to meet him."

The countess fairly flew across the space which divided her from the hotel entrance. When Oswald reached the spot, she was shaking hands warmly with a tall man, whom our author proceeded to analyze as follows to himself, —

"Well made — good hands — keen eyes — probably kind — a touch of sarcasm in the mouth — and," as the count raised his hat, "remarkably fine forehead."

He now joined the Austrians, at a sign from the countess.

"This is Mr. Baring, the great writer, Aloys. Mr. Baring, may I present my husband? Mr. Baring and his sister have quite rescued me from my loneliness!"

Count Lynarsberg shook hands gravely with the American.

"And your sister?" he inquired, in perfect English. "May I not have the pleasure of meeting her as well?"

"Oh, Miss Rachel has gone upstairs. She fears the dampness; her neuralgia came upon her very sharply."

Oswald thought he detected a slight tremor in the pretty voice.

"Perhaps you will both join us at supper?" remarked the count, with much suavity.

Baring excused himself discreetly, pleading his sister's indisposition and his own arrears of work.

He glanced at the countess, but she did not seem to see him, she was looking up so anxiously at her husband. They mounted the stairs together, while Baring watched them; when they disappeared, he lit a cigarette.

"I have her perfectly," he reflected, as he strolled up and down outside the hotel, smoking. "Only I must recollect in drawing her that she does n't always act in character; in fact, her sudden changes are her greatest charm. I wonder what is going on between them?" he thought, glancing up curiously at the brilliant windows of the middle sitting-room. "I fancy Aloys will say a few words to her to-night — not very bad ones, I hope; still, I have misgivings. The eyes are all right — hands ditto — but his mouth does n't please me quite so well. However, to such a fairy, one could not be very brutal."

He threw down his cigarette end with a sigh.

"I wish I could see them at this moment, but as I can't, I may as well go upstairs and invent a scene between them. It must be dramatic, though; that's the worst of it."

Then he thought of Rachel.

"Good old Rachel. I will get her that little clock she liked, to-morrow."

III

The next morning, as Miss Baring was making ready for her early walk, she heard eager voices in the hall. An instant later the chambermaid announced the Countess Lynarsberg, and before the startled Rachel could frame a hasty excuse in German, Essie appeared in person at the door.

"Miss Rachel, will you pardon this indiscretion? I have to consult you on a matter of importance."

"I am sorry that I have no sitting-room," said Rachel, with a touch of stiffness. "Won't you take this easy-chair by the window?"

But the visitor did not heed the prof fered courtesy; instead, she walked quickly toward Miss Baring, who saw to her surprise that the countess looked pale and anxious.

"I have come to beg for your kind help, Miss Rachel," began the Austrian, as she fingered her gold chain nervously; then, drawing from her breast a small blue locket, she held it out beseechingly to her companion.

"Will you swear by this picture of St. Elizabeth never to betray my sacred confidence?"

Rachel recoiled instinctively.

"I would rather not," she said, "it would make me most uncomfortable."

"Ah! you do not like me, Miss Rachel," cried Countess Elisabeth wistfully, "else you would see that I am frantic."

And in truth the little beauty seemed transformed. All the brightness had gone out of her, leaving heavy-eyed gloom behind. Rachel was filled with sudden terror. What if Oswald were the cause of this great change? Visions of stormy scenes, recriminations, duels, rose before the startled sister's eyes. She forgot her brother's selfishness, her own disapproval. If anything could be done, she would do it.

"Can I help you, countess?" she asked gently.

Her tone seemed to reassure the agitated beauty. "Of course you can, else why should I be here? But first please swear by my blessed picture. You will not? Holy Mary! what do you Protestants hold sacred?"

She glanced about her vaguely in search of relics.

Miss Baring placed a timid hand on the Bible.

"I swear by this," she said, feeling in her heart quite like an actress.

Countess Elisabeth heaved a sigh of relief.

"Now listen," she said, seating herself close to Rachel, "you must know that Aloys is very angry — angry about your brother and myself. He did not like to find me alone with him last night. He does not believe that it was an accident, caused by the dampness and your neuralgia — in fact, he does not believe a word I say, although I am telling him God's own truth!"

She paused a moment to put back a lock of her flaxen hair.

"I am quite untidy," she remarked in parenthesis, "but you see I had to dismiss my maid this morning, because she dared to say that I looked pale. This coiffure is therefore my own invention, and you must pardon it. Well, to return, Aloys made an ugly scene last night, and I — I cannot bear to be so spoken to," she said, flushing suddenly, "it gives me no sleep and a bad migraine. Still, if it were over, I might forget it — as it is" —

And Essie shrugged her shoulders significantly.

"What is it?" asked Rachel, in some apprehension.

"Only a speech he made just before he left me — that this time I should be punished for my folly. Ah!" cried the countess, with a passionate gesture, "I know very well what that means!"

She buried her blonde head for an instant in her hands.

Rachel felt both embarrassed and excited. Was this what her brother had found so fascinating, this bewildering frankness, this simplicity, this extraordinary indifference to public opinion? Rachel wondered whether, if she herself had figured in life's real drama, she, too, would have acquired self-unconsciousness.

"But surely," she ventured, as the silence grew oppressive, "surely he would not ill-treat you?"

The countess shrugged her shoulders. "Shall I tell you what he will do?" she asked. "He will cut down my allowance — I mean, he will refuse to make up my deficit. Why, I have pledged December's money already, and here we are only at the end of September."

Rachel suppressed a pang of disappointment. She had prepared herself for tragic revelations.

"Your husband wishes to guard you very jealously?" she suggested.

"Oh! No, no," cried Essie bitterly, "you do not understand, Miss Rachel. You are romantic, we are not — Aloys and I — he goes his way and I go mine, only, when he decides to amuse himself for weeks on various hunting parties, then I amuse myself with Cousin Otto or Mr. Baring or any one agreeable whom I run across."

Rachel winced.

"Ah, these domestic details bore you, and no wonder. They are so prosaic; but let me get at last to my favor. Aloys must be convinced that this affair with Mr. Baring is but smoke, that neither of us has taken it seriously for a moment; otherwise I fear that he will make an *esclandre* before to-morrow. Your brother will be dragged into a quarrel, you will consume your heart away with anxiety, and I — well, I shall be sent to Hungary with Marie for company, and" — she added half under her breath, "I shall not be allowed to join him until I fairly cringe to him for pardon."

Essie glanced sideways at Miss Baring; her picture, she felt, had been extremely vivid.

"He must be very cruel," said the girl slowly, as she surveyed the fragile little beauty.

"No, not exactly cruel," replied the victim, faintly smiling, "only proud and obstinate and self-willed. No, I should not call him cruel — not as you mean," added Essie gloomily. Then she changed the subject.

"Will you help me, Miss Rachel. You have not promised?"

"You have not told me what I am to do."

"Only this: you must speak to Aloys

this morning; with a word you could straighten matters out. He will believe you, for he, like your brother, reads people's characters in their mouths. Now you have a lovely, honest mouth; mine, you see, is less satisfactory, it curves too much and turns down at the corners." Essie laughed hysterically. "Ah, do not look so frightened. I do not ask you to tell a falsehood. It would be useless, too, for no one would believe you. No, I only ask you to stretch the truth a little, an inch perhaps — an Austrian inch — not more. Tell him that you have been always with us, — you have, you know," she added apologetically. "You used to sit in the garden, close at hand."

Rachel hesitated, for deeply hidden under doubts and shyness lay a secret desire to see the Austrian husband.

But the visitor was growing impatient; her tired head began to throb more violently; she decided on a new line of attack.

"Aloys is nice," she said coaxingly, "quite like your brother. He manages words, too, nearly as well. I wonder which would win if they were matched against each other? Yes, you will like Aloys, Miss Rachel; you will do more, — in ten minutes you will go over to his side. Well, no matter, so that you convince him. Ah! Miss Rachel, be soft-hearted!" she cried, raising her small hands piteously, "I am so unhappy!"

"I should think your husband would grant you anything you chose to ask for," said Rachel in sudden admiration. "Where you have failed, how can I possibly succeed? However, I am ready to try."

"You blessed St. Cecilia," exclaimed the countess. "May our Lady reward you a thousandfold! In the meanwhile, I will intercede for you with my gracious patroness, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who has often granted me indulgences. I will burn three candles to her in your name."

Rachel thrilled at recollections of the Wartburg. This wonderful countess was actually linking her with the Middle Ages.

"And now," cried Countess Elisabeth briskly, "for our plan of action. Meet me, please, at Arnold's toy shop at half past eleven."

"But," objected Rachel in some confusion, "I thought — I understood — that you were not at present on good terms with your husband?"

Essie frowned.

"Oh! that will not prevent me," she said; "besides, he is sure to go to Arnold's to buy a toy for Rudi. I can waylay him in the Allée."

"Very well," said Rachel, "I will be there."

"But," added the countess, glancing at Rachel's walking-dress, "you will wear your white frock, won't you? And that pretty hat with the feather? With your complexion, you do not need a veil."

Miss Baring smiled in genuine pleasure, as she put her hand out to her visitor.

"I hope," she said warmly, "that your troubles will soon lighten."

Essie paused.

"I don't mean to complain of Aloys, Miss Rachel," she said, almost appealingly. "He is quite the nicest person I know, and even when he is angry I like him better than — than — other people who are always amiable. He is what we call a perfect cavalier. In fact, it is just because he is so high-minded that my conduct often seems to him so deplorable. But then, you see," added the little countess with a sigh, "my great-great-grandmother was a Frenchwoman. Good-by — au revoir — auf Wiedersehen!"

And the little figure vanished as suddenly as it had come.

IV

Two hours later Miss Baring descended cautiously to the appointed meeting-place, where she was greeted with effusion by Countess Lynarsberg, who emerged from a shop across the way, followed by a tall man in white flannels.

"Aloys — Miss Rachel Baring. Will

you wait here one moment while I run back to fetch my parasol?"

Without stopping for a reply Countess Essie was off toward the hotel, her small figure looking quite sylph-like under the shadow of the huge old trees.

"My wife much enjoys talking English," remarked the count, as he surveyed the girl politely. "She has a pretty accent, but she speaks too fast. Essie is unfortunately nearly always in a hurry."

His smile was distinctly reassuring.

"Countess Lynarsberg is wonderful, I think," she said. "Have all Austrians a talent for languages?"

The words escaped without any fixed intention. Rachel felt the hot blood rush to her face.

"Ah, you flatter us, Miss Baring. We all know what nation really leads the world in cleverness. Is not your brother a proof of what I say?"

Rachel glanced furtively at the questioner, whose face, however, did not betray the least emotion.

"What is Mr. Baring's favorite field, if I may ask?" went on the count, having received no answer to his question.

"He is particularly fond of character drawing," stammered Rachel; "he has a passion for analysis. He even enjoys dissecting his best friends; and when they find him out they are very angry, but Oswald always pacifies them in the end. He says they are contributing to the joy of nations by just existing and letting themselves be painted!"

Rachel's courage was rising with her subject; besides, the count's eyes were sympathetic.

"You see," she went on confidentially, "Oswald is three parts artist and one part man; this makes him very difficult to live with; difficult, that is, until one learns his point of view. For instance, he lives only in the present. He says his head would go to pieces if he tried to remember the past; so he forgets everything that has ever happened, and, you see, one can't always manage one's memory But this cannot possibly interest you?"

"It does interest me immensely; you share your brother's gift of language."

"Oh, no!" cried Rachel, this time almost gayly, "I can't write at all. It must be such ecstasy, though, to create! When Oswald comes across a new type, he is beside himself with joy; he does n't care for anything under the sun, if only he can seize the precious image and dissect it!"

"How interesting," said the count, "but you, mademoiselle, are you not a painter?"

"I have tried, but I have so little courage. This shows you that I am no artist."

"It does not show me that, by any means," said the count with decision.

Rachel cast a grateful look at the speaker. Somehow he seemed to have divined her secret craving; at least he had the tact to speak to her as Rachel Baring, and not as the sister of her distinguished brother. Suddenly a recollection smote that sister; she gave a gasp, and braced herself for the effort.

"It has been so pleasant for us," she began a little nervously, "having the countess here with us. We have made so many charming excursions, and we have passed our evenings listening to the music — all but last night, when I was obliged to go indoors."

The count was silent. Rachel summoned up her last remaining spark of courage.

"Oswald has given me all I have," she said simply, "if it were not for him, I should be teaching children their alphabet. He has worked night and day to gain his present position — and I, well — I should die if anything went amiss."

A flash of comprehension passed between them; then Count Lynarsberg held out his hand.

"Will you and Mr. Baring dine with us to-night? We leave, you know, to-morrow morning for Austria. I hope very much that you will give us the pleasure of your company?"

Rachel was smiling her acceptance, when she saw the countess approaching,

and then, as usual, all her assurance vanished.

"Ah!" cried Essie, with forced hilarity, "you are laughing. Has Miss Rachel been telling you some funny stories?"

"Miss Baring has told me many interesting things about her brother," replied her husband gravely, "and incidentally she has told me something else, and that is that American ladies make adorable sisters. Mademoiselle, may I kiss your hand?"

Rachel Baring received the homage shyly, then, on a plea of letters, she fled with tingling pulses to the post.

The count turned toward his wife.

"I am giving a dinner to-night at eight to your friends, Mr. and Miss Baring," he said. "If I were you I should save myself as much as possible; you are looking tired. I should rest this afternoon — I mean in bed with darkened windows, not on the sofa with a book. When you have finished with Marie, send her to me, please, in the sitting-room."

He paused, but Essie was speechless.

"Your luncheon shall be sent up; I will attend to it," he added carelessly.

Still the little countess made no sound. This time her husband glanced at her. She was staring at him wide-eyed in blank amazement.

"Did you hear me?" he asked politely.

Essie was seized with sudden panic. She gathered her gloves and parasol hastily together.

"I heard," she said, not trusting herself to look at him. "I — I — will go."

"Run along, dear child," he said, "you have no time to lose. I want you to shine your brightest to-night."

Essie gasped, then she raised her eyes; the count was smiling at her.

"I will do my best, Aloys," she murmured, as she retreated in utter bewilderment.

V

The salon was gay with lights and flowers; the clock was striking half-past seven. The count stood at the middle window, gazing absently at the scene below. A slight sound made him start. He glanced toward the door; surely that was his wife's step?

The next moment Countess Elisabeth made her appearance, a vision of soft white lace and Viennese distinction; a tender blue bow in her flaxen hair, another on the left side of her bodice, which was cut low in deference to Anglo-Saxon custom; round her neck she wore a long pearl chain to which was attached her precious turquoise locket.

The count, in one keen glance, saw that she was excited; rest had not brought back her equanimity. He approached her with a touch of ceremoniousness.

"You are perfect," he said. "Marie has improved on my instructions. You should be painted in that frock," he added more genially, "as a saint — a siren — or better still, a fairy."

Essie turned her face away abruptly; the next instant she had hidden it against her husband's arm. To his dismay he felt that she was trembling.

"My dear little girl," he said uncomfortably, "you are nervous. Shall I get you a glass of cognac?"

He waited in some perturbation for an answer, but the countess neither spoke nor raised her head. Then with a sudden impulse he bent down and pressed his lips to the slim white throat that lay against his black sleeve so appealingly.

Essie started, and looked up at him eagerly, then, stooping, she laid her cheek against his hand.

"Is this comedy, Essie?" he asked.

For answer she drew his hand to her heart, which was beating much too fast, as he noted with consternation.

"Punish me, Aloys, and have done with it," she cried passionately. "This sort of thing will make me ill."

"Who ever thought of punishing a firefly?" he asked, smiling, as he took the girlish figure in his arms. "But there," he added, "if you will have it." And he struck each small white shoulder lightly.

"Now look up, my child, and moderate those heartbeats. The affair is closed between us."

"But you said last night," began the countess ignoring her husband's banter.

Aloys released her instantly.

"The affair is closed between us," he said.

"Between us — yes — but Mr. Baring?"

"Oh! I shall try not to hurt him more than I have you."

"But you have hurt me, horribly. Do you think that I am made of iron?"

"No, I have never thought that," he said, returning to the window.

Essie followed him, her pulses quivering.

"This dinner, Aloys, is that your threatened revenge?"

He turned toward her with a mystifying smile.

"This is my plot," he began; but she interrupted him.

"There you are again — another mystery! You stifle me with enigmas. I shall be multiplying and subtracting all during dinner!"

"Do that, if you like; but if you stir hand or foot against me, you will find yourself entangled. For years you have spread your invisible meshes to the right and left of me, so that whenever I have made a free step forward, I have heard the wrenching and tearing of countless delicate threads."

"You hold the threads in your own hands," she retorted bitterly. "Some day you will have to answer for having drawn them up so tight."

"Perhaps," replied the count, "but that is at least better than telling my private woes to strangers. I dread to think what ideas that poor, innocent Miss Baring has received of Austrian manners!"

Essie flushed and turned as if to leave him, but he caught her arm and pulled her to him.

"Listen to me, my child," he said, patting her cheek half jestingly. "You must throw off this air of tragedy, it does not suit you; besides, I particularly want you to play the hostess graciously to-night, in a manner worthy of our best traditions. Do you understand me?"

"No, I do not," she cried, as she struggled in vain to free herself. "Am I a bourgeoise, that you speak to me of manners?"

The count's arms tightened about her shoulders.

"I am in earnest about to-night," he said, with sudden sharpness. "I must insist on your doing as I ask you."

"A request would have been enough, Aloys."

The count smiled ironically.

"Ah? But with you one never knows. So many oaths by St. Elizabeth, and never one that was binding! No wonder, though, since your patroness herself was not above a falsehood. I never liked the part where she deceived the poor Landgrave with roses! Come, my angel," he said, bending over the palpitating lace figure, "what can I do to convince you that tragedy is not appropriate on this occasion? You must get rid of those drooping lids and trembling hands, little girl," he added, as he kissed her. "What will your friends think of this childish collapse?"

But Essie pulled herself violently away from the hands that held her.

"I am *not* a child, Aloys! You have no right to treat me so contemptuously!"

The count's expression changed.

"I don't think that you stand in a position just at present to dictate methods to me," he said coldly.

"Ah! but your method last night was at least honest; besides, I had brought it on myself; but now" — she broke off with a passionate gesture.

There was a pause, in which Essie crept back nearer to her husband.

"I suppose you will take me home to-morrow and — leave me there?"

"I certainly shall not leave you here," he replied dryly.

"I don't want to be left here. I don't

want to be left anywhere," she added under her breath.

The count glanced at the clock.

"Your friends will be here in a few moments," he observed.

"They are not my friends. I would rather not see them. Let me go to my room — now — instantly. You can say I had a headache. You will do far better without me."

"There is no question of that, and you know it," he said impatiently, but she persisted.

"I am unstrung, Aloys, horribly unstrung and nervous. They will see it. Mr. Baring sees everything. You will be angry."

The count shrugged his shoulders in despair.

"Really, Essie, in your place I should have left things as I found them, instead of returning so persistently to a forbidden subject. I have my reasons for wishing you to control yourself, for wishing you to receive your guests with smiling composure. Now tell me, please, how the thing is to be accomplished?"

His tone was both peremptory and persuasive. Essie knew the tone and rejoiced at it.

"If you would be friends with me," she suggested, "real friends, just for this evening? Do you think you could manage it? You could be strict with me again to-morrow, very strict, on the journey and — afterwards?"

He smiled in spite of himself, and drawing her to him he smoothed her hair with absent fingers. She raised troubled eyes to his, divining some hidden anxiety.

"I am sorry you mind things so much," she murmured, "but if you do, why, then you do — nothing that I could say would alter it."

"Suppose we leave that."

"Very well," she said gloomily, "but you must not think I do not understand."

"We will let that pass," he said again, and she hung her head in silence.

"Hold up your head, my child," he cried, "don't spoil your pretty mouth with such expressions. There is no need for them, Essie."

She lifted her face to him obediently, and he saw that her lips were trembling.

"Where are those smiles, little girl?" he asked.

"If I might cry for five minutes and feel your arms about me? I could smile a great deal better after that."

He bent down and kissed her — first on her lips, then on her forehead.

"There is no time for tears, sweetheart," he said. "Now brace your dear little shoulders. It won't be for long, and then" —

She waited breathlessly.

"And then we will run off to Hungary for the autumn," he added, as he smiled at her.

Countess Elisabeth's eyes became all at once as bright as stars.

"I — I am very glad, Aloys," she stammered. "I will do my best to-night. I" —

She caught his hand to her lips before he could prevent it, then she turned abruptly toward the window.

"They are coming, my heart," cried her husband. "Johann is opening the outer door."

VI

The private dining-room which the count had taken was on the ground floor, overlooking the park. Nothing had been spared to make the scene attractive, though the room was pleasant enough in itself. The red of the carpet and curtains contrasted agreeably with the pure white of the woodwork and tiled stove; the round table with its lights and flowers gave a further touch of color to the whole. The menu and wines were beyond criticism; the count's own man superintended the staff of waiters.

But until now, the third course in the dinner, the talk had failed to flow quite easily; a kind of weight lay upon the

company, which even the host's unceasing efforts could not altogether cast off.

Baring, having spent the day in goading his heroine into a passion, was content now to sit back and admire his original, for the countess, it seemed to him, had never looked so charming. The author was, however, in spirit still with his new creation; he was going over his scenes as he gazed at Essie, who with shining eyes and gentlest manners presided over the table like a dream princess.

He wondered what had caused this singular transformation. By degrees he forgot all else in his desire to solve this problem.

At last the count turned to Baring with determination.

"Will you think it very bad form if I venture to talk shop? To beg you to do so, rather," he added smiling. "My shop would consist of live stock and potatoes. You see, I am what you would call a farmer, Miss Baring, and so to me the fine arts are above all things precious and desirable. That is why I dare to introduce the subject of literature to Mr. Baring. Can't you persuade him to lay aside his scruples?"

Rachel glanced dubiously at her brother. She wondered why the count cared so much to hear him; for her part, she would have preferred any other topic.

"Tell me," continued the speaker, bending toward her confidentially, "tell me, which does he like best, *Mélanie*, or *The Last Favor?*"

"*Mélanie*," whispered Rachel.

"No wonder," replied the count in an aside; "we all know who sat for the charming heroine."

Rachel looked so confused that even Essie was interested.

"Was it Miss Rachel?" she asked.

Her husband shook his head at her severely.

"Authors' secrets, my child," he said, as he smiled at Miss Baring, who now volunteered another bit of information.

"The one he hates most is *Thomas Flint*."

"Ah!" exclaimed the count, "what would the rest of us have given to have written the garden scene?"

Baring flashed him a look of sudden gratitude.

"It is the one decent thing in the book," he said quickly, "but no one ever speaks of it."

"No, because you probably turn them off. Most people have a wholesome fear of authors. Now I make it a rule to ignore their first rebuffs."

Baring laughed.

"You are very kind, I am sure," he said, "but where do you come across so many authors, if your time is mostly spent in ploughing?"

"How can you tell such stories, Aloys?" cried Countess Elisabeth indignantly. "Never speak to me again of poor St. Elizabeth and her roses! Mr. Baring, he took all the prizes, or honors, or whatever one calls them, at the University, for composition; and since I have known him — now six years — I think he must have read the world's literature through at least twice."

The count exchanged a look of amusement with Baring, who, however, instantly resented his host's manner toward Essie.

"He patronizes her," thought the American angrily. "That is the way with these foreign husbands."

But the count was speaking, and Baring was forced to smother his feelings and listen.

"Don't exaggerate, dear child," he was saying, "you don't understand the subject. Essie thinks that a few Tauchnitz volumes represent a vast field of learning," he explained, as he turned back to Rachel.

Essie lowered her eyes in silence. The novelist watched her with close attention.

"She is afraid of him," he thought, with renewed satisfaction. "She is acting the meek little girl in order to conciliate him."

This pleasing theory considerably raised his sinking spirits.

"Mr. Baring," the count began blandly, "you should come to Austria-Hungary some day. You would find our people a complex study. You would, I think, find us amusing to analyze."

Oswald wished the speaker at the bottom of the sea, for touching so dangerous a subject, and then he wished him up again for having praised the right scene in *Thomas Flint*.

"I know almost nothing about Austria or Austrians, except that the men are famous for their horsemanship. I should be very glad to know more, though," he added, as he glanced toward the little countess. To his discomfiture he met her eyes, which smiled at him half quizzically.

"Oh, I can hardly be the one to praise my countrymen," said the count, "nor will I run them down before foreigners; for that you must turn elsewhere."

Oswald did turn, and so swiftly that he saw the sudden flush on Essie's face.

"But," went on the count composedly, "I could perhaps give you a few points about my countrywomen, — a more pleasing subject, in every way, for our Austrian women are unique, Mr. Baring; I repeat it, they are unique."

"Don't I know it without being told by him?" thought Baring impatiently.

"Yes," continued the count, sipping his champagne, "they are unique; the product of mixed races and peculiar conditions. They have the fidelity of the German with the passion of the Italian, the brilliancy of the Frenchwoman with the high breeding of the Englishwoman; they are versatile, gracious, affectionate, full of charm."

"Ah," murmured Baring, inwardly groaning, "I can well believe it — I" — He broke off abruptly, having caught Essie's stare of surprise. He felt it was an order for silence, and he obeyed without a protest. Words had altogether failed him throughout this strange evening. He seemed to himself to be some prisoner of the Holy Office, brought up before three high judges — to answer for his sins or to be condemned to fire; only in this case the judges were fatally attractive. He found himself longing to surprise them, to show them some hitherto unsuspected virtue. He wondered if the heretic had ever wavered — he, himself, felt horribly faint-hearted; his notes began to weigh upon him like lead.

Again the voice went on, and Oswald listened.

"They are, besides, the very spirit of mischief, even their strong regard for good taste does not always restrain them," — the speaker was now addressing Rachel. "They are children of light, the joy of their husbands and fathers. I doubt if they have their equals even among the wonderful young girls of the New World, for, in spite of some craft in their training, our ladies come out clear-souled from the trial. Their faults are superficial — quite on the surface — their virtues are deep down at the very roots of their dear little hearts. If you ever write them up, Mr. Baring, remember this, — their noblest qualities are carefully hidden, hoarded up for those they love best."

The two men exchanged a swift look.

In the pause that followed, Countess Elisabeth put her hands before her face.

"You cover me with confusion, Aloys. I have no words — I" — she broke off and, bending suddenly forward, she stretched her hands out across the table to her husband. He took them, smiling.

Baring started.

"Good Heavens," he thought in dismay, "I have blundered like the veriest beginner."

"You are a very chivalrous champion," he said the next moment, addressing his host with an effort. "The ladies owe you a debt of gratitude."

"Oswald is not a bad champion himself," said Rachel, throwing off the reserve which had weighed her down during the dinner. "I could say a few words on that subject if he would let me."

"Ah!" cried Countess Elisabeth, raising her glass gayly, "since we are all

exchanging courtesies, let me propose one, — Miss Rachel Baring — the best of friends — the pearl of sisters — I wish to drink your dear, unselfish health!"

VII

The count and Baring had finished two cigarettes; their talk had been difficult and disjointed, for one of the men, at least, was far away in thought. Suddenly Baring rose and walked to the door.

"I should like to show you a new light I have for cigars," he said carelessly. "Will you excuse me for two minutes while I fetch it?"

The count smiled his acquiescence, but as soon as he was alone, his face became intensely sober.

When Baring returned, he carried a thick package in one hand and a candle end in the other.

"This is it," he said. "I want you to watch the conflagration."

The count met his eyes with a question.

"Yes," went on Baring, "I want you to see it through, as a witness."

He crossed the room rapidly, carrying his two burdens.

"What I am coming to is this," he said, "that I have decided to destroy the notes for my latest story. They are all wrong, anyway, so I am going to burn them. See! there they go, every one of them."

He pushed the manuscript into the mouth of the stove, then he lit the candle end and placed it carefully beneath the thick mass of paper. When it blazed, he shut the door and opened the draught. The furious roar made further speech impossible. Oswald fancied that the God of Fire was gnashing his teeth at the cruel sacrifice, — or was he rather consuming the shameful thing with transport?

At last Baring moved away from the fire.

"How far that little candle throws its beam — or rather heat," he added with a laugh. "So shines a good deed in a naughty world! It's all very well to gloat," he went on, "but I know I shall regret it bitterly to-morrow; that is why I am burning the thing to ashes, otherwise I should be found here early in the morning, laboriously picking out the charred remains!"

The count rose slowly and approached him.

For a moment neither spoke, then the Austrian grasped Baring's hand and wrung it.

"I don't see that you have left me anything to do except to envy you. It was magnificent!"

"Ah," cried Oswald — "now you are undoing me! You are working my destruction! I want to write you up, you see, I want to — I must — I will! Tell me, will there be any harm in describing an Austrian count?"

The count put his hand almost affectionately on the young man's shoulder.

"Shall we join the ladies?" he asked, smiling.

Baring looked him straight in the eyes.

"You will not tell her?" he said.

"She shall never know from me," the count replied gravely.

THE LITTLE CHRIST

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

MOTHER, I am thy little Son —
Why weepest thou?

Hush! for I see a crown of thorns,
A bleeding brow.

Mother, I am thy little Son —
Why dost thou sigh?

Hush! for the shadow of the years
Stoopeth more nigh!

Mother, I am thy little Son —
Oh, smile on me.
The birds sing blithe, the birds sing gay,
The leaf laughs on the tree.

Oh, hush thee! The leaves do shiver sore,
That tree whereon they grow,
I see it hewn, and bound, to bear
The weight of human woe!

Mother, I am thy little Son —
The Night comes on apace —
When all God's waiting stars shall smile
On me in thy embrace.

Oh, hush thee! I see black starless night!
Oh, could'st thou slip away
Now, by the hawthorn hedge of Death, —
And get to God by Day!

SIR HENRY IRVING

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS

HENRY IRVING is the last of his line. It is a long line and great, but it is extinct. Other actors there will be. Some now on the stage maintain the great succession. The race remains. The type disappears. The conditions that created it are gone. No more shall we see the English-speaking actor trained as in the past three centuries. The dire years of obscurity in wandering plays and vagrom companies, despised in the despised purlieus of the city playhouse; the sudden burst on some central audience, — London, for the most part; — the vivid success and such receipts as appall the more frugally sustained and more carefully trained actor of Latin lands, and in the end too often, as for Irving, closing years clouded with the pecuniary anxieties of a career begun without contact with the better cultivation of his day and at the end possessing its best; — these things are no more possible. The great flood of lesser companies give early employment; long runs deprive men of the training that comes from many parts; and when success dawns, men and women stand as part and partners in a great trade whose greater rewards bring a moderate competence in a season.

No one knowing the actors, rising and risen, of the past twenty-five years, will fail to see that Irving, and, with us, men like Booth, Barrett, and Jefferson, gained in catholicity. They won those virtues that go with the experience of Ulysses and all who, like him, —

> have enjoyed
> Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
> That loved him and alone.

To these men, as to none to-day, there came the sharp personal struggle which humanizes. Now the organized life, instead, civilizes. So it came about, that when one met the man just gone, leaving sense of loss wherever he was known, one found perpetual reminder of scarred years, and consciousness, as well, of that high temper which stimulates and ennobles all who meet it with high desire to breast life's fate with more than courage, with emulous emprise.

It was a perpetual marvel that a man whose calling was simulation should be continually sounding in the ears of those who knew him well the call of the greater realities. Even with those most familiar with the stage there is a prepossession, a will to believe that acting is a sublimated trick. Mr. Birrell holds a brief for this view. But here was a man, like all great artists, so much greater than his art — for Art too is but a handmaiden in the House of the Soul — that by sheer weight and force of intellection he made you know and confess that his art was real and dealt in its last resort with the realities of life. Early, he had this grip. An American professor known now in many walks, when he chanced forty-five years ago to meet Henry Irving at a supper in Liverpool with a group of young provincial actors, saw already in him this sharp force. So far as his outer look, accent, manner, and turn of speech were concerned, that night the man was still but as other provincial actors. What these were in place, pay, station, and manner Mr. Pinero has drawn with pitiless fidelity in *Trelawney of the Wells*.

It was digged out of this pit and this training, so far removed from an academic standard or a cultivated tradition, that, eight years on the stage, at twenty-six, in 1865, he essayed *Hamlet* at Manchester. The notices in the provincial press were such as we all give the rising young actor. Praise and appreciation spawn tenfold more critical falsehoods than all else.

His conception of the character, its business, the handling of the play scene, were as later. But his personation grew amazingly in power. There are those, and they are many, who deemed Booth's Winter Garden Hamlet his supreme achievement. Irving's Hamlet began lacking weight, and ended by dominating through sheer intellection. This was the note of his interpretation, and the stage and he lost immeasurably when the heavy cost of the modern theatre turned him to plays of spectacle. "Do you remember," said he, when a friend ventured to object to this side of *Faust*, "that for a hundred years every London manager has died a bankrupt?" But even in these plays there shone that lambent intellectual quality which lights all that it touches. Better voice, figure, inflection, and all that, there have been; but where the man who left lines, "to his wish or not," more luminous?

Sheer mind wins slowly. After more than half a generation, in which Sir Henry had come to stand the dean of his craft and calling, not for his land alone, but for the English-speaking race, it is not easy to recall or realize that his first appearance away from New York, at Philadelphia, on his first tour, in 1884, had its nervous apprehension. He had succeeded in New York, but he had only succeeded. The full harvest came later.[1] Much was done by many friends in Philadelphia to assure him of a public support. From Macready on, not an English actor had succeeded here. In personal conversation, and in some public utterances, Mr. Irving recurred to the Astor Place riots, with anxiety over a welcome which he has done so much to secure to every English actor since, by his immeasurable service to the American stage in educating the American audiences to be satisfied only with the best. *Inter alia*, he sat, on that visit, now twenty-one years past, at a little supper in the old Journalists' Club of Philadelphia with a group of newspaper men. It was a bit stiff. In part, I remember, because, while Mr. Irving was equal to the occasion, the waiters were not. "Mr. Irving," piped a journalist in a pause, "do you not think that actors are superstitious?" "Actors, actors," was the reply, in some slight heat, "are not this or that; they are simply men, like other men, superstitious as other men are or not. They are not a class by themselves. Take them as they are."

With no physical advantage, personal charm, or outer aspect which bespoke success, to have at a little past twenty the mental forces which pulled him out of the crowd; to possess from the very dawn of his career an intellectual and imaginative conception of the greatest part on the stage, which only the experience of life could ripen and render visible and of weight; always and everywhere to be insisting that an actor was a man and an artist, to be reckoned with as such, and not put in a class and category apart, alien to the world's active work and to its higher achievements and recognition,— this, one may fairly say, has been the life of Henry Irving. Along these broad lines his work has steadily run; from the day when, as François in *Richelieu*, he stood under the white feather-plume he had bought out of his pittance, and said his first words before an audience,— "Here's to our enterprise,"— to the day when, as more than one English paper asserted, he had forced Lord Rosebery to honor the calling of the stage by knighting its most conspicuous member, as for over a century in England knighthood had gone to the representative head of all other callings and professions.

In this long "enterprise," whose best success in fifty years has been as much the lesson of character achieved as of characters acted, the feathers of François, the details of a great art, have had from the actor and the manager an unwearied care which has changed the practice of

[1] Mr. Irving began by drawing fewer hearers, not only than Mme. Bernhardt, but even than Mrs. Langtry. — *New York Times*, April 29, 1884.

the stage and the standards of the audience. In all art trifles count. In mimetic art they are supreme. The knocks in *Macbeth* show what a master hand can do with a trifle. The costume on the English provincial stage of forty years ago was provided by the manager. The accessories came from the actors' purse. A fellow actor has recorded that the young beginner for the trivial part of François had dressed himself with scrupulous accuracy from an old print of the period. Thirty years later, with all London at his call, he did the same from Van Dyck for his Charles I. I have known a subordinate actor to be kept raising and lowering a curtain for a quarter of an hour, until the quick sweep of the hand, which pictured sudden overpowering attention to what was without, had been caught.

But these details require a perpetual care and the best paid aid. There is a moment in *The Bells* when Mathias, unconscious of his doom, poking the ruddy glow of his porcelain stove, looks up, sees the similitude of his victim in the door, and drops the poker with a clang that is like the bell of fate. Unless you know the theatre, you cannot know how much it costs to keep that poker always within reach. I mind me of one Philadelphia performance where the poker was missing, and the stove door was kicked shut with a bang that was temper rather than tragedy. Since all this costs, and costs much, there is always risk, unless the restraint of the artist be strong, that the golden shower smother Danaë instead of planting the seed of some new life of genius. For all this the largest dramatic receipts in dramatic history have been as freely drawn upon as the pittance earned by the young clerk with theatrical aspirations in 1856. Whole scenes and sets were cancelled after preparation in the *Corsican Brothers* in 1880. Faust was provided, in the long series of dress rehearsals, over sixty in number, with a mediæval cloak which cost, I believe, some seventy pounds, a pretty trifle for a trifle, a mere detail. The splendid cloak was worn through those tireless dress rehearsals which no other actor or company begins to endure in like number, and whose fruit neither one nor the other is therefore able to equal in complete ensemble and effect. As the picture took its shape and the pageant gained its due proportion, the actor-manager saw that this vivid spot of color unbalanced the broad effect. The gray cloak worn when Shylock comes home to his empty house was substituted. There are few actors, believe me, in whom the love for fine raiment does not come to be a passion. There is something about the dressing-room, that chapel in which so many candles are burned to human vanity, masculine more often than feminine, which robs men of the sense of proportion, and a raw newness spoils nine stage pictures out of ten.

If this was avoided by this great artist of the footlights, it is because he was the first to grasp the fact that a stage is a luminous interspace of three dimensions, and not a lighted bas-relief on edge just behind the footlights. Henry Irving had, of course, the prodigious advantage of the volume, the flexibility, and hability of newly discovered lights in gas, calcium, and electricity. It was but a dismal stage in the past, voice and little more, when candles guttered in their tin reflectors, — and how it smelled! Mr. Irving has given the stage not only light in all its tones, but those things as precious, — shadows and darkness.

> "Most can raise the flowers now
> For all have got the seed."

But the plant, to be effective, must be cultivated with the same artistic penetration, the same capacity of the artist to get hints as to his own medium of expression from all sources and to use them as not abusing.

Abused they are, when mere colored light, stark-naked calcium shadows that could be cut, fill the stage; or that other foible from which even the Lyceum was not exempt, the round radiance which is like the Star's halo. "Be patient, my dear boy, said he once to an anxious plea in

Louis XI for a share in the radiant privilege, "be patient. You'll have enough of the light before you are through with the career I see before you."

It chanced to me once, and only once, in a life of some faring by land and sea, to ride up a Kurdish gorge at early dawn, the sky still starry, as the charcoal-burners had begun their work, and to see over all, as the smoke rose, a gray-blue light as of the depths, some touch of deep-chilled enveloping air on gorge and mountain-side, as though a sapphire had aged, and grown gray and wan. Once only I saw this, and never again. When, in *Faust*, the curtain rose on the Brocken, I saw before me the same miracle of gray-blue. "How did you," I asked once at supper, "who ride abroad so little and are so rarely on the mountain-side, hit on this, the rarest of lights?" "Once," and he took up a small plate, "I saw in a gallery," and he named it, but I have forgotten, "a landscape by Dürer the size of this plate, a mountain-side in early morn in this same gray-blue light. It gave me the light I wanted for the Brocken."

But given fastidious accuracy of detail set in a light that charms, and this is still but framing background and illumination, but soil for that blossom and fruit, dramatic art, which is action, and human action at that. Unless sense of reality be had in that, the rest is waste. This sense and illusion may be secured by a mutual convention between actor and audience. Most acting is on this level. It seeks to express by convention what can only be reproduced by tireless observation and study. The simplest human act is complex. Most actors fail to see this. Their acting is crude in consequence. They do, not what men and women really do, but what it has been agreed shall on the stage be the symbol of what is done. Neither do all bad women smoke cigarettes, nor are all women who smoke cigarettes bad. A shrewd guess can be made as to the kind of woman a man has seen smoking cigarettes, when he maintains as inevitable his evil association of the woman and the cigarette; but on the stage life is made easier, particularly for the actress, if, instead of acting the bad woman, she smokes a cigarette. Labels come cheaper than pictures. More than once, with a graceful acknowledgment of the share our stage has had in his education, Sir Henry Irving has told what touch saved him from mere convention. He was "supporting" Charlotte Cushman. He had to cross with silver the palm of her Meg Merrilies. That magnificent and imperious gypsy witch broke him of the silly stage habit of handing over a purse. She bade him empty its contents in the palm of his hand, finger it, and pick out the coin — which in the case of the prudent and thrifty Charlotte would certainly have been a small one — to give Meg. In all his work there has been this sedulous use of the precise dramatic change needed to woo and win the sibyl of the stage. The sustained interest, and the continuous intense intellectual interest, of his presentations from the rising of the curtain to the going down of the same is precisely due to following and bettering this early hint. The complex of each human act, however simple or trivial, was grasped in all its parts by a keen mental apprehension, and presented, by patient training, in its totality, not as convention, but as human beings really act. Nor has the economy of action been less conspicuous than its employment. As he has broken the stage convention of an uniform glare, so he has broken the convention, as evil, of unremitting speech. He first used silence as the note of an effective stage picture, which tells more than speech, as when Shylock returns to his emptied house.

The opening and the closing of *Charles I*, which, as first composed by Wills, had that singular detachment from human interests which marks most of his poetic plays, — perhaps this is why, Mr. Gosse testily suggested, that you could find no literature in *Charles I*, no, not though you strained it through a sieve, — the scenes of happy family life with which it opens

and the parting with which it closes, are both, if the London *Spectator* is to be trusted, the suggestion of the actor to the playwright. They add human interest to the strained conception of the play as first composed. Fifteen years ago, one returning to the Chestnut Street Opera House some moments after *Charles I* was over, the audience gone, the lights lowered, and the curtain half hung, as is the theatre habit in an empty house, came upon the great actress who had shaken her house with that parting between Charles and his Queen, walking up and down the darkened stage, still sobbing, quivering with overwrought feeling, lost in the part she had created, still swept by the tides of its emotion, slowly returning to the common dark of night, as a child might come sobbing out of a dream, soothed by a familiar touch and voice.

Apter illustration could not be of Mr. Irving's well-defended thesis that Diderot's *Paradox of Acting* missed the highest flight of the art it sought to compress within the lines of artifice. But such an occurrence is illustration still more apt of the success of the tireless industry of an actor-manager in raising all about him to a common white-heat of emotion. A stage presentation is a blend of the play, the *mise-en-scène*, the company as a whole, and the actor and actresses, one or both, who lead the performance, as in all great plays a hero and heroine are the protagonists of the action. It is easily possible to detach either or both of these from its context and contexture. Booth, in all his later years, did, so that he walked a puissant figure among characters little less than shades. Men always, and often women, acted worse with him than they did elsewhere. His acting killed theirs. Sir Henry Irving has had the better fortune of treating the play and the company as a whole. Both men and women were better with him than apart. It is the familiar experience of critics, familiar with the rising figures of the stage, to be amazed by the development which took place under his touch. The London Lyceum Company was for twenty years the one school of acting on the English-speaking stage from which men, entering little known, passed to high distinction. William Terris, Alexander and Forbes Robertson, are three such. Mr. Robert Taber furnished an instance as remarkable of sudden sure growth in a career, alas, too early ended and over. Miss Ellen Terry, the only actress on our English-speaking stage whose power, whose temperament, and whose amazing charm equal the eerie glamour of its feminine parts, had been long on the stage before she became the gifted associate of the man with whom her name will always be linked; but her position has all been won since her unrivaled powers came under his extraordinary gift for awakening and evoking the best in all who have come within the circle of his influence. Through all the history of our English stage, these two will together pass in the long flight of a great art, shadowy but real,—two that ever play together on that stage where a perpetual audience watches the manifold drama of the past.

These are, however, all the work of the manager, touched if you please with genius, the genius of conception, execution, and achievement; but still of the manager. Irving restored the play as an organic whole to our stage. He found it the vehicle for elocutionary arias, like the Italian opera. He educated the public to a demand so clear and unmistakable for the presentation of a play as an integral work of art that under his dramatic reign the very argot of managers has come to discriminate between a "performance" and a "production." The public and actors both once thought of a play as a series of dramatic situations in which some one gifted actor, or at most an actor and an actress joined to him, presented characters, conceived, acted, and admired, apart from their setting. This is gone, never to return. Sir Henry Irving ended the theatrical presentations of the past as completely as Wagner ended the opera of the past. The stage Sir Henry

treated as a picture, where others had treated it as a scene. He has given it light and life. He made of it a completed whole, whose organic impression renders bare and skeleton-like the customary stage performance. He vindicated the claim of every character to intelligent treatment and interpretation, and thereby raised, to the dismay of all who meet the prodigious expenses of the modern stage, the salary commanded and the ability needed in lesser characters. Where one well-paid actor and a score of ill-paid subordinates once made up the pay roll, the leaders are better paid than ever before, and the average subordinate salary has risen to a level inconceivable thirty years ago, when Sir Henry's methods first began to break up the system which had brought the stage to a condition in which actors of eminence and distinction accepted support and scenery which to-day is no longer tolerated by any audience.

These are achievements of the first magnitude; but they stand for nothing in a great art unless to them are added the achievements of the artist. At no point in this singular career has this been universally conceded. He had been thirty years on the stage when Mr. William Winter said of his Hamlet that parts of it were seen at the Star Theatre with "consternation," and another New York critic, Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, records that in it his legs passed from "one stained glass attitude to another." Not a play has been produced in thirty years of his management which has not met the indignant protest of some accepted critic that Sir Henry could do everything on the stage but act. So long as he faced audiences educated in the old conception of an actor as a man of physical presence and comeliness given to the sonorous recitation of effective speeches, his progress was slow. He won the long fight, as all men of genius win, by creating an audience of his own, taught that the highest work of an actor is intellectual interpretation and not elocution and gesture.

The fight has been won against all odds, without and within. Acting is an art in which most men excel, if at all, in their early twenties. Garrick, Kean, Kemble, the Booths, — these all had the world of the stage at their feet at an age when a doctor is seeking his first patient and a lawyer untying his first brief. Sir Henry Irving was forty when his Hamlet was first accepted as a great interpretation of a great part. For twelve years he endured an arduous provincial apprenticeship in which he appeared in four hundred and twenty-eight parts, the most utterly insignificant, but all of training value. He had twelve years more of approbation not less trying before London audiences. He won popularity first, having caught the eye of Dion Boucicault, as the eccentric character. comedian who acted "Digby Grant" in the *Two Roses*. For years, he fought a dubious fight as a tragedian. For a decade it was almost literally true that no one professionally or critically familiar with the stage accepted his success, and that it rested almost wholly on men free from stage preconceptions, who were asking not for conventional grace and modulated speeches, but the thing as it is, — the final core of simulated being, — as the stage and the stage alone lays bare and analyzes life, revealing its final and inmost secret.

There were reasons for this long delay. Of all arts the stage is most rooted in conventions. There is proof in a German diary of the period that the singular halting walk of the stage which has lasted almost to our own day was a habit of the boards caught from the court of the day, or the reverse, under "Eliza and our James." Still more the physical facts were against him as an actor. Youthful beauty was not his. His voice had its manifold limitations. His command of enunciation and pronunciation was not helped by those weary and obscure years in the provinces; for outside of a certain social and educated circle, whose English accent is the best in the tongue, the general speech

of England makes but base coin of many a noble word. "I know he is going to do it," said a life-long friend, yearningly anxious over his success on the eventful evening when he first gave *The Bells* in New York, "for he is pronouncing God, 'God,' and not 'Gawd,' and he never has that word right unless he is up to his best work." There were doubtless also mannerisms, the spasmodic walk, the frequent gesture, the suppressed interjection. These were once the jest of London. They have been felt by every fresh audience, and laboriously noted by every raw critic. They have been triumphantly overcome by the magic of genius which of imperfection makes the means and mediums of its triumphs.

Given the old "reading of lines," the mellifluous elocution of the part as the test of acting, and they were an insuperable bar to his acceptance as an actor. Overflowing, overwhelming success came in spite of his lack of these, because acting is more than elocution, because it is an art which depends for its success not on cadences, but on the intellectual and emotional mastery of situation and character. "One of my calves," said Mr. Lawrence Barrett, "is a little smaller than the other. Most legs are that way. I had always padded the worse leg until I was in London, and had a talk with Henry Irving. He pointed out to me that it was better to leave your legs as they were made. They fitted the figure as a whole, and the instant you padded, the general balance of the figure was upset, and you had a sense of unreality." I quote from memory after years, but with perfect certainty as to broad fact and general expression. How keen, how penetrating, how illuminating was this view, which accepted even physical imperfection as part of the stock in trade with which a sense of reality could be created!

When Mr. Winter saw in Henry Irving twenty years ago no more than "a commanding intellect, and an intense nature concentrated on the sincere and momentous treatment of great themes," he missed the crowning triumph of the artist as seen by younger men and worse critics less confused by the preconceptions and preconventions of the stage. The transcendent verbal music of Shakespeare, without equal or example in the whole range of letters until one reads the greatest of the Greeks, has not unnaturally overweighted the attention and devotion to mere verbal cadence in our theatre. Thirty years ago the English-speaking stage had either the tragic or the trivial, either a formal acting which had certain tragic conventions, or the tinkling of Robertson's tea cups. It was Mr. Irving's great office, after a training which had been unequaled in the detail of his calling, suddenly to show that it was of more importance to present the thing the words stood for than merely to sing the music of periods. As always comes when in any spoken medium meaning is attained, the words sounded to a new value, and Shakespeare became once more familiar on our stage.

Where plays had dwindled and shrunk to a single part, masque rather than drama, his method, which filled the lines with meaning, the stage with pictures, and thronged the theatre with the ordered whole of characters which made up the tragedy, left the central figure not less, but more. There were characters, like Romeo and Othello, in which physical limitations impeded the path; there were others, like Lear, for which the actor's temperament was not fitted; but taking the long procession which has crossed the stage through thirty years, it has been true of all his personations that by intellectual weight they vindicated the stage from the frequent charge of mere simulation. By sheer force of acting, not elocution, by character and not by phrases, they have made that definite and determinate impression which is the high prerogative of genius, creating, as Lessing long since pointed out, a detached existence which lives apart from its creator. Of the greater characters, one may unhesitatingly affirm that there is not one

which has not left its clear image as if itself alive; and even of plays of a lower order, like *King Arthur* or *Becket*, it is still true that a character barely sketched in the lines has become vital and lived in the pictured world of the stage.

There are lines in Tennyson's play, in which the great primate dedicates himself to the public service, whose possibilities, Sir Henry has frankly confessed, attracted him to its production and to the character. In a moment of sudden confidence infinitely precious in memory, he once said, with a light admonitory tap on the shoulder, such as the older gives to the younger man, "They have made me, I hope, a better man." As he spoke, in his face there dawned that inner light man to man recognizes when one or the other desires to signify and signal some new certainty in this strange night of life in which we all needs must sail by stars "whose worth's unknown although his height be taken." It was plain, though *un*said, that in the play and the devoted service of the character, he had caught some hint of the great riddle. Its full solution has now come with the last words of the part, "Into thy hands, O God, into thy hands."

Through half a century he kept to the purpose of his life. For him, as for all men, his life was more than his work. Of all the arts, the stage, with its adulation, applause, and jealousy, its inexorable need for a personal popularity as the one necessary foundation for the very opportunity and occasion of its best work, has been least happy in its heroes. They come and they go, the creatures of a breath, whom voices make and vanishing voices discard. But when the history of the stage of the century just closing comes to be reviewed and recorded, it will be clearer than to-day, and to-day in death it is already clear to most, that in Sir Henry Irving the stage has had one figure which to the genius of the actor and the ability of the manager has added the example of the man who raised an entire calling to a higher level, who gave to an ancient art a new view and aspect, and whose long career has had that intellectual force, personal dignity, high endeavor, and unflinching resolution, which belong to no walk and work alone, but are the common property of the few who, having created great opportunities, use them to great ends.

JUDGE BANKS'S MARY

BY ROSE YOUNG

JUDGE BANKS was talking of his daughter Mary as he and Ralston, who was burdened with a heavy "grip" and a sample case, made their way through the reclining-chair car to the vacant seats in the rear. He was still talking of Mary when the local pulled out for its day's run between Kansas City and St. Louis. When the train stopped unexpectedly at Bunkerton flag station, his voice, pitched high against the anticipated roar and rumble, made the people in the car turn toward him. They saw an elderly man, whose fine face, underneath a wide soft hat, announced gently but distinctly, "gentleman of the old school." The man beside him was another sort of man, a much younger man, whose face and equipment bespoke modernity, save that the look in his eyes was more indicative of the eternal dream and hope of young manhood than of times or customs. He seemed at this moment the victim of a carefully suppressed excitement. And the Judge was saying to him, —

"Ah, my boy, the young women of today are not like the young women of my time, except my Mary, thank God. They have not the — ah — the fine femininity of their mothers. But, there, wait until we reach Arcana," — the Judge laughed fondly, — "and I'll show you one who saves the day."

"Or say the yesterday," suggested Ralston, and the Judge bowed to the suggestion, and waved his hand with the grace of the Virginia cavaliers who had been his ancestors.

"It was worth saving. I think that you will see that when you see her." The train moved on again, the other people in the car began to attend to their own business again, and Ralston, his sad eyes shining, — Ralston's eyes were sad, although (perhaps because) he was a humorist, — leaned back and, listening to the Judge, followed the Judge's Mary, as he had often followed her before, into a charming place, haunted by the scent of lavender.

It was not in the least Ralston's eligibility that was making the Judge talk about Mary. He would have talked just as impressively if Ralston had been twelve years old, and a hod-carrier, instead of thirty, and heir-apparent to his uncle's rubber goods, the commodity that engaged the talents of both men in different capacities. The Judge liked to talk, and he especially liked to talk about Mary. At Penangton he was saying, with radiant satisfaction in his theme, that all his life his daughter had been his lode-star.

"Why, Mary herself does n't begin to know how many good things she has made me do, and how many bad things she has made me hate to do. I don't believe a fine, sweet woman ever fully appreciates herself as an influence upon a man. I sometimes feel that I should be almost willing to be a woman myself, just to have some man think about me the way I think about Mary." The Judge meant what he said so much that he spat out of the car window by way of emphasis. Then he began to remember the days when there was a fence around Kansas City, and you stood up on the fence and selected the hogs that you wanted. "'T was n't much except a stock yard then," mused the Judge. "It 's different now, but is it any better? Railroad tracks and trolley tracks get us to it quicker now, but the country roads that used to lead into it were mighty sweet in the summer time. The whole place is a glare of electricity now, but I don't believe peo-

ple see any prettier things than they used to see by candle-light."

Ralston always tried to be patient with this sort of talk, recognizing in it the swan song of one of the pioneer state-makers, who had spent himself formulating ideals for his own generation, and now found it desperately hard to accommodate himself to the ideals that a new generation was formulating. But to-day it was not easy to be patient. To-day Ralston was so nervous that he was irritable. He could quiet his excitement only by not heeding the Judge, and considering instead what the Judge's acquaintance had meant to him. That acquaintance dated from a trip that had called both men to Kansas in the interests of the house, some six months before, Ralston as the house's star traveling man, the Judge as the house's legal adviser. All during the Kansas sojourn Ralston had exercised a protectorate over the Judge, softening the asperities of the shyster lawyers with whom they had to deal, translating the irreverent ways of the "drummers" into terms of deference, and spiritualizing the frank liveliness of the girls who came out to meet the trains at the depots of the little towns along their route. For that espionage that a younger man may extend to an older man out of careless good nature Ralston had reaped a fine reward. The reward had been the Judge's Mary. On the very first day that the Judge had spoken of her the young man had lifted his head alertly, his fancy aroused and pleased. He had thought that he knew all the kinds of women that there are to know, but here was a different woman, new in her oldness. He got the Judge to talk of her often, humoring and petting him for that purpose. And the Judge, Old-World and sweet, knowing adequately what he admired in womanhood, gradually brought into Ralston's life, with broad and sure strokes, a woman who, by her ancestral completeness, made the other women whom Ralston had known seem inchoate. For Ralston she came at the exact psychological moment, just as he was becoming exasperated by his own incompleteness and willing to have the vague tantalizations of romance take on concrete form. To be sure, the form that Mary took seemed astrally sheer and fugitive, but Ralston liked that impression. He had a misty recollection of his young mother, dead ever so many years ago, that affected him as Judge Banks's Mary affected him. Finally he passed completely under the spell of Mary's idyllic charm, heightened as it was in a subtle blend of mother memories.

"Why, I'll be dogged if I don't think of myself as Mary's lover," he told himself now, while inclining his head courteously to the Judge's artless talk of yesterday. Then he smiled at the conceit, remembering how little the girl in the flesh had to do with his self-appraisement. For Ralston had never seen Mary in the flesh. The essential girl to him so far had been the astral girl who came at her father's call and decoyed both men into the lavender-haunted place far away. Her satisfactoriness several times surprised him into a glow of pride that he was fine enough to get his satisfaction out of high places in the presence of the ideal. And in one of these very glows, only the day before, he had suddenly yielded like water to the Judge's oft-repeated invitation, and was even now on his way to Arcana to meet the real.

"Judge," he asked suddenly, "do you really think that your daughter looks like you?" This was his surest way of making the Judge produce the photograph of Mary which he carried in a little morocco case in a breast pocket. In another moment the two men were bending over the photograph in close scrutiny, as they had bent over it many times before during the last six months. Happily, it showed to the inquiring eye no trait that the Judge's Mary should not have had. The pictured face was girlishly sweet, lovely in contour, and lighted by eyes that seemed to see far.

"What do you think, Rawly, does she or does n't she?" The Judge dearly liked

to have any one corroborate his strong conviction that his daughter got her beauty from him. However, before Ralston could gratify him, the train began to slow down and the Judge hastily put the photograph away. "Rawly," he said, "just you come along with me, and I'll show you something a good deal better than a picture. I'll show you the real girl."

And Ralston, with an abrupt, odd sense of impending loss, answered like an idiot, "I've a good mind to give up and keep what I have."

"How's that? How's that? But here, don't waste any time. This is Arcana. Come a-running."

Ralston came, but not running. On the car steps he turned back, but the Judge seized his arm and pulled him from the steps, laughing at him, but not in the least comprehending him. The train moved off, and Ralston gazed after it sorrowfully. Then the Judge engaged his attention again. He was arranging with the man who drove the 'bus to take Ralston's baggage to town, and, having accomplished that, he drew Ralston away with him.

"We'll walk down, if you don't mind. I want to show you the town. Made after my own recipe. I like to see a town come up just so." He had piloted Ralston into a long, wide, dusty street, and he gazed about with paternalistic pride. "Do you realize that this state is getting old?" he asked next. "I have helped start several towns in this commonwealth upon paths of prosperity; this is the youngest of my family, and I set out her trees twenty years ago."

It occurred to Ralston that the trees had been a wise precautionary measure for Arcana. They relieved her by hiding some of her. She was in the stage of architectural development that inevitably finds expression in straight up-and-down houses painted lavender, with red or green trimmings. However, the town itself caught but little of Ralston's attention. He could think of nothing now but of his coming meeting with the real Mary.

At the foot of a street that showed a slight grade Judge Banks pointed toward a house at the top of the incline. "That's mine," he said. Ralston's heart quickened with satisfaction as he looked at the house. It was white, for one thing, and it had green shutters, and there were vines about the porch, and it seemed as if the life which the house sheltered must be less experimental, maturer, and finer than that in the lavender cottages. Ralston, lighthearted and hopeful, quickened his pace.

"I suppose Miss Mary selected the plans for your house, Judge?" he remarked, with very little question in his tone.

"Oh, no, she did n't. That's the old Larney farmhouse. Arcana is built on the old Larney farm. Phil Larney, my mother's father, came out here from Virginia in the forties and brought with him Virginia notions of house-building. To-day my house is not only the oldest house in Arcana, it's the newest. The old style has come back, you see. Mary says the house would be all right if it were only lavender-colored, — why don't you come on? — As for myself, I don't mind its being white."

Meantime in the parlor of the house at the head of the street a girl, sitting at a piano, played some chords in a jerky fashion, and then leaned her head forward on the music rest and said, "Oh, how I wish father would n't!"

"Would n't what, Mary, honey?" That was Miss Sue Banks. From the chair, where she sat rocking, she turned a gay face toward her niece.

"Would n't bring those two people here together," answered the girl, and, as if the words increased her nervousness, she arose and walked up and down the room, with her hands locked behind her.

"What two people? — Saints and masters, my chicken is not going to be enough — What two? Mr. Ralston, and who else?"

"And father's Mary." The girl bit her lip, and her aunt laughed out loud.

"Oh, Mr. Ralston's a man; he will

like her, don't you fret," said Miss Sue, and went out of the room with her shoulders shaking.

"Yes, that's just it," said Mary Banks, as though she still had an audience, "he'll like *her*," and then stopped abruptly, and stood in the middle of the floor, fluttering like a bird, as she heard the men coming in through the front doorway.

She was still standing there when the Judge entered the room. "Here! Here! Where's my girl? I am mighty glad to see you, pet." Was there a restraint in the Judge's tone, or did Ralston, at a polite distance behind, only imagine it? He was ushered forward at once, and as he came, he could not tell whether he was disappointed or not. He had seen the girl, pretty as a vision, take her father's caress smilingly, and he saw her now, still smiling, with her arm slipped filially through her father's, yet he got no more sense of her actuality than if she had been miles away. He heard her tell him, in the right sort of voice for the Judge's Mary, that she was glad to meet him because she had heard so much about him from her father, — and from some other friends. And he heard himself tell her that he had heard a good deal of her, too, from her father. And to that he heard her reply, "Yes, I don't doubt that you have." And it was just then, for the first time, that he got any sense of her actuality. For one fleeting moment somebody, with some definiteness, seemed to stand before him. Unfortunately she was gone before he had any chance to apprehend her significance. Mary Banks, smiling again, turned her face up to her father and asked him if he were well, and if he had had a pleasant trip. Was there a shadowy stress on the upturned face, or did Ralston only imagine it? Before he could answer his own question, Miss Sue Banks came in and took his hand in hers, and made him feel so much at ease with her and so much at home in the parlor that he forgot to worry himself with questions.

From the moment of Miss Sue's appearance, Mary seemed to slip into the background. The older woman's touch was surer, in some indefinable way. It was she who rallied the Judge gayly on having made his guest walk from the station, "just to show off the Banks model for a railroad town." It was she who suggested that they all sit down, and it was she who suggested that they all get up, and that the Judge take Ralston upstairs if perchance he wanted to "freshen" for breakfast, which was going to be ready in a minute. As Ralston climbed the stairs behind the Judge, he found himself flinging back something mirthful at Miss Sue, and it was upon her that his eyes rested with vivid pleasure. Mary had moved over to the window out of his range of vision.

The two men had reached the top of the stairs when Mary came to the parlor door and called to her father: "*Don't* expect to find your old slippers in the case this time, father. I just had to throw them aside. But the new ones are almost exactly the same, — only a little difference in the flowers." Her voice had in it a curious pleading quality that warred with humorous appreciation, according to the way that Ralston heard it. He was so sure of the humor that he laughed. But the Judge did n't laugh.

"Oh, Mary," he said, as fretfully as a good-tempered man can say anything, "the old ones would have held out, — I was so used to them."

Still fretting, he led Ralston into the guest room. From the guest room he passed into his own room, and through the open door Ralston could see him holding up the new carpet slippers, his face twitching in contemptuous disapproval. Presently he put the slippers down and began to tumble things about in his shoebox. Then he got down on his hands and knees, and looked under the bed, puffing irascibly. Then he took a chair and climbed upon it, and felt painstakingly along the top shelf of his closet. After quite a while he came back to Ralston, his equanimity wholly restored.

Almost immediately he began to talk

of his daughter in his accustomed way. That suggestion of restraint that had mystified Ralston down in the parlor was not in evidence at all. By and by, he took out the morocco case and looked at the photograph. Ralston, from force of habit, ranged up beside him. Bending over the photograph, both men seemed to find themselves. The Judge emitted a jealous "Ah!" and brushed a speck from the face. Then he put the photograph on the bureau, and stood back a pace or two in admiring regard, his head on one side, his chin in the air. Ralston also took up a position in front of the photograph, and gave a murmur of satisfaction as he again faced that exquisite womanly sweetness on the flat. Both men forgot all about the girl downstairs. When finally they left the guest room, both showed the high-headedness of men who have had an inspirational séance with their ideals. From the stairs they got a glimpse of Mary, standing with her arms over the back of a chair in the parlor, waiting for them. The Judge remembered that he wanted to take a look at his buff cochons, — "raising 'em on a plan of my own, Rawly, my boy," and, starting Ralston toward the parlor, went out through the rear doorway of the hall.

Ralston stopped at the open front door to gain time. The absurd fact that both he and the Judge were able to get more out of Mary's photograph than out of Mary herself was not lost upon him. While he was admitting it, with a furtive smile, two ladies in two yards across the street came out to their partition fence and swapped a dressed rabbit for a beefsteak. The neighborly commerce in breakfasts pleased Ralston so much that his smile became a laugh. He thought that he heard the laugh echoed, but, turning quickly, he found Mary standing beside him with grave eyes.

"Town has some pleasant ways, has n't it?" He looked down upon her, suspecting that his persiflage would bring a smile to her lips. But it did not. Traveling-man fashion, Ralston had once told Judge Banks the story of the heavy drinker who would n't go skiff-riding on the Missouri River until assured that there was a bar every half mile; and the Judge had asked amiably, "Well, and did the boat ground first thing, and was the man drowned?" So Ralston sighed now, with an educated comprehension of Mary's mental attitude, and changed the subject.

"I'm so glad to meet you," he said. "I have been wanting to meet you, the real girl, for a long while."

"Have you, — the real girl?" Again he got a sense of a potential personality. Her tone was lively.

"Yes. I have known you perhaps better than you think, — from your father's portrayal of you, and from the little photograph of you, and from my own fancies of you."

"Your own fancies? What were they?"

"What are always a man's fancies of a woman?"

"Mistakes, are n't they?" He had not paused for any reply, and her interruption did not make much impression upon him. He was lifting the delicate mind-stuff that he had been spinning for months, and was draping it about Mary with engrossing satisfaction.

"I confess that my fancies of you were so pleasant that I hesitated to meet you for fear that I might lose them. I am not going to, am I?" He had gone farther than he had intended to at first, but it seemed inevitable. He had so often talked to her in his imagination, just as he was talking now, really imploring her not to let him lose her. As he spoke, her appearance calmed him. She looked her very picture, and when she answered him he did not miss the previous vivacity of her tone because of his pleasure in its gentle shyness.

"Why, if the fancies pleased you, I'll let you keep them, — if I can."

Miss Sue called them to breakfast just then, and Ralston followed Mary into the dining-room with his chest lifting. That shyness of hers, peeping out opportunely, had been reassuring to him. He talked

to her at the breakfast table very easily. And Mary said, "How comical!" to the jokes that he could not help telling, and did her part by the conversation with little feminine flourishes of like sort, that were sufficient as long as the joke-supply lasted. A little later, when she was making shift to talk on her own account, Ralston noticed that she stole occasional looks at her father, and occasionally seemed to hesitate and give the Judge a chance to shape her remarks for her, as if that were the habit between them.

"Oh, Mary," said the Judge, as breakfast drew to a close, "I was looking at the old slippers. They'll do very well for a while yet. Don't throw them away, honey; I like them. They suit me. I am so used to them."

"All right, father."

After breakfast the Judge went off to town alone, Ralston electing, as a matter of course, to stay at the house with Mary. His desire to push on in pursuit of the real was becoming keen.

But when the Judge came back at noon Ralston responded without delay to an invitation to come upstairs, and when he got upstairs he stretched. Mary, who upon closer acquaintance had developed the glibness of a mouthpiece, had made a nice effort to entertain him, however. "You want to remember that," he reminded himself, and sternly insisted upon a feeling of gratitude to the girl.

The midday dinner was a rather spiritless affair, and, dinner over, Ralston accepted the Judge's invitation to go to town with him. On the way, Ralston, his eyes idly fixed upon Arcana's unfolding glories, skillfully guided the conversation toward Mary.

"I think," said the Judge, in the course of one of his panegyrics, "that she is what she is to-day because I took so much pains with her as she grew up. I was careful to keep the ideal woman always before her. I believe that I know the ideal as well as any man, Rawly, my boy." The Judge put his hand to his breast pocket where the photograph again lay, and gave the picture a fond pressure. "You would n't think, to see Mary now, that she promised to be a little difficult to manage when she was a child. However, she quieted down very prettily as soon as she was old enough to understand what I wanted."

"Difficult to manage?" And after the Judge reassured the young man that such had been the case, the latter turned the thought in his mind with increasing interest. Finally he said that he did n't believe that he wanted to go "down town" after all, and, excusing himself to the Judge, retraced his steps. He felt drawn back to the Banks house. He saw that he would have to come to an understanding of Mary before he could expect peace of mind. The thought that she might have an esoteric temper troubled him. He walked toward the Banks house with his head down, lost in analysis, and he had reached the gate when he noticed that a light phaeton stood before it. Mary was coming through the front doorway. He waited for her at the gate with a purpose that he characterized to himself as little short of fell. "Young woman," so his thoughts ran, "this is where *you* — whoever you are — and I meet."

"You are just in time to go driving with me," she said, by way of welcome. As he helped her into the phaeton he noticed that her eyes were shining brilliantly. He had not observed before that her eyes could be brilliant. She lowered her lashes quickly, however, and her face assumed at once the expression identified with Ralston's acquaintance with her. She made a very pleasing appearance, in a white duck suit and hat, and they were hardly established in the phaeton before he made it his business to tell her so. She answered him, in her subdued way, —

"Do you like me in this suit? Father does, too. I wear it a good deal when he is about, so that I can be his Mary." The words were childishly filial, but the tone was as disconcerting as the brilliancy of her eyes. Ralston simply did n't know what either meant. He set himself to find out.

"You like to please your father, don't you?"

"Yes. You see, I am sorry for him." Ralston observed her more closely. Again he seemed face to face with a personality. But his attention disconcerted her, and she flushed bewilderingly and looked out upon sunlit Arcana. "Have you been on the road long?" she asked.

"Why, about six months, — ever since I met your father out in Kansas last fall," he answered, with purposeful misunderstanding, "but I've just made a turn and lost myself."

"I am talking about your business."

"Are you sure that I am not?"

She took a deep breath and said, "This is the prettiest street in Arcana." And for five minutes she discoursed about Arcana in surprisingly fluent platitudes. As they passed the high school, memories of his college days stirred within Ralston. It was memory, too, that made her say softly, "You are an S. U. man, are n't you?"

"Yes, I am, but how did you know?"

"An honor man of '93" —

"Where did you learn it?"

"On the campus."

"Oh! So you are an S. U. girl?"

"Yes, but my diploma is only a year old. Still, even when I got there, your fame still echoed on the gridiron, and in the halls of learning. Dr. Carneen everlastingly bragged about you. And Mrs. Henner had your picture." She did not see fit to tell him what part the photograph — which exploited a big fellow boyishly pleased with his football clothes and hair — had played upon her silly schoolgirl heart, but even what she did tell him made Ralston redden with pleasure.

"I believe I was sorrier to disappoint Carny," he said, "than to disappoint myself, when I had to give up law, and go in for rubber. But the law did n't seem to need me, and my uncle did."

"Such a change ought to have made you elastic."

He laughed. "I think it has."

"I hope it has."

"Why?"

She did not answer, and thereupon Ralston roused to the fact that the girl to whom he had been talking for the last five minutes was not Judge Banks's Mary. But even as he realized it, she came back.

"Where have you been?" he asked wonderingly. And as she stayed silent and began to breathe quickly, he persisted the more. "Don't you think you might tell me your riddle? Don't you think you ought to? Is it fair to be a riddle to a man who has told you frankly that he wants to know *you*?"

"Ah, but that's just what you did n't tell me. What you asked of me was that I should be still and let you hang your fancies on me. Don't you suppose that I could see that that was what you really wanted? Why, that's what I have been doing for father all these years. But now that I have had a little while to think about it, I have decided that my obligation to you is a different thing, and the sphinx is going to speak." She spoke with the terrific earnestness of youth, and Ralston saw all at once that she was honest and that a sense of justice to him and to herself was back of her speech. He saw, too, that she was very young and wholly potential, and that it would be pleasant to help her realize her potentialities. She looked up at him, half smiling, half sighing. From the animation of her face it was evident that she was finding compensation in the duty that drove her up a path starred with romantic possibilities as sweet as wild flowers. Then she resumed her argument with naïve seriousness. "You see, what I have tried to do for father is this, — I have tried to recognize that it would be pretty hard on a man as old as he to ask him to readjust his ideals. He has lived a long and useful life with them, warmed and comforted by them. And he is not adaptable. And so I have just tried to let him see in me what he wanted to see in me. It seemed only fair after he had given me my education, even though the education itself set me away from his ideal toward a new ideal." She

glanced up at Ralston again, and by so doing made him lose the thread of her thought. When he got hold of it, she was saying, "Father's ideal of a woman has the strength of ages. Why, I can remember when I first took it in, just as I realized that I was a woman. Everything was confused and roseate, and I had no great desire for individuality, so I was pleased, and took all sorts of poses up on the pedestal where father had put me. But that did n't last. By and by, I learned to slip down from the pedestal and leave father's Mary alone in her glory. By and by, too, I learned to look upon that pedestal girl as a robber. Often I go up to her and shake my fist at her. She has my father's affection, don't you see. Still, I try not to smash her, for father's sake. I don't pretend to know as yet what I should be in her place. I just know that she keeps me from having any place. I don't make a nice woman of yesterday. You have already seen it. Father himself has a subconsciousness of it that makes him ill at ease with me." Suddenly she began to laugh, a gay, sparkling laugh, like Miss Sue's. "Then, you see, in our family it 's the women who have the sense of humor, perhaps because the men have had to work so hard that they have worked all the humor out of their systems. At any rate, father has n't a bit. For instance, he admires Arcana, because he made it, and when I tell him that our house ought to be lavender in the interests of harmony, he tells me seriously that he likes a white house pretty well." That justification of her taste and that revelation of her sense of humor came in just right for Ralston. He smiled down at her, with world-old satisfaction in her.

"Do you know what I am going to do?" he said gravely, though his eyes danced. "*I* am going to smash your father's Mary."

"Oh, if you only would!" she cried, with girlish gayety.

"Well, I'm going to. I need the pedestal for another Mary;" — and then, seeing that she had become a little frightened, and for fear that he might say more than he ought to say all at once, he began to talk hopefully of the loneliness of traveling men's lives. Talking in that wise, they drove back home.

Judge Banks was waiting for them at the gate, and when Ralston had helped Mary from the phaeton, she ran to her father and kissed him with a pretty impulsiveness, and then hurried into the house as if afraid of herself. The Judge looked after her uneasily, but he turned to Ralston with a loyal assumption of satisfaction in her. "Is n't my Mary fine, Rawly?" he asked sturdily.

"She is that, Judge," answered Ralston; — then he added, too low for the Judge to be grieved by it, — "but not so fine as my Mary 's going to be."

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

BY H. W. BOYNTON

In looking over the material which the season offers for a final bit of rambling commentary to shelter under the above comfortable title, the writer has been pleased to find so many books related in one way or other to the irregular kind of prose literature for which he has a special weakness. No doubt the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing; yet so long as names like Montaigne, Sir Thomas Browne, Lamb, and FitzGerald continue to figure actively upon our publishers' lists, we may afford to wish peace to the Mahmud of the moment in his place of pomp at the head of the Best-Sellers.

I

The biographer's apology for writing biography, now almost a formula, has an excellent English precedent: the earliest of English biographies, now sumptuously reprinted,[1] was written, its author modestly assures us, merely to set right the name of Wolsey against the "false rumours and fond opinions of the fantastical commonalty." George Cavendish, trusted servitor to Wolsey during the last and most spectacular of his years, is a partisan of the partisans; but he has nothing to gain personally by defending the memory of his master. His book shows the sincerity and ingenuousness of a true labor of love; and great vigor and simplicity of style. Cavendish does not consider himself a special pleader. He really is not aware that his Cardinal had faults. His reverence for the king steps even with that lusty monarch's indulgence of Wolsey; he is outraged that the vixen Anne Boleyn should have compassed revenge upon her bitterest rival and enemy. The chronicler is, in short, so completely engrossed by the spectacle of the prelate's worldly magnificence as to resent whatever may have qualified it, whether a consideration of abstract morality, the obstinacy of a king, or the counter-intrigues of a woman. Wolsey's gorgeous raiment, his equipage, his plate, the whole pageant of life in his princely household — the biographer never wearies of recalling these matters in detail; or of marveling that such grandeur should have proved so fleeting. "Who list to read and consider," runs that brief and eloquent epilogue, "with an indifferent eye, this history, may behold the wondrous mutability of vain honours, brittle assurance of abundance, the uncertainty of dignities, the flattering of feigned friends, and the tickle trust to worldly princes. . . . O madness, O foolish desire! O fond hope! O greedy desire of vain honours, dignities, and riches! O what inconstant trust and assurance is in rolling fortune!" . . . Little could the simple threnodist have imagined that his lament would continue to be heard, by however few ears, across nearly four centuries; that would have been a tickle trust indeed.

Out of Browne and Herbert of Cherbury one might construct an imaginary English Montaigne. Lord Herbert would supply that activity in affairs which Sir Thomas lacked; and his vanity in little matters would sufficiently complement the more generous preoccupation of the other. The author of *Religio Medici*, like the writer of the *Essays*, admits that he is his own theme. He is as open-minded, as little insular, as Montaigne. "I have no antipathy," he writes from France, "or rather idiosyncracy in diet, humour, air, anything. I wonder not at the French for

[1] *The Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey.* By George Cavendish. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

their dishes of frogs, snails, and toadstools, nor at the Jews for locusts and grasshoppers; but being among them make them my common viands, and I find they agree with my stomach as well as theirs. . . . All places, all airs, make unto me one country. I am in England everywhere and under any meridian. I have been shipwrecked, yet am not enemy to sea or winds. I can study, work, or play in a tempest. In brief, I am averse from nothing." But Browne altogether lacks the brisk humor of Montaigne. His mind has, if it is possible to say so, agility, but not vivacity. It makes its way, lanthorn in hand, into many odd corners of human experience and thought, but it does not open the windows and flash the light of day upon them. At his true point of inspiration, Sir Thomas is to be compared with George Cavendish rather than Montaigne; if the master of English elegiac prose is to be compared with a tyro who had struck, as if by hard chance, a single pure note. Browne was, as the assiduous and skillful Mr. Gosse, in his present monograph,[1] makes sufficiently plain, "the laureate of the forgotten dead, of those who have discovered what he from the first divined, that this loud world is nothing but 'a dream and mock-show.' In the presence of a haunting sense of the fragility of time, of the faint mark we all make upon life, something less durable than the shadow of a leaf or a breath upon a mirror, Sir Thomas Browne decides that 'restless unquiet for the diuturnity of our memories seems a vanity almost out of date, and a superannuated piece of folly.'" One fact about Browne Mr. Gosse brings out with especial distinctness: his extreme isolation. Many later writers, Cowper, FitzGerald, and R. S. Hawker, for example, have fled from the press of the "literary centre," but nobody has equaled Browne in calm ignorance of what was going on there. Browne knew nothing of English prose as an art which had been or was being practiced by others. Yet, says Mr. Gosse, "in spite of his unaccountable attitude toward contemporary literature, and his scorn of its attempts, in his own person he was confident of conquering eternity with the delicious artifice of style." That he felt such confidence need not be doubted. For the rest, we recall and turn back to an admirable definition of style which Mr. Gosse has just phrased: "not the mere melodious arrangement of beautiful words, but the manipulation of language with such art as to reveal a personal temperament and to illustrate a human point of view." Browne had no such generous notion of style. Certainly his manner was studied; but, lacking standards, his study was often to no purpose. He invented a custom and tried to observe it; but it was more honored in the breach. "A work of this nature," he says, of *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*," is not to be performed upon one legg; and should smell of oyle, if duly and deservedly handled." It smells. Browne's theory of "elegancy" is even more absurd than Pope's theory of "correctness." Fortunately his invoices from the Mediterranean found a limited market; and his cheerful prophecy that presently Englishmen would "be fain to learn Latin to understand English" is yet to be fulfilled. Without his Latinisms he would not be Sir Thomas Browne; but his finest passages owe their power to far deeper qualities of style. Recall the sounding fifth chapter of the *Urn Burial*, or that marvelously eloquent conclusion to the very dullest of his works: "But the quincunx of heavens runs low, and 't is time to close the five ports of knowledge. We are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep; which often continueth precogitations. . . . Nor will the sweetest delight of gardens afford much comfort in sleep; wherein the dulness of that sense shakes hands with delectable odors; and though in the bed of Cleopatra, can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a rose. . . .

[1] *Sir Thomas Browne.* By EDMUND GOSSE. English Men of Letters. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

The huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia. But who can be drowsy at that hour which freed us from everlasting sleep? or have slumbering thoughts at that time when sleep itself must end, and as all conjecture all shall awake again." Is it not in the rich melancholy beauty of such lines, "elegancy" fairly forgotten and able to avenge itself but with a single "precogitations," that Browne fairly achieves style? Yet a writer capable of this has caused himself to be remembered mainly as a master of verbal contortion.

Another of the recent additions to the English Men of Letters concerns itself with Browne's contemporary, Andrew Marvell,[1] and this in the year which has produced a satisfactory and accessible reprint of his poems and satires. Mr. Birrell's biographical method is more buoyant and personal than Mr. Gosse's. He is not what would be called a scholarly critic. He is of the school of Bagehot and Sir Leslie Stephen rather than of Pater and Arnold. He takes pains to conceal the traces of research, and dares to be lively in the presence of august persons. He is neither a mountebank nor a high-priest of criticism, but he has and shows, what Mr. Gosse has not or conceals, an irrepressible instinct toward self-expression, and a self well worth expressing. "The very canons of criticism," he says in the present study, "are themselves literature. If we like the *Ars Poetica*, it is because we enjoy reading Horace." This is an utterance which your scientific critic may easily analyze into nothing; let us abandon it to him. Mr. Birrell has, as usual, quoted very liberally, and to excellent effect. Quotation is an art the difficulty of which may easily be underrated by paragraph-writers or by persons who do not write at all. You may say no end of wise things about a writer, and yet fail to convey a sense of the peculiar flavor for which you really value him. To insinuate a phrase or verse of our author into the midst of our own readable (because ephemeral) discourse, is all most of us may do, without giving our readers an unpalatable suspicion that they are being seduced into the perusal of a real author. Mr. Birrell quotes by the page, and we gratefully read every line because we are sure Mr. Birrell, at least, is incapable of asking us to read anything inconsequent or dull. We have not space here to enter into his treatment of Marvell; it is admirable: we should end by quoting too much from Mr. Birrell himself, as a delightful performer in the intimate style.

[1] *Andrew Marvell.* By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. English Men of Letters. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

II

No one would more naturally be named in the connection than Lamb. The *Life* now put forth by Mr. Lucas[2] is likely to prove of more importance than the recent edition of *The Works and Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb*, of which he was editor. It will not supersede the *Life and Final Memorials* of Talfourd, but it contains, mainly in the form of letter and anecdote, much of supplementary value, and some matter which is absolutely fresh. The volumes contain somewhat too large a mass of citations from former critics of Lamb; or rather, too many fragments of the kind, for they are not brought together into any sort of unity. Too many quotations from Lamb and his sister could hardly be included; even the probable apocrypha of personal reminiscence deserve a place in a biography whose alleged merit lies in its exhaustiveness. But we may easily tire of being told what certain well-nigh forgotten contemporaries of our author — footnote persons, we may call them — have thought of the man's work. Mr. Lucas's own critical attitude is respectable and conservative; it is not specifically a "contribution to the subject." This was, in a sense, to be ex-

[2] *The Life of Charles Lamb.* By E. V. LUCAS. In two volumes, with fifty illustrations. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

pected. There is no crux to be discovered by the most ingenious critic in connection with Lamb's life or work. In two points of fact, the work does contribute to our knowledge of Lamb.

With regard to one of them a minor degree of knowledge might have been a comparative bliss. The "Confessions of a Drunkard" is, it seems, less a dramatic exercise than it has been painted. Our present access of information is, however, mainly due to Lamb himself; for a disconcertingly large number of the letters or fragments of letters here first adduced have to do facetiously, apologetically, or remorsefully, with his lapses in drink. The familiar remark comes at once to mind: that in those days hard drinking was the rule, and it was considered a pretty thing for a gentleman to end his evenings coiled up under the festive board. But it is not pleasant to be forced to view our "Saint Charles" in such case. We could find it in our hearts to wish that he and his chronicling friends — that his assiduously culling biographer, at least — had been something more sparing of detail. Yet Lamb might have been the first to denounce such a feeling as merely squeamish and sentimental. He was never an applicant for canonization, and, as strongly as Montaigne or Browne, wished to be known for what he was. Drink gave him ease from shyness, and loosed his stuttering tongue; it was "the social glass" of which he was the occasional victim. He had a weak head, and did not always "know where to stop;" but his excesses were attended by no such mental and moral dismemberment as fell to his beloved Coleridge from the use of opium.

The other point of fact has to do with Lamb's second and more serious impulse toward matrimony. His first love appears to have been a Hertfordshire beauty, one Ann Simmons, subsequently celebrated in a series of fairly bad sonnets as Anna, and in the essays as "Alice W——." This affair Lamb seems later — not much later — to have looked back to as a species of calf-love soon extinct; though, as representing his sole adventure in that kind, not unworthy of posthumous celebration. More than that might be said; for, whether his passion was unrequited, or whether, as some may think, he was judged ineligible by the proper authorities, he paid (as he might have put it) the last honors to blighted first love by going mad. The singular thing is that he should have had no second attack of the malady to which his sister Mary, in so many senses the saner of the two, so often succumbed. His later disappointment was perhaps too deep for lamentation: he did not go mad, nor write verses. He was by this time a middle-aged man, settled in mind and habit, provided with the most admirable of sisters, long a celebrant of the comforts of celibacy. That his feeling was deep cannot be doubted. Its object, Fanny Kelly, was a reigning actress, and, more than that, a charming and estimable woman. Lamb, after long admiration, got to know her, and eventually, in a most manly and simple letter, proposed marriage. Miss Kelly's heart was already hopelessly engaged; and she replied to that effect in a manner as straightforward as his own. Her friendship with the Lambs survived; but the rejected suitor's rejoinder closed the correspondence and the subject: —

"Dear Miss Kelly, — *Your injunctions shall be obeyed to a tittle.* I feel myself in a lackadaisical no-how-ish kind of a humour. I believe it is the rain, or something. I had thought to have written seriously, but I fancy I succeed best in epistles of mere fun; puns and that nonsense. You will be good friends with us, will you not? let what has past 'break no bones between us.'" We suspect Thackeray called Lamb a saint because he was so unmistakably a gentleman.

Lamb was a warm admirer of Marvell, and placed Sir Thomas Browne almost at the head of his ancient cronies. He owned to a special fondness for quaint or obscure writers; he was, after all, antiquary more than critic: he "had a taste."

His judgment of contemporaries is often erratic. He discovered more than one mighty genius who came to nothing, and breathed contempt upon more than one name held then and since in critical esteem. He valued Southey, thought little of Shelley, and despised Byron. With Byron, indeed, he had nothing in common but a love for Pope. The Greeks have probably lost little by Byron's death, he intimates, just after the event: "He was best as satirist, — in any other way he was mean enough. I dare say I do him injustice, but I cannot love him, nor squeeze a tear to his memory. He did not like the world, and he has left it." Well, tears enough were squeezed in other quarters, and the glamour is not yet gone from his memory. Critics still busy themselves with him as a power in letters; and if maidens no longer sigh over *The Bride of Abydos*, it is certain that schoolboys still sniggle over selected passages from *Don Juan*. Those boasted naughtinesses of his: it is, alas, their memory which the gross world most fondly cherishes.

III

And to what other interest in him is the title of the latest book on Byron addressed? The *Confessions of Lord Byron*[1] is simply an abridgment of matter already printed, as the sub-title shows. It might be expected to consist exclusively of "racy" and "piquant" passages; but Byron's poetry is rather more vulgar than his letters: these excerpts give a rather more favorable impression of him as a man and a man of letters than he desired to give his contemporary public. He wished to be admired as a taking mixture of aristocrat, broken-hearted misanthrope, Bohemian, "rooter" for Liberty, perfect gentleman, and casual dabbler in poetry. He had his wish; but not with posterity. We now perceive that he was more nobleman than gentleman (as Lamb was more gentleman than bank-clerk), more flâneur than libertine, and nothing if not a man of letters. He takes a perverse pleasure in fouling his own nest; but always, it is plain, with an uneasy sense that it *is* his own. "Nothing so fretful, so despicable as a scribbler, see what I am." "I by no means rank poetry or poets high in the scale of intellect." "Who would write, who had anything better to do?" He affects the amateur, and protests complete indifference to adverse criticism. Reviewers are nothing; yet even a Scotch reviewer may be pronounced a fine fellow when, in lucid moments, he shows a proper appreciation of the proper English bard. He professes to fling off his little things almost at random, yet plainly expects them to be taken with the utmost seriousness. "Histrionic" is the adjective commonly applied to him; but a shorter would suffice.

The present series of extracts is conveniently classified. Here is a seventy-page chapter on "Byron's Estimate of Contemporary Poets." "Estimate" is rather too neat a word to fit the case; notions would be more suggestive of the fact. His judgments lack, we will not say consistency, but integrity. For Scott he had something like enthusiasm (Scott, we recall, laid down his harp upon the first notes of Byron's French horn); Rogers, Campbell, and Moore, as poets who might be met in the best circles, he approved of. Shelley he somewhat more than condescended to, for Shelley was a social nonconformist, and, though visionary, had a remarkably good opinion of the works of one Lord Byron. Wordsworth and Coleridge were an offense to his nostrils; and of Keats, poet of sensuousness, this poet of sensuality uses the vilest language. What strikes us most in this attitude of Byron toward others is that, taken together, they constitute simply an attitude toward himself. Many of his self-

[1] *The Confessions of Lord Byron:* A Collection of his Private Opinions of Men and Matters, taken from the New and Enlarged Edition of his Letters and Journals. Arranged by Lewis Bettany. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

accusations are merely "histrionic" and for effect; this, the most damning of them all, is, we believe, sincere. It occurs in a letter probably written to Shelley's widow shortly after his death: "As to friendship, it is a propensity in which my genius is very limited. I do not know the *male* human being, except Lord Clare, the friend of my infancy, for whom I feel anything that deserves the name. All my others are men-of-the-world friendships. I did not even feel it for Shelley, however much I admired and esteemed him; so that you see not even vanity could bribe me into it, for, of all men, Shelley thought highly of my talents, — and, perhaps, of my disposition." Such a passage may fitly bring us back to our epitaph: "He did not like the world, and he has left it."

After unwillingly witnessing the gross catastrophe of Oscar Wilde's delicate career, and listening somewhat less unwillingly to his final half-stifled cries, we may well draw a long breath and turn back to the essays he wrote while he still lived, and for which he should be (but, alas, will not be) remembered. Disciple-wise, the editor of the present reprint[1] is rather zealous than judicious in his manner of introducing the text. When, after quoting Wilde's remark that "Life is itself an art, and has its modes of style no less than the arts that seek to express it," Mr. Pollard proceeds to the assertion, "His life was as complete a work of art . . . as was ever composed," — we know, at least, where we are. We are prepared to hear things said about "the taint of Puritanism;" and to be instructed to value *Intentions* because "as a book, it has splendidly the sincerity of Wilde's insincerity." There is also a good deal of talk about the relation of Life and Art, ending in the somewhat ineffectual observation, "You see, do what one will, one proceeds in circles, issuing always upon paradox." Paradox is, it seems, a commodity upon which Mr. Pollard sets a high value; he seizes the present occasion for one or two not unsuccessful experiments of his own in that somewhat simple art. One of the essays has gained an adventitious interest since its first publication on account of its oddly prophetic character. I mean the paper on Thomas Wainewright, painter, writer, friend of Lamb, forger and poisoner. Wilde says that his career as a poisoner improved the quality of his art: "The domestic virtues are not the true basis of art, though they may serve as an excellent advertisement for second-rate artists." Wainewright was "keenly sensitive to the delight of beautiful surroundings;" loved green, and cats, and antique bronzes. He poisoned various persons because he did not fancy them, or because he fancied their money. He was finally run down, tried, and sentenced to transportation. "The sentence now passed on him was, to a man of his culture, a form of death. . . . The permanence of personality is a very subtle metaphysical problem, and certainly the English law solves the question in an extremely rough-and-ready manner." Wainewright seems to have had a fairly comfortable time of it in Van Diemen's Land, though complaining much of the necessity of associating with inferiors. He kept up his pursuit of painting, and, in a half-hearted way, his avocation of poisoning; and died of apoplexy, like a gentleman. Wilde's sentence was death itself, by lingering torture; he was in one aspect a mountebank, in another a monster to be loathed; but he had a heart to break.

As a writer Wilde was what it is now fashionable to call "an artist in attitudes." So was Whistler; so, they say, is Bernard Shaw. So, in a delicate personal way, was Lamb; and, in a loud melodramatic way, Byron. The thing is common enough; some men will always express themselves best by uttering a mood or addressing themselves to a mood. Wilde's mode of escape from mere inconsequence lay (as Shaw's does not seem to me to lie) in turning to the dramatic method. At least one

[1] *Intentions.* By OSCAR WILDE. New York: Brentano's. 1905.

of his plays is likely to live; and his prose attains true distinction only when cast in the form of dialogue. *The Decay of Lying* and *The Critic as Artist* seem to me masterpieces in their kind.

"Don't let us discuss anything solemnly," says Gilbert, in *The Critic as Artist*. "I am but too conscious of the fact that we are born in an age when only the dull are treated seriously, and I live in terror of not being misunderstood." The sentence might have been written by Gilbert Chesterton; it would figure admirably upon one of his numerous title-pages. Not that his happiness really depends on his being generally misunderstood, but because it is his habit to challenge, rather than to buttonhole, all comers. "*En garde*, or you are pinked; and you probably will be anyhow," is his cheerful salutation. It "means business;" and if his rapier turns out to be a crowbar, we who have survived the bare bodkin of a James and the blunderbuss of a Shaw may hope to be not too seriously discommoded. *Heretics*,[1] goes farther than any of its forerunners toward convincing us that the humorist really has something worth saying and worth understanding. The trouble with his method is that while it is infallible for getting the attention, it is not well calculated to keep it. "There are not so very many fantastic and paradoxical writers," he says in his own defense, "but there are a gigantic number of grave and verbose writers," and it is the fault of the latter class that everything detestable is kept going. It will be perceived that this is not exactly a syllogism; the middle may be distributed, but so, for that matter, are both ends. Yet we perfectly understand what Mr. Chesterton is driving at, that he counts upon the fantastical style to get a leverage upon the inert mind of some hypothetical "average reader." He must be fully aware that it is the common sense which underlies his uncommon nonsense that people look for. This fact affords a key to a flat contradiction which is to be found in two passages here: the first asserting that one man listens to another because he "expects him to say what he does not expect him to say;" the second protesting with equal force that people only wish to hear the commonplace. The ordinary opinion in extraordinary form is the real desideratum; Mr. Chesterton has some fresh thoughts, but much of his work is interesting not because it suggests a novel view, but because its brilliant setting gives novelty to an old one. Herein lies his appeal for people who shrink from the plodding prose of ordinary essayists. If he were to state his philosophy baldly it would come to something like this: "To be useful in the world a man should be honest, religious, determined, independent, firm in his own opinion and tolerant of the opinion of others, vigorous and uncompromising of speech, capable of humor and of wrath." Well, we should say, this is a very good working philosophy; and we should yawn and pass on. Mr. Chesterton has no notion of permitting that. He tells us what we expect, but he says what we do not expect. His peril is to be self-intoxicated into saying many things which are in no sense telling, but simply the parlor antics of an excitable performer.

Mr. Nevinson belongs to the same general type as Mr. Chesterton; both are men of the day addressing themselves to men of the day: are in that sense journalists. Mr. Nevinson, however, is content with a simpler mode of address. He wishes his criticism to be "the broad and simple statement of the delight felt in certain books and certain writers by men who do not pursue literature as their business, but keep their love for it in the midst of other occupations and adventures." We do not know whether Mr. Nevinson "pursues literature as a business," but there is nothing in the character or manner of his work to prove the contrary. Most of the twoscore brief studies in this volume[2] are reprinted reviews of books

[1] *Heretics.* By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1905.

[2] *Books and Personalities.* By H.W. Nevinson. New York: The John Lane Co. 1905.

issued during the past year or two. They are for the most part reviews in that older and better sense of the word which is still cherished in England: not scientific analyses of certain current books, but essays on themes suggested by them. Anything, as Wilde's "Gilbert" suggests, will serve the purpose of such a critic: "There is nothing that has not in it suggestion or challenge." A few of these papers appear too slight and hasty to deserve a place between covers; but only a few. They deal with a surprising range of themes, from Aristophanes to Aubrey Beardsley; from Heine to De Wet. Mr. Nevinson has the fortunate temperament which discovers something of truth, or something suggestive of truth, in everything he reads: even in Thomas Hardy's *Dynasts*, even in Le Gallienne's hapless version of Omar *via* FitzGerald. A few undisguised essays are included in the volume, of which the paper on Heine is most valuable as a critical study, and *The Faith of Literature* contains the purest essence of Mr. Nevinson's own philosophy. Of the reviews proper, those on Maeterlinck and Meredith are among the best. The final sentence of the Maeterlinck paper perhaps most fairly represents the quality of the critic: Maeterlinck's power, he says, is "the terror of commonplace reduced to abstraction. The ordinary situations of life are raised to a higher power by the very simplicity of their setting, and we are compelled to realize the poignancy of emotions which are generally stifled out of consciousness by the unimportant details of existence."

IV

Of late fiction has so often taken the form of letters, and gravely denied that it is fiction, that we may have become a little suspicious of such a book as *The Upton Letters*.[1] The allegation in the present case has a kind of novelty which might as well as not have been thought up. These we are to take as the letters of a surviving friend published at the instance of their dead recipient and of his widow. They are compositions, little essays, rather than personal communications; but there is no reason why they should not have been considered delightful, and worth publishing, by the fortunate person to whom they were addressed. T. B., taken at his face value, is not only a schoolmaster at Monk's Orchard, Upton, but a writer of experience. It would be a simple matter to run him to earth, to make out whether there is such a person in such a place; but the question of fact is not really an important one. The book is delightful enough to stand on its own merits. Many of the letters deal, naturally and properly, with matters in some way connected with the writer's profession; but, blessedly, they are schoolmasterish rather than pedagogical. They are, that is, the utterances of an enthusiastic lover of boys rather than of an educational theorist. These are English boys, and it is a method differing in many respects from our own upon which he comments; but it is mainly a matter for astonishment to the American reader who may also have chanced to deal with American boys under similar conditions, to know upon credible testimony that the schoolboy type and the teacher's problems are so nearly identical upon both sides of the intervening water. The English schoolboy is, it appears, like the American boy of the same age and class, hard to deal with, not because he is insubordinate or dull, but because he is conventional and indifferent. The question of schoolboy honor, too, is the same burning question there as here. "In the moral region I think we have much to answer for," says our schoolmaster; "there is a code of morals among boys which, if it is not actively corrupting, is at least undeniably low. The standard of purity is low; a vicious boy does n't find his vicious tendencies by any means a bar to social success. Then the code of honesty is low. A boy who is habitually dishonest in the matter of work is not in

[1] *The Upton Letters*. By T. B. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

the least reprobated. I do not mean to say that there are not many boys who are at once both pure-minded and honest; but they treat such virtues as a secret preference of their own, and do not consider that it is in the least necessary to interfere with the practice of others, or even to disapprove of it. And then comes the perennial difficulty of schoolboy honor; the one unforgivable offense is to communicate anything to the masters." It all sounds terribly familiar, dishearteningly like what we teachers of a crude republic in youth have had to confront. We should like to be able to intimate to that youth, for his soul's discomfort, that things are not done after this fashion in the England of its ancestors. Are these young savages, after all, worth the tears and labor they occasion us? Is teaching the "noblest of professions," or simply and flatly an inexorable and useless drudgery? Such questions our schoolmaster asks himself; and it cannot be said that the answer is always clear or reassuring. Still, we can but tolerate, at worst, a profession which is capable of engaging the services of men like T. B.

V

Boyhood and youth, — those days conventionally held to be the happiest which fall to humankind: what cheap sentiment, what real tenderness, they inspire. Has any one ever really wished "to be a boy again?" to "live it all over?" Yet it should be a good moment; our Upton correspondent sees the beauty of it; but there are moments when he feels helpless to deal with it, when the system of education which he is bound to stand for seems not only inadequate, but absolutely futile. To get the romance of English university life, we must go to some such work as *Euphranor*, uncomplicated as it is by questions of professional technique. To possess *Euphranor* in the present convenient form will give pleasure to many lovers of the famous letters and the more famous quatrains.[1] This dialogue, we reassure ourselves, is as animated and graceful as *The Decay of Lying*, and how much more gentle, more genuine, more home-felt! There are no hard touches in it; no concrete problem is solved. It is simply a celebration of youth: its phases, its ideals, the service done it by hard tasks and hard knocks; the doctor is a strong advocate of athletics, with all its risks. "What, after all, is the amount of danger in all the hunting, wrestling, boating, etc., that a boy goes through? Half a dozen boys are drowned, half a dozen shot instead of rabbits by their friends, half a dozen get broken arms or collar-bones by falls from ponies, in the course of the year; and for this small toll paid to death, how large a proportion of the gentry of this country are brought up manfully fitted for peace or war." It is only fair that, when we direct our sons to Arnold's remark about the "young Barbarians at play," or to Kipling's "flanneled fools," or to the latest football casualty, we should also put this passage in their way. One sentence, at least, in *Euphranor* they are certain to come upon sooner or later,— that lovely and plaintive valediction with which the scene closes. Perhaps their college days will have been long past, and their memory of them have grown all too dim; and they will only feel that they too must have been of that quiet party which, after the good talk of the day, the good dinner, and the pleasant excitement of the boat race, linked arms, and "walked home across the meadow that lies between the river and the town, whither the dusky troops of gown-men were evaporating, while twilight gathered over all, and the nightingale began to be heard among the flowering chestnuts of Jesus."

[1] *Euphranor:* A Dialogue on Youth. With an Introduction by FREDERIC CHAPMAN. New York: The John Lane Co. 1905.

SIGNIFICANT BOOKS OF MUSIC

BY W. J. HENDERSON

Of the important musical books of the year, two command especial attention. These are the first volume of the new edition of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*,[1] and E. J. Dent's *Alessandro Scarlatti*.[2] The former is the first disclosure of the results of some arduous labor in the revision of what was in itself a vast undertaking in the domain of musical literature. Encyclopædias of music are by no means few, but up to the time of the publication of the first edition of Grove's work, readers unacquainted with French or German had to take their information at second hand. It was reserved for an English writer, and an English publishing house, to put forth a work of commanding authority in the English tongue.

That such a work should be imperfect was a foregone conclusion. Some of its imperfections, however, were characteristically British. The inadequate articles on such masters as Chopin, Brahms, Liszt, and Berlioz would not have appeared in any book written in France or Germany. On the other hand, it is not likely that any other country would have surpassed the notable articles on Mendelssohn and Weber. The original paper on Wagner, written by the late Edward Dannreuther, was at the time of its publication the best study of that genius in the English language. Sir George Grove's own essay on Beethoven was a broad, comprehensive, and discerning piece of critical biography, and Mr. Rockstro's articles on certain periods and phases of musical history would have been hard to excel.

The lapse of time and the acquirement of a longer perspective made it possible to perceive wherein the work was deficient, and a most admirable attempt has been made to raise it to a level of general excellence. If the succeeding volumes contain as many valuable additions and amplifications as the first, the work will suffice for many years to come, and will remain for all time a monument to the learning, patience, and judgment of the editor.

J. A. Fuller-Maitland, who took up the duties resigned by Sir George Grove not long before his death, deserves warm praise, not only for his thoroughness as editor, but also for his addition to the first volume of a full, thoughtful, and just article on Brahms. England is slow to accept new German masters, and at the time of the preparation of the first edition Brahms had not conquered the tight little island. He has made his way to the front at last, and, while he is perhaps not revered as he is in America, he does not lack appreciation. Mr. Fuller-Maitland is a sincere lover of Brahms, and has written of him with good sense and sound scholarship.

The new article on Hector Berlioz is from the pen of that accomplished Oxford professor, W. H. Hadow, who had not risen above the horizon of musical literature when the first edition of the dictionary was made. That this paper is one of insight, learning, and fine critical acumen no one need be told who has read Hadow's *Studies in Modern Music*. Berlioz is slowly settling into his rightful place among modern masters. In the beginning he was overrated, and a little later

[1] Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. Edited by J. A. Fuller-Maitland, M. A. F. S. A. In five volumes. Vol. I. London: Macmillan & Co. 1904.

[2] *Alessandro Scarlatti: His Life and Works*. By Edward J. Dent, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London: Edward Arnold. 1905.

he was underestimated. Now he is, in the strict sense of the word, appreciated.

He is accepted as the pioneer of a movement which has given us as its latest product Richard Strauss. A visionary of musical expression and a virtuoso of orchestral idiom, Berlioz was a speculator rather than an explorer, and a preacher rather than a prophet. His place in musical history will be greater than his position in musical æsthetics. Dr. Hadow has written of this uncommon man with fine discrimination. He pleads for a recognition of what was really great in Berlioz, without endeavoring to obscure the defects which prevented him from being entirely a great master.

The Chopin article in the first edition was sadly insufficient. That in the new, by Edward Dannreuther, is far better, but it is not wholly adequate. It may be doubted whether there is a man in England who could have treated the strange and fascinating musical individuality of the Polish master to the full satisfaction of a musical world. Sanity in the discussion of this composer is rare. Chopin enthusiasts rave in rhapsodic phrases. Those who fail to discern the marvelous originality, the fecundity of invention, and the potently influential individuality of his music dismiss him with the outworn epithet of "sick man." Mr. Dannreuther wrote with grave caution, with timorsome reserve, and erred in the omission of details. The article might well have been four times as long. The piano is the most popular solo instrument of the age, and Chopin was a pathfinder in the world of its utterance. The morbidity of his music is a purely personal note, just as the rage and fury of it are the outbursts of a weak soul; but as music *per se* it is the product of unquestionable genius, and should so be treated without hesitation.

The Bach paper has been improved by the consolidation of the matter originally contained in the first volume with that found in the supplement, and the addition thereto of a few hundred words from the pen of F. G. Edwards. Acoustics was overlooked in the first edition, but there is now an article on that subject. Other improvements are the presentation of lists of the works of all eminent composers, with the opus numbers, articles touching upon historical topics prior to the year 1450, before which the first edition did not go, and a series of excellent papers on American subjects, contributed by Richard Aldrich and H. E. Krehbiel. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Kneisel Quartet, and the Cincinnati festivals, which were not mentioned in the original volume, are now properly treated by men who know all about them.

In his *Alessandro Scarlatti, his Life and Works*, E. J. Dent, of King's College, Cambridge, England, has placed the musical world under a debt of gratitude. Strange as it may seem in these days of investigation and record, previous to the publication of this work there was no biography of Scarlatti. Yet he was the father of modern Italian opera and of the modern orchestra. He built some of the operatic forms and clearly defined others; and he laid down the method of writing for strings which is at the basis of our present luxuriant orchestration.

Mr. Dent undertook his task in all seriousness. His volume is the fruit of patient and scholarly research. He has examined carefully all the existing manuscripts of Scarlatti's works, and has invited the assistance of the best Italian students and musical antiquarians. The result is a work of high importance, which must be accepted as the standard authority on the life and writings of the Verdi of his time. Scarlatti's music is no longer heard; but the elements of operatic design, as laid down by him, form the framework of the productions of Puccini and Leoncavallo. Mr. Dent has made an original and invaluable addition to our store of knowledge. His book is made doubly helpful by the inclusion of numerous extracts from the scores of the composer.

Just at the close of 1904, too late to be reviewed among the works of that year,

came from the Clarendon Press at Oxford the fifth volume of the great *Oxford History of Music*. This volume is written by Professor W. H. Hadow, and is entitled *The Viennese Period*.[1] The epithet "monumental" may be rightfully claimed by this history, not on account of its bulk or its exhaustive gathering of details, but by reason of its profound thoughtfulness, and its liberal application of modern philosophic methods to the construction of a rational and enlightening review of the development of the tonal art.

The division of the work into periods, and the assignment of a specialist to the study of each period has been productive of the happiest results. It has led to a sporadic publication of the different parts, the fifth appearing before the fourth, but that is a matter of small moment. Professor Hadow has striven in his volume to trace the growth of the great Viennese school of masters and to show their influence on the rest of the musical world. With Haydn, Gluck, Beethoven, and Schubert smiling upon him, he had a cheerful task.

Professor Hadow exhibits some impatience with the lax methods of those historians who reiterate established but misleading formulæ, such as the old story that after Bach there was a period of stagnation in musical history. Haydn is always named as the composer who took up the march of progress, whereas good composers were by no means wanting between the dates of the greatest of J. S. Bach's compositions and the time of Haydn's maturity. The author's hostility to the accepted view leads him to place a higher estimate on the labors of Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach than any previous historian has formed, but it must be admitted that he sustains his position with substantial argument and illustration.

His attitude is open, however, to the very criticism which he makes on the old view. He shows that Sebastian Bach's influence as a composer was almost nothing among the writers of his own time and those of the period immediately succeeding it. Cannot the same thing be said of the work of Emanuel Bach? It is easy enough for us to see how far in advance of his contemporaries he was in the development of forms, but did they or their pupils know it? That some did and that they learned from the gifted and industrious son of the Cantor of Leipsic is unquestionable; but there is danger of overstating his influence while striving to prevent its further underestimation. This is the only debatable ground in Professor Hadow's volume; the rest of the work calls for warm and unqualified approval.

In 1900, Hans Bélart published at Leipsic a highly interesting volume entitled *Richard Wagner in Zurich*. It told in detail the history of the relations of the composer with the Wesendoncks, especially Madame Wesendonck, who was the inspiration of the days when *Tristan und Isolde* was composed. The Scribners have brought out within the year William Ashton Ellis's translation of the letters of Wagner and Madame Wesendonck, under the title, *Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck*.[2]

This may be regarded as the official reply to Bélart. Mr. Ellis is translator in ordinary to the Wagnerian world, and is one of those devout worshipers who hold that the king could do no wrong. These letters are deeply, painfully interesting. They have served to show that the attachment of Wagner and Madame Wesendonck was no mere outflame of musical temperament, but something deserving, if not of respect, at least of sympathy. The disclosure of all the facts in the case has demonstrated that Wagner's first wife, Minna, was neither a dolt, as she has so often been painted by blind adorers of the master, nor a termagant, but a patient, simple, womanly creature, who did

[1] *The Oxford History of Music*. Vol. V. The Viennese Period. By W. H. Hadow. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1904.

[2] *Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck*. Translated, prefaced, etc., by William Ashton Ellis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

perhaps fail to understand how genius licensed a man to neglect his own wife, and find comfort in the intimate society of the wives of other men. Mathilde Wesendonck was undoubtedly a woman of fine intellect and poetic temperament, while Minna had neither. But despite the beautiful sentiments with which these letters are besprinkled, sentiments which place the passion of Wagner and Madame Wesendonck in the calcium light of the dramatic splendors of *Tristan und Isolde*, honest readers will continue to cherish that secret commiseration which they have always had for the unfortunate Madame Wagner and the seldom mentioned Mr. Wesendonck. What Wagner wrote to Wesendonck in 1865 cannot be blotted out either by the letters or by Mr. Ellis's laborious introduction. He wrote, —

"The incident that separated me from you about six years ago should be evaded; it has upset my life enough that you recognize me no longer, and that I esteem myself less and less. All this suffering should have earned your forgiveness, and it would have been beautiful, noble to forgive me; but it is useless to demand the impossible, and I was in the wrong."

Francis Hopkinson,[1] *and James Lyon*, by O. G. Sonneck, printed for the author, is one of the books that should not escape the notice of the student of music. It is an account of the work of the first American writers of sacred music, prepared by the scholarly and industrious assistant librarian of the Congressional Library at Washington. It is an invaluable contribution to the history of American music, and its production reveals the achievement of a formidable task. Mr. Sonneck had to do his work *ab initio*. There were no authorities for him to consult, no reference books to aid him. The history of American music is yet to be written. It is a subject in regard to which we have nothing worthy of serious consideration. Mr. Sonneck has taken this matter up with much earnestness. He has prepared a bibliography of our secular music published previous to 1800, and this will appear within a few weeks after the writing of this article. He is also preparing an index to the musical articles, critical and otherwise, in our periodical literature and newspapers. It is impossible to exaggerate the usefulness of such work.

Along the line of investigation moves the latest book of Professor Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin University, entitled *The Study of Musical History*.[2] This is a succinct review of the development of the tonal art, with references to the books and chapters for further research by students. Professor Dickinson is one of the leading authorities on musical history, and he has spent years in elaborating a system of studying it. This book is the outcome of his labors, and it will be a *vade mecum* for all musicians, students, and music lovers.

E. W. Naylor's *Elizabethan Virginal Book*[3] is an analytical examination of the collection of British spinet and harpsichord pieces familiar to all students of musical history under the same title as this volume. It is a careful and scholarly work, and will be of great assistance in throwing light upon the methods of the composers of the days of Orlando Gibbons.

Ernest Newman's *Musical Studies*[4] consists of essays published by the English critic in various periodicals. Mr. Newman is a somewhat liberal writer of magazine articles on musical topics, yet it is hard to find any one essay which would better not have been published.

[1] *Francis Hopkinson*, the First American Poet-Composer (1737–1791) and *James Lyon*, Patriot, Preacher, Psalmodist (1735–1794): *Two Studies in Early American Music*. By Oscar G. Sonneck. Washington, D. C., printed for the author, by H. L. Mulqueen. 1905.

[2] *The Study of Musical History*. By Edward Dickinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

[3] *The Elizabethan Virginal Book*. By E. W. Naylor. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1905.

[4] *Musical Studies*. By Ernest Newman. London and New York: John Lane. 1905.

At times the author has not much to say that has not been said before, but he usually has something, and that something is worth seeking in his pages.

Mr. Newman's best trait is his candor. It is probably the best trait that any critical writer can possess. It is fatal to critical honesty for the author to be committed to a theory or a plea. Mr. Newman is refreshing in his confession of facts. He accepts them and reasons from them, but never tries to ignore or overthrow them because they war against his own notions. His scholarship is good and his point of view established favorably for perspective. He writes frankly of old and new masters, and his comments are stimulating to the mind of the reader.

AS TO OLD HOUSES

BY EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER

Sometimes it seems a pity that we cannot have a Society for the Prevention of Indignity to Old Houses. They might be taken apart and their elements redistributed — anticipating nature; or in some cases they might be burned. But, since some of us will always love money, and the rest of us will always need it, we are not likely to do anything which will entail a financial loss.

Some years ago I used to see in a Southern city an old family mansion, decayed and melancholy, its front door gazing sadly down the open strip between the cocky little houses which had been built on what had been its lawn, and its windows looking into the back yards of those houses. The people who had owned it, one of the former "first families," still lived in the city and kept boarders in a rented house. I wondered if they could ever bring themselves to walk that way. I am reminded of this by my recent visit to my friend, Miss Cynthia, whose house burned down a short time ago.

On my way to call on her I passed the old place, and, leaning on the fence, watched the men at work, removing the débris. The ground had already been sold. The flagged walk leading up to the house was still there, and the plants and shrubs still blossomed and smelt sweet in the long flower-beds on each side; but the box borders were broken down and the beds were trampled. The bench under the lilacs, where so many courtships were carried on, now served to hold workmen's coats and dinner pails; and the arbor vitæ hedge, which had screened us so well from the passers-by, had great gaps here and there. I remembered the good times I had had there in my many visits as child and as young girl: the front parlor, with its formal air of readiness for callers, and the back parlor with its open fire and easy-going, inviting aspect; the library with its mahogany bookcases, and the dining-room with the large round table, and the good things that used to come in from the big kitchen; and the two spare rooms over the front and back parlors. It was a matter of religion with that generation to reserve their best apartments for their guests. There stood the widest and heaviest mahogany bureaus, with their drawers, big and little, their narrow tops primly set out with starched white dimity covers, the marble-topped washstands with the finest sets of sprigged china bowls and pitchers, the chintz-covered chairs and the window-curtains to match. Who of us does not know those spare rooms of the past?

Nowadays customs are different. Long visits are no longer the fashion, and we take the best rooms for ourselves. Some

of us overflow into our guest rooms (we don't call them spare rooms any more), and fill up the closets and bureau drawers. A few of us do not empty them for guests, except a few hooks, perhaps, and one bureau drawer; a *very* few of us simply lock all the drawers, and when our unsuspecting guest, fancying that she is for the time being in her own room, tries to open one to lay in some of her belongings, she finds herself a stranger in a strange land and restricted to the narrow confines of her trunk. This house had always been large enough for everybody, and for everybody's belongings. Every orphan niece or cousin, to the remotest degree, had come here to be married, and had had the famous wedding-cake, made from the family recipe and baked in the old brick oven. I myself — but I was getting an unmanageable lump in my throat, and I hurried away to call on Miss Cynthia.

I found her, alas, in a boarding-house, but wonderfully unchanged. She is the dearest little old lady in the world, and so pretty, with her white side-curls, blue eyes, delicately finished features and fair skin, the cheeks faintly tinged with pink, — last vestige of the roses of youth. The tiny lace cap which is her concession to old age, and the white kerchief over the plainest of black gowns, complete an effect which is at once precise and exquisite. She took me into her room, where were a few familiar things, saved from the flames.

"No, you must n't pity me," she said, in answer to the look on my face. "My dear, I thank God every day for that fire. Let me tell you. You can imagine, perhaps, how I loved that old house — I — the last of my family. Nobody nearer than cousins, my dear. Not much like what it was when you used to visit us." She sighed, and was silent for a moment.

"Well," she went on, "the house never seemed empty to me, — I could almost fancy them all there, — and I kept it all just as it used to be. But my income grew smaller and smaller, — interest is so low now, — and it was harder and harder to get along. I did a great deal of work myself, and I did n't really mind. I don't look very strong, but I always say that what I lack in strength I make up in determination, — and the old house took the place of father and mother and brothers and sisters to me. So you see I did n't mind; and I expected to stay there to the end of my days. But then came that failure, and I had no income at all left, and so of course I knew I must part with the house.

"Oh, I have friends, and Robert in particular, — you know his mother and I were great friends. Well, he wanted me to stay there and let him take care of me. It was sweet of Robert. But you know, my dear, I was n't brought up that way. You remember mother. I could n't accept it possibly, as long as there was any other way. So I said I would sell. It was n't so very easy, after all, for people seem to like to build their own houses, especially large ones, and I was afraid the place would have to be cut up into lots, — fancy our house elbowed into a back yard! But at last Robert found a man and brought him and his wife to look at it. I took them about, and they liked it so much that I was pleased and more than half forgot what they had come for. I think I must be growing old. And then the woman, — she was a big, fair, stupid woman, the kind they call 'motherly.' Now *why*, my dear, do they always call a large woman motherly? Mother was small. This big woman walked into mother's room. It was just as it had always been when she was alive. Do you remember it?"

Indeed I did. A room typical of that little old lady, Miss Cynthia's mother. A touch of austerity in its crisp, immaculate white curtains and covers and primly set chairs and tables, and more than a hint of gayety in the Dresden ornaments of the mantel and dressing-table. I could shut my eyes and see the climbing white rose thrusting its blossoms in at the window where the old lady sat with her book on her knee.

"Well," pursued Miss Cynthia, "she went and looked out of the south window,

and she said, 'I shall take this room for my nursery.' *Then* I knew what it was going to be to sell the house. However, it had to be done, and I went to work to get ready. You never saw anything like that attic, and what to do with the things I did n't know. Things that nobody else could care much for, and things that I did n't want anybody else to have. I gave away cradles and cribs and little chairs to the Children's Home, — I rather like to have the poor little children use them, — and out in the back yard I made a bonfire of my own youth, — dolls and ball dresses all burned together. But the letters were the worst — and it was they that set fire to the house. You never saw so many. Letters from nobody in particular, you know; not the kind to be kept as valuable records, just the unimportant letters that go so far to make the happiness of a family, and that ought to be destroyed as soon as they are answered. But somehow we always found it so much easier to put everything in the attic. For weeks I spent my evenings looking them over and burning them in the fireplaces. It was pretty dreary work. I thought I was very careful, but the last night I was so tired and discouraged that I suppose I failed somewhat in caution, though I don't know how. At any rate, I woke up and found the house on fire. We saved the portraits and silver and some other things, — most of the things that I had left in my will to my cousins and their children; but last of all, before I went downstairs for the last time, I took a candle and went into mother's room and said good-by to it. I did n't touch a thing — I just shut the door and left it to the kind fire. It 's as real to me as ever, but no one else can go into it.

"And now I feel," she concluded, "that the old house is safely laid to rest out of harm's way — that it and all the memories which were bound up in it are beyond desecration. I shall not live forever, and it is such a comfort to have it all settled before I die. It is the nearest thing possible to taking it with me."

But we cannot all have our houses burn when we are done with them, and our problem still confronts us, — these houses which are so much more permanent than we. We abandon them and leave them to their fate; and if it is because we cannot help it, if we care, we stay away forever from the place that knew us of old.

And it is not only houses, but less bulky belongings, that trouble us, — Things. For we do not all possess old family houses, but we are all subject to the tyranny of Things. As if it were not enough to break our hearts over people, — over death, separation, and misfortune, — we must needs be fond of Things as well, which certainly adds something to the hardships of life. For Things, while outlasting men, — who of us has not felt that poignancy of wonder that a bit of wood or paper should outlast the hand whose touch gave it its value? — yet are subject to many accidents of loss or breakage and are, moreover, apt at times, dear as they are, to become such an incubus as to make their possession more trying than their lack. If we take them from the houses of which they have grown to be a part, and place them in strange surroundings, it seems like offering them an indignity, and for a time we feel uncomfortable in their presence. I think Miss Cynthia was wise when she closed the door of her mother's room and left it to the fire.

One comes back to the old, trite, yet ever-recurring reflections on the incongruities of life, and thinks how, ever since man ceased to be a nomad, his progress in civilization has been marked by greater accumulations of impedimenta and vaster heaps of débris; how we spend our best efforts of mind on our bodies; and how, from this Cult of the Material, we pass at a jump into a condition which, so far as we know, or fancy we know, anything about it, is an immaterial existence, and yet, we imagine, a superior existence to this. Meantime we continue to be fond of our Things and to mourn over the fallen estate of our old houses.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A READER'S CONFESSIONS

During my boyhood I could never eat peas. It was beyond me to imagine how anybody could eat them. Beans? — yes, indeed, that was another story. In the green stage, both beans and pods, they were among the choicest of summer delicacies. Baked beans, too (but I think we said "bake beans," as we surely said "string beans," and as to this day I say "roast beef," not "roasted beef" — what is grammar between courses?), — baked beans, too, I ate, though with something less of relish. But peas — faugh! I would as soon have eaten I know not what.

It may have been "a childish ignorance;" there were plenty to tell me so; but to all such my reply was ready: "They don't *taste* good."

And now, a certain number of years having elapsed, peas to my better instructed palate are nothing less than a luxury. To what was the change due? That is to ask more than I can answer. You may say that Time, which is supposed to make us over new once in so often, brought the alteration about. Or you may say it was Destiny. What *I* say is only this: that some years ago, I have no recollection how or when, I happened upon the discovery that old things were passed away, and what I formerly distasted now tasted good. As far as the appetizing nature of peas is concerned, this is all I know on earth, and all I need to know.

Other similar gastronomic revolutions I have experienced in the course of my long career at the table. And all have been welcome. A new dish is a new pleasure, and marks a date. Every one does its modest but appreciable part to keep life from degenerating into that tedious thing, an old story. Perhaps every one contributes its mite to keep the wheels a little longer running. A varied diet is good for us, the doctors say. They know very little about it, I suspect, but it is a point in favor of their theory, I must admit, that Nature seems to have taken it upon herself to insure a varied diet.

Well, the life is more than meat, and I have spoken of peas and beans, not in the way of allegory, to be sure, yet not for their own sakes, neither, — though both are spoken of in a more than respectable connection, unless I misremember, in the best of old books, — but as a convenient and becoming prelude to a paragraph or two touching revolutions in taste of another and perhaps more elevated sort, — I mean in the matter of books.

One of the most striking of these, in my own case, has to do with the *Sentimental Journey*. It was perhaps fifteen years ago that a friend looked at me with astonishment, "a wild surmise," I might almost say, when I remarked indifferently that I had been running the book over, but could see nothing in it. He is a polite man, my friend; he said little, a mere word or two of soft disclaimer; but it was plain to see he was shocked.

I ought to have accepted his feeling as a kind of compliment, a testimonial, all the better for being indirect, to my general reputation as a reader. "*You*," his look said, "to speak in that way." And I am proud to think now that his look was justified; for now, fifteen years afterward, though I could not make oath to having ever read it through, I should be straitened to name half a dozen books that I take down oftener than this same *Sentimental Journey*.

I still find it rather insubstantial. If Sterne ever had any ideas, he was pretty careful not to let his pen into the secret of them. He was an artist. He knew what he was about. Ideas were not in his line. They would have spoiled the brew. As

well put slices of beef into an ice cream or a pudding sauce! Dainties should be dainties. They should melt on the tongue. Yorick was not a *chef*, but a pastry cook. Every man to his trade, quoth he, — and happy is the man that knows it.

And I like his pastry. Perhaps I should have done as much fifteen years ago, had I had the wit to accept it for what it was. Perhaps I was trying to make a meal of it; which is an unfair way of treating what the pastry cook sends you. Nothing is good in itself, but in the way it is taken.

And so with the *Journey*. In these days I take it in bits. The chapters are short (as dessert plates are small), and one or two at a time go sweetly into the mind. There never was prettier English, — after you have read it long enough not to be put out by the crazy punctuation, — and for my part I love the sound of it as I love sweet music. As for the indecency there is in it, — for that, I suppose, a man must prove his own spotless moral character by always showing himself conscious of, — I have grown to pass it over, in the spirit of Sterne's reputed apology, as I would the innocent freedoms of a child playing on the carpet. The main thing with me is the writing, the exquisite, unpremeditated perfection of the sentences. I am going to read some now.

But first let me say that what we are talking about has, like everything else, another side to it; for, alas, there are books not a few that I used to read with delight, which now, for reasons better or worse, I can hardly endure to look into. As I said in my boyhood, they don't *taste* good. If I were to turn all such with their titles to the wall, my shelves, I fear, would look like shelves in Bedlam.

I have no thought of naming these melancholy castaways. Some of them would awaken surprise for their goodness, it may be, and some, quite as likely, for their badness, though I have no Tuppers on my conscience, and modestly flatter myself that in this regard I am not greatly worse than the general run of bookish people. We are all in the same boat, I think. To all of us time has brought its changes. We may have grown wiser with years, or we may have grown foolisher; at any rate, we are different. To a reading man, whatever may be true of people in general, life is not all a sameness.

But now for a page or two of Sterne, or an essay of Elia, which latter is a dish I have *always* liked. Pray Heaven I always may. A dainty dish, I call it, to set before the king.

MR. RICKMAN'S PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHES

Readers of Miss Sinclair's excellent novel, *The Divine Fire*, will remember with pleasure the conversation between Mr. Rickman and Mr. Maddox anent the determination of the former to wear his best trousers every day. Mr. Maddox reminded Mr. Rickman that he must be prepared for a good deal of wear and tear. Mr. Rickman replied, in effect, that rain or shine he would wear those garments and none other, —

"'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,'

— and Mr. Maddox breathed the pious wish that his friend's "spring suitings" might last forever.

As readers know, they lasted. The wear and tear made them strong as pontiac mittens. But few, very few of us disport our best garments every day. Few do so in a literal sense; and yet there is some philosophy even in this. Who that has put on Sunday clothes on a weekday, when nothing demanded, nothing even excused it, but knows the uplifting deviltry and scandal of doing so? Sunday manners oft go with Sunday clothes. An air, a courtesy, an increase of self-respect, a feeling of leisure, cling like camphor to the sacred habiliments. Most women are perpetually "wearing out" some antiquated or unbecoming gown. "It's perfectly good, and I must wear it out this fall." Perfectly good it is, but the wearer is longing to hand it over to the ragman for a dipper. And yet the day was when it was a Sunday dress. Best clothes every

day! how many wrinkles would not this simplification of the wardrobe save! I know a lady of small income, who cannot live without two short skirts, two street suits, two house and two evening dresses. Each gown must have its understudy, or faded sister who must be married off first. "What! wearing your new dress here at home? Have n't you some old thing," etc. But she who can endure to sit at home with her father and mother, grandmother and Aunt Jane, in her best raiment, has taken the first step toward wearing, like Mr. Rickman, her fine ideals every day.

The economies of our ancestors pursue us. Alas, we are economical of our ideals. We shut them up in our unsunned parlors. In a kind of fanatical way, we cherish them; but this is the kindness that kills. We cannot bear to parade them every day. "I thought to myself, thus and so; but it seemed best not to express my opinion before," etc., — thus we hide away our convictions. "What can you do? They turn everything you say to ridicule." "It would only have provoked them to answer them back. I let it go." "I wish somebody would prevent the Snookses from driving that horse of theirs with the proud foot." This person's Sunday clothes are under lock and key; for they are very perishable. "Why does n't somebody speak to that girl's mother about her goings on?" "Yes, I know he sells liquor in defiance of the law; I think it's awful; but I don't want to get my neighbors down on me."

The undesirable acquaintance never sees his host in his Sunday togs. "I am sorry for poor Smythe; but I simply could n't have him coming here every few days." "No, I could n't ask her to lunch, with the Jenkinses coming." Sir Willoughby Patterne, when he sent word to his waiting cousin of the Marines, that he was not at home, — how frayed and greasy were the trousers he wore then!

But let no one too harshly condemn those misers of the soul who thus display their tatters to the harsh weather. Poor and forlorn they are; and a chill blows through them to the bones, — a chill beyond that of the east wind blowing up a snowstorm in the early spring. Readers! I know that chill! I too have kept my Sunday clothes in camphor, — I too have worn these sleazy, frayed, and dowdy garments when better were to be had. At this moment they cling to me, shirts of Nessus — alas, they fit! I cannot tear them off all at once, for the threads of habit have sewed me up in them!

A DAY WITH A POEM

If you want a day that shall combine the practical content of sport with the fine rapture of a love affair, spend it with a poem. Not some one else's poem, of course — your own. And it does not have to be intrinsically what the cold world calls a poem, when it is done; anything coming out that general shape and size will suffice for a day of magic. It can turn a hall bedroom into an Arthurian wood, a dingy dressing-gown into a garment of spun gold, a lonely, empty city with the glare of August on its pavements into a shining sea where love and glory will come swimming to meet you at your plunge. It is drug and drink, and no consequences, — except the poem, of course. And that is usually very small.

The first little stirring and nibbling begin while you are moving about your room before breakfast. You have had no premonition that the angel was coming to you that day: you have waked up as usual, taken your glass of water, awaited your turn at the bathtub with no suspicion of hovering wings; then suddenly you find yourself with suspended hairbrush, staring trance-like. You rouse yourself with a shake, for you do not yet believe; but presently you are off again, mouth a little open (or lips parted, if you prefer), the buttonhook dangling from limp fingers. Then you know, for the tiny nibbling has begun. The captious may claim that angels do not nibble; but they never felt a little poem stirring up and down their

ribs, hunting the way out, while the glory shone around.

Breakfast is a vague dream in which the right-hand spirit knows naught of the left-hand body with its bacon and coffee, and its pitiful attempts to appear present-minded and as usual, — for to be caught in the first stage of a poem would mean a shame to which the first stage of the toilet bears no faintest comparison. You, the honorable, the truth-loving, will tell black lies rather than admit the fact when the angel of generation has descended.

After breakfast comes the struggle with conscience; for you are, of course, poor, and your regular bread-winning work awaits you. Poetry-making is a luxury to which the modern poor has no right, and that means a serious dilemma for the muse, for the God of Compensations never sets this particular angel nibbling at the prosperous, and it is only the ideas of the denied, of the sad and grubby, that are truly poetical. Still, the struggle is as brief as that of the drunkard after his first glass. In ten minutes the legitimate work on which the grocer or the landlady wait is shoved aside: you are off for a day with a poem.

Having taken the plunge, a period of cold reaction follows. To you is suddenly revealed the bald paltriness of the idea you have been nursing, the hackneyed beat of the metre it has begun to assume: for a terrible quarter of an hour you See Truly, and know your place in the scale of Things As They Are. Perhaps you throw it aside and take up duty, perhaps you cling to the memory that you felt just this way in the first attack on your inspired best; in either case the result is the same a quarter of an hour later — you are murmuring, "care — flare — despair," in a mounting haze of oblivious delight.

After that there are no more cold moments. You twist and shift and beat the air with your broken lines, and send a golden half hour after a single word, — a majestic hour has to wait upon a line. By the end of the morning you have a sheet that is all gaps and interlines, a magic scroll to which as yet only you and the angel hold the key. Some one knocks to tell you that luncheon is half over: you would hurl a boot at her were it not that this might betray the poet. So your enslaved body goes down and tries to pretend for a few moments, then mutters an excuse and flies back to join its musing spirit.

By mid-afternoon the gaps are bridged, the interlinings interlined for the last time. You write out a clear copy and sit steeping in it, mouthing it, smiling at it. Then you find excuses to take your mind away for a few minutes, that it may come back with the delicious shock of freshness. You and the angel sit with your work between you in a realm of beauty and peace wherein there is not one need, one lack.

Some one calls in the hall, or a piano starts up, or a child clatters home from school. The bubble breaks, letting the angel out. You are tired and rather hungry as you uncover your typewriter, and sit down to cash up the results of the past seven or eight hours. They do not seem to you impressive. You carry them, without shame, to your family or your friend: "Is that thing any good?" These usually, with some kindly tact, help you to the conclusion that it is not. You slip it into a drawer and try not to see your legitimate work, lying with the early morning's dust still undisturbed.

But you do not feel guilty, down inside. You do not even feel disappointed. You have had your day.

MARY MILTON SPEAKS

Good masters and fair ladies of the Cosmopolitan Culture Club: Nay, do not be so alarmed! It is, I know, out of the common for a spirit to appear upon an occasion like this, but I heard my name spoken as I flitted past this house, and have delayed my terrestrial errand to listen. Alas, that after nigh two hundred and fifty years my character should be so maligned! Alas, that misguided people

should still believe that I destroyed my husband's domestic comfort, and made his life wretched with my frivolity! I think one of you was just saying that Mr. Milton and I, "in the mysterious providence of God, met for mutual misery." I am glad there is some one who thinks that the misery was mutual. All through my married life I was grieved by criticism, and since then I have been "to ages an example;" but now, if you will grant me the privilege, I should like to show you how much more I suffered than did my famous husband. It is with diffidence that I undertake the task, for

> In argument with men a woman ever
> Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

I heard one of you gentlemen reading some remarks which he said were made by the Reverend George Gilfillan. So that clergyman has the assurance to declare that "Milton's wife had nothing to complain of except his austere manners and life, and of these she might have been aware before the marriage." Might have been aware, indeed! Ladies, I appeal to you. If you met a man as handsome as John Milton was when I first saw him, — a man with a soft, pink-and-white complexion and fair auburn hair, — a man who looked not a day older than twenty-five, — a man who had written in praise of

> Jest and youthful Jollity,
> Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
> Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,
> Sport that wrinkled Care derides
> And Laughter holding both his sides, —

would you expect to find him austere? La! he was finer looking than any of the soldiers who came to our dances at Forest Hill, and he smiled so sweetly, and talked so fair, that I thought I was going to live

> In unreproved pleasures free.

Ah me! I soon realized that I was

> Married to immortal verse,

and that my husband's sentiments were far more truly expressed when he wrote, —

> Come; but keep thy wonted state,
> With even step, and musing gait;
> And looks commercing with the skies,
> Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
> Forget thyself to marble, till
> With a sad leaden downward cast
> Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

"Nothing to complain of!" How would Mr. Gilfillan have liked to have a wife who sat alone, and made the family keep quiet in order that she might compose denunciations of the political opinions of his family and friends?

One month of "Spare Fast," "Retired Leisure," and poisonous politics was enough for me, and I showed Mr. Penseroso that I had no intention of turning to marble to please him. Once I was back in happy Oxfordshire, what cared I for the solemn lectures he wrote me, or for the silly tracts he published? Many a hearty laugh I had over his Divorce Doctrines and Disciplines, his *Tetrachordons* and his *Colasterions*. But courting that model, Miss Davies, was no laughing matter. One has to draw the line somewhere, you know, and — well, I thought I ought to make the best of my bad bargain.

You mentioned the fact that I went down on my knees to Mr. Milton when I asked him to forgive me. Pray, what else could I have done to make peace with a man who maintained that the fault was all on my side, who held himself to be infinitely superior to any woman, and who could write, even after years of wedded life, —

> God's universal law
> Gave to the man despotic power
> Over his female in due awe,
> Nor from that right to part an hour,
> Smile she or lour.

Well, I went back to my pensive spouse and bore with his peculiarities as well as I could. Was it no hardship, think you, to have a husband who lived by rigid rule, — getting up at an unearthly hour in the morning, requiring to be read to and sung to exactly so much every day? Why, the strain of having his meals ready on time was enough to bear. And then, though Mr. Milton wrote so much about religion, he never went to church. Rather inconsistent, was he not? He could not have

thought his own family worth converting, for he held no devotions with us, but had the Bible read to him in Hebrew; very edifying to us poor ignoramuses. How could he, who did not deem women fit for education, blame his wife for not being a scholar? Surely there were scholars enough in the house. Besides the wonderful Phillips boys, who were held up as patterns because they had learned Latin in a single year, there was a whole parcel of student lads; enough to drive any woman out of her senses. And then there was Pa Milton to put up with. So you can imagine that when, on account of political persecution, my own family came, too, and my poor, deformed baby Anne was born, our house in Barbican was crowded full. Is there any lady here this evening who envies me the privilege of having lived with the great poet? How would she like to have had charge of the housekeeping for that combination monastery, boarding-school, nursery, and family hotel? She will surely grant that I had very little time for frivolity. The only comfort I had was the thought that my husband wielded a mightier weapon than any of our dashing young Oxfordshire officers, and now and then, when the babies were asleep, the hose all mended, and the morrow's meals planned, I would commit to memory a verse or two I had heard our guests commend. I meant to surprise the poet with them some day, but the opportunity never came.

One would think that my husband's conscience ought to have pricked him for his treatment of poor mother and her children. Taking all their property just because father owed old Mr. Milton! Perhaps he was uncomfortable, for he was uneasy enough, goodness knows. After the old folks died we moved and moved: from Barbican to Holburn, from Holburn to Charing Cross, from Charing Cross to Whitehall, from Whitehall to Scotland Yard, and from Scotland Yard to Petty France.

Precious little notice did John Milton ever take of his own dear children, though he wrote pages of stuff about Eddie Phillips's baby sister, and called her a

> Soft, silken primrose fading timelessly;

and any one could see that he had no family feeling by reading his *Comus*. Imagine two men hunting for their sister in a dark forest and palavering about "Tyrian cynosures" and "innumerous boughs" for nineteen lines before they mention the lost lady!

I heard you say that Milton's marriage with me occasioned the world to entertain a very unfavorable idea of his disposition. Pray, what idea should the world have of a disposition that could not be sweet unless life was all honey and roses?

Well, good people, I have interrupted your remarks, and will now leave you to quote Howitt and Cleveland and Ward and St. John and Gilfillan to your heart's content. Much those worthies know of the merits of the case! Do you find that the Phillips boys — who lived for years in Milton's home and enjoyed the blessings of his rule and rod — ever said that I was to blame?

But I must not prate of "dispraise or blame." It is all over now, and I know that

> All is best, though we oft doubt
> What the unsearchable dispose
> Of Highest Wisdom brings about.

I trust I shall be forgiven for my momentary display of earthly temper, and be dismissed with peace and consolation

> And calm of mind, all passion spent.

Farewell.

A PLEA FOR LENIENCY

No one hastens more eagerly than I to render homage to precision and felicity of phrase. To encounter these qualities in the conversation of others yields me much the same satisfaction that — fortune favoring — I myself derive from hitting upon the exact epithet to define my thought, or upon the melody of words to reveal the emotional undercurrent. My admiring sympathy goes out to Jowett,

— the story is well known, and as well worth repeating, — who, in one of his lectures, having characterized several Oriental peoples, each by an appropriate adjective, hesitated long for the illuminating word which should aptly describe the Egyptians. Regardless of his audience, he gazed into the tree tops outside his window, and waited. The very reluctance of his inspiration may have suggested the triumphant result: "that *ambiguous* people dwelling on the banks of their ancient river." And Jowett smacked his lips. The delight of the moment must have been great and worth waiting for, but this pause took place in a lecture room.

Such a pause in conversation not only sends the wits of the speaker wool-gathering, but stimulates his interlocutor to come to the rescue with a series of undesired and confusing suggestions.

I wish to make a plea for leniency toward the inept and inadequate word when uttered in the urgent stress of conversation. It is better, for instance, that the pianist who ventures to play Schubert's *Erlkoenig* should at the expense of a few false notes make the horse *dash* through the forest and reach the courtyard *mit Müh' und Noth* than that he should secure absolute accuracy by portraying a furniture van struggling through ruts. When you have immediate need of the contents of a locked trunk, having lost the key, do not send for a locksmith, but seize the nearest crowbar or poker and break open the trunk; then at your leisure summon the locksmith to repair the damage, since in the meantime you will have secured the essential thing. With a rough, wholly inappropriate word you may in conversation make yourself at least understood; it is your clumsy and brutal way of getting at your locked-up thought. Of course to make this possible in conversation two are needed, as Stevenson says of speaking the truth, — one to speak and one to hear. If your interlocutor is continually running ahead of you with samples of his own vocabulary, you will probably weakly yield and take a word or two of his now and then just to relieve your own stuttering misery; the result will be that you come to a full stop with some stupid platitude, whereas you started out in full chase of a real thought.

There is another nuisance, in the form of the placid individual who, not being engaged in fitting dresses to thoughts, is at leisure to watch your sartorial efforts with a total disregard of the thought you are trying to array. Such a one corrects single unimportant epithets, remoulds your phrases, suggests better pronunciations and intonations, until you either forget what you wanted to say, or lose interest in it, and feel constrained to offer refreshments and a cigar.

At no time more than when a thought is struggling toward expression should a friend bear with a friend's infirmities. A deep sympathy should be poured out with lavish affection about the one who is seriously striving to say some real thing. In this atmosphere of patient, sympathetic intelligence the inept word, the crude phrase, the wholly inadequate expression will be enabled to do their work and the thought-transference will be effected; the thought will be safely lodged in the mind of the other, slightly bruised in transit, but intact and intelligible. With an "I know what you mean," "exactly," or "go on, I understand," much help may be rendered, and at last, when the thinker of the thought has placed his friend in possession, and by reason of this effort has entered into fuller possession of it himself, the conversation is in a way to begin. Then lavish upon the elaboration of the thought all the beauties that can be woven out of words, — precision, balance, music, — but let us, dear lovers of language, remember to be discreetly gentle and listen with averted glance while the thought is still in negligée.

MASTER VERGIL

For traveling company most books, like most people, are too exacting. They

will not yield to a mood; they will be asserting themselves against us, or tugging us aside. And why travel, especially afoot, if one cannot be lord of his day? Therefore, because it is serenely complaisant, trust the paler allurement of pure art. Take with you some fair book not human enough to challenge you on your road. *Manon Lescaut* has the simplicity of perfect breeding, a lovely purity of style for no considerable matter. Or take *The Sentimental Journey*, if you have forgotten who wrote it. But I will always take the epic of travel, the Æneid.

It may be the foredoom of artificial epic that it should live, if at all, by style alone. That all literature lives by style is a platitude; but in the Æneid the import of the matter was so thin at first that it has long been threadbare. If the *Paradise Lost* was ever a moulding moral force, it is probably that no longer. The epic of rebellion against a doctrinaire God touches our time only in so far as its cold heresy is lost in its high beauty. Vergil's gods were from the beginning purely *ex machina;* his hero is alien to us; but no verse, unless it be Milton's, wins the ear more masterfully. No wonder it seemed to the Middle Age an incantation.

The purely artistic pleasure in art is given by the Æneid undisturbed. Homer is human, giving a pleasure as of realism, and now and again searching the heart; Vergil, where he is human at all, is so romantically, as in the poignant fourth book. Habitually he moves but splendid shadows in armor through a colored landscape.

> . . . Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.

This soothing of our souls is not shadowed by the unreal cares of the unreal Æneas. When the ships are scattered in that magnificently theatrical storm, and the warriors, cast dripping on the beach, instead of cooking plain food over a fire of sticks,

> . . . arida circum
> Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
> Tum Cererem corruptam undis Cerealiaque arma
> Expediunt fessi rerum;

we have already forgotten them for the scenery: —

> Est in secessu longo locus: insula portum
> Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
> Frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.
> Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes geminique minantur
> In coelum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late
> Aequora tuta silent; tum silvis scena coruscis
> Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.
> Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum;
> Intus aquae dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;

Was ever finer harmony of sound and form?

And see how alien the hero is from us when for rare moments we are troubled by a transpiring of personality, and how little he means to us as a personality in the sum of the whole. For this the crux is the episode of Dido, surely the greatest book of all, the most cogently artistic in narrative, the most glowing in figure, the most remarkable in verse. Dido is a woman. Has Vergil another? Beside this passionate creation set in high romance the pious Æneas for a space becomes real enough to be despised; then, as he slinks off behind the divine will, lapses again into armor speaking platitude. Doubtless this impression is due in part to race. The Latin hero leaves us wondering and cold, is not to us heroic. The southern nations seem to keep a different standard of heroic love, to value ardor more than the northern constancy, and withal to be more demonstrative of feeling in speech than is found by us of the north consistent with heroic strength. Chaucer, whose Cressid is one of the most human figures in fiction, can make little of Troilus. Only Shakespeare has leaped this barrier; and has not even he a little Germanized his Latins, as Wagner has Germanized Tristram? But allowing that to Vergil's Romans and their descendants Æneas has been more nearly than to us a

man and a hero, can we suppose that he has ever seemed to any one a moving personality? At least the distinctive power of the Æneid is not here.

Except for Dido, what humanly reaches our sympathies now and again is something incidental, — almost, it would appear, accidental. The mother of Euryalus in the midst of her wild grief lamenting that she cannot shroud his body with the coat that had been taxing her aged hands; the affection of Mazentius for his horse; Nisus and Euryalus talking low on the camp wall; the old Evander's thought of his dead wife — *Felix morte tua, neque in hunc servata dolorem* — beside the bier of his son; the mere illustrative figure of the house-wife weaving before dawn, —

. . . castum ut servare cubile
Conjugis, et possit parvos educere natos; —

the stuff of the Æneid is not these, but Laocoön in agony; the descent of Mercury, the figures as sun on brass, more splendid than any others ever strung on so thin a thread of fable. Vergil sings arms, the sea and shore, dawn and moonlight, but not the man.

This typical absence of human appeal leaves free the enjoyment of the Æneid as a supreme work of artifice. It is a pleasure faint, doubtless, to most men, but untroubled, art for the sake of art. The just word charged with suggestion and not surcharged —

. . . lucet via longo
Ordine flammarum, et late discriminat agros —

the elaborate cunning of the sentences, each a pattern of rhetoric and prosody, suit well the glittering pomp, the unrelaxed etiquette. The methods of the most elaborate, the most highly colored, of the great poets, are so manifest as to appoint him perpetual teacher. Just because his habit is so far from the inimitable simplicity of Homer, Vergil is the master of poets. And as the master of poets, so the gentle companion of those whose journeys must be far lower and more literal than Dante's. For solace as for study it is always safe to embark upon his sounding line.

For comment on the contributors to this number, see advertising pages 81 and 82.

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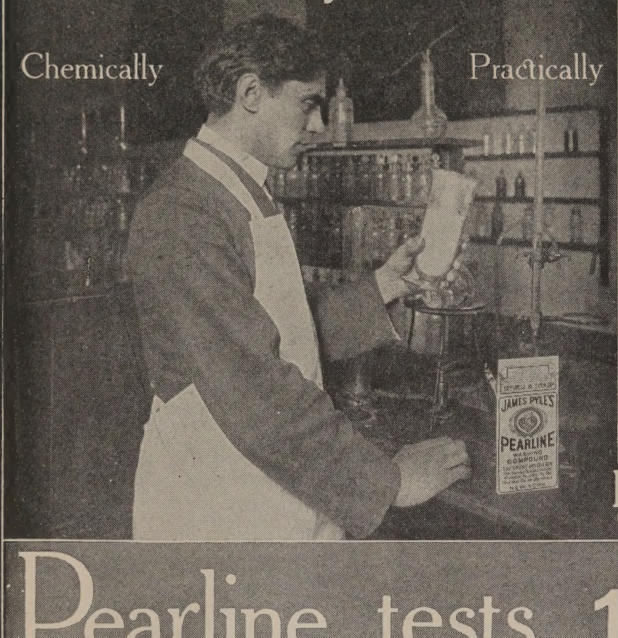

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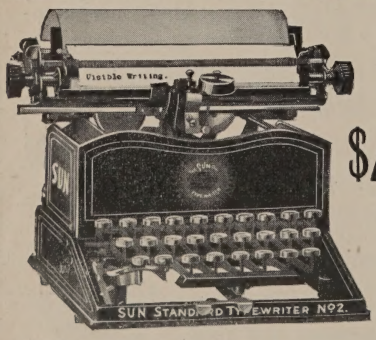

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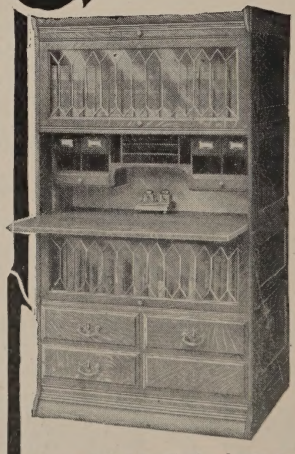

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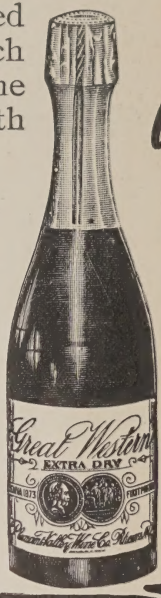

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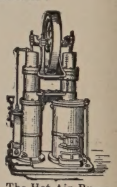

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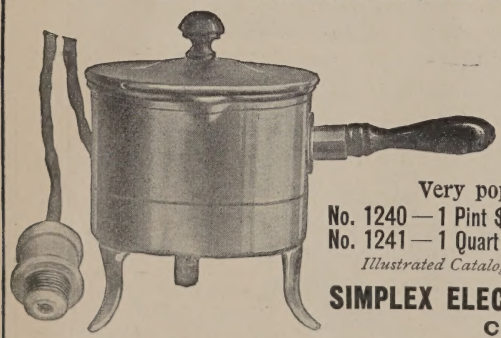

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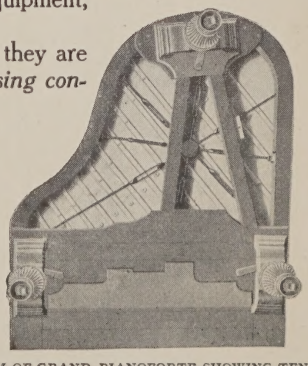

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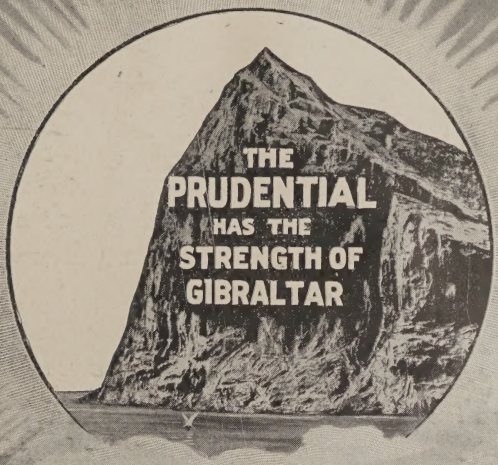

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